



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B

1,011,431

ENGLISH



Book Society

HANOVER.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JANUARY to APRIL,
1827.

VOL. VII.

London:
PUBLISHED BY HUNT AND CLARKE,
No. 4, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1827.

Whiting, Printer. Beaufort-house, Strand.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

TO

VOL. VII. NEW SERIES.

ALMACK'S, a novel, reviewed, 103.

Alma Mater, or Seven Years at Cambridge, reviewed, 441.

Burmese War, Narrative of the, reviewed, 232.

Blue Man, the, 244.

Benyowsky, (Count de) account of the death of, 261.

Buckingham's Mesopotamia, reviewed, 536.

Cranbourn Chace, 309.

Curious Religious Controversy between the Chief Chaplain of the Grand Signior, and Panaiotti Nicussio, Interpreter to the Grand Vizier Kiopruli, in the year 1662, 325.

Calamities of London, 333.

Corn Law, the New, 524.

Don Quixote, Episode of the, No. II, 11.

Diary for the month of December, 119—
for the month of February, 406—for
the month of March, 505.

Disinfectant Agents, newly discovered,
reviewed, 250.

Daw's Reminiscences, 494.

France, Sketches of Manners in the South
of, No. I, 19—The Roussillonais, 20—
their habits, *ib.*—civil and penal law,

21—dress, 23—amusements, 24—No.
II, 145—The Republic of Andorra,
ib.—judiciary power before and after
the French Revolution, 146—indolence
of the Andorrans, 148—contraband
trade between France and Spain, *ib.*—
curious appearance of the streets and
houses, 149—description of an inn,
150—superstition, 151.

Funds, Prices of the English and Foreign,
144, 288, 440, 592.

Fragment of a Letter from a young Artist
in Rome to his Friend in Venice, in
1575. Translated from a Foreign Ori-
ginal, 483.

Germany, Periodical Literature of, 1.

General Trader, the, 92.

Game Proprietor, the Troubles of a, 152.

Gondola, the, reviewed, 354.

Greece, Adventures of a Foreigner in,
No. VI, 73—defence of Missolonghi,
ib.—departure of Mavrocordato for
Tripolitza, 74—author's blindness and
cure, 75—history of Nicholas Sciutto,
76—Marco Bozzaris, 78—his conduct
at Missolonghi, *ib.*—his attachment to
his Suliots, 79—ingratitude of the Mis-
solonghites, *ib.*—brevet of generalis-
simo conferred on Bozzaris, 80—his
refusal of it, *ib.*—his gallant attack on
the enemy's camp, *ib.*—death and fune-
ral, 81—author quits Missolonghi,
goes to Clarenza and Castugni, 82—
history and character of Sussini, gover-
nor of Castugni, *ib.*—wretched condi-

tion of German Philhellenes, at Castugni, 83—village of Pirgo, *ib.*—ceremonies of Easter there, *ib.*—beauty and fertility of the country, 84—Tripolitza, *ib.*—Pietro Bey, president, *ib.*—his character, *ib.*—proposals of assistance from General P——— rejected, *ib.*—author leaves Tripolitza with Colonel Gubernatis, for Napoli di Romania, 85—taking of the Fort of Palamide by the Frank regiment, *ib.*—conduct of Colocotroni, 86—Spezzia, 87—Hydra, *ib.*—Athens, *ib.*—siege of Athens, 88—author quits the service, 89—journey to the southern part of the Peloponnesus, *ib.*—beauty of the scenery, *ib.*—monastery of Mount Cylene, 90—Missolonghi, *ib.*—Corfu, 91—Ancona, *ib.*—conduct of the director of police, *ib.*—Paris, *ib.*—England, *ib.*

Hood's National Tales, reviewed, 454.

Impertinent Curiosity, or Curious Impertinence, 25.

Ireland, Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in, reviewed, 191.

Ireland, a Cockney's Journey to, 289.

James's Naval History, reviewed, 127, 360.

King's Australia, reviewed, 377.

Literary Intelligence, 142, 286, 438, 590.

Lingard (Dr.) and the Edinburgh Review, 421.

Living and the Dead, the, reviewed, 466.

Magaziniana, 134—Allan Cunningham, *ib.*—Major Snodgrass's Narrative of the Burmese War, *ib.*—Rosetti's Ode to a Rivulet, *ib.*—Paul Jones, 137—original letter of Dr. Parr, 138—character from Chaucer, 139—Neapolitan piety, 141—serious poetry, *ib.*—German romances with Jean Paul's notes, 269—Bayle, 276—a Moravian establishment, 277—difficulty of nursing a prince, *ib.*—point of honour, 278—curious exhibition, *ib.*—Buonaparte as a legislator, *ib.*—mode of dispersing locusts, 279—Goethe, 280—a Russian amazon, *ib.*—Spanish pride and economy, *ib.*—information of the Italian nobility, 281—Josephine, the ex-Empress of France, *ib.*—French female

education, 282—blue stockings, *ib.*—the jewel-chamber of the Kremlin, *ib.*—the three Reviews, 283—a Persian's notion of difference in religion, *ib.*—scene at court, 284—compliment to the English from a Persian Syyud, *ib.*—Arab horse-racing, *ib.*—a Russian carriage, *ib.*—Captain Keppel's fame as a physician at Shersha, 285—recipe for the composition of a Tory history of England, 432—sagacity of Irish potatoes, *ib.*—college wit, *ib.*—Prince Eugene and Marshal Boufflers, 433—a curious species of mud-fish, *ib.*—a scene at college, *ib.*—novel kind of discovery by Captain King, 434—Comerci at the battle of Hersan, 435—account of public libraries, *ib.*—Caffer driving, 583—how to dispose of an old Pope, *ib.*—temptation, *ib.*—spring buck of South Africa, *ib.*—Portuguese dances, 584—misrepresentations of travellers, *ib.*—the ladies of Valladolid, *ib.*—value of time at Rome, *ib.*—a lion hunt, 585—great breeches, 586—curious musical instrument, *ib.*—holy heads, *ib.*—fresco painting, 587—a Jonas crab, *ib.*—Dr. Barry's experiments in cases of poison, *ib.*—a conventual kitchen at Amaranthe, 588—a Roman preacher, *ib.*—honey-hunting, *ib.*—military theatricals, 589—a German literary character, *ib.*

Munster Tales, reviewed, 399.

Mississippi and the Red River, discovery of the Sources of the, 401.

Parochial and Topographical Queries, 313.

Royal Institution, 430.

Southwood Smith's Lectures on Comparative and Human Physiology, 43—distinction between animal and vegetable life, *ib.*—organs and process of digestion, 47—the necessity of respiration in accomplishing the renovation of the blood, 49—organs and function of reproduction, 50—observations on the science, 51.

Shares, Prices of, in the principal canals, docks, waterworks, mines, &c. 142, 285, 438, 590.

Summary of the National Lament for January, 1827, 248

Self Introduction, 341.

Scott, (Sir Walter,) and the Waverly Novels, 533.

Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 559.

Servian Popular Poetry, reviewed, 567.

Tales of the O'Hara Family, Second Series, reviewed, 51.

Truemaine, odd chapters of, No. II—Chaps. XIV, XX, 170

Thursday, Eighteenth of January, 200.

Twelfth-night at Almack's, 205.

Turner's Reign of Henry the Eighth, reviewed, 215.

Troubadour Poems, from Original MSS, 335.

Truckleborough Hall, reviewed, 389.

Vivian Grey, Second Part, reviewed, 472.

Waithman (Alderman) v. Joint Stock Companies, 131.

Works lately published, 143, 286, 439, 591.

West Indies, Six months in the, Second Edition, reviewed, 160.

Wallenstein, reviewed, 460.

Zoological Society, 431.

NEW SERIES. No. XXV.

CONTENTS OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY 1, 1827.

	Page
PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF GERMANY	1
EPISODES OF THE DON QUIXOTE.—No. II.	11
SKETCHES OF MANNERS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.—THE ROUSSILLONNAIS.—No. I.	19
IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY; OR CURIOUS IMPERTINENCE	25
DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH'S LECTURES ON COMPARATIVE AND HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY. No. II.	43
TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY.—SECOND SERIES.	51
CONCLUSION OF ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.—No. VI.	73
<i>The General Trader</i>	92
ALMACK'S, A NOVEL	103
DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER	119
JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY	127
ALDERMAN WAITHMAN v. JOINT STOCK COMPANIES	131
MAGAZINIANA :—Allan Cunningham; Major Snodgrass's Narrative of the Bur- mese War; Rossetti's Ode to a Rivulet; Paul Jones; Original Letter of Dr. Parr; Character from Chaucer; Neapolitan Piety; Serious Poetry..	134
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, &c.	142
Literary Intelligence	142
Works lately published	143
Prices of the English and Foreign Funds	144

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1, 1827.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF GERMANY.*

AN Englishman goes on the first of the month to his bookseller and orders the London, the New Monthly, Blackwood's, the Evangelical, the Ladies' Magazine, and My Grandmother's Review;† and having thus laid in a stock of intellectual provision, sufficient to appease his studious cravings for four weeks, he returns home with much self-satisfaction at the thought, that he belongs to so writing and reading a nation. England, however, is not the only country in which the high road of letters is Macadamized for the convenience of the indolent and the occupied; and where a man, by the aid of this Review and that Journal, is happily enabled to form an opinion upon works that he has read, and to pronounce an opinion upon works that he has not read. Germany has its periodicals also—its “blue spirits and grey;”—of all shapes and denominations, and treating upon all subjects; some confining themselves exclusively to particular branches of science or criticism—to the philosophy of Kant, or the no less transcendental philosophy of the fashions; others embracing the whole range of literature in all its bearings, and dispensing their censures, “de omni scibili.” In mercy to the throats and fore-teeth of our readers we refrain from giving a list of the “consonant dissonant” titles. Their number must nearly amount to a hundred; and if we add to them the Minervas, the Vergissmeinnichts, and the rest of the motley group of Taschenbücher, there will be a mass of periodical literature, which, in extent and variety of matter, may safely challenge a comparison with our own treasures of the same kind.

It may perhaps be imagined that works of this class are altogether

* Hermes, Leipzig. Jahrbücher der Literatur, (Annals of Literature,) Wien. Zeitschrift für geschichtliche Rechtswissenschaft, (Journal of Historical Jurisprudence,) Berlin. Zeitung für die elegante Welt, (Gazette for the elegant World,) Leipzig. Literaturzeitung, (Literary Gazette,) Jena, &c. &c.

† The readers of the Evangelical may possibly be scandalized at the above association. We beg therefore to state that our object was merely to indicate the extreme want of discrimination in the public—that public, which has been aptly compared by Swift to a fly, which, if driven from a honey-pot, will alight, and, with marvellous complacency, finish its meal upon an excrement.

of recent growth in Germany; and that the Germans, who make no secret of their admiration of English literature, have borrowed from us the idea and plan of their periodicals; and, indeed, it must be acknowledged, that the leading German Reviews have received a decided impulse and bias from similar works in our own country. But as a class itself, this species of literature has flourished for more than half a century in Germany; and from the time of Lessing's "Dramaturgie," which appeared in 1766, there have been very few distinguished men of letters in that country who have not contributed to one or other of the periodical publications of the day.

Madame de Staël has observed, that in Germany there are sometimes more critics than authors. If such be the case at the present moment, there can be little reason to apprehend that the art of criticism is on the decline; for there is now lying before us a catalogue of German works, published during the first six months of the year 1826, which, in a mere dry detail of titles and prices, fills two hundred pages! Be this, however, as it may, there really would appear to be something in the temper and constitution of the Germans, which peculiarly fits them for the "ungentle craft." It is not ill-nature; nor an overweening conceit—that never-failing source of criticism in other countries; nor is it the idea, that to find fault is an indubitable proof of wisdom. It rather seems to be a disinclination to taking matters upon trust, accompanied by a spirit of research that acquires strength from exertion, and is rather allured than deterred by difficulties. The vast body of information which the German critic brings to bear upon his subject; his intimate acquaintance with the works of all ages, and in all languages, that have any relation to it; the acuteness with which he discovers points that have eluded the observation of former writers, and the unremitting industry with which he pursues them to their full developement, fill us with wonder, and lead us to imagine that criticism may perchance have some other object in view besides the gratification of spleen, enmity, or flippant levity; and that in the hands of a Niebuhr, a Savigny, or a Hugo, instead of being a bugbear to nervous authors, it may be converted into a stimulus to noble efforts.

The two principal reviews in Germany are the *Hermes*, and the *Wiener Jahrbücher*. In external form and general arrangement they have avowedly taken the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* as their models; but there are various circumstances that have contributed to stamp them with an individuality of character, and to secure them from the charge of narrow, servile imitation. The political state of Germany, the frame of its society, and the habits and feelings of the people, are in themselves sufficient to produce a marked distinction between these works and their prototypes. In England the leading Reviews are the acknowledged organs of powerful political parties, exercising an arbitrary influence over public opinion, which we feel, but cannot estimate—which we may affect to disdain, but cannot shake off. Their chief aim is to disseminate the doctrines of their respective sects as widely as possible; and the interests of literature are altogether secondary to this paramount object. Such a course of proceeding is doubtless admirably calculated to give to their efforts unity of direction and purpose, and to maintain that importance and

that sway over the public mind which they have already acquired. But it is very much to be feared that the national taste is vitiated, and the national literature deteriorated, by the partiality which is the necessary result of this spirit. There is, indeed, too evident an inclination to regard the man and his political notions, to the exclusion of the author; to criticise his private thoughts instead of his published writings; and to advance or degrade him according as he has the merit of relishing his turtle at a Pitt or a Fox dinner. Another ill consequence of this system is, that whilst works of sterling excellence are left to struggle into popularity by slow and painful steps, the crude productions of some confused head and feeble pen are torn from the peaceful slumber of a well-earned oblivion, and forced upon the public attention, as fit objects of admiration and applause.

The case is different in Germany. For although liberty has made, within the last few years, a most rapid progress in that country, as is abundantly manifested by many salutary alterations in its civil and judicial institutions, the press there is not entirely free; nor have the Germans yet attained that "*raram temporum felicitatem*" of Tacitus, "*ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.*" Political discussion being thus for the most part excluded, their periodical publications are necessarily confined to that which would appear to be their legitimate province—literature and science. It would be vain, however, to expect, that the writers in these works should be altogether indifferent to political considerations, or that they should fail to have frequent opportunities of giving some indication of their opinions upon a subject so interesting. We have therefore no difficulty in discovering the prevailing bias both of the *Hermes* and the *Jahrbücher*. The former regards the Edinburgh with an eye of affection, and is in its general tone and temper, liberal; though its character for liberality was somewhat endangered by an elaborate defence of the use of the preliminary question in criminal proceedings, which appeared in it a short time ago. The *Jahrbücher*, on the contrary, is rather a disciple of the Quarterly; and indeed we may very readily imagine that the Quarterly is better suited to the atmosphere of Vienna than its less obsequious rival; and that the courtly fragrance of the doctrines contained in the former must be most grateful to the nostrils of the descendant of all the Cæsars.

A second mark of distinction between the English and the German Reviews is, that the articles in the latter usually bear the signatures of their authors. This at once destroys the uniformity and integrity of the work; it becomes a mere bundle of essays, unconnected except by the thread that unites them. The German reviewer is probably alarmed, lest the merit of his own individual achievements should be completely merged in the common stock, and he should thus lose the benefit of much labour and watching, hurried meals, sore eyes, and a vast consumption of oil.* But he forgets that the aggregate talent of

* We were at first inclined to imagine that some police regulation interfered with the liberty of the reviewer, and constrained him to avow himself; but this supposition is destroyed by the circumstance, that anonymous articles do occasionally appear, as for example, the article on Blackwood's Magazine, noticed at the end of this paper. In the 21st number of the *Hermes* there is a note of the editor, which expressly leaves it to the option of contributors whether they will sign their names, or avail themselves of the mysterious and dignified "we."

the whole performance throws a halo round each particular article, and often makes what is trivial in itself appear marvellously judicious and clever; and that what he would lose in personal consequence, would be amply compensated by the additional weight and importance communicated to his writings. The signature of names in a Review deprives it of one half of its moral power. There is much virtue in the "plural unity," the "nos magestaticum." Were Mr. J. or Mr. B. of the Edinburgh, to review a work, and to affix his signature to the article, the critique would be that of Mr. J. or Mr. B. only, and entitled to as much consideration as the opinion of Mr. C. or Mr. D., and no more; and the author must be strangely deficient in ingenuity, if he could not manage to attribute any censure in the review to private pique, jealousy, or some other equally creditable motive. But when an attack comes from the Edinburgh in its collective strength, the mystery that envelopes this multitudinous personage, which, like kings and corporations, dieth not, fills the unhappy author with dismay: it is then no longer the opinion of one man—it is the opinion of all who write, or ever have written, in the Review; the ghosts of departed reviewers, and the unembodied spirits of reviewers yet unborn, flit in fearful array before the imagination of the victim, and menace him with an eternity of disgrace.

What peculiarly strikes the reader of a German Review is the unpretending modesty of the articles: no sounding of trumpets and blazoning forth one's own matchless sagacity; none of the mawkish twaddle about "painful public duty," "unwilling censure," "hope of amendment," and so forth. Our own critics too often remind us of the happy self-complacency of Madame de la Ferté: "*Tiens, mon enfant, je ne vois que moi qui aie toujours raison.*" The Germans rather resemble Zadig, "*Qui ne voulait point toujours avoir raison.*" Their candour and good faith are exemplary. They do not sit down to pick holes in a work, but seem anxious to give the author the full benefit of his labours, and to place his performance in the most favourable point of view; reserving to themselves the task of correcting his errors, and supplying, from their own stores of information, his deficiencies—a mode of proceeding, which, however at variance with the more approved plan of criticism elsewhere, may possibly appear not wholly irrational. The custom, too, of setting forth the title of a work, merely as a peg upon which to hang an essay, has not yet obtained amongst them; so that there is no chance of being entrapped into a disquisition upon political economy by the alluring title of a French Vaudeville. In the simplicity of their hearts, they generally read the book which they affect to review; not opening it at the 140th page, and then passing a sweeping encomium or censure upon the whole, according to the savour of that page; nor presenting a medley of disjointed scraps and mutilated passages, as a fair specimen of the author's capabilities; but honestly endeavouring to furnish their readers with such an outline of the entire work as may enable them to form a correct estimate of its merits.

The fate of Dunlop's *History of Fiction* gives us an opportunity of comparing the different modes of reviewing practised in Germany and England. This work, which has many claims upon public attention, from the richness of its matter, the spirit and humour that mark each

analysis, and the finished elegance of the whole performance, was reviewed in England in that slashing style, which is intended to impress the reader with the idea that the critic is vastly clever, but at the same time leaves him in utter ignorance of the nature of the work reviewed. A different lot awaited it in Germany. The first volume alone has furnished materials for three most able articles in the *Jahrbücher*. This volume treats of the Greek and Latin romances, and the chivalrous romances connected with the fabulous histories of Arthur and Charlemagne; subjects which gave ample scope to that spirit of antiquarian research for which the Germans are distinguished. Indeed, as the great part of the volume relates to the earlier romantic literature of the middle ages, it must have possessed peculiar charms for a German. The "throngs of knights and barons bold;" the "tourneys and the trophies hung;" the "forests and enchantments drear," are all favourite themes in Germany to this day; and no nation entertains so much affectionate admiration for the middle ages, so anxious a desire to bring forward and embellish the rude virtues, and to gloss over the still ruder vices of that period. In England, not only is the age of chivalry gone by, but all sympathy with it has also expired. The very name of Arthur, and the proud national associations connected with it, will no longer kindle one spark of enthusiasm. To our "étroite sagesse," a patent sympathetic table is quite as inspiring, and infinitely more serviceable than the far-famed, much-battered Round Table; and a suit of armour excites no sublimer recollections than those of a lord mayor's show, a coronation pageant, or a procession of the brass-founders' company. There was a time when it was otherwise; when, as Don Quixote informs us, no Englishman would kill a crow from the fear of dislodging the soul of king Arthur, who was understood to be hovering about under that favoured form, until, in the fulness of time, he should resume his sceptre and his own proper shape. And in this account the good knight is confirmed by the irrefragable testimony of the historian Julian del Castillo, who states that severe laws were in force for the protection of this species of black game; and that Philip II. of Spain, on his marriage with Mary, was constrained to swear that he would resign the crown whenever the British monarch should descend from his rookery to his throne;* an historical fact, which has most unaccountably escaped the notice of Kennett, Echard, and Hume.

But we must return to our subject.—The literature of every nation must, of necessity, be powerfully influenced by the moral constitution and temperament of the people. The leading features of the German character are earnestness and intensity; the climate would appear to be highly favourable to the developement of the organ of concentrativeness. To whatever subject a German writer directs his attention, he sets about his task enthusiastically, and follows it up with an undeviating singleness of purpose, and undivided powers. But this very

* Y es fama comun, que el rey Artus està encantado en aquella tierra en figura de cuervo; y ay entre ellos grandes penas contra el que matare cuervo; y que ha de bolver a reynar: y cierto dicen que su magestad del rey don Filipe 2. jurò, que si el rey Artus viniesse en algun tiempo, le dexaria el reyno.—*Historia de los Reyes Godos*. 365.

We may infer from the denouncement of heavy penalties, that some individual, at the instigation of the devil, had endeavoured to get a shot at croaking majesty.

enthusiasm, which enables him to smooth or surmount all difficulties, and which gives him a power of fascination over the minds of his readers, often carries him beyond the limits of the intelligible into the "sphere of dream." Hence the visionary conceits, the extravagance and exaggeration,* the overstrained propositions which disfigure works, otherwise admirable. He is too much enamoured of difficulties, and will dig ten fathoms deep for a result which he might have discovered on the surface. He sometimes, too, trusts all to feeling, to some vague, indescribable perception, when he should allow a little scope to plain, sober reason; and again he will reason and syllogise, when he ought to feel. To the latter cause we may partly attribute that fanciful science, with a fanciful name, which has lately sprung up in Germany, called *æsthetics*. The French have been generally considered the most perfect masters of the art of system-building; but a German can systematise as well as a Frenchman, although the process is different. In the Frenchman the moving spring is vanity; in the German it is the enthusiastic warmth which we have mentioned. The former discovers a system by intuition, and then, like the learned Doctor in *Anastasis*, beats about for arguments to support it; the latter is hurried into a system by the impulse of his imagination, and is so absorbed in his own views, that the most obvious truths will sometimes escape his observation.

The same earnestness of character to which we have adverted, casts a sombre colouring over the literature of Germany, which is very striking to foreigners. It is essentially a serious literature, proceeding, even in its gayest moments, with staid and measured steps—

Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus.

Thus it is that the German drama has only succeeded in the terrible and the pathetic. Tragedy appears in all its majesty and power, but comedy is divested of half its charms. We shall find, indeed, scenes of still life, drawn with much natural truth and beauty; and there is a naiveté of character which is very pleasing; but we may look in vain for the "quips and cracks, and wanton wiles," the light, sparkling effervescence of our own earlier dramatists, or the more refined wit of a Molière or a Sheridan. The same may be said of German satire. That gay tone of raillery and persiflage, which tickles to death with a feather, is not to be met with; it is all quiet irony, or the withering disdain of a Mephistopheles. This is unquestionably a defect in the literature of the nation, and it is more especially felt as such in that class of literature which is the immediate object of our consideration; which, as it is intended for general circulation, requires the utmost variety of manner. But we are far from advising the Germans to counteract a tendency evidently constitutional, by an attempt to ape their more mercurial neighbours. The clumsiness of their efforts at gaiety, when such a whim has seized them, is almost proverbial, "*naturam expellas furca*," &c; the graceful motions of a cow cantering, a barn-door fowl struggling in its flight against the centre of gravity, or Madame la Baronne de Thundertentronckt, "*qui pesait*

* The German equivalent for the term exaggeration is "*uebertreibung*," which signifies, literally, overdriving, "overstraining," and is better adapted to express the national failing than our word.

environ trois cent cinquante livres," [heaving down the middle of a country-dance, might serve as apt illustrations of such laborious vivacity.

We have thus endeavoured to present to our readers some of the leading features of the periodical literature of Germany, and in so doing we have been constrained to glance at the general literature of that country. The defects, as well as the excellencies of writers, are perhaps never more conspicuous than when appearing under the concentrated form of a critical essay. Our attention, therefore, has necessarily been drawn to the imperfections of German authors and reviewers; and we have dwelt upon those imperfections with the less scruple, because they are compensated tenfold by merits of the highest order.

Having mentioned the *Hermes* and the *Jahrbücher*, we must next turn to the *Zeitschrift*, &c. This publication is conducted by Savigny, Eichhoun, and Goeschen, the two former long known to the literary world as the authors of works which rank them among the first jurists and critics of the age; the latter more particularly known *on the continent* as the ingenious decipherer and editor of the Institutes of Gaius. We say *on the continent*, because these Institutes continue as much a dead letter to our lawyers, as if they still remained the substratum of St. Jerome's Epistles. Amongst the contributors to the *Zeitschrift* are to be found also the names of Hugo, Cramer, and Haubold. The journal was established for the professed purpose of promoting the objects of the Historical School of Jurisprudence, as opposed to what is termed in France the Philosophical School. Without entering into a detail of the respective doctrines of these two sects, we may be permitted to say, generally, that the philosophical school is a devoted admirer of the French Code. In the excess of their admiration, forgetful of the very peculiar circumstances which paved the way for the introduction of the new system in France, they would bring about a forced change in the laws of other nations, and establish universally new codes, not framed with a view to the habits or predilections of the people, but founded on certain theoretical principles, as arbitrary as they are undefined.* The historical school, on the contrary, although it concedes the defective state of existing institutions, contends that it would be wiser to amend them than to root them out. It recommends a close and critical study of the history of the laws, not merely in their chronological series, but in their connection with the political state of the people, and their progress in civilization. It would trace institutions to their source, and restore those that are degenerated to their original purity and vigour; but in effecting these changes it should proceed with the utmost tenderness and caution, so as not to shock by sudden innovation the received opinions, the feelings, or even the prejudices of a nation. This conflict of sentiments,

* We have here adopted the language of the opponents of the philosophical school, which, though true with respect to a large proportion of the party, more especially those in France, is by no means applicable to the whole of the philosophical school, and least of all to Thibaut, who may be regarded as the founder of that school in Germany, and to the uprightness of whose views the historical school does ample justice.

which has for some time agitated Germany and France, has been carried on without the participation, and almost without the knowledge, of England. Our lawyers are so deeply engaged in contemplating the matchless perfection of our own code, its moral and intellectual beauty, its perspicuity and certainty, and the celerity of its operations, that they have no time or attention to bestow on the opinions of other countries; or at least we suppose so, for we should be sorry to adopt the language of an intelligent foreign writer on the subject:—"En Angleterre la plupart des jurisconsultes, renfermés dans leurs greffes, et ne connaissant que leurs archives, paraissent à peine s'apercevoir du bruit de nos sectes; *la loi n'est pour eux qu'une profession.*" But to return to the *Zeitschrift*;—in conformity with the views of the historical school, the main purpose of that journal is to examine and elucidate the history of the law, and to its labours the world is indebted for an exposition of some of the most intricate points of the Roman law, as well as for the new interest and value which it has communicated to subjects the most hackneyed, by the originality and acuteness of its criticism.

We must reserve our observations upon the other periodical works of Germany for a future opportunity, cautioning our readers, in the meantime, against the rash supposition, that the *Gazette for the Elegant World* at all resembles *La Belle Assemblée*, or Ackermann's *Repository*.

We shall conclude this paper with some notice of two articles that have appeared in recent numbers of the *Hermes* and the *Jahrbücher*. The first, from the *Hermes*, is a critical examination of *Rodolph of Habsburg*, an heroic poem by Pyrker. The reviewer presents us with a very able and diligent analysis of the poem, interspersed with much acute observation, into which we have no intention to follow him. But there is a remark that occurs in the course of his criticism, which is quite characteristic, and illustrative of that talent for *overstraining* to which we have before slightly adverted as not unusual with German writers. The poem is in hexameters, and the critic very gravely states that this metre is now to be regarded as naturalized in Germany. "Whoever," he proceeds, "will submit our language, as it is spoken by all classes, to a strict examination, cannot fail to perceive that it possesses the fundamental form of the hexameter; that we all unconsciously speak in the rhythm of the hexameter; that, in short, the heroic hexameter has experienced among us a new birth."—"Par ma foi," says Monsieur Jourdain, "il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose, sans que j'en susse rien;" but conceive the astonishment of a German boor to be told that he has been unconsciously talking in hexameters all his life; uttering nothing but heroics from his cradle upwards; cursing in dactyls, and grumbling in spondee! We cannot say that we are great admirers of German hexameters, proceeding even from the pen of Klopstock; and Pyrker's lines, if we may judge from the specimen given in the Review, are certainly not calculated to alter our opinion on the subject. They remind us too much of the "spavin'd dactyls" of our own Southey, and his prototype, Sidney. For example:—

Da griff's rasch nach dem Säbel, und hieb mit Gejanchz in die Feind' ein.

Which is almost as primitive and monosyllabic as Sidney's—

But yet well do I find each man most wise in his own case.

Or Southey's—

Him I could not choose but know, nor knowing but grieve for.

And again—

They were cut down by death ; what then ? were it wise to lament them ?

If Virgil were to rise from the grave, how great would be his indignation, or rather his merriment, at such frittered heroics ! “ What ! ” he would exclaim, “ this minced meat—these bunches of odds and ends—these as-æ-s-ros-mos-dens-kind of lines—Call you them hexameters ? No ! ” he would continue ; “ if you must be dabbling in dactyls, rather give me Stanihurst's—

Three show'rs wringlye wrythen glimmering and forciblye sowsing.”

Not very harmonious in good truth ; but then it is substantial ; it has the stuff in it, or as a brother bard would say—

Grande aliquid quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.

The article in the *Jahrbücher*, which we promised our readers, is headed, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is certainly a very curious and edifying morceau. We mention it not as a paper written by a German, but merely because it appeared in a German dress ; for it is as unquestionably of English manufacture, as Hodges' cordial gin, or Whitbread's entire. By what strange manœuvre it found its way into the *Jahrbücher*, we shall not pretend to inquire ; there it is, to feast our eyes and rejoice our hearts. At a time when the ordinary modes of puffing are worn threadbare, there is much amusement, as well as instruction, in observing the novel and unlooked-for expedients, which persons of genius will strike out, in order to put their commodities in motion. One man brings an action for a libel, which may be termed the puff litigious ; another sends an elaborate panegyric to Germany, to be there *done into* German, and inserted in some popular periodical, that is likely to find its way into England ; which may be called the puff circuitous, or the travelled puff. A puff, doubtless, as well as a pipe of Madcira, is improved by a voyage ; the crudities of the wine are mellowed ; the asperity of the puff is softened down, and converted into a wholesome and genial zephyr. We shall translate, as literally as possible, the opening of the article in question, as we should despair of conveying to our readers an adequate idea of its beauties by any paraphrase.

The writer, after premising that it is not within the scope of the *Jahrbücher* to subject other periodical works to narrow criticism, proceeds as follows :—“ Our object in noticing *Blackwood's Magazine* is not so much to deviate from this rule, as to direct the attention of the German public to that remarkable Journal ; as it appears to have been hitherto little known on the Continent, although it is, without doubt, one of *the most striking phænomena of modern English literature* ; and from the great talent of its contributors, and the finished excellence of its articles, claims one of the first places among periodical works. For a considerable time it was not known, even in England and Scotland, who was at the head of this undertaking, or who were his principal fellow labourers. His opponents, the chief of which are the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Edinburgh Review*, naturally

exerted themselves in every way to put to silence *the bold champion of Old England*, (!) or to deprive him of all influence over the public mind. But it soon became evident, that they had a powerful and courageous foe to deal with, one equally expert at the weapons of jest and earnest; and who, far from allowing himself to be daunted, gradually extended the field of his literary operations, and penetrated to the capital itself. For since the commencement of the present year, there has appeared in London a new paper, called *The Representative*, published by Murray; conducted with more than ordinary care and diligence, and possessing many highly-gifted, and well-informed contributors, as well as good foreign correspondents. At the same time a change has taken place in the direction of the *Quarterly Review*, so that we may now consider that *Journal* and *The Representative* in London, and *Blackwood's Magazine* in Edinburgh, as *the literary coryphæi of the Tories*." (!) - - - - - "Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir W. Scott, is now the editor of the *Quarterly Review* and the *Representative*; which confirms the generally received opinion, that the Great Unknown has been, from the beginning, the centre of so noble and efficient an undertaking, as we deem *Blackwood's Magazine* to be."

Such a splendid exordium, such an army of good words, can scarcely fail to have a powerful effect upon the reading and wondering public; which was probably not aware of the intimate connexion that subsisted between that phænomenon of literature—*Blackwood's Magazine*, and the other Tory coryphæus now defunct, the *Representative*. It appears that the article must have been prepared for exportation about the time that Mr. Murray's bantling was put out to nurse with Mr. Lockhart. Unfortunately, however, it did not make its appearance in print until the misbegotten brat was "dead, stone dead, irrecoverably dead;" a circumstance much to be regretted, as so energetic a puff would probably have inflated the lungs of the young coryphæus, and prolonged its existence.

After the above flourish of trumpets, the writer proceeds to give us a translation of a very long extract from the notable manifesto in the one hundred and eighth number of *Blackwood*, which declares war against those determined reformers, Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, and their mischievous innovations; but as our readers have, in all probability, studied the original with the attention which so spirited and logical a production deserved, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of a retranslation, and go on to the next topic touched upon by our pseudo-reviewer—namely, the Catholic question. Now, as the article purports to be written by a Viennese, consequently a Catholic, it was necessary, in order to save appearances, that an opinion should be expressed favourable to the Catholic cause, and that *Blackwood's* doctrines on the subject should be slightly combatted. This is accordingly done; but mark the artful management of the thing! While emancipation is recommended on the one hand, the advocates of emancipation are loaded with a most liberal share of abuse on the other, and charitably pronounced to be the "foes of God and men." The solemn mockery concludes with the suggestion, that the Church of England should, with all convenient speed, be reconciled to the Church of Rome. The idea is not wholly new, as Dr. Murray gave precisely

the same advice in one of his letters some time ago. Every one then felt the practicability of the scheme: "let us swear eternal friendship," as the man in the play says,—embrace—and it is all over; and then the two Churches, like the two kings of Brentford, might

———— Spight of fate combined stand,
And, like true brothers, walk on hand in hand.

The writer, having noticed, with the requisite portion of encomium, the *Strictures on Macculloch's Irish Evidence*, and the opinions respecting our Commercial System, from the hundred and eighth and hundred and eleventh numbers of *Blackwood*, closes his article with an extract from the paper on Russia, which he very sagaciously conjectures to be a sample of the style and manner of the long-threatened "*Life of Napoleon*."

What Christian can doubt it?

EPISODES OF THE DON QUIXOTE.

No. II.

I PROCEED to the story of Cardenio, the next in order of the portions I have undertaken to review; and shall begin with extracting Cardenio's letter to Lucinda, contained in the pocket-book found by Sancho and his master, with the rest of the contents of the portmanteau, in the Sierra Morena. I give it as being a fine specimen of terseness in epistolary style, and one to which the translators have not at all done justice:—

"The falseness of thy promise, and the certainty of my misfortune, carry me to some place from whence thou wilt sooner hear the news of my death than the words of my complaining. Thou hast cast me off—ungrateful girl! for one who *has* more, not for one who is more worthy than I: but, indeed, if virtue were a profession thought worthy of esteem, I should not now be envying another's good fortune, nor deploring my own unhappiness. That which thy beauty raised up, thy actions have thrown down: by *it* I took thee for an angel; and by *them* I knew thee to be a woman. Peace be with thee! thou causer of my disquiet: and heaven grant that thy husband's deceit may never come to light, that thou mayst not have to repent of what thou hast done, nor I have a revenge which I do not desire." (a)

Cardenio's first personal introduction to us, like that of the shepherdess Manella, is a sort of apparition—but of how different a character!—a figure almost naked, with black and untrimmed beard, the long, neglected, and uncovered locks, hanging in disorder about his neck; and skipping from bush to bush, and from rock to rock, like some wild animal of the mountains. (b) The goatherd's account of his first appearance in the Sierra, his being afterwards found in the hollow of the cork-tree, and the coming on of his fit of madness, is given with all the truth and feeling of an observant and compassionate eye-witness: we can hardly persuade ourselves it is a fiction. The descriptions of his lucid intervals—when his behaviour was so gentle, and he would

so piteously weep, and ask pardon for the violences he was conscious of having committed when the fit was upon him—give a bolder relief, and an uncommon interest, to the pictures of his frenzy.

The scene where the two madmen come together is highly dramatic. The knight-errant having discovered, by the remnants of his amber doublet, (c) that the forlorn wanderer is a person of quality, very courteously salutes and embraces him; after which the other, being then in his sane mind, places his hands upon the knight's shoulders, and surveys his strange figure from head to foot. Here we have before us the comic and the tragic madman—the dried-up brain and the withered heart—and we hardly know whether we should be sad or merry; for, though we pity the knight-errant when his delusion brings upon him ill-usage and suffering, there is nothing in his systematic and consistent madness itself that awakens our compassion—it only excites our laughter. *His* heart has not been wrung till his brain has given way. Except when enduring some corporal affliction, he is happy and serene in his delusion. But if there be an object deserving the most heart-felt commiseration, it must surely be the man who is driven by tortured feelings to temporary fits of distraction; and who, when his frenzy is exhausted by its own violence, instead of sinking to calm repose, is haunted by the all but maddening reflection, that his agony of heart has impaired his reason. When, however, Don Quixote offers his services, and swears *by his profession of knight-errantry*, that he will do all in his power to *restore* the ragged Knight of the Wood *to himself again*, we laugh in spite of ourselves. (d)

We now come to Cardenio's relation of his own and Lucinda's story. His account of the early love which had "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength," is all that is pleasing; and, were not our interest for the relator already sufficiently excited, it would, of itself, rivet our attention to discover what untoward circumstances had blighted so fair a promise. I transcribe from it the following important lesson in the art of love, for the benefit of all whom it may concern. Cardenio relates, that when he and Lucinda were arrived at mature age, her father felt it necessary, for reasons of decorum, (*por buenos respetos*), to deny him access to his house. He thus continues:—

"This restraint was but adding flame to flame, and desire to desire; for though they imposed silence on the tongue, they could not impose it on the pen, which is wont to communicate more freely than the tongue the inmost feelings of the soul; for often does the presence of the beloved object disturb and strike mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute voice. O, heavens! how many letters did I write to her! what modest and delightful answers did I receive! how many songs of love did I indite! how many amorous verses did I pen!—wherein all my soul's passion was poured forth; its ardent desires revealed; its remembrances cherished; and its wishes indulged!" (e)

Cardenio's mention, in continuing his story, of the book of chivalry, which, at Lucinda's request, he lent her to read, seems to be introduced in order to relieve the reader's attention, by "striking the electric chain wherewith" the knight-errant "is darkly bound," and thereby producing an abundant discharge of chivalric matter. This

interruption of the Don's leaving Cardenio for a while to his own thoughts, his fit returns. The deliberate madness of the one, and the intermittent frenzy of the other, are now in full activity; and the Knight of the Wood, after knocking down both the knight and the squire-errant, retires among the hills, leaving Sancho and his master to rise again and divert us through the two following chapters.

Our next intelligence of Cardenio is from the sound of his own voice, which came so sweetly and deliciously (*dulce y regaladamente*) upon the ears of the priest and the barber, when they were reposing in a pleasant spot, by a gentle rivulet, sheltered by rocks and trees from the mid-day heat of an August sun, awaiting Sancho's return with news of his master. Even this short sketch of the spot where they were waiting, is, like all Cervantes's descriptions, a complete picture. The *eyes* of his imagination, if I may use the expression, were constantly about him—he leaves nothing to conjecture. Of the two poetical pieces here introduced, I translate the sonnet to Friendship, as being of the more tranquil character, and therefore forming the better contrast with Chrysostom's verses of despair:—

Oh, sacred Friendship! that on buoyant wing
 Ascending to the world of endless bliss,
 Thy semblance only leaving us in this,
 Hast flown to where the blessed spirits sing;
 Thence, if it please thee, deign to stoop, and fling
 Aside the veil that covers faith sincere,
 Through which too oft deceitful signs appear
 Of Truth, which but dissemble Treachery's sting!
 Oh, Friendship! if thou wilt not quit the skies,
 Let not Deceit thy beauteous livery wear,
 And unsuspecting Confidence betray;
 But strip the monster of the fair disguise,
 Or man of faith in man will soon despair,
 And Chaos o'er the world resume his sway. (f)

I have here endeavoured to preserve the peculiar turn, as well as the meaning of the Spanish sonnet, both of which are lost in the former translations.

Cardenio resumes his story, with repeating the contents of the billet which Don Fernando found between the leaves of Amadis de Gaul; and as it has been very lamely rendered, I here translate it:—

“I each day discover new worth in you, which obliges me to esteem you the more. If, therefore, you would enable me to discharge this debt, without infringement of my honour, you may very well do so. I have a father, who knows you, and loves me dearly; who will not constrain my wishes, but will fulfil those which you have a right to indulge, if you esteem me as you say, and as I believe.” (g)

When Cardenio has related how the treacherous friend undertook to speak for him to his father, with the design of supplanting him, and accordingly procured his temporary absence, to enable him to accomplish his purpose, he gives an affecting description of his parting from Lucinda, whose unusual, and as it were prophetic demonstrations of sorrow, are here finely contrasted with the light-hearted happiness of their former meetings, upon which the sunshine of mutual

confidence and affection had smiled unclouded. This point in the story, like that speck in the horizon which the experienced seaman beholds with apprehension, seems ominous of an approaching storm, wherein, perhaps, the lover's hitherto unshattered bark of happiness is destined to become an utter wreck. But shortly follows Lucinda's letter to Cardenio, in his absence, and the presentiment gives place to the melancholy truth. (*h*)

At the passage where he relates her parting from him in her bridal attire, the interest of the story becomes intense. The agony and distraction of the betrayed friend and supplanted lover, must be given in his own brief but expressive words, which I have translated less literally, but I think more in the *spirit* of the original than they have hitherto been rendered:—"There set my sun of joy, and the night of wretchedness closed over me: my eyes were sightless—my brain was stupified." (*i*) The person of Lucinda, in her bridal dress, her golden hair, outshining the splendour of her jewels, that glittered in the light of the tapers, (*k*) is like a vision of celestial brightness: and when we are come to the moment at which Cardenio, with outstretched head, is awaiting "the sentence of his death, or the confirmation of his life," our interest has reached its highest—we may almost say its highest possible pitch. Not so the lover's agony. It is the fatal *yes*, which relieves the reader from almost painful suspense—that gives the lover over to despair. The exclamation in which he reproaches himself, for not having had the presence of mind to rush out from his hiding-place, and remind Lucinda of what she owed to himself, is uncommonly striking. (*l*) And when "the fainting *traitress*," as he then thought, and still thinks her to be, has pronounced his doom, his feelings are thus described:—"I was utterly confounded: I thought myself totally abandoned by heaven, and made an enemy to the earth on which I stood; the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears: the fire alone so increased within me, that I was consuming with jealousy and rage." The description of his flight from the scene of his misfortune, not daring, like another Lot, to turn and look behind him; (*m*) and of his alternately blaming and excusing Lucinda's supposed falseness to him, display all the vivid traits of real nature and passion. His saying that his mule fell dead of hunger and fatigue, or rather, as he believed, to free herself from so useless a burthen, is a lively and faithful exhibition of what perhaps may be termed the *poetry* of passion, wherein it oversteps the bounds of reality, and would make, not the animate creation alone, but even the trees, the rocks, the rivers, have perceptions of its great joy or woe.

I give the concluding words of Cardenio's relation, as describing his desperate state of mind at the period of his story, to which his own account brings us. Jarvis's version of them, and Smollett's, are singularly "lame and impotent:"—

"I will have no health without Lucinda; and since it is her pleasure to be another's, when she is or ought to be mine, let me, who might have enjoyed happiness, embrace misfortune. She chose, by her inconstancy, to make my ruin lasting. I, by seeking ruin, will strive to gratify her wish: and it will be an example to posterity, that to me alone was denied that which comes to all the unhappy,—who are wont

to find some solace in the very impossibility of their receiving consolation: and to make my sufferings the greater, I have the belief that they will not be terminated even by death." (n)

The *denouement* of his own story being interwoven with that of Dorothea's, must be treated of hereafter; Dorothea's account of herself (no less interesting than Cardenio's) intervening.

G. F.

NOTES.

(a) Tu falsa promesa y mi cierta desventura me llevan á parte donde ántes volverán á tus oídos las nuevas de mi muerte que las razones de mis quejas. Desechásteme; ó ingrata! por quien tiene mas, no per quien vale mas que yo; mas si la virtud fuera riqueza que se estimara, no envidiaria yo dichas ajenas, ni llorara desdichas propias. La que levantó tu hermosura, han derribado tus obras; por ella entendí que eras Angel, y por ellas conozco que eres muger. Quédate en paz causadora de mi guerra, y haga el Cielo que los engaños de tu esposo estén siempre cubiertos, porque tú no quedes arrepentida de lo que hiciste, y yo no tome venganza de lo que no deseo.

"Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence you will sooner hear the news of my death than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the sake of one who has larger possessions, but not more merit than I. But, if virtue were a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man's good fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness. What your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down; by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O causer of my disquiet; and may heaven grant that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not desire."—*Jarvis*.

"Thy false promise, together with the certainty of my misfortune, have exiled me to a corner of the world, from whence thou wilt hear an account of my death, before this my complaint shall reach thine ears. Thou hast cast me off, ungrateful as thou art! in favour of one, who though he is a richer, is not a more deserving lover than me; for if virtue were the wealth that is most esteemed, I should have no cause to envy the happiness of others, or to bewail my own mishap. What thy beauty had raised, thy behaviour has overthrown: by the first, I mistook thee for an angel; by the last, I discovered thee to be a woman. Mayest thou live in peace, fair authoress of my misfortunes; and heaven grant that the deceit of thy husband may never be disclosed, that thou mayest never repent of what thou hast done, nor I enjoy the revenge I do not desire."—*Smollett*.

Here Jarvis has rendered "las razones de mis quejas," by "the cause of my complaint." As if Lucinda was not as well acquainted with his cause of complaint as Cardenio himself. *Au reste*, I leave the minor points in each version, both as to style and fidelity, to the reader's own judgment.

(b) In describing Cardenio's appearance, Jarvis, instead of saying, that he appeared *nearly* naked, says simply, "he seemed to be naked," which is rather shocking; and reads too somewhat awkwardly, as he has to tell us immediately after, that he seemed to wear a pair of breeches.

(c) Here Jarvis and Smollett have both taken the Spanish word *ambar*, to mean the *perfume* instead of the *colour* of amber. The words of the original are, "Vió Don Quixote que un colete hecho pedazos que sobre sí traía era de ambar, por donde acabó de entender," &c. Now though *ambar* may signify either the colour or the perfume, *vió* certainly cannot mean *smelt*.

(d) In this eloquent speech of the knight's, the words "que todavía es consuelo en las desgracias hallar quien se duela dellas," signifying, "for at all events it is a consolation in misfortunes, to find some one who compassionates them," are made by Smollett, "for in all misfortunes, *the greatest consolation is a sympathising friend*," which is neither the meaning of the original, nor any other meaning, but an absurd one.

(e) - - - y fué esta negacion añadir llama con llama, y deseo á deseo, porque aunque pusieron silencio á las lenguas, no le pudieron poner á las plumas, las quales con mas libertad que las lenguas suelen dar á entender á quien quieren lo que en el alma esta encerrado; que muchas veces la presencia de la cosa amada turba y emundere la intencion mas determinada y la lengua mas atrevida. ¡Ay cielos, y quantos villetes la escribí! ¡quam regaladas y honestas respuestas tuve; ¡quantos canciones compuse, y quantos enamorados versos, donde el alma declaraba y trasladaba sus sentimientos, pintaba sus emendidos deseos, entretenia sus memorias, y recreaba su voluntad!

"This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire; for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than the tongue; for the presence of the beloved object very often disturbs and strikes mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O heavens! how many billets-doux did I write to her! What charming, what modest answers did I receive! How many sonnets did I pen! How many love verses indite, in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its inflamed desires, cherished its remembrances, and gave a loose to its wishes!"—*Jarvis*.

"This prohibition added flame to flame, and wish to wish; for though our tongues were restrained, they could not silence our pens, which commonly express the sentiments of the heart with more liberty, because the presence of the beloved object often confounds the most determined intentions, and puts to silence the most undaunted tongue.

"Good heavens! what letters did I write! what chaste, endearing answers did I receive! What songs did I compose! inspired by love that displayed the soul unmasked, inflamed each soft desire, regaled the fancy, and indulged the wish!"—*Smollett*.

(f) Santa amistad, que con ligeras alas,
 Tu apariencia quedándose en el suelo,
 Entre benditas almas en el cielo
 Subiste, alegre á las impíreas salas,
 Desde allá quando quieres nos señalas
 La justa paz cubierta con un velo,
 Por quien á veces se trasluzce el zelo
 De buenas obras, que á la fin son malas.
 Dexa el cielo, ó amistad, ó no permitas
 Que el engaño se vista tu librea,
 Con que destruye á la intencion sincera:
 Que si tus apariencias no le quitas,
 Presto ha de verse el mundo en la pelea
 De la discorde confusion primera.

O sacred Friendship, mild and gay,
 Who to the regions of the blest
 Hath soar'd; and left mankind a prey
 To fraud, in thy resemblance drest.
 Auspicious hear, and hither send
 Thy sister Truth, with radiant eyes,
 To brand the false professing friend,
 Detected in the fair disguise.
 Or, come thyself, and reinspire
 The purpose candid and humane:
 Else peace and order will retire,
 While horror and confusion reign.—*Smollett.*

Oh holy Friendship, who on airy wing,
 To those *imperial* hales hast ta'en thy flight,
 Where souls celestial dwell, thy semblance light
 Alone remains a fleeting hope to bring.
 From thence, when pleasure sparkles in thine eye,
 Send down to mortals Peace, that maid so priz'd,
 Beneath whose veil, Deceit, too oft disguis'd,
 His poison scatters, and his dart lets fly;
 Or leave, O Friendship! thy ethereal seat,
 And if on earth, drest in thy gentle smile,
 And graceful mien, thou seest his baneful guile,
 Tear off thy garment from the fiend Deceit,
 For if to forms like thine he once can change,
 Primeval discord through the world will range.

Miller's edition of Jarvis.

(g) Cada dia descubro en vos valores que me obligan y fuerzan á que en mas os estime, y asi si quisieredes sacarme desta deuda sin executarme en la honra, lo podreis muy bien hacer: padre tengo que os conoce, y que me quiere bien, el qual sin forzar mi voluntad, cumplirá la que será justo que vos tengais, si es que me estimais como decis y como yo creo.

“ I every day discover such worth in you, as obliges and compels me to esteem you more and more; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father, who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me which you profess, and I believe you to have.”—*Jarvis*.

“ I every day discover new qualities in Cardenio, which oblige and compel me to esteem him the more. If you are inclined to extricate me out of all suspense, you may effectuate your purpose, without the least prejudice to my honour; for my father, who is well acquainted with your virtues, loves me dearly, and far from tyrannizing over my affections, will cheerfully grant that which is so justly your due, if your passion is such as I wish and believe it to be.”—*Smollett*.

Here Smollett seems to have taken the Spanish word *deuda*, to mean *doubt*, instead of *debt*; and hence it is that he has made the young lady talk of being extricated *out of all suspense*, which is quite foreign to the tenor of this delicate and confiding epistle.

(*h*) In Jarvis's version of this letter, for “ Qual yo quedo, imaginaldo: si os cumple venir veldo:” he gives, “ Imagine what a condition I am in, and *consider whether it be convenient for you to return home.*” Which certainly falls short of the earnestness with which the writer is entreating her lover to return if possible.

(*i*) Cerróse con este la noche de mi tristeza, púsoseme el sol de mi alegría, quedé sin luz en los ojos y sin discurso en el entendimiento.

“ With this the night of my sorrow was fallen; the sun of my joy was set: I remained without light in my eyes, and without judgment in my intellects.”—*Jarvis*.

“ Thus deepened the night of my distress; thus set the sun of my happiness! I remained without light to my eyes, or reflection to my mind for some time.”—*Smollett*.

(*k*) Here, both Jarvis and Smollett have made the mistake of turning *hachas* (tapers) into *torches*, and *sala* (which should rather be translated a drawing-room) into *hall*. It is a characteristic of Cervantes, and one which makes the still greater care necessary in translating him—that all his descriptions, numerous and varied as they are, have the correctness and keeping of a masterly design. He does not talk of a rock, then forget himself and call it a mountain; he does not announce to us a private marriage, and then perform it in a *hall*, by *torch*-light. When once his scene is laid, it remains fixed in his mind's eye, until it is his pleasure to dismiss it altogether.

(*l*) In this exclamation, Jarvis and Smollett have translated—“ ¡ Ah loco de mi! ahora que estoy ansente, &c.” “ *Fool* that I am! now that I am absent, &c.” instead of “ *Madman* that I am, &c.” And for “ ahora que dexé robar mi cara prenda, maldigo al robador,” Smollett has “ *accursed* be the thief,” instead of “ I am cursing the thief.”

(*m*) Here Jarvis and Smollett have rather awkwardly rendered “quando me vi en el campo solo,” by “when I found myself in the open *field*,” instead of *country*.

(*n*) Yo no quiero salud sin Luscinda, y pues ella gusta de ser agena, siendo ó debiendo ser mia, gusto yo de ser de la desventura, pudiendo haber sido de la buena dicha: ella quiso con su mudanza hacer estable mi perdicion, yo querré con procurar perderme hacer contenta su voluntad, y será exemplo á los por venir, de que á mi solo faltó lo que á todos los desdichados sobra, á los quales suele ser consuelo la imposibilidad de tenerle, y es mas causa de mayores sentimientos y males, porque aun pienso que no se han de acabar con la muerte.

“I will have no health without Lucinda: and since she was pleased to give herself to another, when she was, or ought to have been, mine, let me have the pleasure of indulging myself in unhappiness, since I might have been happy, if I had pleased. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone; I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will; and I shall stand as an example to posterity of having been the only unfortunate person, whom the impossibility of receiving consolation would not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe, they will not have an end even in death itself.”—*Jarvis*.

“I will have no health without Lucinda; and since she who is, or ought to be mine, hath attached herself to another, I, who might have been the child of happiness, am now the willing votary of woe. She, by her inconstancy, wants to fix my perdition, and I welcome it in order to gratify her desire; and be an example to posterity of one who wanted that consolation which almost all the wretched use; namely, the impossibility of receiving comfort: a consideration that increases my misery, which, I fear, will not end even with death.”—*Smollett*.

Both these versions appear to me to be singularly lame and impotent.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

No. I.

THE ROUSSILLONNAIS.

A LONG residence in various parts of the South of France, and on the Spanish frontier, having given me a better acquaintance with the manners and customs of the inhabitants than can be acquired during the rapid excursion of a traveller, I shall, in the course of these sketches, set down, as they occur to me, such observations as may appear interesting, but without attempting any diary or book of travels, enough of which have of late deluged the press of this country. The province of Roussillon, as affording some remarkable features in the character of its inhabitants, will be the subject of the present

paper. What I shall say will relate particularly to the southern part of the province, comprehending Lower Roussillon and the valleys of the Tech and the Tet, known by the names of Vallespir and Conflent. To the north of this, the peculiarities which distinguish their customs die off gradually as they are blended with those of the Languedocians.

The Roussillonais are a mixed race, forming the link which connects the Spaniards with the French. On the rude ignorance, and half savage superstition of their Catalonian neighbours, they have engrafted a love of ease, and that proud independence which is the effect of general affluence—arising, in the first instance, from the excellence of their soil and climate, and favoured by their national laws and institutions. The never-failing crops yearly extracted from the vines and olives which clothe their hills, the rich harvests yielded by their plains and valleys under the double influence of heat and irrigation, draw into the country sums of money so large, that pauperism is, as it were, unknown. They are all freeholders—nearly all could subsist on what is their own property, and that with but little labour. Besides this, a few hours' work abroad in each day, or a few days in each week, suffices to procure them what luxuries they stand in need of; and there remains on their hands much of spare time, not spent in the seeking for instruction, for of this they have no idea, nor yet in the opposite indulgence of any such pernicious habit as that of drinking, the baneful attendant on spare time and money in all northern countries; but when there is no immediate demand for exertion, they give way to their natural propensity to idleness. They may then be frequently seen in lazy apathy, loitering about their fields or their vineyards, their arms folded, stopped by any childish occurrence they may chance to witness, and in perfect absence of thought, though apparently no prey to the dæmon of ennui.

Yet they work hard when they do work; enter heartily into any amusement they are induced to join in; eat and drink enormously at every one of their repeated meals; and, in a word, display the greatest energy whenever they are excited, be the object what it may. In this they resemble the Catalonians. No mountaineer was ever more hardy, more laborious, nay, more active when activity is required, than the peasant of Catalonia, enured as he is to fatigue and to toils, to the extremes of heat and of cold, to hunger and thirst, to poverty, misery, and danger. This is the natural character, both in the French and the Spanish province; both were originally, as it were, of the same family, and, while under the same government, they were probably at that time as like one another in every respect as they are still in language. But what diversity in habits, in civilization, if not in instruction, the difference in the government of their respective nations has now produced amongst them. The Catalonian, thinly spread over a vast extent of country, laid waste by long protracted wars, cannot, even now they have ceased, take advantage of the superiority of his climate, and extract from the soil the wealth so freely offered him by nature. Exposed to every caprice invented by an ignorant and superstitious despotism, he has no protection against injustice or plunder, either from his own master or from the numerous bands of marauders that wander over the country. He can therefore cultivate no more land than is necessary to furnish him with an imme-

diate livelihood ; and if, as it so frequently happens, that little be taken from him by banditti, he must himself turn miquelet, join the first guerilla he meets with, and continue to live by his countrymen's ruin, till fortune has again given him the means of drawing his food from the earth. Thus alternately oppressor and oppressed, he leads a truly savage life ; and as long as the same system of government lasts, recedes every day a step further from ease and civilization.

The Roussillonnais, on the contrary, is protected by every security that an excellent code of civil and penal law, well administered and rigidly enforced, can afford him. His property is entirely his own : no lord can here (as is the custom over a great part of Spain) drive his sheep unmolested over whole provinces ; no barbarous regulations prohibit the owners of this or that estate to bring it into culture ; no oppressive enactments oblige the helpless peasant to look on whilst hares and rabbits are devouring the fruits of his labour. If so much as a leaf of one of his vine-plants is cropped by his neighbour's sheep, the *garde-champêtre* is at hand, ready to summon the owner of the offending animal before the injured party. A compensating forfeit is forthwith exacted, and a fee paid over to reward the vigilance of the *garde-champêtre*. And should any one dare to lift his arm against the person of his neighbour, should he ever suffer his passions to lead him to the attempting an enemy's life, or to the plundering his property, such a host of procureurs, gendarmes, commissaires de police, and what not, are conjured up in a moment, that escape from punishment is very problematical, not to say utterly impossible. Thus assisted and protected, he lives in ease and affluence ; and may one day be brought to relinquish his ignorant and superstitious prejudices, the only bar remaining to his complete civilization.

When I speak of the exaction of a forfeit from an offender, I do not mean that any law authorises the injured party thus to take justice into his own hands, but merely that in these petty offences against property that do not amount to crimes, a compromise may be connived at. This is the simplest means of repairing the damage done by trespass ; and the offender well knows, that if he refuses to pay it, the legal process of investigation and valuation of damage, though not expensive nor troublesome compared to that in other countries, would nevertheless cost more than the sum required.

Another great source of security in their possessions, is the very great simplicity in the French system of conveyances. A peasant disposes of a piece of land by sale, testament, or marriage settlement ; lets it, or mortgages it, with every possible security, and with almost the same facility, with which he would sell or pawn a horse or a cloak ; and when his notary has drawn up the deed, he hears it read, understands and discusses the purport and value of every clause, as well as he would the merits or defects of his cattle. This is of the greatest importance in the Mediterranean regions of France, where it is considered by the peasantry as a sort of disgrace not to possess any land, and where the action of the law of equal partiality produces an indefinite subdivision and a never-ceasing transfer of property of all kinds.

The climate of Lower Roussillon, though far inferior to that of Catalonia, is yet one of the most favourable to natural productions.

It is the warmest in France, exceeding, perhaps, in average temperature, that of the southern parts of Provence. The violent winds to which the whole coast to the north of the Pyrenees is exposed, are its chief drawback. The summer heat and drought are also excessive, and, on the confines of Languedoc, often burn up the crops before they are come to maturity; but in the rich valleys of the Tet and Tech, the numberless streams that descend from the mountains are so admirably distributed as to supply the place of rain, and, in conjunction with the heat of the sun, ensure in one and the same year a frequent repetition of luxuriant crops, while all around is dry and desolate. The vines, olives, and almonds that clothe the hills at the eastern extremity of the chain, suffer but little from the want of rain. Dug as they are about their roots, two, three, four, or seven or eight times a year, they imbibe from the abundant morning dews, moisture enough for their sustenance, sometimes for nearly a whole twelve-month.

With all these advantages, it will not appear surprising that the peasant of Roussillon should derive ample compensation from what labour he chooses to bestow on the earth, and that he should live in affluence, notwithstanding the high price of provisions. Like the peasant of Lower Languedoc, or of Provence, he lives well, eats well, and dresses well, and lays by money besides. He is no drunkard, though he swallows his regular allowance of two or three bottles of strong wine a day. If he spends a part of his Sunday at a public-house, if he frequents it after his return from work, on other days, it is not to drink, but to eat a rabbit, a fowl, or some such dainty morsel, instead of his every day mutton. In this he has nothing to excite him to any great expense—he cannot swallow an unlimited quantity of meat as the inhabitants of more northern nations do of drink, or still more, arctic savages, of food of all sorts; and as to expensive dishes, they are out of his reach. Card-playing is the only ruinous vice in which he may sometimes indulge, but this is not very general, nor is it usually for large sums of money. The games of bowls, *quilles*, *malle*, &c. are either for very small sums, or for mere honour.

What he can save from his earnings he lays by till he has collected enough to add something to his territorial possessions. But here his calculation is frequently in fault: if he has twenty pounds he must needs purchase a field or vineyard for forty, pays down what he has in cash, and gives a bill for the remainder, chargeable by mortgage upon the land. Three or four years elapse; his bills become due: sometimes he provides cash to meet them, but more frequently he has bought something else with what he had saved for the purpose, and must sell the first-purchased field in order to pay the debt upon it. The new buyer may perhaps pay down only a part of the sum, and thus leave two successive mortgages on the land. Thus I have witnessed the purchase of a piece of ground of not more than an acre, the price of which was to be divided among three successive proprietors. Nay, I have seen estates bought entirely upon a three years' credit, and when that time was elapsed, sold again to pay the whole of the original purchase-money.

The Roussillonais are in general a fine race of men, compared to their north-eastern neighbours; their features are strongly marked and ex-

pressive, particularly when moved by the fiercer passions. Indeed their sun-burnt faces, early marked by wrinkles; their dark hair and eyes; their stout make and muscular limbs, never allow them to have any thing soft or *amiable* in their appearance. The women, in general, exposed like the men to the influence of the climate, partake of that masculine harshness of features which certainly does not become the fair sex. But here a *fair* sex certainly does not exist; and if beauty is to be sought for amongst them, it must be in that long dark hair, those bright, round, black eyes, expressive, as it were, of every thought or feeling; that beautiful set of teeth, and ever-laughing mouth; in short, that bewitching activity in every feature and limb, which is never to be met with among the beautiful and fair, but cold and passive inhabitants of our northern climates.

The dress of the men, like their language, is nearer to the Catalonian than to the Languedocian; short jackets, high pantaloons, and occasionally a red sash. But the far more conspicuous part is the head-dress, a knitted woollen cap, of a bright scarlet colour, about two feet long and of equal breadth to the end, which is slightly rounded. These long ends hang down either on one side or behind, or are folded on the crown, as convenience or coquetry may suggest. The cap is warm and comfortable; and when clean, as it usually is in districts so rich as Lower Roussillon, is really very elegant. On their feet, those who have not yet adopted the French shoes wear the Catalonian *spar-dilles*, a sandal made of pack-thread, with a very small heel-piece and toe-piece, and tied round the ankle with blue tape. The stockings they wear with these sandals, if indeed they wear any, are without feet, excepting a small strap under the sole to keep them down.

The dress of the women, I mean in the *country*, out of the town of Perpignan, is not showy. We seldom meet with that variety of colour that the *Provençales* delight in, or the eternal orange brown of the Montpellier *grisettes*; they seem to prefer dark and dingy colours, greys of different shades, frequently in broad stripes, or occasionally scarlet, the only gaudy colour that pleases them. Their short-waisted bodies and thick petticoats, gathered up into an enormous hunch on the back, are much the same as in Languedoc; but in the head-dress, it is only on the northern limits of Roussillon that you still observe the small, narrow frilled cap, and broad, flat beaver hat of the other province. Farther south, it is the Catalonian *ret* and handkerchief. This *ret* is a black net, from two to three feet long, put on like the men's caps, except that it is firmly tied round the head with a black ribbon. The long tapering end hangs down the back, and is terminated with a handsome tassel. Over this is a three-cornered handkerchief, tied under the chin, so as to show over the forehead the ribbons of the *ret*, the third corner sticking out at the back of the head. With this head-dress, and their round bare foreheads and prominent features, shining and sun-burnt, they certainly do not, in general, look very graceful or lovely, yet I have sometimes seen it worn so as to become them exceedingly.

One quality both men and women, the latter in particular, possess to an extraordinary degree, that is *vociferation*, doubly striking in a country where the purity of the air adds so much to the conveyance of sound. The noise of a market or fair, or even of the every day con-

versation of a town, may sometimes be heard for miles, and if you happen to be present at the striking of any common bargain, and do not understand the language, you would think the parties were quarrelling for life and death ; and when they really do quarrel, it is truly terrific ; their features are worked up to a pitch of animation scarcely conceivable by those who have not seen it ; their heads bent forward, their arms thrown back, they stamp their feet, and both parties pouring forth at once a never-ceasing volley of words in a voice which drowns every other sound, you would believe that instant murder would ensue. Yet they seldom come to blows ; a quarter or half an hour of this vociferation usually terminates the dispute, each party, as he quits the contest to resume his work, still repeating the very word by which the battle began. Whether at work or at play, talk they must. In the fields, when alone, they sing or hold conversation with others at the distance of a mile or more. Among the hills about Collicure, I have often been surprised by loud chaunting, in alternate responses, when I could see no one ; at last I generally discovered among the vines, two peasants, on opposite sides of a valley, holding a conversation in this singular manner.

Dancing is one of their chief amusements. No holiday is suffered to pass by without it, and in many places they meet for the purpose almost every Sunday during the whole summer. They have not yet got the quadrilles and waltzes, now universal in Languedoc, but retain their old genuine Catalonian dance, and a most singular one it is. Their ball-room is either a court-yard, the village-green, or the public square of a town ; the orchestra, raised upon wine-casks, consists of from one to half-a-dozen hautboys, if this name can be given to the jarring, screeching, noisy instruments, never in time, never in tune, which you may hear a mile off from the village, trying, each in his own key, which can act most in opposition to every established principle of music and harmony. These are accompanied by a little drum (about eight inches diameter), and a set of Pan's pipes, quite inaudible, whilst the hautboys are at work, but which are set a going with astonishing rapidity at every interval in the concert. The dance is begun by young men alone, who form a ring, holding hands, go round and round, backwards and forwards ; or, breaking the circle, dance about in various directions, moving their feet with great activity for a few minutes, till suddenly stopped by a *point d'orgue* as long as the musicians' breath can hold it out. The whole then recommences in the same manner till after the second or third pause, when some of the young men beckon to those amongst the surrounding girls whom they wish for partners, and who immediately join in the ring. These ladies figure away opposite to their partners, alternately advancing as he retreats, or retreating as he advances, or turning round with him till the next pause, by which time the couples are all formed. As soon as the *point d'orgue* commences, all the girls are seen rising on a sudden high above the heads of the crowd, and remaining there sometimes for above a minute. This is done in two ways ; the modern and genteel fashion is for the couples to join two and two, each girl places her hands on the two men's shoulders, and they, supporting her under the arm, raise them considerably above their heads, and hold them there as long as they can. Two girls being thus closely opposite to one another, they often

exchange a kiss in this position, to show their freedom and activity. But the far more common mode of elevation, as well as the one that pleases the girls most, as showing greater strength and dexterity in their partners, is for her to place her left hand on his right shoulder, taking his left hand with her right; he sets her on his right hand, and thus raising her at arm's length above his head, spins round and round with her sitting on his hand. The excellence of the cavaliers consists in the height to which they can raise their partner, the length of time they can keep her up, and the number of turns they can take. This elevation is the greatest delight of the girls; and as during the figuring they frequently change partners, according to the caprice of either, there is, immediately before the *point d'orgue*, a busy struggle to seize on the strong and active, and then universal smiles and laughter, in which, as a spectator, I always joined, for never did I see any thing more ridiculous. After the *point d'orgue*, the figuring about, followed by another elevation, is repeated two or three times, when the dance ceases, and the musicians (whose lungs must indeed be powerful to hold out as they do) are at last allowed to take breath.

This Catalonian dance, as it is called, is said to have been formerly a favourite among the higher classes at Perpignan. It is now confined, in that town, to shopkeepers and *grisettes*, but it is still universal in all country towns to the south of the Tet, more so even than in Catalonia, where the spirits and habits of the people do not allow at present of much idle mirth. The other amusements of the Roussillonnais consist chiefly in bowls and nine-pins; the *malle*, so general in Languedoc, is but little played here; and when neither bowls nor dancing are going forward, they frequently spend the Sunday, collected in groups, their arms folded, sitting before their doors, or leaning against a wall, absolutely doing nothing.

IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY;

OR

CURIOUS IMPERTINENCE.

POOR DEBONAIR ! If ever man deserved a passing sigh from the lovers of sociality, it was Sam Debonair, for all his successes in the art of pleasing were the fruit of his own good spirit, while his only failure was the effect of the narrow-mindedness of others.

He had as little to answer for in the cause that cut short his popularity as a child coming into the world has to answer for the sins of its parent. But the world, we know, entails not only original, but conventional sins upon every descendant of Adam, and dooms an unhappy babe heir in reversion to all the contempt due to a reprobate parent. Sam had as much reason to complain as such a babe. The world made and decreed his mortal sin, for I will pledge my faith there was no virtual depravity in it; it was a metaphysical mode, a combination of simple ideas, harmless in themselves, but voted by the framers of virtues and vices, the right worshipful the public, to be bad; and so it became bad, nobody knew why, nor did any one care to ask himself why he should cut honest Sam's acquaintance, but cut it he did, because public opinion (the jade!) would have his offence to be unpardonable.

Now I fearlessly tell the self-same judges of poor Sam, that there was no transgression at all in his case. I am not going to suppress any part of his mysterious, imputed delinquency, but to enable the public to judge the case again dispassionately, as they have no mark now in Sam, nothing to keep alive their vindictiveness, since he is out of the way; and I will be content to be cut, rumped, and cold-shouldered as he was, if his offence was any thing but an imaginary one.

He had somehow got into a middling class of society, made up of the most agreeable constituents; men of moderate incomes, retired officers, professional candidates, commercial speculators, and literary aspirants. Such formed the principal ingredients of a circle united for amusement and conviviality. It included little of the forms of high life beyond what politeness exacted; no punctilious calls, and printed inquiries for all occasions; no obligatory parties, and concerts of *donna's* and *buffo's* to crushed and mummied audiences. These were waived in favour of unceremonious invitations to partake of good fare and unfashionable mirth. On these occasions no one thought of leaving out rare Sam. Even if he made thirteen at a dinner-table, still it was no objection, for Sam was as good as two, which made all square again; or he was counted for nobody, but went included with the makers of the party, and, of course, was not the odd man. He was everywhere vice-president, being allowed by each to be, like Themistocles, the second best. He was evidently the pivot round which the circle moved. If you went to one *coterie* you saw Sam; if to another, though there might be a change of the set, you were still gladdened to meet Sam. The envious, indeed, called him trumps, sponge, burr, fixture, standing dish; but even envy courted his society, and for a long time could not so much as spoil a dinner upon Sam. He was not to be blown down by a breath, for he had taken root in the heart, or at least the void that passes for it; and if the root did not hold firm against a storm, it was not because he had not thrown out shoots and fibres enough to twine himself round any mortal heart, but because the heart was barren, and wanted soil for so generous a plant.

It would be difficult to define his agreeable qualities, and to say in what his universal power of pleasing consisted. Was it his face, his manner, his conversation? but these were only secondary to something from which his own animation, affability, and power of entertaining sprang; something that was indexed in his whole address, that made it impossible to impute bitterness or duplicity to any thing that he said or did. You were prepared by his look for a good-natured observation, and when it came, you naturally coincided in the remark, for it was timely, and the speaker was in good faith, and no bad judge of what influenced human opinions. But he was far from being a general panegyrist; and there were such shades between his admiration of a virtue and his palliation of a fault, as none but the blind could overlook. Of course his silence was severe censure; but Sam seemed loth to exercise such jurisdiction; his pride was in exalting human nature, and human nature was grateful to him as long as could be expected from human nature. Thus I account for Sam's growing in the hearts of his friends, until a sudden blast supplanted him from so arid a site.

If we descend to particulars, Sam's address was easy, free, and uncopied; it had nothing austere or dignified. He entered a room like

one who enters a picture gallery, quite unabashed at the glances of the portraits, yet reverentially, and with the hope of gratification in his aspect. Life would have been a blank to him without society, and no one could more strictly worship the rules that tend to refine it. But, nevertheless, he was the veriest republican in conviviality that could be; for he admitted of no degrees in a drawing-room. He instantly levelled himself to the smallest in company, and paid no more deference to the highest pretensions than to the most unassuming claims; not even to fine women would he allow one jot more superiority than to the humblest candidate in the room. He deemed it a sneaking part to ingratiate himself with the weaker vessel; for he had no questionable maxims to inculcate, no ulterior views beyond mere cheerfulness; therefore, he did not seek tools in the other sex, but companions; and in the simplicity of his heart contended, that they were not to be looked upon as grown children, and that those foibles ought not to be flattered which have induced men of gallantry to rank them as such.

Sam was further distinguished from a man of gallantry in being cruelly deficient in answering the *minauderies* of the fair, who tried to make him one. A lady's fan or glove might drop twenty times without creating a pause in his conversation; if it was more inconvenient for the lady to stoop, he would pick it up, and present it, but always without compliment or parenthesis; for he hated breaks in a dialogue, especially if they were artfully introduced; it was like the wilful snapping of a guitar-string in the midst of a melody. Again, his service to the ladies always went to the extent required, and no farther; if a lady fainted, he would chuck the due portion of cold water in her face, and then consign her to female hands, without hanging over her to stamp his imagination with monumental images, and to compose premature elegies. It was, therefore, time lost to try tricks with one who had such discretion as always to render the legally prescribed service, and no more. In cases of suffering, it mattered little whether it were an angelic creature or a puppy-dog; Sam's act was still that of a kind physician, whatever degree of anxiety he might feel for one more than the other. Some looked upon him as cold-hearted, because, while others turned with paraded solicitude, Sam had only done the needful, and made no more of the accident than it was worth, refusing to squander lavishly upon one object an overabundant stock of that sympathy that belonged in common to all suffering creation.

One would have thought that this defect of *politesse*, or rather this impartial urbanity of manner, would have excluded him from general favour; but it was no such thing. It caused him to steer clear of the shoals upon which others founder; for, thanks to the good sense of the softer sex, he was a more general favourite than half the cajoling, intriguing fellows that buzzed about them. Neither were there any jealousies in regard to one who seemed to have no exclusive partialities. No husband or brother secretly cursed him for his insinuating ways; no wife looked askance at him for seducing her husband from home. He was the friend of both sides of the house at once, and little misses were sure to be forgotten the moment Sam's honest face illumined the hearth; not that he ever sat as umpire in family differences, but he had the enviable power of drawing off the thoughts from gloating upon

morbid fancies ; of introducing a new train of pleasurable ideas ; and of reconciling every one to himself, by calling forth his powers of amusing, till he made the very heart swell with the buoyancy of self-satisfaction, and then rise into the heavens with the expansion of benevolence.

But though in company he professed liberty and equality in their greatest latitude, he was not free from an involuntary preference to the society of ladies ; they were, in truth, the aristocrats of his community. But there was nothing crafty or political in his devotion ; no compromise of principle ; no hope of reward for allegiance ; no hankering after loaves and fishes. He did not court them as rulers of the roast or comptrollers of the tea-pot ; and though a constant diner-out, he never purchased a dinner by adulation to any of them. Aware of his bias towards female society, he did all in his power to restrain it ; but what could he do ? The old man was strong in him, and his early prejudices, like those of a forsaken creed, were active long after his abjuration. Besides, there was something in the intellect of both sexes which divided his ideas, about the majesty of the people and the *vox Dei*, which his republican soul heard and felt in mixed assemblies. He thought it might be that there was one set of ideas in men, and another in women ; and that these, like the opposite electricities, attracted each other, while, on the contrary, there existed a repulsive influence within certain bounds, between ideas emanating from the same sex. In his heart he doubted not but that his submissiveness was compensated by an equal deference on the part of the adverse sex, and he the less reluctantly paid his qualified homage to the petticoated half of the world.

It was a bright evidence of the goodness of the human heart, that such a disposition should make its way as rapidly as it did ; but it was no less strong presumption of the fickleness of that heart, that it should so quickly withdraw its kindness from the object it had cherished. How it came about, poor Sam ! that thou wert all at once forsaken, thy pleasant ways forgotten, and no pleader left to remind the ungrateful of the good that thou hadst done them, is a tale that will not throw credit upon any one. It is a tale that thou never wouldst have told of thy fellow man. And though thy big heart must have often swollen with the sense of unmerited neglect, no one ever heard thy complaint, or ever found out that thou hadst conceived bitterness for their ungrateful desertion ! Wherever thou art, oh ! become not a misanthrope, but continue to dispense those gentle charities of which nature made thee her almoner ! and though it is a something to have the heartstrings wrung from the objects round which they had twined, yet remember that a spirit like thine is made to diffuse itself largely, and to sow blessings with a liberal hand on every, however barren, soil ! What better comfort canst thou promise to thyself ? What more healing balm ?

We have undertaken to relate Sam's fall, and, as historians, shall do our best to account for the circumstance ; but when it comes to the point, there is something so odd and capricious in the world's proceeding, that we dread, for the sake of our own credit, to give the statement, and to draw our own conclusions, lest the accused world should start up, and deny the imputation, and dare us to the proofs. The

facts, however, are undeniable. Sam has fallen from the sphere in which he shone, and no one knows what has become of this general guest since the time in which his welcome was withdrawn. They saw the last of poor Sam when they discarded him; no one could give a better reason for this cruel conspiracy than his neighbour, and that was at best a pitiful acquiescence in the sentiments of others.

To go back to the origin of this confederacy, we must record the existence of two beings, as ill-organized for social intercourse as Sam was harmoniously adapted to that end. They were a brother and sister, of the name of Trapp, who had pushed their way into this pleasant throng, and strove hard against the stream to maintain their footing there; for neither had a coalescing turn, and both had mean and furtive designs. They began by courting Sam's society, as a stepping-stone to other connexions, and their attentions increased, in proportion as they found it a passport to general notice. Sam was deceived by their civilities. While drinking Trapp's claret, he could not conscientiously suspect, that Trapp was merely using him as a stalking-horse; but, as an open-hearted man, he fancied that these demonstrations proceeded from growing inclination, and he sought to requite them by a corresponding good-will. When his more mistrusting friends refused to chime in with his new associates, he did all that could be expected from a warm-hearted ally, and at length, by dint of good turns, brought the Trapps to be tolerated among his sect.

It may be that he outstepped the bounds of prudence in prosecuting a good intention, and that he showed himself too warm an advocate in the cause of persons whom he knew so little of; and it might be that this uncalled-for good helped to rivet the suggestions that were afterwards flung out, of Sam's partiality to Miss Trapp; a lady who must now come forward, to yield a clue to the explanation sought. And so, Alicia Trapp, spinster, step forth! cull up your best looks, and put on your most imposing attire, and stand at the bar of good-fellowship, and state why as genial a companion as ever lived should be black-beaned at your request? But, first of all, dismiss that tall, bamboosed footman, who stalks behind you, like the guardian giant of a damsel in chivalrous romance, and seems to intimate that you cannot cross the street without danger to your charms! Be assured that you are safe in this refined and discerning age! And now, if you would but raise that deep veil of yours for one instant till we have inspected those formidable features, you may, with the full sanction of the whole court, drop it again for ever! As for your mincing step, retain it, in God's name, with the rest of those acquired graces to which it is so much akin; and continue wisely to study every affected air that can possibly disguise the whim of nature, who was certainly doing journey-work for some Dutch virtuoso when she compounded your *ensemble*! But forbear to prejudice your own case in those gruff gutturals; fee a practitioner to relate the facts, and save your modesty the repetition of those sundry little attentions with which you would have grafted Sam's juicy heart upon the withered core of your own; by the enumeration and perversion of which you would have persuaded the world that Sam had trifled with your affections, when the truth is, that you have none to trifle with; that you but gave in a most fraudulent schedule, when you returned advances of the same to the account of honest Sam.

Your heart did not break through his default, for why? There were never any issues, nor any outlays of feeling that could have caused a failure in that lifeless concern.

It argues more for Sam's good nature than a host of assertions, that he could have been suspected of an attachment to Miss Trapp, for there were so many contrasts between them, that it must have puzzled the best casuist, to find any one cause of affinity or mutual attraction, between two beings of such opposite elements. The most obvious of these contrasts, arose from her snarlish disposition, which loved to gather food to growl over, from all the repositories of scandal in the parish. Of course she collected the garbage of *The Age* and *Bull*, as if it formed the substance of mental recreation in this life. She flitted and buzzed about like a large blue-bottle fly, leaving nothing but corruption wherever she alit; and it was as much as Sam could do, to neutralize the effects of her tainting touch. But he did often stop the excursive career of the plague which she had spread; and by confining it to one spot, by sifting and fumigating the infected object, he frequently removed the danger; and proved that the only quarantine to be enforced, was a rigid abstinence from such sources of calumny. As this was reading a lecture to one, at least his equal, if not his senior, it could only be done, with effect, in the most persuasive terms of friendly advice; and there was something so mitigating in Sam's reproofs, that Miss Trapp could not but feel consoled, even when cheated of the pleasure of rending a character piece-meal, and shamed into acknowledging the badness of her authority. The more she admitted, the more Sam seasoned his rhetoric with the spice of commendation, till at last she became as docile as a tame rattle-snake, that parts with its venom as often as the Faquir presents the cotton-ball for its imbibition, and then becomes, for a time, a safe play-fellow. But if Sam gloried in extracting the poison, and began to feel some interest towards his pupil, for so easily unlearning a vice; his false pupil no less gloried in duping her master, and in retaining all the time that appetite for detraction which was nothing short of her ruling passion. Beware, my honest fellow, of the concentration of that venom which is gathering but a keener virus from every disappointed stroke; and remember, that the viper first stings the bosom that has sheltered it! But thou wast all unaware and unguarded! else what could induce thee to dance twice running, the same night, with Alicia Trapp? Was it because no one else would offer, and she sat like a Hindoo, who has lost his caste, looking desolately on the sports of his nation? Another evening too, what could betray thee to lead Miss Trapp to the piano, and to beg her to play, for she could thrum mechanically, and execute without taste or feeling? And if a bevy of disappointed girls did mar all thy good nature, by persuading the player to add her croak to the jingle of wood and wire—what mighty onus lay on thee to foil their malice, and to drag their expected butt from the round stool, lest she should commit herself again? And to do it under pretence of consulting her upon a literary *morceau*!—as if her judgment were of value!—and as if thy appeal to it would not turn sour upon other hearts, as much as it proved luscious and intoxicating to the brain of Alicia! Where was thy Mentor then? Where was the ægis large enough to shield thee from jealous shafts?

No where; as long as thy most deadly foe continued under the same protecting orb with thee.

Next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Trapp opened his lips in a very unusual manner, to commence a fraternal objurgation, in the peremptory tone, which persons of that degree of consanguinity think themselves authorised to assume. "Upon my soul, Alicia, it will not do; it does not please me at all—something too particular in Mr. Debonair's attentions—talked of openly—ought to keep a sharp look out—demand an explanation—honour concerned—imperative sense of duty;" the gaps being filled up with mouthfuls of sausage and buttered toast; the whole making not a very connected, but a clearly intelligible discourse to the ears of his fair sister. Now this, however it might be intended, was one of the kindest speeches that had ever been addressed to her by her brother. It assumed the possibility of an event highly flattering to her charms, *such as they were*. Hitherto there had been a perfect amnesty of quizzing, on love affairs, between brother and sister, from very sincerity of soul, because each thought the other too little prepossessing to afford matter for a good hit; so that, joke or no joke, it was very complimentary in the brother to take it up in this way, and to announce it, however hypocritically, as an article of his faith, that she had at length achieved a conquest. It only remained for her, if she wished to prolong this most relishing remonstrance, to put on a conscious appearance, that her judge might be severe in proportion to her confusion, and charge her with more than the evidence warranted. She accordingly jingled the cups and saucers; allowed the teapot to run over; heaved a sigh of several-horse power; hid her face in her muslin, and blushed, *as it were*, behind the curtain; then threw her eyes directly on the carpet, with so much of the air of a convicted culprit, that an ordinary justice of the peace would have been satisfied of her guilt, and have immediately set about saddling somebody with the dreaded incumbrance on the parish. But Trapp (Lord mend him!) had not faith, hope, or charity enough, to believe in his sister's frailty; he was a very infidel as to her powers of temptation, by which reason the *scène* was lost upon him. But though he was quite free from good-natured credulity in the womanly complexion and seductiveness of his sister, his disbelief did not shake the orthodoxy of the tenets which he had adopted, and which he was determined to maintain, if possible, with parchment or pistol, according as he found his opponent ill-disposed to either of those modes of settling the controversy. The assumptions that he had made of Sam's giddiness were very liberal, and the conclusions he had drawn on that head, most logical. But as part of this inference was founded upon intuitive, as well as demonstrative knowledge, we must beg leave to borrow a loose leaf from the scrap-book of Mr. Trapp's conscience, which fell out one day, as he was canvassing his grievances to us. The inscribed syllogism ran thus:—Debonair takes me for an honest fellow—*therefore*, Debonair is a fool. If Debonair can be gulled in so plain a humbug, he may easily be caught in a more complex noose:—*Ergo*, &c. As to his sister, the sorites might be disentangled thus:—Alicia must be got rid of: none but a fool will have her: no one ever endured her so long as Debonair. Debonair is a most consummate fool; *ut supra*:—*Ergo*, Debonair must have her.

2ndly. She has floundered on very well so far; but she wants tact to clinch the business: my manœuvres might assist her. Manœuvring with a fool is a sure affair:—*Ergo*, &c.

Now it is clear, from all this, that there was no necessity for the catechist to outstrip the limits of modest suspicion, and to arraign the would-be sinner more austere than her father confessor could have done. Trapp, therefore, modestly contented himself in demanding—whether there was, or had been, any thing in it? Whether Mr. Debonair had made any overtures? if he had broached the tender subject? if he had entered upon the point at issue? To all which Alicia made such faint and compromising denials, that Trapp must have been the veriest churl in being, if he had not persisted in asserting that things had gone too far between them; that they had passed the point where it became him, as a brother anxious for his sister's happiness, and three per cent consols, to interfere: and interfere he would, by heaven! by asking Mr. Debonair to partake of venison two days running, that he might have an opportunity of declaring and consummating his purpose; and then, by ———! somebody's honour would be in jeopardy, if nothing came of it! This was a kind warning to Miss Trapp to prepare for action; and she did dispose every thing in array, from her girdle even to her garters. It turned out, by the most fortuitous premeditation, that no one could be found disengaged to join these parties, and consequently Sam had two long tête-a-têtes with Alicia, during an after-dinner nap, in which the brother chose to indulge. We have been able to collect abundance of testimony from Miss Trapp's green bag, relative to these most critical interviews, from which it appears, that much impropriety was then enacted. We shall state the special instance in our own way, that we may not offend public decorum, by using the broad and equivocal epithets with which her story was surcharged. It seems, that towards the close of the second evening, the conversation turned upon lap-dogs, *à propos* to a lionated whelp of that denomination, that nuzzled himself on Miss Trapp's knees, and by his size, posture, and other incongruities, completely burlesqued the old allegory, of the lord of the shaggy mane, crouching harmless before virgin purity. Debonair openly professed his dislike, not of the natural, but of the artificial brood; assuredly from no envious feeling at the cur's situation, but from his respect for all that bore the form of human creature; because he could not bear to see it degraded by the freedoms of a favoured brute, that was itself degenerated by the adoption of human whims and fashions. In accordance with this feeling, Sam spoke warmly against the waste of sentiment, between a lady and a beast incapable of returning his passion; so that it became imperative on Miss Trapp to renounce the dog, or the man. In this tender contest, the dog had undoubtedly the best right to be preferred; for he had partaken of her bed and board long enough to found a prescriptive right to Doctor's Commons for the future, supposing that he had reason—or money enough—to prosecute his claims. But Miss Trapp had laid *it* out, for the future, in a different way; and had resolved that a dog should never come between her and the more dignified object of her choice—a husband: so the dog was to be kicked *à mensû et thoro*, with as little compunction as Old Simon, the wooden man of the *Fabliaux*, was

consigned to the flames, the moment his mistress had obtained a more agreeable substitute of flesh and blood. Miss Trapp, therefore, in the softest growl imaginable, declared, that "a dog should never be the cause of dissension in the family in which she happened to be domesticated; for that she would turn him off, as in duty bound, whenever he was proscribed by those who had a right to dictate," and suiting the action to the word, she jerked the unconscious Leo from his nestling place. The dog, as was very natural, gave a howl at the presentiment of his approaching disgrace; and Sam, feeling himself the cause of the animal's sufferings, stooped to mitigate the pang by a caress; whereupon Leo, stung to the quick with jealousy and revenge, made a desperate snap at the fingers of the rival who had supplanted him, and drew blood from honest Sam's fore-finger. To start up with a scream, and to utter the most doleful lamentation; and to hang upon Sam's arm, and to wipe the blood off with her lace apron; and to—all but kiss the bleeding wound; were but the affair of a moment to Alice: and, when she had spotted over her entire garment, to continue to my-dear him, while she vowed the nasty monster should swing before morning, were but the affair of the next—half-hour.

Sam protested against the strangulation of the cur, as it was not mad, but only ill-bred; and did let slip the declaration, that he might be proud of the accident that had shown his dear Miss Trapp in so amiable a light. To this Miss Trapp sighed, or hiccupped, and threw down her eyes; which tropes Sam answered, by begging her not to take on so, for a gash that a strip of rag would effectually staunch. A new direction being thus given to her sad thoughts, she hastened to show her contempt of cambric and muslin, by tearing up several breadths, to make bandages for Sam's finger. The disfigurement of a gown or apron was not to be placed in competition with the prize she played for. But, lo! it would not do, without a cap to keep all snug; so, *strit-strit-strit*, went her softest leather glove, to form a purse, or finger-bag, for Sam's digit. But, behold! it was too tight, and small, for so big a finger; and, to add to her mishaps, by dint of fumbling, and stretching, and working it too much, it became too wide, and would not fit. These trifles are only worth relating, in so far as they show, that Miss Trapp had none of the spirit of augury about her, or else she would have divined from those omens, that all her labour of love, towards a part even of Sam, was unavailing; what then could she expect in the whole? But if she wanted augury, in lieu she had downright generalship enough to know, that the out-works must be secured, before the citadel can be stormed; and she sought to get possession of Sam's finger-ends, as the weakest points from which to assail his heart. With this view, she forcibly occupied his hand, inverted the dismantled finger, and would have carried the remainder by assault, but that he resolutely withdrew his detachments, protected them by a breast-work of silk handkerchief, and manfully entrenched them in his breeches-pocket; determined, like a prudent commander in like circumstances, to call home his scattered troops, and not to be seduced, by any *ruse* of his antagonist, to commit himself to a close engagement under disadvantages. Foiled thus in her stratagems to draw him out, and not daring to send her

skirmishers so near head-quarters, whither his outpost had retreated, she had recourse to the ordinary shifts of diplomacy in like cases, and prepared herself for a feint. It would have come on in the right time; when her services were rejected; when her nerves, that had been strung beyond their pitch to aid him, were now suddenly relaxed; when multiplied stains of blood flickered on her dizzy sight. When all these are considered, it must be admitted, that the occasion fully warranted the expedient, especially as it was met with a show and promise of success, that would have rendered it bad policy to abandon the measure; for simple-hearted Sam, blinded by gratitude, and perceiving no cold water at hand, as a last resource, seized Miss Trapp's unreluctant hand, and gently implored her not to faint. While he hung over her reclining person, shedding the honey-dew of benignity, in the softest words of blandishment and comfort—to man the whole catastrophe—in dropt brother Trapp, rubbing his eyes, and yawning like a cod's-head in a fishmonger's shop. He had heard the scream—the bustle—and protracted his entrance for a time, no doubt expecting to see fine things going on. He was apparently not disappointed; for, with an affected start, a well toned exclamation, and a look of surprise, all in the style of an accused pickpocket, he ushered in the last act of the piece, now fast drawing towards its *denouement*. Sam started too, for he was somewhat flurried at Trapp's evident mistrust or artifice; but determined to intercept his retreat, and to make him see things in their true light, upon the spot. But it is a hard task to explain the commonest occurrence to unwilling ears; particularly when the very witness you summon half-swoons away at a home question, and is but little anxious for your exculpation. Sam laid all the fault upon the dog; but his judge, less charitable, was mute, and *would* believe that there was more harm done than a dog could do; and Miss Trapp looked for all the world as if she meant to turn approver, and to own herself an accessory, for the sake of convicting the principal, and clearing the dog of the capital charge.

It was evident, by the first words that fell from Trapp's magisterial lips, that Sam had not made out his defence—if defence it were. “Good God! Mr. Debonair, is this a time for explanation? when my poor sister—delicacy might suggest the propriety of deferring—though it appears odd, very odd indeed. Alicia, my dear, you had better retire, since Mr. Debonair insists—” Mr. Debonair could insist upon nothing, after that, but retiring himself, and postponing his plea. The court was adjourned; but it was evident that the information of Alicia and the dog would be taken, and sent up to the grand jury. “The grand jury! whither are your wits straggling? What grand jury would take cognizance of such an affair?” It matters not, I reply, whether they were a grand jury regularly empannelled, or a mere self-constituted inquest of busy-bodies, who love to put people upon trial for character. It matters not a rush; for in all essential points the said busy-bodies exercise the same functions with respect to reputations, and return or quash bills of scandal upon as slight grounds as county juries do bills of indictment. In this case it happened, that the charges were so technically drawn up, that any, the most diluted censor of morals must have waived their probability

in favor of their circumstantiality. The first grand count was for a felony, in stealing a certain commodity from Miss Trapp's person; to wit, a quantity of heart, be the same more or less, value five shillings. The second was for a trespass, in deflowering her apron, by spilling thereon certain drops of blood, to the great damage and disrepute of the aforesaid owner. Then followed the minor counts for misdemeanours, for doing and not doing, &c.; and at the foot of all was tacked the cost of muslin, cambric, and leather, lost by the plaintiff in swaddling the defendant's finger: and I assure you, by the time these counts, in various editions, had circulated among the members of the above high tribunal, there was no small degree of odium and prejudice excited against the traverser. But again I repeat, it matters not, who the judges were, nor what the accusation was; nor how the case was made out; nor what the verdict may have been; for all this has nothing to do with Sam's disgrace: nor should we ever have detailed it, even as an episode, and would now scratch the whole story from our pages, but for the strict duty that devolved upon us, as matter-of-fact historians, to account for the remotest cause of the prejudice against poor Sam. It arose not from his jilting Miss Trapp; to give the harshest name to his alleged offence—for we will be bound to say, that such an event would have reinstated him in the good graces of *all*, whom he had alienated by his attentions to her; while with *all* the rest, a word from honest Sam would have dispersed her insinuations against him; for as it was, they were never thoroughly believed; and for every *tirade* against him, there was a load of *diatribes* against his defamers.

When exile, by this species of ostracism, was enforced against Sam, the Trapps were no more thought of than if they had never existed; or else, depend upon it, they would have been included. No! We are anxious to exonerate the world, with all its caprice and injustice, from the disparaging conjecture that they could have hesitated an instant between candour and duplicity—between the fairest impress of honest worth and the slimy trail of low contrivance. Our readers, we hope, will dismiss all idea of Miss Trapp from their minds, as the cause of Sam's ejection from society. She, indeed, was instrumental to it—so was the dog; but let us not add to her vain-glory, by giving her credit for so much mischievous influence. It required no less a power to convert Sam's innocence into crime than an enactment of the supreme legislative, the world, expressed through the medium of its august representatives, Messrs. and Mesdames This, That, and T'other. The act never had a preamble—the offence a name. It was a thing *sine generis, pro tempore*, created for the occasion alone—a sin not to be found in Deuteronomy—the very genus of which is not classed under the categories that include all terms. Spirit of the Stagyrte, aid me in defining or describing it!

Be it known then, that in the course of Mr. Trapp's intrigues and cabals to get Sam voted, by acclamation, into a vacancy, which Sam by no means wished to fill (a sort of night-constableness of St. Trapp's); by dint of repetition and amplification, he did persuade the overseers that Sam was not what he appeared, and out of this persuasion immediately resulted the inquiry which cashiered him; and that was, who could he be, if not what he appeared? It is true,

that Trapp spirited on the *question*, by mightily incommoding himself to learn *who* the man was that had (not) made pretensions to his sister, and called upon several of Sam's intimates for precise information on that head. But no one could tell Sam's adjuncts, style, or pedigree. They knew very well *what* he was; for nature had so clearly printed gentleman on his noble brow, and had given him besides such letters patent, in the manners and sentiments of a man of honour, that the blazonry of the herald-office could not have added one *iota* to his real respectability; but the importance of *who* or *what*, in forensic language, is widely different. The first interrogative pronoun, it seems, possesses the power of annihilation, by making its relative *nobody*, whereas the last can take no such liberty with its relations. On this occasion, the little, crooked, impertinent thing ran from house to house, implicating every one who had ever countenanced his discarded *relative*, thus: "How did you become acquainted with this interloper? On whose recommendation did you receive him?" And each catechumen who had promoted Sam's reception, and who could not directly and properly answer the spiteful interrogation, was pronounced a *particeps criminis* by this whole tribe of who-ridden catechists.

The very sectary who had paved his introduction, who might have prided himself upon his judgment, could tell no more of Sam than that he had met him in a stage-coach, or on board a steam-packet, and invited him to his house in return for some civility; but even he, in his threatened fulmination against a heretic, was afraid of provoking, by contumacy, the Holy Inquisition, and of falling under the same ban of excommunication as Sam, should he stand up in defence of him. Thus Sam, having no sponsor nor voucher, was cast, like an unbaptized abomination, out of the pale of the communion, and overwhelmed with all the indignities that ignorance and bigotry could heap upon him.

How it happened that so frank a fellow should not have confided all about himself to his friends, is a question that he alone can solve: probably he was too much a citizen of the world to individualize persons or places, too little of an egotist to distinguish the first singular when there were so many third persons of vastly more historical importance. I have heard him speak like Plutarch of the heroes and brief monarchs of the late war; but he so backed his speech with authorities, that none could tell whether his knowledge was reading or observation; and he always foiled the inquisitive by interposing a prince or field-marshal between himself and his challenger, giving some *trait* of his highness or his grace, in reply to a question about himself. It may be, that he was content to enter the portal, without penetrating into the temple of friendship; and it may be, that his acquaintance allowed him access to the state-rooms, while they inhospitably excluded him from the resting-chambers of their hearts. Nothing is certain by the sequel, except that his philosophy, whether built upon natural reserve or deep knowledge of mankind, was well-founded; that he was right in withholding his secret from the world, and in letting them know no more of his rank, estate, and circumstances, than they could glean from his coat, occasional coach-hire, and rarer tavern treats.

But a secret is not to be kept with impunity from the curious. As long as they hoped to wheedle him out of it they showed him but the fairer countenance—for there is something *piquant* in mystery. But when, by the smothered, scattered, broken cry, it became evident that the pack were at default, and that his incog. could not be scented out, they conceived suspicion and ill-will, in proportion to their former reliance and partiality. Invitations no longer showered upon him—smiling aspects no longer greeted him—studied neglects were heaped upon him. Still the rupture might have been accommodated by friendly intercession, for no open insult had ever branded him; but prying meanness at length gave the *coup-de-grâce* to the martyr, whom torture only hardened against confession; and Trapp, Trapp his denouncer, *humanely* became his executioner.

This gentleman still affected to be concerned in discovering *who he was* that had presumed to engage his sister's affection, without—rendering himself liable to an action. Forced thus to make it an affair of honour, by the impossibility of making it one of petty-fogging, he pulled his courage to the full cock, and resolved upon a meeting with Sam. Indeed, two things rendered it almost imperative that he should; the first was, that his own bustling activity, in impeaching another, had committed him with the world as a man who wanted courage to redress an injury—the second was, that his sister's equivocating looks and half replies rendered it just supposable that the match might still be concocted, by a little resolute behaviour at the proper juncture. His heart, blowing hot and cold with the same breath, whispered him, that a man will do a great deal to escape being shot at. To compound, therefore, between his heart, his sister's riddance, and the world's opinion, he resolved to seek out Sam at his lodging, and to ask him *who he was*, in the fittest place for such a home question, previously to adjourning to Chalk-farm, and putting it to him there.

One wet Monday, when the streams of pouring rain had swept the very plodding Jew from off the flags, and the sound of *old clothes* no longer reminded us of Joseph's many-coloured coat, for the sake of which his brother-brokers sold him; when the very ballad-singer lacked courage to expose his dripping person in the running channel, that he might excite the pity of the dry and sheltered—on such a day, when the slaves of cupidity and want had housed themselves wherever they could—Trapp forsook his comfortable dwelling to enclose himself in a damp hackney-coach, ordering the soaked pilot of the ark to ferry him to Mr. Debonair's habitation. To his inquiry, the suborned chambermaid distinctly replied, "Not at home." "Not at home such a day as this! Impossible! my good girl. I must see him on particular business. Which is his apartment?" demanded Trapp, brow-heating the witness, who was quite unaccustomed to be cross-examined in her fibs, and who would not, for her salvation, have reiterated the falsehood, which she unscrupulously told on her direct examination; for the fact was, she had only sold her conscience to lie in those three precise words, "*Not at home*," and these she had repeated so often, that she really could do it with a good face, but not one syllable more. Besides, there was a degree of honesty in the lie that supported her so far. Debonair had stipulated with her mistress, that he should be

invariably denied, and the mistress had hired the maid on that understanding; so that it was but fulfilling a contract to lie in the first instance. But the articles of agreement, unfortunately, stated nothing about persisting in the negation, which shows how negligently some contracts are drawn up. Sam had consulted no authority, legal or clerical, in the framing of the agreement, because he knew, without them, that it would be unjust and intolerant to enforce it against the conscience of any poor dependant; but exclusive of his bargain with the housekeeper, he had tendered a special indemnity to the maid, to buy absolution to her soul, if she would so far risk it on his account as constantly to deny him. The devil alone stood by and signed the stipulation, unseen by the parties. So that Sam sat, all day long, quite secure in mind from every intruder; and might, according to the compact, have so sat till the day of judgment, (that being the return-day for such writs,) but that the said attesting officer, in the company of Trapp, sought to summon Sam, long before his time, to account for another not less deadly sin.

There is no plea to excuse the immorality he committed in evading impertinence, but the example of all the bishops of the old or new proprietorship, who all occasionally do the like. This was the whole amount of the duty which Sam abstracted from the customs levied by society; but is there a legislator that does not cheat the treasury of truth as much? If truth is a tax that cannot always conveniently be paid, in what case may it be more justifiably denied than when it is levied at your door by some importunate collector, for the object of annoying you, and feeding a set of officious meddlers with your concerns? Trapp was at once a collector of truths and a distributor of falsehoods, consequently a meddler high in office; and on this occasion being thwarted in the execution of his duty, he determined to distrain for the tax and costs; and having commenced by levying from the maid the full truth of Sam's *locale*, he mounted up to the two-pair landing, and placed his sacrilegious hand upon the handle of the front door. * * * * Was there no genius, good or bad, to arrest his progress; or to whisper to him, as he passed the usual limits of exotic residence, that he might be intruding upon the haunts of poverty and embarrassment? Something of the kind did flash across his mind; but it was unattended with the reflection, that *his* was not the soul to comfort the distressed, or to soothe the shame of detected penury. Something more flashed also upon his mind's eye as he gained the first floor—forsooth, that his intrusion fairly entitled him to be kicked down stairs, and he paused a moment, as if scanning the altitude of the *flight*. It was a formidable precipice; but spite and curiosity now lent wings to his design, and forward he dashed, collecting courage as he rose, and as the height of his probable fall increased, till, most singular to say, on the second lobby he felt himself twice the man that he had been on the first—measuring, no doubt, the resentment of the insulted tenant by the apparent humbleness of his means. And were it even so, Trapp; were it true that indigence is ever patient of wrong, what, in the name of Heaven, authorised you to reduce your *friend* to that indigence, by taking from him the name and credit, which he had hitherto borne, of a man in easy circumstances? Was it for the hope of insulting him with impunity, that you dared to

destroy one of the most beautiful illusions of life—that of a poor and happy man—that of a gay and cheerful companion, spreading happiness abroad, while misery and want were depressing him in secret? But, out! your hand was upon the handle; let us usher you in, possessed as you are by the demon, who supplies the boldness that your nature wants!

“What! hey! ho! how the deuce? who the devil—?” exclaimed Sam, for he had caught a view of the club-foot, and naturally exorcised the owner in such terms, for bringing Trapp to intrude upon his privacy.

“Beg pardon, my dear friend—no offence—I hope I dont—came on vital business—heard you were at home, walked up without ceremony,” mumbled Trapp and his prompter between them.

“Certainly, sir; if you have any thing to justify this breach of etiquette, speak it,” sternly answered Debonair, who stood in his dressing gown, holding a camel-hair brush in one hand and a tobacco-pipe in the other; having bounced up from one of the awkwardest attitudes in which human dignity can be surprised, with the full assurance that this pimping scoundrel had witnessed his entire performance—as he had in reality. For Sam, concluding that no one but the maid could have the hardihood to bolt in upon him, and the maid being in his secret and in his pay, as we have intimated, had been unwilling to destroy, on her account, one of the finest samples of a grin that human invention had ever conjured up. Truly it was a most comic scene, that might have terminated amicably enough in a downwright fit of laughter, had the devil permitted his demerited pupil to give way to such conciliatory mirth. Figure to yourself Debonair, sitting before a toilet-glass, his hair brushed up in porcupine fashion, his neck bare, and his left elbow, the hand of which held an inverted pipe over a pewter-quart, poised over the table—making a most ludicrous grimace, and chuckling fitfully at his own image, and the fancied sophistication of the beer—while, stroke by stroke, he transferred the pattern of his most original prize-grin to the cover of a *papier-maché* snuff-box, fixed at his right hand; and went on working and grinning intermittently, till the reflection of Trapp’s ugly visage in the glass, as he turned to it to refresh his imagination, made him jump up like one who sees the devil or an apparition, and conjure it in the way we have stated.

While the usual hems and haws are going forward on one side, and a few impatient demonstrations on the other, we will endeavour to describe the internal feelings of both, without which the ensuing scene would be unintelligible. We will begin with those of Debonair, because they are the less complex, although the more comprehensive. In the first place, he felt that his secret was divulged, and that it would be absolute deceit to fabricate any tales to disguise it. On his littered table lay all the implements of a handicraft; paints and varnishes, pots and saucers, and boxes innumerable; some yet featureless, others glaring with the likenesses of Paul Pry, Tim Bobbin, Doctor Syntax, and other worthies, but far the greater number with original models of the broad grin, delineated from his own inimitable essays in the mirror: scattered among these were all the variety of fancy articles that require the ornamenting of the brush, forming together a little

repository that might have graced an angle of the Bazaar, and entitling Sam to rank among the operative toymen of a certain line. He was, in honest truth, a journeyman, an unprivileged one, too, who took in work that demanded greater genius and less payment than that of regular artificers. We have since interrogated some of his employers, and learned in part his dealings, and found that nothing but the most undeviating industry could have enabled him to earn a competence at this trade, if it be indeed true that he had neither half-pay nor annuity in addition.

He stood now, without any of the pride of commercial importance, in the midst of his wares, while many cogitations succeeded each other in his mind. The ocular attestation of Trapp, while it confirmed the futility of concealment, was not the first suspicion that he had conceived of his detection. As his friends withdrew their countenance, and closed their doors upon him, he could only account for this sudden dereliction by imagining that an accident, or the gossip of a dealer, had exposed the shifts to which he was reduced, and that some busy fellow had published it to the world, which world, as they generally do, had made his poverty a sufficient reason for excluding him from their fellowship. How he resented this treatment may be inferred from his mode of receiving their invitations; for, as he never accounted it an obligation to be asked out to dine or enliven a party, so he never felt aggrieved when omitted, nor was he ever disposed to quarrel with any one for neglect. He could not, however, but feel a share of contempt for those who had founded their alienation upon such wretched grounds. Instead of being lowered by his poverty, he felt himself infinitely a greater man than any of those who had made it the measure of his worth. He was now ready to profess it openly, since his manly concealment had miscarried. As for the individual before him, Sam's honest heart attributed to him no share in this visitation but his own lawful quota, in so suddenly falling off from the pressing host to the shying acquaintance. Some excuse for him, in addition to the general conspiracy, might be assigned in the affair of the bit finger; but as Sam, to avoid misconception, had twice called upon Trapp, and been twice denied, without Trapp's ever seeking the promised explanation, it was natural to think that his most absurd whimsies had blown by, and that he preferred relinquishing the acquaintance to the shame of exposing them. This mode of meanly absconding from a partnership without settling his accounts, only made Sam doubly despise the deserter; so that, when Trapp pushed into his apartment so rudely, Sam saw before him the most contemptible of his late fickle friends actually taking a greater liberty with him than the most privileged intimate could assume; and his soul was wroth, not that Trapp should seek an explanation, but that he should do it in so ungentlemanly a way! not that he should discover his (Sam's) poverty, but that he should do it by an insult. Wherefore, on Sam's stern countenance might be read, "Woe be to you, Trapp, if what you have to say is not weighty enough to palliate your impudence!"

Trapp's reflections were more fugitive, and much more difficult to embody in description. However, if it be borne in mind that he had set out upon this expedition, as an envoy, to manage the concerns of three different powers—the world, that insisted peremptorily upon his

challenging Debonair ; his sister, who insisted, right or wrong, on Debonair's proposing for her ; and his own heart, which plotted much, but insisted upon no *sine quâ non* but his bodily safety,—we may be able to account for the sudden revolution in his plans, without having recourse to the theological hypothesis, that the Tempter, who accompanied him, led him into successive scrapes with the hope of producing a duel, that he might pounce upon the honourable survivor ; but finding his principal shrink back for want of boldness, suggested to him new devices, with a view of getting his neck broke through the window. I say, though the *nodus* is “ *tali dignus vindice*,” and though his interposition seems absolutely requisite to produce the instantaneous reversal in Trapp's decisions, as well as to extricate him from a most perplexing hobble, only to involve him in a worse ; still I do not think that the profane have any right to call in the intervention of supernatural powers, as long as they can assign even inadequate secondary causes for human actions. According to probability, then, Trapp had seen at a glance the whole truth of Sam's circumstances, and concluded that it would be as rash as superfluous to ask him who he was. It was as plain as life that he was a beggarly artist ; and if Trapp wavered one moment in thinking him a *dilettante* toymen, he was reconfirmed the next by Sam's disorder and irritation in his first impression. This full eviction of his recent surmises, along with the stout carriage of the detected pauper, seconded the prudent counsel of his heart as to himself. As for his sister, it was scarce worth while risking a duel to constrain a beggar to make offers to her, when he felt assured that she would prove the sturdiest recusant on learning the truth. And as to the world, his measures were taken in a trice—how to reinstate himself in its good opinion, and to sink Sam from ever rising up in judgment against him ; and those were (for we—I hate to be singular, like a quaker, in my pronouns—are a *minimum* of the world, and can vouch for his having resorted to the iniquitous measure) to represent Sam as a needy adventurer, whom he had compelled to apologise in his very garret for his presumptuous pretensions to Miss Trapp. Thus the interests of all his clients being attended to, it only remained for him by no misconduct of his own to spoil the happy issue which he anticipated to his diplomacy. It was obvious that all mention of Chalk Farm must be suppressed, nay, every thing that could in the remotest manner lead to it, even the name of Alicia Trapp. But how in the world account for the vital business which had led him to violate the sanctuary of seclusion, without referring to the only cause that could possibly excuse him, was in truth a fresh perplexity, that once more made him measure, in imagination, the altitude of the stair-case and window, and shudder at the idea of being upon the second floor.

How we came to learn the mode in which he extricated himself from this awful predicament, and to grasp the mental process by which he arrived at an apology, was not through the preaching of the prompter, whom, for the satisfaction of the pious, we have all along devoutly supposed to have instigated these evil doings, but partly through our own sagacity, partly through a short statement which Sam did us the honour of transmitting to our hands some time after his retreat from his invaded quarters, God knows whither.

We will stake our chance of immortal fame against a small portion of the legal currency, that these were the associations which suggested Trapp's excuse—"All the parties are disposed of, myself, my sister, and the world; they must be reserved topics; on whom, then, am I to rely? Is there any one else implicated in that d—d drawing-room affair? The dog! the dog forced into this scrape. Why might not the dog help us out of it? The dog shall serve my turn; let him limp through it as he may, and be hanged to-morrow, if necessary, to corroborate my story." I do not say that this was the precise train and wording of this extempore pretext, but that it was a similar chain of ideas, evincing considerable analytical talent in Trapp, who, in reply to the iterated question what his business was, bolted out the following words:—

"My business is—*a*—one of anxiety—*a*—but I beg you will not—*a*—alarm yourself unnecessarily. The dog—*a*—has shown—*a*—symptoms of madness,—*a*—and I could not rest satisfied until I had satisfied myself of the state of your—*a*—hand. That's all."

Debonair sprang from his seat like an enraged whig; for though he was a good-natured man, he had none of the facility which is attributed to that character, of being gulled by a paltry evasion: he rose in a passion, and actually premeditated the execution of Trapp's worst fears. Trapp, too, had started up, to avoid being taken at a disadvantage; but a sudden flood of dignity rising above Sam's ire, he politely pointed to a chair, and said, "Pray be seated, Mr. Trapp; collect yourself a little; I am quite disposed to yield you a patient hearing. If you have any explanation to demand, pray come to it at once; you cannot possibly have sought me solely with the view you mention?"—"Solely, upon my honour," answered Trapp, deceived by the mildness of the foregoing tones into an idea that he had imposed upon the speaker, whose intellect he had undervalued, for reasons before adduced. Sam immediately added,

"Then it is the most execrable subterfuge I have ever heard, and your impertinence is inexcusable. I renounce your acquaintance entirely, sir, after this paltry conduct; and, to prevent my terminating it in the proper way, withdraw, sir, instantly."

The whole infinitive limb of this speech sounded like nothing but *stairs* and *windows* on Trapp's tympanum. And though the indicative and imperative were mighty harsh moods, as here used, still the alternative between walking gently through a door, or flying, sans parachute, through a window; between descending, step by step, a staircase, and being tumbled headlong down the same, was not, in his opinion, to be rashly rejected; besides, the affront in the noxious clauses might be as well noticed to-morrow, in a week, a month, or never, if Debonair *never* recovered his footing in society. He, therefore, availed himself of the permission given him, and sneaked out of the door, cursing the audacity which he had mistaken for courage, and half misdoubting in his heart that he was both a coward and a rascal.

To these conscious characteristics he added that of a mean reporter of what he had seen, and what he had *not* said nor done. In consequence of which Debonair was irrevocably banished from his circle, if their coldness had not already placed polar barriers between him and

them. They had exiled him on suspicion, because they could not find out *who he was*; and, instead of revising, they sanctioned anew the sentence when they discovered the whole truth of their prying query.

That it was a most unjust *post facto* law, made for his particular case, to punish him for having once committed the error of forming intimacies with a heartless people, is unquestionable; but it is not near so certain that the greater severity of the sentence has not fallen upon the judges rather than upon the judged: and that numbers have not, long ere this, missed Debonair's power of amusing infinitely more than he ever can have missed their complaisance and mahogany tables.

MINIMUM.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH'S LECTURES,
ON
COMPARATIVE AND HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

[According to our promise, we return to our task of reporting the opinions, and the accumulated information, of these very interesting lectures.]

AFTER having stated the phenomena which are peculiar to life, and which constitute it, Dr. Smith proceeded to point out the characters which distinguish animal from vegetable life. He showed that the animal possesses two faculties of which the vegetable is destitute: that the phenomena of life are precisely the same in both these classes of living beings, up to a certain point: but that beyond that point the animal indicates two additional phenomena, of which there is no manifestation in the plant.

It was next observed, that the possession of these additional faculties necessarily modifies the whole economy of the being to whom they are communicated; and that all the varieties of organization by which the animal is distinguished from the vegetable, and by which one animal is distinguished from another, are the result of adaptations which are indispensably required to adjust the conditions of life in general, to the conditions of animal life in particular. As this modification of the general functions of life, by the communication of the special functions of animal life, is one of great interest, we shall follow Dr. Smith through the illustrations he gave of this subject, especially as the manner in which this was done led him to exhibit a general view of the organs and functions of the animal body.

It was stated, that the structure of vegetables is remarkably uniform: in external configuration, and in sensible properties, they differ much from each other; but in structure, the similarity of this whole class is striking. In animals, the diversity of structure in the different tubes is infinite; and that diversity, in external configuration, is in general connected without very important differences in internal structure: the external diversity is indeed the result of the internal organization. The simple structure of the vegetable, adequate to its simple functions, allows of uniformity in the organization of the class: the complicated faculties of the animal require numerous and complicated organs.

The vegetable is fixed to one spot: the materials adapted to its

nourishment are contained in the soil: its roots are the organs by which its nutritious matter is absorbed: hence it must always be in contact with its nutritious matter, and can therefore need no organs for containing it. But animals are not attached to the soil: they possess the property of locomotion: in beings thus constituted, it is not possible that their nourishment should be absorbed from the earth. The addition of this faculty of locomotion, renders a modification of that of nutrition indispensable. Beings which continually change their place, must be provided with the means of transporting, along with themselves, the nutriment necessary for their support. In general, that provision is made by furnishing them with an *internal* cavity, within which they deposit the substances prepared for their nourishment. In the coats which form the walls of this cavity, are placed the orifices of vessels which absorb the nutritive particles. This cavity with its contents, is to the animal what the soil is to the vegetable: its absorbing vessels constitute, in the expressive language of Boerhaave, the internal roots of the animal.

Many of the lower tribes of animals, those especially which inhabit water, and derive their nourishment from the vegetable and animal matter held in solution by this fluid, (for it is an error to suppose that any animal is nourished by pure water alone,) are, in this respect, in circumstances precisely similar to the vegetable. They are constantly in contact with the nutritious particles from which they derive their sustenance. Accordingly they are furnished with no internal cavity for containing their food. They are composed of a gelatinous homogeneous mass, the porous texture of which is endowed with the property of imbibing from the surrounding element the nutritious particles necessary to maintain its integrity. Of these animals, the most simple consist of this gelatinous substance alone, without any other organs whatever, which we have the means of detecting: in the ascending scale, various appendages are added, which constitute distinct external organs; and at length the more compound are furnished with tentaculæ, special instruments, by means of which their nourishment is apprehended, and which possess a very striking analogy to the roots of plants.

But in the higher classes, not only is an internal cavity provided for containing its nutritive matter, but that cavity is of sufficient magnitude to admit solid substances. At this point, nutrition ceases to be the mere imbibition of sustenance from the soil or the atmosphere. Preparatory operations are now necessary to apprehend the food, to divide it, and to fit it, in various modes, for its common receptacle. These operations, together with the changes which the aliment undergoes in its receptacle, constitute a process: that process is termed digestion. Thus digestion is a modification of the function of nutrition, peculiar to animals, and rendered indispensable by the faculty of locomotion.

A second modification, equally indispensable, arises out of the necessity of conveying the nutritive matter to different parts of the body. In the animal, in consequence of the greater complexity of its organization, a greater force is required than is necessary in the vegetable, to propel the nutritive fluid over its extended surface, and into its various passages and cavities. There must be a circulation of the

nutritive fluid ; consequently, vessels must be furnished to contain the fluid: an engine must be constructed capable of generating a force adequate to communicate to it the requisite impulse. Thus, a circulation with the organs necessary to perform the function constitutes a second complication, strictly though remotely connected with the communication of voluntary motion.

A third complication is rendered indispensable by the second. The circulation distributing the nutritive fluid to every part of the body, and depositing every where the nutritive particles as they are needed, to repair the waste of the system, means must be procured to supply the nutritive fluid with fresh matter. For this object the digestive organs are provided. Between the digestive organs, and the vessels which carry on the circulation, there must therefore be a communication. That communication is established by a system of vessels termed absorbents. At one extremity the absorbents are in communication with the intestines, the organs which contain the newly formed nutritive matter, which they absorb by innumerable orifices ; at the other extremity they are in communication with one of the main trunks of the circulating system, into which they pour the digested aliment received from the organs that prepare it. In this manner a direct communication is established between the great laboratory, in which the nutritive matter is prepared, and the vessels by which that matter is conveyed to the different parts of the body. Thus the absorbent system is a mere complication of the animal organization, rendered indispensable by that of the circulation.

But the aliment, after it has undergone all the operations to which it is subjected in the digestive organs, is still not fit for the purpose of nutrition. A process, by which its heterogeneous particles are converted into one common nature, and which is termed assimilation, is performed by any organized body. There is no example of life, animal or vegetable, in which this process does not take place. The function by which it is affected is termed respiration. Respiration, performed in some mode, is indispensable to life, because it is an essential part of the function of nutrition. The actual mode in which it is effected in any given instance entirely depends on the mode of life of the individual. In the vegetable there is no proper circulation ; therefore, the whole external surface of the plant is made one continuous organ of respiration. In the lower tribes of animals there is no circulation: in the lowest, respiration is performed just as it is in the vegetable, by the whole of their external surface ; in animals somewhat higher in the scale, peculiar vessels are provided for this purpose, by means of which air is conveyed into every part of their body. Then, whenever there are distinct vessels and a proper circulation, there a peculiar organ is provided for the function of respiration. General circulation—respiration by a special organ—are correlative conditions from which there is no duration in the whole extent of the animal creation, and for the latter of which a necessity is created by the former.

Thus we perceive here the communication of one subordinate faculty, that of locomotion, *necessarily* modifies the general faculty of nutrition, by creating the necessity for numerous subordinate expedients in order to complete it. A third modification arises out of a

second, and a fourth out of a third. Whether the conformation of an animal be simple or complex, its structure is in invariable and strict accordance with its mode of life. It follows that there is no such thing in the animal creation as an arbitrary disposition of parts; that no organ is communicated unless there exist for it an absolute necessity; that no organ is withheld which is requisite to the convenience of the animal, in the condition in which it is placed. It is in the true spirit of physiology to point out and insist on the wisdom, and beauty, and beneficence of such adjustments.

The functions which are indispensable to animal existence are those of nutrition, circulation, absorption, respiration, reproduction, sensation, and voluntary motion.

In the lowest tribes of animals no distinct organs are provided for the performance of these different functions, at least none that can be discovered. The substance of which their body is composed appears to be entirely homogeneous. The lowest species of animalculi consist of a single globule, which looks like a minute drop of jelly; yet that globule, besides exercising all the functions of the vegetable, is unquestionably endowed with the power of motion; as far as we are capable of judging, that motion is spontaneous, and if so, it must be the result of sensation. The lower tribes of zoophytes, those, for example, which consist of an homogeneous substance similar to jelly, are without any distinct vessel or organ; they are unquestionably capable of performing all the vegetative functions; they seem to be endowed with some degree of spontaneous motion, though slight: in all those cases one and the same substance must be conceived to perform functions extremely different. In by far the greater number of animals, however, for every distinct function there is provided a separate organ.

Some species of animalculi are composed of a simple sac, with an aperture at one extremity. In this structure there is no distinct apparatus for digestion; yet since the internal surface of this sac is capable of digesting food, it must be considered as the first trace of an alimentary tube; as a stomach in the most simple form in which that organ can exist. It is the same with the gelatinous zoophytes; being without any distinct apparatus for digestion, the entire substance of the body must be regarded as a stomach.

In the higher classes a distinct organ is provided for the function of digestion. Sometimes it consists of a sac open at both extremities; sometimes of an elongated tube; in the highest classes, of both united. In every different species the sac varies in capacity; the tube differs in length, width, and convolutions. The principal dilutative of the sac is termed the stomach; sometimes there are more dilutations than one; then there are said to be two or more stomachs: that part of the tube below the stomach is denominated the intestine; the whole of the tube, from one extremity of the organ to the other, is called the alimentary canal.

In general this organ is composed of separate coats, the internal of which is commonly a continuation of the external covering of the body. Hence the external and internal surface of the animal body is in general composed of the same tissue, and modified in adaptation to its specific function, but both essentially the same.

The great function performed by the internal surface of the stomach is the secretion of a peculiar fluid, by means of which the chief part of the process of digestion is effected. This fluid, termed the gastric juice, is one of the most singular in the whole animal economy. In its external properties it is without colour, without odour, without taste, yet it is the most powerful solvent known. It speedily reduces the food which is brought into contact with it, into a pulpy and homogeneous mass, and the hardest textures yield to it; not only the tough fibre of the vegetable substance, not only the muscular and membranous fibre of the animal solid, but even hair, shell, and bone itself. It is a universal solvent. Thus the same sac which forms the receptacle of the food, furnishes the menstruum by which the solution, the chief part of the digestion of it, is effected.

By the contractile power of the stomach, its contents are propelled into the first intestine, called the duodenum. There the aliment is mixed with a fluid secreted by the liver, termed the bile; with another fluid secreted by the pancreas, termed the pancreatic juice, and with the secretion of the surface of the intestine itself. In its progress through the other intestines, mixed in like manner with the secretion of their surface, the aliment becomes as completely digested as is possible, by means of this system of organs. The mass is now separated into two parts; that which is fit for nourishment is absorbed by a system of vessels termed the lacteals; the rest, the excrementitious portion, is discharged from the body.

In numerous tribes of animals there is no proper circulation. In the more perfect animals, the system of the circulation consists of two distinct sets of organs, namely, the blood vessels, which contain the nutritive fluid—and the heart, the great centre of the force by which *chiefly* it is propelled into the different parts of the body. The blood is conveyed from the heart by vessels termed arteries. This system begins by one great vessel attached to the heart, called the aorta. The blood is returned to the heart by vessels termed the veins. In their structure and properties there are important differences between these two systems. The coats of arteries are more thick; and so elastic, that the tubes retain their round shape when empty. The coats of veins are thin, and so pliable, that they collapse as soon as their contents are discharged.

The arteries divide and subdivide into ramifications of extreme minuteness; ultimately they become so small, as entirely to escape our senses. The minute branches are termed the capillaries. The capillaries, gradually joining each other, and becoming larger and larger as they unite, terminate in the roots of the other systems of vessels, that is, in the minute branches of veins. The veins uniting with each other, and returning the blood from all parts of the body, at length terminate in two great vessels, called the *VENÆ CAVÆ*. These pour the blood directly into the heart. In all parts of the body except the lungs, the veins exceed the arteries, both in number and size; consequently, in this division of the system, the motion of the blood is proportionally slower.

The lecturer then described the structure of the heart in the different classes of animals, from the lowest to the highest, and showed the simplicity of its structure in the former, and its more complex organi-

zation in the latter. From the structure of the heart, and the position of its valves, he showed what the course of the circulation must necessarily be, and described that course at length. As this part of the lecture was wholly demonstrative, it does not admit of being reported. The proofs that the blood really circulates, and that it flows in the course described, were stated to be threefold. 1. It is established by the structure and disposition of the valves. The blood *can* flow in one direction, but in no other; the position and action of the valves prevent the possibility of its taking any course but one. 2. The effect of ligatures shows the direction in which the blood flows. If a ligature be placed around an artery, the portion of the artery between the heart and the ligature becomes tumid; that portion of it which is below the ligature becomes empty. On the contrary, if a ligature be placed around a vein, the portion of the vein which is between the heart and the ligature becomes collapsed; that portion of it which is between the ligature and the extremity becomes swollen. The inference can be but one; that in the artery the blood flows from the heart; that in the vein it flows to the heart. 3. But the circulation and the course of it can be seen. There are parts of certain animals so transparent that the blood vessels and the fluid they contain are visible. This is the case in the tail of certain fish, and in the web of the frog's foot. If either be examined with a microscope of moderate power, the circulation can be seen perfectly and beautifully. This was accordingly well shown in the web of the frog's foot.

The lecturer next proceeded to speak of the composition of the blood, and to exhibit with the microscope the red particles on which its colour depends, and which was distinctly and beautifully shown. Without following Dr. Smith into the details into which he entered, it must suffice to state the result to which he arrived; namely, that the blood, as it is found in the circulating vessels, contains every element of which the animal body is composed; namely, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and azote, together with the different compounds formed by the various combination of these elements, such as fibrine, gelatine, albumen, and so on; and almost every chemical substance which is found in the body; as phosphorus, lime, iron, and so on. In this heterogeneous composition of the blood, it was observed, we see the material out of which it is possible for the different animal solids and fluids, numerous and varied as they are, to be elaborated; and in the varied disposition of the vessels which contain the fluid, we perceive the first steps of the preparation which is made for the operation of this subtle and mysterious chemistry.

The absorbent vessels establishing the communication between the digestive organs and the circulating system, or, in other words, forming the channels by which the nutritive matter destined to renovate the blood is conveyed into this fluid; it was stated, that in the more perfect animals these vessels consist of two distinct sets. The first, on account of the colour of the fluid they contain, which is similar to that of milk, are termed lacteal vessels. These receive the nutriment vessels directly from the intestines. Gradually becoming larger and larger, by constantly uniting together in their progress to the venous system, they at length form one trunk, which, from its passing through the thorax, is called the thoracic duct. The other set, also named

from the colour of the fluid they contain, which is pellucid like lymph, are therefore termed lymphatic vessels. These arise from every part of the body, and reconvey into the blood the remnant of the nutrient particles which have not been expended in the reparation of the system, together with the new substances which have been absorbed from the different surfaces of the body. These also terminate in the thoracic duct. The thoracic duct itself opens into a large vein near the right side of the heart, that side by which the blood flows into the lungs, consequently the new matter furnished to the blood by the process of digestion passes, with this fluid, directly through the lungs: in this organ it is assimilated, that is, converted into perfect blood; and from this great laboratory, in which its complete preparation is effected, the nutritive fluid is returned to the left side of the heart, thence to be sent out to the system in general.

The blood when it leaves the left side of the heart is of a bright red colour. A remarkable change takes place in its appearance during its circulation through the body. When it returns to the right side of the heart, it is of a dark mulberry colour. Hence the blood contained in the artery, and therefore termed arterial, is said to be red; that contained in the vein, or venous, is called black. Black or venous blood is found to be unfit for the purposes of life; its power to repair the waste of the system, and to afford the necessary stimulus to the action of the different organs, is exhausted. To accomplish its renovation, it is necessary that a particular process should be established; that process is denominated *respiration*. It seems to be essential to the life of every organized body that its nutrient matter, whatever it be, should be brought into contact with the air. Even in the vegetable, this is indispensable. In the lower tribes of animals, the mode in which this object is effected is very similar to that in which it is accomplished in the vegetable. The entire surface of the tissue of which the animal is composed, appears to be a respiratory organ. As we ascend in the scale, special means are provided for the conveyance of air, either to particular parts of the body, or throughout its whole surface. The lower the animal, the more diffused is its organ of respiration; the higher, the more concentrated. In animals in which there is no proper circulation, a particular system of vessels is provided for respiration, termed tracheæ. By these tubes, which are distributed to all parts of the body, the air is made to pervade every portion of the animal, and to act upon the nutritive fluid, at the instant it is expended in performing the various functions of its economy.

In animals which possess a circulating system, a distinct organ is invariably provided for the performance of this important function. In *every* case the object of the function is the same, namely, to expose an immense surface of the venous blood to the influence of the air. In every case the object is effected by the same means, namely, by a minute ramification of the venous blood vessels upon an extremely delicate membrane. The mechanical arrangement of the apparatus differs exceedingly in different animals, but its structure and action is always essentially the same, and therefore, considered physiologically, it is the same organ. The principal deviations, however, are only two, both of which have a peculiar relation to the element in which the animal lives, and which are evidently mere adaptations of one and the same

organ, in animals constructed upon the same general plan, to a mode of life essentially different. If the animal reside in water, a fine membrane is arranged in the form of laminae, which generally consist of several series; upon these laminae the venous vessels are expanded to an extreme degree of minuteness, and with these the water is brought into continual contact. In this case it is the air contained in the water that acts upon the blood. Organs constructed in this manner are termed branchiae, or gills. In general the branchiae are protected by a covering, which is partly ossious, or cartilaginous, and partly membranous, termed the opeaculum.

If, on the contrary, the animal inhabit the land, an exceedingly delicate membrane is folded into numerous and minute cells. The venous blood-vessels, divided to an extreme degree of tenuity, are spread out upon the walls of those cells. A tube, termed the wind-pipe, opening externally by one extremity, terminates at the other in these cells; the atmospheric air passes by this tube into all these delicate and minute cavities, and at certain periods, during the process of respiration, completely fills them.

The object and the result of these different arrangements are precisely the same; by both, the blood and the air are brought, not into immediate contact, but so near to each other, that nothing intervenes between them, excepting an exceedingly thin membrane, which presents no obstacle to their reciprocal action. The blood when it entered the lungs was of a black or venous colour; it had distributed to the system its nutrient particles; it was no longer capable of affording it the requisite degree of nourishment. After having been subjected to the action of respiration in the lungs, it flows into the vessels destined to receive it, of a bright red colour: it is now arterial blood; it is renovated; it is refitted to supply the wants of the system.

Did the animal possess no other organs, and exercise no other functions than those which have been described, its existence would still be merely vegetative; but it is further endowed with the faculties of perception and of voluntary motion. The lecturer then proceeded to exhibit a general view of the nervous and muscular systems, the organs by which those powers are exercised.

The only function which remains to be considered is that of reproduction: its organs consist of two classes; first, that which prepares the fluid, which is necessary to excite the pre-existing germ, and to apply it to that germ; and, secondly, those which contain and protect the germ during the first stages of its development. The former constitute the male, the latter the female organs. The vagina receives the fecundating fluid, and conducts it to the uterus. From the uterus a duct called the fallopian tube passes to the ovarium, which it embraces. The ovarium is the organ which contains the ova, that is, the pre-existing germ. At the instant of impregnation, one or more of the ova are separated from the ovarium, and received into the fallopian tube. By this tube it is conveyed out of the body, if the animal be oviparous; into the uterus, if it be viviparous. The ovum has now become an embryo; it has received an impulse by which the principles that were inherent in it, but which until now had remained dormant, are called into action. It begins to be evolved; gradually as its development goes on, it derives its nourishment, either from the matter,

by means of a spongy mass of vessels connected with the maternal system; or if it be at once separated from the parent, from an organized mass called the egg. After it has arrived at the full term, it is forcibly expelled by the uterus, or it bursts the shell within which it had been enclosed.

Dr. Smith concluded this branch of the subject by stating, that in the general view which he had thus exhibited of the organs and functions, the organs have been considered as complex bodies, composed of a variety of different textures, and the functions as general powers, subservient to particular cases in the economy: that there are few branches of human knowledge which exceed in interest the study of this part of the science; but that there is another part, which, though not so fascinating, is more strictly scientific, and which has been too generally neglected; namely, the examination of the *physical*, in contradistinction to the *final* causes by which the phenomena peculiar to the living body are produced. He observed, that when we consider the relation between an organ and its functions, we engage in the investigation of what is termed the *final* cause; that is, we inquire into the special use which the organ serves in the economy. When we examine the physical means by which any particular object is effected in the system, we investigate what is denominated the *physical* cause. The circulation of the blood, considered in relation to its function, discloses a complicated system, all the parts of which are adjusted with exquisite and wonderful skill to the completion of its object; considered in relation to the physical agents by which the phenomena are produced, they are resolvable into a few general powers, such as muscular contractility, membranous elasticity, the hydraulic properties of the blood, &c. It was observed, in conclusion, that such analytical investigations are eminently scientific, and are, indeed, the only means by which we can arrive at any truly philosophical induction; and that, after the general view which has been taken of the organs and functions, such an analysis of the textures of which the organs are composed, and of the powers by which the functions are accomplished, cannot but conduce to the clearness and exactness of our conception, both of structure and function.

TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY.—SECOND SERIES.*

WE have read these Tales with an interest often excited even to a painful degree of intensity, and with frequent admiration of the author's powers; and yet they are productions wild in fable, clumsy in their machinery, and generally defective in the portraiture of character. The author's genius, indeed, seems to be somewhat of a mongrel breed. In extravagance and passion he resembles Maturin; in incident, Scott; in accurate description of manners, Edgeworth; in prosing dialogue he is alone comparable with Galt.† His palpable deficiencies

* Tales of the O'Hara Family.—Second Series. Comprising The Nowlans and Peter of the Castle. In three volumes. London. Colburn. 1826.

† An author who ought never to be trusted beyond a single volume. His Provost and Annals of the Parish were perfect in their way; but in his other and larger works he has given full scope to his turn for *prosing*, and incessantly reminds us of Mr. Matthew's old Scotch lady, with her interminable story about nothing.

are judgment, and that intuitive sense of fitness which we call *tact*. His want of judgment appears in the scheme of his plots; his want of tact in the choice of subjects for the display of his powers; in his failing to perceive that he may exhibit them in their greatest force, to the pain, instead of the gratification of the reader. In the former series this fault was illustrated in a whole story, *The Fetches*, which left, together with a most disagreeable impression on the mind, a feeling almost of resentment at the misdirected talent which had so idly sported with the fancy, and turned our deepest sympathies to folly. This tale had the offence of a hoax in it; we felt that we had been betrayed into a painful interest by childish inventions. On examining the springs of the imposition, we found them of a very vulgar order. The attention may be strongly captivated by images which disgust the eye, and such was the secret charm of *The Fetches*; our aversion to the ideas made us dwell on them with distempered earnestness, as a man will gaze on a corpse, or any other disagreeable object, because the thought of it offends him. In *The Nowlans*, the first and best tale of the New Series, we observe more than one example of this kind, of attempt at fascination by force of presenting shocking pictures. In one instance it fails, and the effect is, of course, burlesque: in another we think it succeeds, and the consequence is disgust to the reader,—honest, genuine, physical disgust, accompanied with a slight sickness at the stomach, if he has just dined. The scene, a murder, it must be confessed, is admirably painted; but as it offends, we think the talent displayed on it ill bestowed. Allusion to this description leads us to observe on the author's imagination. Passion and imagination would seem to be his strong points, and yet, though he appears to abound in imagination, we never find the ground of it original. He is always working on some pattern or other, and not always nice in his choice of one. Like many musicians, he cannot play without notes; there must be something to direct the motions of his hands, and then he will grace and embellish what he sees before him. His genius is essentially pictorial, and he does nothing without copy. He can paint the progress of ruin in an Irish *jontleman's* hospitable house, with the pencil of a Hogarth, or the inmates of a cottage in the style of a Wilkie; but beyond the surface, the expression, he never goes with effect; and when he attempts to describe the inner springs of human action, and to exhibit the secret motions of hearts, he fails altogether, because this is a machinery beyond his ken, one which his intellectual vision has never penetrated. In this province the author of *To-day in Ireland* is incomparably his superior. He has looked at more than the outside of things; his eyes have searched deeper than the picturesque; and he threw more than figures and landscape into his work. In support of our remark that the writer of the O'Hara Tales is always working on some pattern, taken either from nature, his best work; or from the inventions of other books, his worst, the *σκιας σκια*; or from recorded facts, we might refer to many examples, which would be admitted as soon as seen. For a striking and familiar instance, we may mention the description of the lovely girl in *John Doe*, who, partially disrobed, sits at her toilet, gazing on her lover's miniature. This is a perfect literary gem; it is all grace, taste, and elegance, and the effect is bewitching. A popular picture, which deserves equal praise, was at first sup-

posed to have been taken from the scene in the book, but it turned out, by the ready and ingenuous avowal of the author, that the original of his design was the picture. In *The Nowlans* we find two melo-dramatic adventures, derived from a memorable assassination in the South of France. The murder, to the details of which we have already adverted and objected as sickening, is, indeed, obviously a copy of the main circumstances of the assassination of Fualdes. The pig is, in mercy to our tastes, omitted; * but there is the horrid and deliberate preparation; the vessel brought in to catch the blood; the cloth to wipe it up; the throat cut before the starting eye-balls of a hidden witness, a trembling, terror-struck woman! The other dramatic situation, taken from a story, whether true or false we know not, connected with the same tragedy, is that of a girl, who goes to meet a villain at midnight, by appointment, and observes a man at the place of assignation digging a grave. The idea of this incident is to be traced to a French print of Bancal or Bastide (which we forget), digging a grave for a girl supposed to have witnessed the murder of Fualdes, and who is sent on an errand to the criminal in the fields, in order that he might murder her. We could mention other copies, not only of scenes and incidents, but characters. *Aby Nowlan*, for instance, is the Laird in the Heart of Mid-Lothian; with this difference, indeed, that, instead of a miser, he is a spendthrift, but in stolidity and general bearing they are one and the same. The chief villain of this tale, too, Mr. Frank, is an exaggeration of Stanley, who associates himself with the smugglers in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, and contracts a *mésalliance*. The Irish villain, to be sure, is of a complexion many shades deeper, and of a more odious profligacy than his prototype. He robs a mail-coach, commits murder, and would have assassinated the heroine of the story, who is illegally married to him, and who is a partial copy of Jeanie Deans. In the character of this Mr. Frank, we find a remarkable instance of the author's want of tact. The slang conversations which this worthy holds with one of his associates, are, for the most part, unintelligible, and, to the last degree, tedious and offensive; they disgust the fatigued reader, without adding, in any measure, to the effect of the portrait. Scott has just touched his genteel profligate's discourse with slang, and therefore his copyist throws into that of his well-born rogue the whole vocabulary of Newgate. This is giving us three morning guns by way of heightening the effect. Notwithstanding, however, all drawbacks and defects, many errors of judgment, and some few of execution, and gross outrages against *vraisemblance*, these are very clever performances; and we gladly take them, with all their faults, which we note rather as curious phenomena, than in the spirit of detraction. It seems odd to us that there should be such extreme failure, mixed up with such extreme success; but our author is an Irishman, and these, perhaps, are the irregularities of Irish genius.

We have already observed that *The Nowlans* is the best tale of the

* The Covent-Garden people, when they dramatized the murder of Fualdes, carried their copy of the facts a point closer than our author, and proposed that the part of the pig should be enacted by "a real pig," the celebrated Toby. The idea was eventually abandoned, however, either because Toby, like other stars, asked too much, or because the manager was tired of pig driving, and afraid of adding one more stubborn, headstrong, self-willed animal to the list of first-rate performers.

New Series. The principal character in it is a young catholic priest, John Nowlan, who wins the affections of a girl, of a rank and condition in life very superior to his own ; and, in a moment of frenzy, carries her off, and, in violation of his vow of celibacy, marries her. The consequence of this act is pitiable misery to both parties. They sink into the most deplorable poverty, and John Nowlan has the torture of seeing the being who has sacrificed all to him, her whom he has taken from an affluent home, a shivering, houseless wanderer. The character of Letty, the poor victim, is very sweetly drawn. It is the only one that interests us in the book, and a touching picture it presents of generous devotion and gentle unrepining suffering. After having descended, step by step, to a condition of the last wretchedness, she perishes, a wayfarer in a cabin, in giving birth to a child ; and here we have an example of the author's want of tact in a scene of unnatural mummery. The husband is found by some charitable visitors celebrating the death of his beloved wife with a kind of mock wake. He has taken the door off its hinges to serve as a bier on which to lay her out, and made an illumination of a single rush-light. We so honour Letty, that we cannot endure the profanation of her fair remains by this odious burlesque of a vulgar ceremony. From this period John Nowlan disappears for a considerable space, and his sister Peggy becomes the centre of operations. She is a tidy, respectable wench, for whom it is impossible to become interested by any circumstance, but that of her being in danger of having her throat cut. Nothing short of this danger can concern us in her behalf, and painfully admirable is the description of her peril : in all her other adventures, we fancy a stout, substantial, able-bodied damsel, with red cheeks, thick ankles, and solid *spogs*,* who is perfectly capable of taking care of herself, and whose feelings are not of a kind to rue very keenly any but the sufferings of her flesh. The author has indeed intended her to be full of sensibilities and the finer affections, but he has not effected his purpose ; he has conceived a design, but not conveyed an impression of it. He has intended very likely a paragon of a Peggy, but he has put to paper only an ordinary Peggy, in a red cloak, more fit to do the work of a house than that of a novel ; to make butter, than to melt hearts. These miscarriages are very common in productions of imagination. The reader frequently refuses, in spite of an author's arbitrary dictation, to take characters at his valuation. Notwithstanding all that Richardson has said, and undoubtedly he should know best, we have always esteemed his Pamela an artful baggage, and have acknowledged the exact truth of Fielding's continuation of her as Mrs. B. in Joseph Andrews. And as for Sir Charles Grandison, he was an arrant prig, really running over with the conceit of his own excellence, and saturated with " the pride that apes humility." There are many persons, too, who refuse to take even Shakspeare at his word, and who are firmly persuaded that Desdemona did intrigue with Michael Cassio ; and if the case were submitted to a jury, we would not have the world too confident about the verdict. But we are becoming scandalous on dangerous ground, and had better, perhaps, return to our subject before we do ourselves a mischief. The story of *The Nowlans* is so complicated, so " puzzled with mazes, and perplexed with errors," that

* Anglicé—feet.

we shall not attempt to connect our extracts with any view to conveying an idea of the main action, but shall give them only as detached specimens of the merit of the book, merely apprising the reader of any circumstance which it may be necessary for him to know, in order to understand the scene.

Aby Nowlan, a small Irish *jontleman* possessed of a devil—a devil of a *misthress*, we mean—brings under his roof of riotous hospitality his young nephew, our hero, the then innocent John Nowlan. This picture we may entitle the “mighty good fellow’s” progress. There is truth in every part of it. The intimate association of squalor and extravagance, riot and ruin, pains the imagination, but all that Aby Nowlan suffers, many Irishmen daily suffer, to avoid that to them fearfulest of fearful stigma, which is dreaded even from the lips of a fool—the imputation of being a *maan baast*. Threaten certain Irishmen with this description, and there is no extravagance which they will not commit.

The sound of their horses’ feet, clanking among the stones that strewed the approach, brought out, by the side of the house, as if from some back tenements, three or four big, half-dressed fellows, two young serving-wenchs, two or three children, two watch-dogs, till then slumbering by the kitchen hearth, half a dozen spaniels, setters, greyhounds, terriers, harriers, and, at their heels, “the mistress’s” lap-dog; and, at the same moment, a bacchanalian cheer from the parlour greeted the return of Misther Aby Nowlan to his own house. The men seized the reins of their horses; the women coming sufficiently close to make a decision, cried out, “Faith, yis, lads, it’s the masther, sure enough,” and galloped round in great glee, to let him in at the front door; the dogs separately made their compliments to him, and growled or snarled or barked their queries to John; the children remained shouting, “Clap hands, clap hands, daddy’s come home!” and thus attended and greeted, Aby soon marshalled his nephew to the cracked flag before the hall-door without a rapper, there to await the admittance which the retreat of the tomboy girls had seemed to promise.

They were left standing longer than was necessary; and, during the pause, a window was suddenly lifted up immediately over them; the head and shoulders of a fine woman, about thirty, half-dressed, thrust out of it, and a voice, musical even in anger, demanded, “An’ who’s your *sthokack** to-night, Misther Nowlan?”—

“A friend, ma’am, a friend,” replied Aby, in a tone that, for him, meant fear, firmness, and good humour strangely mingled.

“But what’s the name is on him, Misther Nowlan?”

“A good name, ma’am; an’ you often said so yourself.”

“What!” rejoined the lady, “the brat you spoke of last night?—an’ will you daare——” She interrupted herself as the hall-door opened, and admitted Aby and John into the house.

“Possession is nine parts o’ the law, sir,” remarked Aby to his nephew, as they crossed the threshold.

“Shut the door in their faces!” screamed the fair one, now from the head of the stairs; and she immediately appeared in the hall, her dress and face suggesting that she had just arisen from an evening nap, rendered familiar, if not necessary, by some over-indulgence during and after dinner.

“Now, it’s a shame fo’ you, ma’am, an’ the strangers in the house,” resumed Aby, getting between her and John.

“Turn him out, I tell you, or you’ll rue it!” continued the beauty.

“I can’t, ma’am, this hour o’ the night, when a body wouldn’t turn a dog from the door: it’s a shame fo’ you, I say again, ma’am.”

“Oh, you poor simpleton, you, an’ is this the way you’re goin’ to thrate me? let me near the brat, an’ I’ll soon show you and him——”

“Keep off, ma’am, keep off——”

“What, Misther Nowlan!” sticking her nails in him——

“Keep off, ma’am, as I tould you before,” swinging her far off——“I got enough o’ that, last night, an’ enough is as good as a fast—an’ go to your bed now, and keep

* An uninvited guest.

gourself asy, an' the strangers in the house, or I vow to my God, ma'am, you'll send me for the bit iv a switch, you know. Take her up to the bed, Poll," to an old gaunt woman, looking older, though not stronger than she really was, who had been the first of the "Mrs. Nowlans," and therefore, in every way useful on occasions like this—"Jist put poor Kitty to bed, poor thing," advancing to where she lay motionless, neither hurt nor in a swoon, and yet, from causes he suspected, with a right to be motionless—"see how she's fairy-sthruck all in a sudden ;—ha!"—the particle, fully pronounced, invariably serving him for his utmost approach to a laugh, "You're fairy sthruck, Kitty, so you are ;—ha!—come in to the company, Masther Johnny, sir."

Leaving the insensible unfortunate to the care of her fit duenna, Aby opened a door at the left of the hall, and John followed him into an apartment, in which, at a table dimly lighted, sat five or six bacchaulians, to whom the preceding scene seemed to have given no disturbance ; they were so used to it.

A second hospitable cheer welcomed Aby into his own parlour, and hands were patronizingly held out to him, no one standing up.

The young guest is saluted with profane ribaldry, and is, what is termed Hebernice, "filled drunk."

The room swam round ; every face became two faces ; four candles instead of two burned on the table ; and it might be about two o'clock in the morning, he heard a yelling cry for—

"The divil! the divil!—come Aby, you must give us a divil!—there's the half o' the goose we had to-day, and the beef can be sliced up with it, and plenty of gizzards, and livers, and lots of mustard and pepper ;—run, you ugly mother's daughter!"—to the girl who, since their first "screech," had been in attendance—"run! an' if it isn't a right divil, may the divil entirely take *you* home an' slice you for his own supper."

She disappeared. John had afterwards a confused apprehension of loud voices in his ears ; of his uncle and a double sitting bolt upright, by his side, while the seasoned toper emptied into himself tumbler after tumbler, with as little effect as if he had been pouring them into an empty tun ; and then "the divil" went round, shoved from one to another on a large cracked dish ; and, a few moments after he had swallowed some of it, and subsequently, a draught of malt liquor, a sensation arose in his abdomen and stomach as if there were a great serpent winding up within him : and in his head, as if the roof of it was flying off ; and down he "tumbled," and so closed, at fourteen years, his first night's initiation into his uncle's domestic habits.

Next morning, at a late hour, he found himself in a large room, containing three beds, exclusive of that in which he lay ; all of them in disorder, as if they had been recently occupied ; and his own, too, appearing as if one companion, at least,—perhaps two—had, during the night, shared it with him. Remorse and fear possessed the boy's mind at a recollection of the debauch of which he had been guilty ; remorse for the sin ; fear of the anger of his uncle, and, more than that, of the anger of his mother, whose instructions he had thus so soon outraged. Added to the nausea of his stomach, the reeling and throbbing of his head, and the whole horrible fever in which Bacchus wraps, the morning after their first essays, his boyish votaries, poor John Nowlan was made, by these thoughts, utterly miserable ; and when he had dressed himself, and was about to enter the parlour, he grew almost faint at the idea of confronting his uncle.

But this part of his unhappiness was superfluous. The young sportsman having, soon after daybreak, hurried off after Aby's grouse, John found him standing alone at the parlour window, breathing his low whistle, with a cup of tea in one hand and an old almanack in the other ; and he was no sooner conscious of his nephew's presence, than he turned round in perfect good humour, and only saying—"Well, lad ; hope your early risin' 'ill do you no harm ;—would a bit of breakfast lay in your vay, I wondher?" pointed to the table, and turned round, to look out at nothing through the barred and dirty window.

John proceeded to fill himself some tea out of a tea-pot, once, and very recently too, of a good kind of English china, but that now had a wooden lid, and only half a snout ; and he poured it into a saucer which was no match to his cup, and added to it some rich but dabbled cream, found in an ewer, the remnant of a suit differing from every other article of tea-equipage on the table, as each individual article differed from the other. He required some water for his tea-pot, and discovered it in a tin saucepan, covered down with a wooden platter, by the hearth, "for the copper kettle wanted a bottom, and the tin kettle a handle this half-year;" his eye rested on the table-cloth ; it was full of holes and rents, though not of an old texture ; stained and creased, and

yellow, out of the last wash. His tea tasted weak, after the dilution of greasy water, but the remedy was at hand, in a saucerfull of black-and-green, lying on the mantle-piece; more than a pound of dirty butter was scattered on scraps of small plates over the table; more than four pounds of bread, served on nothing at all; a silver spoon was left to boil away in an egg-saucepan, on the fire; while a leaden one (the pig having eaten more than half a dozen of the silver set in her mess, from time to time,) served for his cup; and, to finish the pleasing display, five or six cups and saucers, or (in the same service) bowls and plates, together with as many dinner plates and dishes, knives and forks, were huddled together at the far end of the table, all still at variance in size, shape, or pattern, and all showing slops, or half-picked bones and egg-shells, that told what a breakfast had been dispatched, partly by their agency, at an earlier hour that morning.

John looked around him. The parlour was of a good size and shape, but, though begun twenty years ago, had never been finished. The walls, smoothly prepared for painting or papering, remained bare; the surbases and door frames were just as the carpenter had nailed them up, except that the deal had turned brownish from time and smoke; the furniture, once of a good, substantial, and not inelegant fashion, was covered with dust; some of the chairs wanting a leg, some a back, some a bottom: yet none thus reduced from regular service, but rather from hard usage, in the kitchen, or up stairs, or when "the company" knocked them about, or played "leap-frog" over them of an evening; or when the dogs scratched the hair out of them; or "Mrs. Nowlan's" pet raven picked it out;—and ever since, although every day promising to send them to be mended, or to send for some one to mend them, "the masther" had let them stand, or totter, rather, as they were, with abundance of means, and facilities too, to attend to their reduced condition. And then the carpet, of an expensive description, had not been nailed down, and was always crumpled at the door, so that every one that went in or out should stoop, with a curse, to arrange it; and the holes scraped in it by the dogs, or by the hob-nails of many brogues, ran riot for want of a darn, and the dust came up through it for want of a shaking. In a word—all was expensive waste, indolent wreck, and miserable mismanagement.

His uncle invited him to a walk out, and John, attending him, was supplied with abundant evidences of the same presiding spirit of thoughtless and careless ruin.

The "masther" receives some letters in his walk:—

John saw his uncle deliberately thrust, unread, into his surtout pocket, crumpled hard or torn across, two or three letters out of a batch he had received, with the soliloquizing remark—"Know enough about that, an' that, an' that;" but one particular epistle seemed more to interest him. He looked long on the superscription; then at the seal; then at vacancy, as he held the letter in his hand: at last he opened it; fixed his back against the avenue wall; read and spelt it, though it contained but a few lines, over and over again; put it slowly into his pocket; took it out a second time; conned it a twentieth; and more than an hour elapsed before it was finally put up, and he in motion from the wall towards a door, that, at the top of the avenue, led into the garden.

In about half an hour afterwards, "How do you like our garden, Masther Johnny?" he asked, as they were obliged to come to a halt in the middle of a walk, rendered impassable by weeds, creepers, and a capsized wheel-barrow; while all around lay beds of vegetables, suffered to rot and run to seed, and never trenched upon for Aby's own table, or that of any neighbour who might prize a present of such things, and be thankful for it.

John fitly answered, adding, "Maybe you'd have any commands for my father, sir, as I'm thinking it's time to be going home."

"Home!" echoed Aby, staring at him; "can't you as well stay here? If it's the Latin you want, we'll spake about that to-morrow or next day, Masther Johnny, to a good hand in Limerick; a good hand, depend on it, sir; for there's some in Limerick—if they're alive yet—we wouldn't send the dog to, let alone you, lad."

John was thankful, and said so. Retracing their steps along the forbidden path, Aby led the way through other tangled mazes of the neglected garden; and perhaps in another hour again spoke.

"Masther Johnny."

"Well, sir."

Aby stared at him; moved his lips; but turned off in a secret whistle. Again he addressed his nephew; again got a response; again was silent. The third attempt was, however, more successful.

"Are you as handy at the figures as at the Latin, Masther Johnny?"

"Pretty well, I believe, sir."

"Aha!" pause again. "You are, are you?"—Again. "Aha!—well—maybe you could tell a body what's the mainin' of all this;" taking out the letter that had so much puzzled him, and presenting it to his nephew.

John looked over the letter; and saw with astonishment, that it was from the agent of the head landlord pressing for an arrear of four years' head rent, together with the costs of a distress brought, some time before, for non-payment of two years' rent, but which had been arranged by giving security for a speedy settlement, and a promise of more care in future. The boy's astonishment arose from reflecting that the claim was, originally, so very trifling, nothing but absolute lethargy could have left it a moment undischarged. He explained to his uncle the import of the half dozen rows of figures that seemed to have been a little too complex for his talents or recollections, and Aby said—"Aha; four years! no; they're out, wise as they are; no such thing; can't be; but we'll see, Johnny lad; to-morrow or next day we'll write them a letter together, sir." The "to-morrow or next day" never arrived; the letter was never written.

Here we have an entertainment, followed by a too faithful description of the way in which they pay the piper in Ireland:—

The sportsmen returned home to dinner, bringing with them Masther Tony Ferret, three or four field companions, picked up during the day, and, exclusive of Aby's dogs, all of whom had been in their service, nearly a dozen of canine guests. Their bags were well stuffed; and John saw them, with amazement and anger, send every bird and hare they had killed "up to Mount Nelson, to the magistrate," by the hands of all the lounging fellows about the house, not a single one being even offered to Aby; and, immediately after, sit down, tantivyng and shouting, to a smoking table of roast beef, boiled mutton, steaks, chops, and veal-cutlets; the whole mess supplied on old credit, and at arbitrary prices, by the village butchers, while no fowls of any kind, no bacon, no ham, in fact, nothing that the farm-yard should have furnished, appeared to qualify the heavy expense of such an entertainment.

And, on this evening, "Mrs. Nowlan" had also her usual little *coterie* "above stairs." Ere dinner was announced, Matthew passed the open window of the parlour, coming, a second time, over the stile from the village, and laden with two large parcels, one of tea, the other of sugar, and three black bottles of whiskey;—and—

"Where are you goin' wid them, you *sprissaun* o' the divil?" inquired Aby.

"To the misthress, to be sure," answered Matthew; "there's te be tay an' fine language up stairs this evenin', so there is."

The night closed even more gloriously than the last: John, although by a visit to the garden after dinner, where he met his beautiful cousin, contrived to keep himself more temperate than his initiation had been, remaining up, at his uncle's desire, to witness it. The gentlemen guests now amounted to about nine; and as "the more the merrier," seems especially to apply to a set of toppers, their spirits rose, after twelve o'clock, into something ecstatic. More "tumblers" and glasses were broken, more chairs dislocated, on this occasion, than had been known for weeks; and, at last, John saw them all start up, form themselves into opposite lines, arrange a country-dance, and, to the music of their own shouts, cut the strangest vagaries, in the name of figures, as they capered "up the middle, down again, hands across, and turned their partners;" Aby, all the while, sitting steadily in his chair, and, every now and then, crying "ha;" until, at last, an answering screech of female voices came from the upper regions, followed "by the misthress," heading half a dozen "ladies," with flushed cheeks, swimming eyes, and disarranged dresses, to whom immediately arrived an accession of the two kitchen-wenches, and old Poll; and now partners were really chosen, and a country dance, "somethin' like the thing," ensued, as was observed by Matthew, who, with a crowd of workmen, that scarce ever worked, "poor relations and followers of the masther," stood at the open door of the parlour, to bless their visions with a view of the company.

And scarce a week elapsed without witnessing some such gala night; and not a day without its guests, of one kind or another; its mean extravagance; its vulgar riot; its heartless waste—its "wilful waste," that, on the faith of a good old adage, promised a "woeful want;" and its filthy, stupid vice, that, according to a higher warning, was ominous of retribution.

John, it will be recollected, was to have been sent "after the Latin to-morrow or next day;" but so was the agent's letter to have been answered "to-morrow or the next day;" and the chairs to have been mended; and the parlour papered; and the

carpet nailed down ; and the avenue cleared ; and the garden trimmed ; and, more than that, the numerous creditors who, day after day, sent the letters that Aby never read, all settled with ; and his tenants " brought to account," as to whether they were in arrear or advance, or, " how it was between them and him at-all-at-all ;" and exactly as all these other resolutions were kept, the promise to send John " to a good hand in Limerick," was kept too. But why, the curious reader may ask, why were not all kept ? We can see nothing to hinder Aby from doing so but the want of means : granted ; and yet there was no such want up to this time. But the head landlord and the numerous creditors ? surely he wanted means to settle with them ? No, indeed. Every shilling he owed, at the time John entered the house, might have been cleared off, with scarcely a downright sacrifice of a single farm he held, or any eventual diminution of his good thousand a-year of profit rent ; and if he had but reformed, in a degree, his domestic economy, Aby Nowlan might still have been what his neighbours termed " a strong man." What then ? We cannot answer upon any rational principle ; but " he couldn't bring his mind to it ;" or, " to-morrow or next day would do ;" or, in a word, we can only plead the nature of the blockhead ; his lethargic indolence ; his dull sensitiveness of any thing like an arrangement of any thing ; or, and we may say it not lightly, the Power whose bounty he had abused, whose likeness in his own soul he had degraded, whose long forbearance he had not respected, might have listened to the hundred curses, wrung from the broken hearts of fathers, mothers, and at last, of the wretches he had made, and cursed him in an answering curse, with the inveterate paralysis of mind and heart that surely, though slowly, encompassed him with his ruin.

* * * * *

In about a year after John came to the house, he began to be somewhat more occupied, but still not as a student. The head landlord, rather in anger at the impudent neglect with which his agent's applications had been treated, than in apprehension of not being paid, or, indeed, out of consideration for the debt, issued a summary distress, and, upon a fine morning, there was an unparalleled commotion through the house and lands, the women, of all kinds, running about, clapping their hands, and cursing, in Irish, " the villains o' the world " that could dare come to take the poor master's cows and horses ; and Matthew and his colleagues, speeding out to the fields with sticks in their hands, to " smash the bones " of the " beggarly dhriers," and the agent's own bones, " if he was to the fore." But, notwithstanding broken heads on both sides, for which, upon one side, Matthew and his merry men were afterwards tried and sentenced to be confined at the sessions, the cows and horses lodged that night in the village pound ; and next morning, John Nowlan was sent, very leisurely, by his uncle, to " rise an advance from his tenants," in order to get them out. Many a weary ride, day and night, John took, in consequence of this new appointment, over hill and valley, meeting a ready belief from some of the wealthier tenants, but excuses, equivocations, and trickery from the greater part, who, either that they were already too much in advance, or that, from their private forebodings, they did not like the thing at all, generally contrived to send him home empty handed. More than enough was, however, obtained, to redeem the cattle ; and things looked as they had ever been, when the house was stormed by a strong body of other claimants, such as " Mrs. Nowlan " was in the habit of getting John to write to, and repeated efforts, and new contrivances, became necessary ; money was borrowed wherever it could be had, and such places were seldom found ; but notes were also passed, bills accepted, and bonds executed, with tenants' security ; and again all grew sunshine in Aby's heart, and to the view of all around him ; such trifles could not harm any gentleman of a thousand a-year ; it was just a drop of water to the Shannon ; and " the company " still came to patronize Aby ; " by hook or crook the mistress went as brave as ever ;" and, in fact, nearly two years more elapsed pretty well, taking into account that the bills had been twice renewed at the instance of a *douceur*, and with clearance of interest, and judgment duly entered on the bonds.

But at last the scene rather changed. Writs and latitats grew out of the notes and bonds ; summonses and processes, or civil-bills, out of every lesser debt, contracted in the mean time, and then devices and jeopardy again. Interest, and compound interest, costs upon costs, and interest on them too : the cattle were, over and over, taken to the pound by various creditors ; head rent was once more in arrear ; and Aby became a " Sunday man," and John was out, every day, *begging* from the tenants, not one of whom would be liable to a claim for two years to come, " any thrifle they liked " to provide for the house expenses, no longer supported by credit. One of the best farms was sold, at, of course, a bad price ; and, by dint of clearing costs and interest a

second time, another year rolled over; but the real debts remained still unpaid: as many new ones as meanness and stratagem could incur, were added to them; and more astonishing than all, the greater portion of the purchase-money of the farm ran like quicksilver through Aby's hands, while he remained worse than ever.

John, now about seventeen, ventured to speak to his uncle concerning the state of his affairs, and urged him to look into them. Aby said "he would so, to-morrow or next day"—John afterwards sought some clue to their real state himself, with a view to some effort of his own;—Aby could, in truth or fact, give him no information, and to stir himself to acquire it was a romantic hope:—"there was some ould books of his father's, an' one of his own; and there was bills and receipts about the house, and some of the leases and titles, but 'torney Screw had the most o' them, he believed;—an', some day or other, he certainly would get John to look over every thing; but it would take a great while; a year for what he knew; so," &c. &c.

John hinted the policy of a reduced establishment, and a more limited hospitality; such as getting rid of Matthew and some more of the men, and two or three of the women; and not entertaining so often Master Tony Ferret, (who was the only one of the magistrate's clan that now continued to patronise Aby, but he stuck close, even to the carrion,) and the sub-sheriff's four sons, who came in lieu of the magistrates, always bringing with them their *sthockacks* too, half-pay cousins and cronies, and other non-descript idlers from Limerick; and "faith," Aby said, "so he would turn out that omadhaun o' the divil, to-morrow or next day; an' others besides; an' he didn't half like Masther Tony, neither; an' he would look sharper, sure enough, and——" he never did. As to the sheriff's sons, they were not to be spoken of. Like many indolent minds, Aby thought he was freeing himself from peril when he removed it to a little distance; like many mean and silly ones, he studied in his own stupid way so to remove it; and, in this view, his grouse, his dogs, his remaining horses, and remaining means, were cunningly held out as so many temptations to the sons of the old perpetual sheriff, who played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, allowing him to race about a little, within reach of his claws, and ready for one decisive craunch, at his own good time. No other kind of measures would Aby take to relieve himself: yet in such measures he was rather energetic. Not only the young third-bred spawn of the sheriff, but the very process-servers, drivers, and common bailiffs, became objects of his courteous attention; and John often caught a sight of his legs, and those of some such confidant, at a turn in the avenue up from the house, while their heads and bodies were hidden by the umbrageous bushes, "where," as Matthew used to tell him, "he spent the blessed day, *callodgin'* wid' a divil's mother's son, that, sooner or later, 'ud make him sorely rue it."

Matthew was a prophet. In about another year, creditors of every description became determined, and law-officers of every kind too, from the sheriff to "the bum." Aby's house was regularly invested, and, with its garrison, made a regular defence. Matthew took up his post, morning, noon, and evening, at the bottom of the hill; Yomen on its top, within call of "the masther;" and all eyes were active within doors. When a posse approached, away went the few remaining cattle to a neighbour's field, away went all the rickety furniture into a neighbour's cabin, and away went Aby into a potatoe-pit, or up to a cabin-loft; and, when the attack had subsided, all came back to their places again. This happened almost every week. Sometimes, nay, twenty times, the vedettes were taken by surprize; of course the garrison; and (Aby being in the house) the bailiffs came up to the very doors and windows, and a desperate battle ensued; Matthew and his corps thwacking their foes outside; all the women holding down their windows from within, courageously led on by the mistress and seconded by Miss Maggy; if a window happened to be raised, or a pane broken, and then a head thrust in, hitting at it with a poker; until at last the assaulters retreated, and the garrison could breathe for a few days more, and vauntingly reckon up the number of skulls and ribs they had fractured.

In good time Aby is, of course, completely ruined. We wish that this picture may be seen by all the *jontlemen* in Ireland, that they may learn from it the ridiculous light in which the imagined virtue of extravagant hospitality, and recklessness of all economy, is regarded. We must observe, however, that the author has made a most extraordinary mistake, in quoting Mr. Aby's income at one thousand a year. No Irish gentleman has less than three thousand a year; that is the very smallest income ever acknowledged in the Emerald

Isle: three thousand a year, and a castle to live in, are the common measure of fortune in Ireland; and severe favours they are; for while no Irish gentleman has less than three thousand a year, and a castle to live in, and a reputation to maintain for spending liberally what he has not got, what can be expected but ruin and Boulogne? Ruin, however, does not touch an income which is placed, by the flighty hand of fancy, beyond the malice of fortune; and our imaginative friends, even at Boulogne, quote their three thousand a year with this occasional qualification indeed, that they “cannot get the *rints* in.” A little wholesome ridicule will be the best corrective of these mischievous follies of a small ambition, and the faithful sketches of the O'Hara Tales are well calculated to call it into play.

We shall now give some specimens of our author's talent in another way. John Nowlan has carried off Letty, and married her.* They are rapidly exhausting their slender means in Dublin, and the perjured priest is tormented not only with the stings of conscience, but also with the terrors of the coming misery in which he has involved the object of his love:—

He knew not the world, no more than the world knew him; and where to face, or how to turn himself for the support—ay, the common support—of the unconscious partner of his crime, John had no more notion than a sprawling infant in the streets might have how to escape the cart-wheel that rolled on to grind over his little helpless carcass. Yet there she was by his side; a young, gentle, delicate creature, reared in luxury and elegance; unacquainted with even the name of want: and as he turned, in miserable smiles, to walk out and think of her and for her this day, he found, after settling his hotel bill, that of the unusually ample purse supplied by his poor family for his voyage to Spain, only a few pounds were left. Willing he was to exert himself; but how? His nerves strained to be set to work; but at what?

He wandered in the direction whither he had been led upon the first morning of his arrival in Dublin, and once more entered the Phenix Park. Seeking one of its wild little solitudes, he sat down, determined to think. Deep as was his despair, no extravagance was now in his mood or his actions. He did not, as before, cast himself on the ground, nor groan, nor shed a tear. The wretch, when his death-sentence is pronounced, may shrink or faint away; yet he can afterwards walk firmly to the gallows, and ascend it without much visible emotion; and thus was John Nowlan at present sobered, by familiarity with the fate, which, at first view, made him frantic.

Calmly, therefore, he sat down to reflect and plan. The impulse to throw himself upon his knees and pray, more than once occurred, but he checked it. From him, he believed, prayer would not only be blasphemous, but useless. Before he durst breathe one aspiration to heaven, his present connexion with Letty must be dissolved, and that was impossible.

It also occurred to him to write home for assistance to his mother, or to his sister Peggy; but a second thought decided against this step too. He had separated himself from them as well as from God. He could no longer be any thing to them, nor they to him. He must struggle through his fate, without a friend on earth or in heaven. “Ay,” he added, “I have made my bed, and must lie on it.”

Centring his thoughts, then, on what he might possibly do by himself, he got before him, with more method than a few weeks previously he could have done, his present situation, his chance of future employment, and the best steps to be taken in setting himself to work. Pounds, shillings, and pence were included in his calculations; he even took out a pencil and a piece of paper, emptied his purse into his hand, and summed up how long, according to a certain system of economy, he had a chance of not starving, before he should succeed in obtaining a situation.

After hours of patient and minute arrangement, he arose, determined on a little train of action. Alarmed by the extravagance of the hotel bill, he first resolved to seek

* Where did the author learn that a protestant clergyman could marry a couple without banns or licence? He has twice committed the mistake of supposing such a proceeding; and the blunder is strange in one who professes to describe things as they are.

some more humble place of residence. As he slowly walked homeward, through an outlet called Phibsborough, notices of "Furnished Lodgings" caught his eye, posted on the windows of some small, but neat and cleanly-looking houses. He entered more than one; even here the terms seemed too high for his means. At last he inspected a single room, accommodated with a turn-up bed, which, in the day-time, was contrived to look like a sofa; and though he disliked the persons who showed it, and the room itself, neat and tidy as it was, still the rent came within his views, and John engaged the lodging, provided his lady should like them.

Proceeding still homeward, he debated how he should dispose of his watch, as he had determined to add whatever it would produce to his little stock-purse; indeed, it was already included in his calculations. Knowing little of the trade of pawnbrokers, he thought his best way would be to offer the article at a watchmaker's, and he was looking out for a shop of this description, when a placard of "Money lent," attracted his notice. The announcement puzzled him in the first instance; he was really simple enough to debate the question of its being a benevolent offer to assist the needy; at all events he entered the house, handed his watch at the counter, and received for it about a third of what he had calculated. But then he understood this was only a loan; and trying to feel contented, he hurried to Dawson-street, most anxious about breaking to Letty, in the best manner, his proposed change to Phibsborough; uneasy, on her account, at his long absence, and, in the midst of all his blacker feelings, experiencing the tenderest yearnings of the heart, once more to see before him, and to clasp in his arms, the poor devoted one who sat so solitary in her chamber, dependant on him alone for society and happiness.

We know not how it may strike our readers, but it strikes us that there is great beauty and nature in that thought of "the poor devoted one, who sat so solitary in her chamber, dependant on him alone for society and happiness." There is a touching simplicity too in the expression of the sentiment. What follows is of melancholy interest:—

Letty met him at the door of her apartment, with outstretched arms, and a happier face and freer manner than she had lately shown; her mind was lightened by writing her letters to her uncle and brother, and, as we have seen, hope fluttered in her heart. She had made her toilet, too, with more than usual care; John saw her dressed in one of the gowns he had purchased for her; altogether, while she looked perhaps more beautiful than ever, his feelings for her took a peculiar turn of fondness and devotion; and he folded her to his breast in murmurs of melancholy delight.

As evening approached, he studied to shape, in the most delicate way, the announcement of a change of abode; but the words stuck in his throat: he knew the lodgings he had selected were too humble for Letty's former rank, tastes, and comforts; and he durst not explain why she was not to be introduced to better lodgings; he durst not speak to her of pecuniary matters yet.

But Letty saved all his feelings on this subject. She had reflected as much as he during the day, and started her own plans, and taken her own resolutions.

"Dearest John," she said, as they sat side by side before dinner, "perfect confidence should exist between all married persons, and especially between us, on account of our peculiar situation. You know I have no property in my own right, or at my own immediate disposal, and I know you are similarly circumstanced; and until our friends think of forgiving and assisting us, of which I do not despair, whatever little funds we possess between us should be known to both, and all placed in your hands; so, dear John," as she hid her face on his neck, "keep this little purse for me; it is the amount of a half-year's pocket-money allowed by my generous uncle, and I brought it out upon that evening—the evening we met—to apply it to some particular purposes; now we may surely use it ourselves."

He put up the purse without an observation.—"And I have been thinking, too, how very expensive this place is; you must, every way, have already spent much money, dear John; and the sooner we leave it for a humbler abode—a very humble one—you know, though lately accustomed to luxury, my early life, at my father's, was thrifty and humble enough)—why, John, the sooner that step is taken, the better. We can await, anywhere, answers to my letters."

The same evening they occupied the single apartment at Phibsborough. When Letty first entered it, John did not see her strange glance around; he only saw the smile she assumed as he turned to consult her features, and heard the cheering tone in which she compelled herself to admire the little thriftily-contrived room, and say it

even went beyond her expectations, and was a state-room compared to that assigned to herself and three of her sisters at Mount Nelson.

But, notwithstanding Letty's manner and expression, John continued to dislike, on her account, and indeed on his own, the room, and the house, and the people of the house, and every thing connected with it and them. His dislike of the very first day increased each day he remained; and yet he could not exactly tell why. It was not a very wretched house, and they were not ill-conducted or disreputable people; on the contrary, their abode and themselves bespoke independence, even comfort, and yet he had an indefinable notion that it was all mean, pinching economy, miserly comfort, unwarranted neatness and propriety; cold, heartless, worthless, independence. It more overpowered him with ideas and apprehensions of poverty, than could a scene and group of squalid misery; and he feared the same impression would be made on Letty.

Although very small, containing, indeed, but four rooms altogether, every inch of this house had been made the most of: nay, over-occupied, over-attended to, over-done, in fact. From his window John looked into a little yard, around which were various wooden sheds, clumsily constructed in his evening leisure hours, by the old man of the establishment, assisted by as old a helper, a kind of jack-of-all-trades in the neighbourhood, and composed of all the scraps of boards and staves both could pick up here and there, without paying for them. There was a little shed for coals, another for turf, another for ashes, another for odds and ends, another for "case of necessity;" and in the middle of the yard rose an impoverished grass-plot, from which a sickly laburnum tree vainly strove to draw moisture for its scanty boughs and leaves. Below stairs, in the parlour, was the bed of the old couple; a daughter and a niece slept in the kitchen; and next to John's room was another chamber "to be let." Each apartment was barely furnished (and yet furnished) with articles selected, from time to time, wherever they could be found cheapest, of the oldest known fashion, and all out of suit with one another; yet all shining and polished with incessant care, into a presumptuous appearance of respectability. An oil-cloth, composed of three different scraps, of different patterns, spread over the little hall, or passage, from the street-door; a shame-faced attempt at a hall lamp, suspended by the old man's peculiar contrivance, dangled so low as to oblige one, at the risk of one or two shillings for a new green glass, to stoop under it, or walk round it; and the little narrow stairs boasted a strip of carpet, half as narrow as itself, patched up, like the oil-cloth, darned over and over, like the heels of all the old fellow's stockings, and yet absolutely looking smart from the endless brushing and dusting every day, and shaking and beating once a week.

The carpet of John's own room was an extraordinary patch-work of diamond bits of cloth, showing every colour in the rainbow, and each no bigger than the corner of a card. His sofa-bed was covered, during the day, with stamped calico, of a venerable pattern, half washed out; his one window had a curtain of a different pattern, and his five chairs, covers still diversified. His one table was of old mahogany, dark even to blackness, and shining as a mirror; his chest of drawers was of oak, more ancient still, and also glittering so as to put him out of patience; his corner cupboard pretended to be Chinese; six high-coloured, miserable prints hung in black frames, and at the most regular distances round the room, of which three sides were papered, and one wainscot; but the old people had ventured on one modern article, in the shape of a long narrow chimney-glass, set in a frame about an inch deep, and presenting to the eye about as faithful reflection of the human face, as might a river or a lake with the wind blowing high upon it; nay, a row of flower-pots were placed inside the window, in a curious frame-work; as if to show a wanton exultation in the midst of this scene of beggarly contrivance, flowers had actually been prostituted in its service, and Nature's rarest perfumes deemed well employed in scenting its shreds and patches, and its crazy "fragments of an earlier world."

"Poor flowers!" sighed Letty, after she had given them one first and only look; "poor flowers! what brought ye here?"

The old man, who had some petty situation of thirty or forty pounds a year in some public office, was upwards of seventy-five years, tall, shrivelled, stooped in the neck, ill-set on his limbs, and with a peculiar drag of one leg, which, from certain reasons, and taken with other things, rendered him very disagreeable to John. He was obliged to be up every morning at seven, in order to reach his office, or place of occupation by eight; and he might be heard creeping about the lower part of the house, making the parlour and kitchen fires, to save his daughter and niece so much trouble: cooking his own solitary breakfast, his fat wife lying in bed; and then cautiously shutting the hall-door after him, as, rubbing his hands, he tried to bustle off in a brisk, youthful pace, to his important day's work.

* * * * *

His wife was fat to excess ; so much so, that she waddled under her own fardle—herself ; but she was strong and sturdy too ; and her waddle did not lessen the length and stamp of her stride, when, upon occasions that required a show of authority, she came out to scold, or, as her niece called it, to “ ballyrag,” in the kitchen, at her handmaidens, or in the hall, at her poor lodgers up stairs. Then the little house shook from top to bottom under her heavy and indignant step, as well as with the echoes of her coarse man’s voice, half smothered amid the fat of her throat, and the sputterings of her great pursy lips. And poor Letty also shook, from top to toe, on these occasions, and flew for shelter to John’s arms.

When not called upon thus to enforce law in any refractory branch of her garrison, Mrs. Grimes spent the day in a vast indolent arm-chair, reading pathetic novels of the last age, or casting up her accounts, to re-assure herself, over and over again, of the pounds, shillings, and pence, laid up during the last month or week, and how half a farthing might be split for six months to come. Every day, by twelve o’clock, she was dressed “ like any lady,” (still according to her niece) to receive her cronies, or strike with importance the tax-collectors or landlord’s agent, none of whom had ever to call a second time, and that was her constant boast ; but even there, shut up in her parlour, the old female despot was fully as much dreaded as if her voice and her stride sounded every moment through the house—or as much as if she had lain there screwed down in her coffin, and that, at the least turn of a hand, herself or her ghost might come out to roar for a strict reckoning.

Her daughter and niece (the latter an orphan) supplied the place of a servant maid, in lieu of the eating, drinking, and sleeping, such as it was, that came to their lot. They were of a size, and that size very little : of an age, and that age more than thirty ; but from their stunted growth, hard, liny shape, and nondescript expression of features, might pass for ten years younger or ten years older, as the spectator fancied. They gave no idea of flesh and blood. They never looked as if they were warm, or soft to the touch. One would as soon think of flirting with them, as with the old wooden effigies to be found in the niches of old cathedrals. They imparted no notion, much less sensation of sex. But they were as active as bees, and as strong as little horses ; and as despotic and cruel, if they dared, and whenever they dared, as the old tyrant herself. From the moment they arose in the morning, thump, thump, thump, went their little heels, through the passage, to the kitchen, up stairs and down stairs, or into the parlour, to see after the fires the old man had lighted ; to make up the beds ; to prepare breakfast ; to put every thing to rights ; to sweep, to brush, to shake carpets, to clean shoes, knives, and forks ; to rub, scrub, polish, and beautify, for ever and ever ; the daughter always leading the niece ; and the whole of this gone through in a sturdy, important, vain-glorious manner ; accompanied by slapping of doors every two minutes, and (ever since Letty had refused to go down to the parlour to join an evening party,) by loud, rude talking, and boisterous laughing, just to shew that they did not care a farthing for the kind of conceited poor lodgers they had got in the house.

* * * * *

No charity was in the house, nor in a heart in the house. In the faces of all professed beggars the street-door was slammed without a word, but with a scowl calculated to wither up the wretched suitor ; and with respect to such as strove to hide the profession under barrel-organs, flutes, flageolets, hurdy-gurdies, or the big-drum and pandean pipes, their tune was, indeed, listened to, but never requited.

Yet the family was a pious family. Mr. and Mrs. Grimes sallied out to church every Sunday, and sat at the parlour window every Sunday evening, (while their daughter and niece went, in turn, to have a rest, as they said,) a huge old Bible open before them, and visible to all passers by, that the neighbours might remark—“ There’s a fine old couple.” John, however, thought it odd, that after all this, his cold mutton, or his cold beef used to come up to him, out of the safe, (a pretty “ safe,” truly,) rather diminished since he had lost the pleasure of seeing it ; and one Sunday evening, after listening for half an hour to the daughter’s shrill voice, reading the Bible before supper, when, on particular business, he somewhat suddenly entered the parlour, he was still more surprized to find the good family seated round the ham, (a rare temptation, no doubt, in their system of housekeeping) which that day had formed part of his dinner.

But nothing irked him half so much as the ostentatious triumph over starvation, the provoking assumption of comfort, nay, elegance, as it were, and the audacious independence which resulted from the whole economy. He felt it, as before hinted, to be the most irritating specimen of poverty. Old Grimes’s glossy Sunday coat, perpetually the same, was worse than the clouted gaberdine of a roving beggar. Every burnished

thing around him seemed to shine with a beggarly polish. The whole house and its inhabitants had an air of looking better than they really were, or ought to be ; and the meanness, the sturdiness, the avarice, the hard-heartedness, that produced this polish and this air, he considered as loathsome as the noise, the thumping about, the loud talking, and the endless fagging of the two little skinny Helots, was brazen and vexatious.

One more extract * and we have done. The handy wench of whom we have before spoken, Peggy Nowlan, is on her way to Dublin, when—

Late in the second morning of her journey, the coach upset within about a stage of the metropolis, and she was violently thrown off, and deprived of sense by the shock. When Peggy recovered, she found herself in a smoky looking room, dimly lighted by a single dipped candle of the smallest size. The walls were partly covered with decayed paper, that hung off, here and there, in tatters. There were a few broken chairs standing in different places, and in the middle of the apartment a table, that had once been of decent mould, but that now bore the appearance of long and hard service, supporting on its drooping leaves a number of drinking glasses, some broken and others capsized, while their slops of liquor remained fresh around them.

Peggy was seated with her back to the wall ; she felt her head supported by some one who occasionally bathed her temples with a liquid which, by the odour it sent forth, could be no other than whisky ; and if she had been an amateur, Peggy might have recognised it as pottheen.

"My God, where am I?" looking confusedly around, was her first exclamation.

"You're in safe hands, Peggy Nowlan," she was answered in the tones of a woman's voice : an' I'am glad to hear you spake, at last."

Turning her head, she observed the person who had been attending her. The woman was tall and finely-featured, about fifty, and dressed pretty much in character with the room and its furniture ; that is, having none of the homely attire of the country upon her, but wearing gay flaunting costume, or rather the remains of such ; and there was about her air and manner a bold confidence, accompanied by an authoritative look from her large black eyes, that told a character in which the mild timidity of woman existed not. Yet she smiled on Peggy, and her smile was beautiful and fascinating.

"How do you know me, good woman?" again questioned our heroine, for we believe she is such.

"Oh, jist by chance, afther a manner, miss ; onct, when I went down to your counthry to see a gossip o' my own, the neighbours pointed you out to me as the comeliest colleen to be seen far an' wide ; an' so, Miss Peggy, fear nothing ;" for Peggy, as she looked about her, and at the woman, did show some terror ; "an' I'm glad in the heart to see any one from your part, where there's some kind people, friends o' mine ; an' for their sakes, an' the sake o' the ould black hills you cum from, show me the man that daares look crooked at you."

This speech was accompanied by such softness of manner, that Peggy's nervousness lessened. She gained confidence from the presence of one of her own sex looking so kindly on her, and though years had been busy with her fine features, looking so handsome too. Her next question was, naturally, a request to be informed how she came into her present situation.

"You were brought here, jist to save your life," answered the woman ; "a son o' mine coming along the road from Dublin, saw the coach tumble down ; he waited to give it a helping hand up again ; and when it druv away—"

"And has it gone off, and left me behind?" interrupted Peggy, in great distress.

"Of a thruth, ay has it, my dear."

"What, then, am I to do?—"

"Why, you must only stay where you are wid me, until the day ; and you're welcome to the cover o' th' ould roof, an' whatever comfort I can give you ; an' when the day comes we'll look out for you, Miss Peggy, a-roon. But, as I was saying, when the coach dhrew off again, my son was for hurrying home, when he heard some one moaning inside o' the ditch ; an' he went into the field, an' there was a man lying, jist coming to his senses, an' you near him, widout any sense at all ; an' when the

* The author must take it as a compliment, that we have here made the longest extract we ever saw conveyed from a work into a periodical. Those persons who have not read the novel, will find in the interest of this adventure, which is in itself an entire tale, the best excuse for our apparent unreasonableness.

man got better, my son knew him for an old acquaintance ; and then they minded you, and tuck you up between them ; an' sure here you are to the fore."

"It is absolutely necessary I should continue my journey to-night," said Peggy.

"If you're for Dublin, child, you can hardly go ; it's thing a friend can't hear of."

Peggy reflected for a moment. Her usual caution now told her, what her first suspicions had suggested, that, in some way or other, the house was an improper one, and, perhaps, that good-nature had not been the only motive in conveying her to it. The woman's last words seemed to show a particular determination that she should remain. It would be imprudent, then, to express a design to go away ; she might be detained by force. Nor would she suffer herself to become affected by her fears, lest she might incapacitate herself for escaping by stealth. Prompted by growing suspicion, she stole her hand to her bosom to search for her purse ; it was gone : and Peggy became confirmed in her calculations, though not more apparently shaken by her fears.

"I had a small hand-basket," she said, "containing a few little articles, and my money for the road ; it's lost, of course, and I am left pennyless ; if I go to the spot where the coach fell, maybe I could find it."

"We can go together," said the woman, "if you are able to walk so far."

Peggy had made the proposal, not in hopes of recovering any thing, but that she might be afforded a chance of walking away ; if, indeed, the story of the coach having driven on proved to be true. Now, however, she was, in consistency, obliged to accept the attention of her officious protector ; and the woman and she walked to the road along a narrow, wild lane, on each side of which a few old decayed trees and bushes shook their leafless branches in the wintry wind, while the footing was broken and miry, and overgrown by weeds and long grass. It seemed to have been a winding avenue to the house she had left, once planted with rows of trees, when the mansion was better tenanted and in better repair, but which had disappeared, from time to time, beneath the axe or the saw of the marauder.

Arrived at the spot required, she commenced a seemingly careful search ; but, finding nothing, returned at the continued urgency of the woman, who linked her closely, to the house they had quitted. Ere Peggy re-entered, she took a survey of the fabric : it was, like every thing around it and within it, a ruin. She could see that it had been a good slated house, two stories high, but that in different places the slates were now wanting ; indeed she trod, near the threshold, upon their fragments, mixed with other rubbish. Some of the windows were bricked up, some stuffed through their shattered panes with wisps of straw and old rags ; and of the lower ones, the shutters, which were, however, attached to the wall, outside strong iron bars, hung off their hinges, and flapped in the blast.

Again entering the room in which she had first found herself, two men appeared seated. Peggy, in something like the recurrence of a bad dream, thought she recognized in one of them the air and figure of the person who, on a late and fearful occasion, had stood so near her in the Foil Dhuiv.* But as she did not feel herself entitled to draw any certain deductions from feature, complexion, or even dress, Peggy, after a moment's faltering pause, struggled to assure herself that this misgiving was but a weakness of her agitated mind, and firmly advanced to the chair she had before occupied.

The second man was very young, his person slight, and twisted into a peculiar bend and crouch as he sat ; his face pale and sharp, resembling that of the woman who called herself his mother ; and in the sidelong glance of his cold jetty eye there lurked a stealth, an enquiry, and a self-possession, as, in reply to Peggy's curtsey and her look of observance, he, in turn, observed her, and gave, slowly and measuredly, his "Sarvent, miss."

He and his companion sat close to the drooping table. Two of the glasses that had been capsized now stood upright, and were frequently filled from a bottle of whisky, of—as one might augur from the smell—home manufacture. The person whose first view had startled Peggy, made more free with the beverage than the other ; the pale young man visibly avoiding the liquor ; but often filling for his friend, and urging him to drink bumpers.

* * * * *

"Go, Phil, my boy," resumed the old woman, addressing the pale lad, "take Ned and yourself up stairs ; an' the bottle wid you ; you must have the hot wather, when it's ready, and the sugar along wid it : this young woman and myself 'll stay together."

* The scene to which we have alluded, in which Peggy goes to meet her supposed husband at midnight, and takes the alarm on seeing a man digging a grave.

Phil arose, taking the bottle and glasses : he was sidling out of the room before his companion, when, at a renewed signal from the woman, he hung back, allowed the other to stagger out first, and then he and she paused together, beyond the threshold of the room, in the passage, where Peggy could hear them exchange a few earnest, though cautious whispers.

"An' now, Peggy Nowlan," resumed the woman, coming back and reseating herself, "as you don't seem to like the whisky, you must have whatever the house can give you."

"I would like some tey, ma'am."

"Then, sure enough, you'll get it; we won't be long lighting the fire, an' biling the wather, an' we'll take our tey together."

There were some embers dimly gleaming in the blackened fire-place, to which the woman added wood and chips, that, by blowing with her mouth as she knelt, soon blazed; and, according to her promise, a dish of tea, not badly flavoured, was manufactured, of which, with much seeming hospitality and kindness, the hostess pressed her young guest to partake. Peggy felt thankful, and strove to compel herself to feel at ease also: but, amid the smiles and blandness of her entertainer, there were moments when her thin and bloodless, though handsome lips, compressed themselves to a line so hard and heartless,—moments when a shade of deep abstraction passed over her brow, and when her eyes dulled and shrunk into an expression so disagreeable, that the destitute girl internally shivered to glance upon her. The momentary changes did not, however, seem to concern her. She argued, that they rather intimated an involuntary turn of thought to some other person or subject. The woman never looked on her without a complacent smile; and it was after her getting up occasionally, and going to the door of the room, as if to catch the sound of voices from above, that her countenance wore any bad character. But, whatever might have been passing in her mind, Peggy prudently resolved not to allow her hostess to perceive that she observed these indications of it. Her glances were, therefore, so well timed, and so quick, that they could not be noticed; and her features so well mastered, as always to reflect the easy smile of her companion. Her manners, too, she divested of every trait of alarm or doubt; and even the tones of her voice were tutored by Peggy into an even, pleased cadence; and the questions she asked, and the topics she started, calculated to lull all suspicion.

As part of her plan, she would show no uneasiness to retire; and it was not until the woman herself offered to attend her to her bed, that Peggy rose from her chair. She was conducted out of the little, half-ruined parlour or kitchen, a few paces along the passage, and then a few steps up a rent and shaking staircase, into a mean sleeping-chamber, of which the door faced the passage: the stairs continuing to wind to the right, to the upper rooms of the house. As they passed into the chamber, it was with difficulty Peggy prevented herself from drawing back, when she perceived that the patched door had bolts and a padlock on the outside, but no fastening within. Still, however, she controlled her nerves, and displayed to her attendant no symptom of the apprehension that filled her bosom.

"I'm sorry the poor house doesn't afford a betther an' a handsomer lodgin' for you, Miss Peggy," said the woman, as both stumbled about the half-boarded floor of the room: "but you'll jist take the will for the deed; an' so, good-b'ye, an' a pleasant night's sleep to you."

"Can't you oblige me with the candle?" asked Peggy, as her hostess was about to take it away.

"I would, with a heart an' a half, if it was to spare; but I'll have nothing else to light me to bed, an' help me to set things to rights for the morning; for the matther o' that, the good moon shines so bravely through the window, and I believe through another little place in the loft here, that you'll be able to say your prayers an' go to bed by it, Miss Peggy; so *bannochth-lath*;" and she finally took the candle away, securing the door on the outside, and leaving Peggy standing in the middle of the filthy chamber.

The moon did, indeed, stream in upon the floor as well through the shattered window as, first, through a breach in the slates of the house-roof, and then down the broken boards of the room over head. Peggy looked round for her bed, and saw, in a corner, a miserable substitute for one, composed of straw laid on the floor, and covered with two blankets. There was no chair or table, and feeling herself weak, she cautiously picked her steps to the corner, and sat down on this cheerless couch.

The motive of her conduct hitherto had been to hide her feelings, so as to throw the people of the house off their guard, and eventually create for herself an opportunity to escape to the main road, and thence to the next cabin at hand. In fact

therance of her project, she now begged of God to strengthen her heart, and keep her in a steady mind ; and, after her zealous aspiration, Peggy continued to think of the best part to act. At once she resolved not to stir in her chamber, until the woman and the two men should seem to have retired to sleep—if, indeed, it was doomed that they were to do so without disturbing her. In case of a noise at the door, she determined to force her way through the crazy window, and, trusting herself to God, jump from it to the ground, which, she argued, could not be many feet under her, as Peggy had not forgotten to count the steps while she ascended from the earthen passage to her present situation. If, after long watching, she could feel pretty sure that no evil was intended to her during the night, still she planned to steal to the window, open it with as little noise as possible, drop from it, and try to escape.

More than an hour might have passed, when she heard a noise, as if of two persons stumbling through the house ; it came nearer, and two men, treading heavily and unevenly, entered a room next to hers, and only divided from her by a wooden partition, which here and there admitted the gleams of a light they bore. Without any rustling, Peggy applied her eye to one of the chinks, and gained a full view of the scene within. She saw the person she so much dreaded, led by the pale young man towards such a bed as she occupied ; the one overcome by intoxication ; the other cool, collected, and observant. With much grumbling, and many half-growled oaths, the drunken fellow seemed to insist on doing something that the lad would not permit, and at length Peggy heard an allusion to herself.

“Go to sleep, Ned ; you’re fit for nothing else to-night ; there’s your bed, I tell you,” said the young man, forcing him to it.

“I say, Master Phil, stoopid, I’ll have one word with that wench before I close a winker,” replied Ned ; that wench, I say—hic!—what I picked up on the road ; and why the devil should I bring her but to chat a bit with her ? Your house isn’t fit for much better, you know, Master Phil ; and, — my eyes but—”

“Lie down, you foolish baste,” interrupted his companion, pushing him down on the straw.

“I’ll stand none of that nonsense, neither,” continued the ruffian, scrambling about ; “and it’s no use talking ; I’ll see her, by — ; I’ll see the wench, as I brought to this — house : and don’t you go to tell me, now, as how it’s all a hum, and that I brought no such body into it ; I’m not so cut but I remember it : so fair-play, Master Phil ; she must be accounted for : none of your old mother’s tricks will do, now. I am not to be done, by — ; first and last, that’s my word : hic !—I’ll—hic !” and he lay senseless.

The pale young man watched him like a lynx, until, after some moments, his growling changed into a loud snore, and there was no doubt but he slept soundly. Then he stepped softly to him, knelt on one knee, took out of his breast a large pistol, thrust it under his own arm, and finally emptied his pockets of a purse and some crumpled papers. Arising, with continued caution, he glanced over the latter close by the candle ; and Peggy saw his features agitated. The next moment he stole out of the room, barred the door outside, and she heard his stealthy step, betrayed by the creaking boards, about to pass her chamber.

At this moment, however, another step,—Peggy supposed that of the woman,—met his from the lower part of the house, and both stopped just at her frail, though well-secured door.

“Well ?” questioned the woman, in a sharp whisper ; “you pumped him ? and soaked him ? and touched the lining of his pockets ? Did we guess right ?”

“We did, by —” answered the young man ; “the — rascal has peached, by the — ; his very shuffling with me showed it at once ; but here’s the proof : here’s an answer from Mr. Long to his offer to put him on his guard against the swag at Long Hall, this blessed night : and here’s another letter, from Lonnon, closing with another offer of his to set the poor private for the Bow-street bull-dogs.”

They had, during these words, been, perhaps, speaking to each other at some little distance ; for their whispers, now that Peggy supposed them to have come close together, were lost on her aching ear, though she still heard the hissing sounds in which the conversation was carried on. A considerable time lapsed while they thus stood motionless outside her door : at length they moved ; seemed about to part ; and, at parting, a few more sentences became audible.

“Go, then,” said the woman, “an’ let us lose no time : nothing else can be done ; poor Maggy is to be saved from the treachery of the Lonnon sneak, if there was no one else concerned in the case ; speed, Phil ; make sure o’ the horn-hafted Lamprey that you’ll find on the dresser : I’ll meet you at his dour with a light and a vessel. Are you sure he sleeps sound enough ?”

"There is only the one sleep more that can be sounder," replied Phil; and Peggy heard them going off.

In panting terror she listened for their steps again passing her door: nor had she to listen long. Slowly and stealthily, and with heavy breathings, or a suppressed curse at the creaking boards, they separately came up. In a moment after, she heard them undo the fastenings of the inside room, and, fascinated to the coming horror, as the bird is to the reptile's glance, her eye was fixed to a chink, ere the light they carried afforded her a renewed view of the victim's chamber.

The woman first entered, bearing the candle in one hand, and in the other a basin which held a cloth. Her face was now set in the depth of the bad expression Peggy had seen it momentarily wear below stairs; and she was paler than usual, though not shaking or trembling. The lad followed, taking long and silent strides across the floor, while his knife gleamed in his hand, and his look was ghastly. They made signs to each other. The woman laid down the candle and the basin, and tucked up the sleeves of her gown beyond her elbows. She again took up the basin, laid the cloth on the floor, stole close to the straw couch, knelt by it, and held the vessel near the wretch's head. Her companion followed her, and knelt also. He unknotted and took off, with his left hand, the man's neckcloth. As it was finally snatched rather briskly away, the wearer growled and moved. He never uttered a sound more.

Peggy kept her eye to the chink during the whole of this scene. She could not withdraw it. She was spell-bound; and, perhaps, an instinctive notion that if she made the slightest change in her first position, so as to cause the slightest rustle, her own life must be instantly sacrificed—perhaps this tended to hold her perfectly still. She witnessed, therefore, not only the details given, but the concluding details which cannot be given. Even when the murder was done, she durst not remove her eye until the woman and lad had left the chamber; so that she was compelled to observe the revolting circumstance of washing the blankets and the floor, and other things which again must not be noticed. It is certain that moral courage and presence of mind never won a greater victory over the impulses of nature, than was shown in this true situation, by this lonely and simple girl. Often, indeed, there arose in her bosom an almost irresistible inclination to cry out—at the moment the neckcloth was removed, when the sleeping man muttered and turned, she was scarcely able to keep in her breath; yet she *did* remain silent. Not even a loud breathing escaped her. All was over, and she a spectatress of all, and still she mastered herself; and although, so far as regarded her, the most home cause for agitation finally occurred as the murderers were about to withdraw.

"He 'll touch no blood-money now," whispered the woman; "an' we may go to our beds, Phil, for the work is done well; so, come away—but stop; high-hanging to me, if I ever thought of that young —— in the next room: an', for any thing we know, she may be watching us all this time."

"If you think so, mother, there's but one help for it," observed the lad.

"A body could peep through the chinks well enough," resumed the female monster;—"but, on a second thought, Phil, d'you think it's in the nature of a simple young country girl like her to look at what was done, without givin' warning?"

"May be not; come, try if she's asleep any how; she can't bam us there, mother."

"Come,"—and they left the chamber.

The moment they withdrew, Peggy stretched herself on her couch, threw a blanket over her person, closed her eyes, and breathed as if fast asleep. Yet it was with many doubts of her own ability to go successfully through this test, that she listened for the noise of unbarring her door. The creeping steps approached, and her heart nearly failed her. A bolt was shot, and her brain swam.

But again the assassins seemed to hesitate, and again she heard their whispers.

"Stop," said the lad, "she must be sound asleep as you say; it's not to be thought she could look on and stand it."

"That's my own notion," replied the woman.

"Then if we rouse her, at this time o' night, wid those marks about us," meaning the marks on their hands and clothes, "why it 'll be tellin' our own sacret, when we might hould our tongue."

"Yes; an' only makin' more o' the same work for ourselves, when we have done enough of it."

"Besides; she 'll be to the fore in the mornin', and then we can cross-hackle her on the head of it; an', if she shows any signs of knowin' more than we want her to know,—why, it can be a good job still."

"You spake rason; an', sure enough, she 'll be to the fore; because I have a notion o' my own, that we ought to keep her fast till the poor private an' Maggy sees her;

they'll want to have a word wid her, may be : so, by hook or crook, she's to pass another day and night in the house."

"Let us go sleep, then, mother ; an' you must get me a little wather."

"Yes, a-vich ; but I don't think myself wants much o' the sleep for this night, any how."

They left Peggy's door, and she was thus saved the test her soul shrank from. In some time after their steps became silent, she lay on her straw, with clasped hands and eyes turned to Heaven, offering the most fervent thanks for her preservation. The winter morning broke ; all seemed quiet in the house ; and she ventured to sit up and think again. Her neighbourhood to the mangled body occurred to her, and delirium began to arise. She had recourse to her prayers for help and strength, and they did not fail her. Hour after hour passed away, still she kept herself employed, either by communions with her God, or by laying out her mind to meet the trials she had yet to encounter.

They would watch her, they had said, in the morning ; she was able to will and determine that the investigation should be vain : Peggy felt that she could defeat them. They intended to induce or force her to spend day and night where she was ; against this plan she also attempted to lay a counter-plot.

It might be nine o'clock when she heard them stirring about. But, at the first sound, she lay stretched on her bed ; and this proved a good precaution. One of them walked softly up the stairs ; then into the next room ; and afterwards, close to the partition, by her couch ; and, as Peggy judged by the hard breathing through the chinks, seemed to watch if she slept. She was now able to give every appearance of sleep to the eye of the observer. After a few moments, they were together in the room, and she heard their whispers, and then the noise of trailing out the body.

For about another hour, they left her undisturbed. At length the door was opened, and the woman entered her chamber. Peggy still pretended to sleep, showing, however, some signs of the restlessness that attends on being disturbed from sleep without our being fully aroused. The hideous visitor stooped down and stirred her. Peggy bore the touch of that hand on her shoulder, without wincing in any way. The woman stirred her again, and she seemed gradually and naturally to become awakened.

"Musha, it's the good sleep that's on you, a colleen," said the woman, as she sat up.

"Yes, indeed ; I'm not used to be without sleep so long, and I had none before this since I left the mountains," answered Peggy. "Is it very late ? but I don't care much about that, as there's no use in my starting from you till the coach comes again to-night, and gives me a seat for Dublin."

"We'll tell you all about that by and by : get up now, my woman, an' break your fast ; you ought to be hungry."

"And I am very hungry, and able to help myself out of any thing you lay before me."

The woman led her down stairs. A good breakfast was prepared. Peggy seemed to eat with a keen appetite ; but she continued to slip the bread she had cut into her large country pockets. The young man entered : she bade him a smiling good-morrow. He hoped she had passed a good night : she answered promptly and easily.

"It's an odd question I'm for axin'," he continued, "but I thought I heard strange noises in a room next to yours last night—did you ?"

With the consciousness that the eyes of both were watching her face for a change of expression, Peggy baffled the inquiry.

"It's said this ould house is haunted," rejoined the woman, "an' that's the ghost's room."

"My faith isn't strong in ghosts," said Peggy, smiling ; "but I'm glad you did not tell of it before I went to bed, or I might be kept waking."

A pause ensued, during which she knew that her catechists were consulting each other by looks and nods.

"Why don't you ax afther your friend, that helped to bring you to us last night ?" pursued the lad.

"I was thinking of him, but said to myself he was in bed, maybe ; and as he's no kith or kin o' mine, only a stranger met on the road, I didn't believe it would be right for a young lone woman like me to be asking so closely after him."

"He's not in his bed," said the lad, fixing his eye. She stood his glance.

"No," resumed the woman ; "but gone his road at the first light this mornin'."

"Why then I'm sorry for his going."

"How's that ?" asked the lad.

"Because I'm left without a farthing in the world, and I thought that, as he looked

Irish peasant, is the *δαίμων* who comes in at the nick of time to resolve all difficulties. He is a bad copy of Scott's gipseys and beggars. The rule of old was, that the perplexity should be worthy of the *machine*; we wish our modern novelists would make their *machines* a little more worthy of the perplexity. They delight in bringing about extraordinary consequences by most insufficient causes, and the meanest instruments are chosen by them for their grand effects. If Homer were, like the Miltiades of Mr. Moore, to rise from the grave, he would "admire to see" the work which he has assigned to gods and goddesses performed now by clowns and beggars. The agents which he would have taken from the heavens, we take from the alms or ale-house. In Scott's novels, he would find a gipsy playing a part which he would have given to Pallas; in Mr. Banim's, a clown doing Mars's duty; in Mr. Cooper's, a washer-woman, in a little black bonnet, *vice* Venus, in her cestus, *superseded*; in Mr. H. Smith's, an old woman, clothed in black, blowing up honest men's country-houses sky high, in the place of Juno. The world is always in extremes. The gods of the ancients were beings somewhat beyond the occasions for their intervention, our beggars and trollops, it must be confessed, fall rather short of them.

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. VI.

DEFENCE OF MISSOLOGHI—DEPARTURE OF MAVROCORDATO FOR TRIPOLITZA—AUTHOR'S BLINDNESS AND CURE—HISTORY OF NICHOLAS SCIUTTO—MARCO BOZZARIS; HIS CONDUCT AT MISSOLOGHI; HIS ATTACHMENT TO HIS SULIOTS; INGRATITUDE OF THE MISSOLOGHITES; BREXET OF GENERALISSIMO CONFERRED ON BOZZARIS; HIS REFUSAL OF IT; HIS GALLANT ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S CAMP; DEATH AND FUNERAL—AUTHOR QUITS MISSOLOGHI, GOES TO CLARENZA AND GASTUGNI—HISTORY AND CHARACTER OF SUSSINI, GOVERNOR OF GASTUGNI—WRETCHED CONDITION OF GERMAN PHILHELLENES AT GASTUGNI—VILLAGE OF PIRGO—CEREMONIES OF EASTER THERE—BEAUTY AND FERTILITY OF THE COUNTRY—TRIPOLITZA—PIETRO BEY, PRESIDENT; HIS CHARACTER—PROPOSALS OF ASSISTANCE FROM GENERAL P.—REJECTED—AUTHOR LEAVES TRIPOLITZA WITH COLONEL GUBERNATIS FOR NAPOLI DI ROMANIA—TAKING OF THE FORT OF PALAMIDE BY THE FRANK REGIMENT—CONDUCT OF COLOCOTRONI—SPEZZIA--HYDRA--ATHENS—SIEGE OF ATHENS—AUTHOR QUITS THE SERVICE—JOURNEY TO THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE PELOPONESUS—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY—MONASTERY OF MOUNT CYLLENE—MISSOLOGHI--CORFU—ANCONA—CONDUCT OF THE DIRECTOR OF POLICE—PARIS—ENGLAND.

It was indispensably necessary that Mavrocordato should return to the Peloponesus, where it was intended to remodel the government. He was, however, unwilling to quit Missolonghi without previously placing it in a state of defence, which would enable it to resist the enemy during the following year. He convened a council, which was attended by all the primates, to whom he communicated his intention of fortifying Missolonghi, which, he observed, was a place of great importance to all who had the interest of their country at heart. He represented that, had Missolonghi been taken by the enemy, they would have been cast upon the world wanderers and beggars; and that upon their energy at the present moment depended the salvation of their country. Mavrocordato spoke with an enthusiasm which warmed the cold breasts of the Missolonghites, who promised to exert every effort

through it, parallel to the road, but, at some distance, and, she believed, led to the lone house in the "*bosheen*." Her eye kept watching this path, every step she took. The moon shone full upon it, so as to enable her to discern any near object. Peggy, her head down, and her regards not visibly occupied, soon caught a figure rapidly striding along the path, through the clumps of furze and briars. As it abruptly turned towards a gap in the road-fence, some yards before her, she could ascertain that this individual was closely muffled in the common female Irish mantle, holding, as Irishwomen often do, the ample hood gathered round the face.

"That's not a woman's step," thought Peggy; as the figure issued through the gap:—"and now, this will be the sorest trial of all."

And, with her suspicions, well might she say so. The gigantic resolution of her heart, so long kept up, had just begun to yield to an admitted sense of relief: she had just permitted her mind to turn and sicken on the contemplation of the horrors she had witnessed and escaped; an opportunity at last seemed created for an indulgence of the revulsion and weakness of her woman's nature;—and now again to call back her unexcelled philosophy; again to rally herself; again to arrest and fix the melting resolution; to steady the pulse-throb, tutor the very breath, prepare the very tones of her voice; this, indeed, was her sorest trial. But it was her greatest too; for Peggy, assisted a little by the shadows of night, came out of it still triumphant.

"God save you!" began the person in the cloak, in a female voice. Peggy gave the usual response with a calm tone.

"Are you for thravellin' far, a-roon?" continued the new comer. She said she was going to Dublin.

"I'm goin' there myself, an' we may 's well be on the road together."

"With all my heart, then," answered Peggy, and they walked on side by side.

"You're not of these parts, ma-colleen, by your tongue," resumed her companion. Peggy assented.

"An' how far did you walk to-day, a-chorra?"

"Not far; not a step to-day; only from a house in a *bosheen* behind us, a few minutes ago."

"What house, a good girl? do you mane the slate-house that stands all alone, in the middle o' the lane?" Peggy believed that was the very one.

"Lord save us! what bad loock sent you there?"

"None, that I know of; why?"

"It has a bad name, as I hear, among the neighbours, and 'ud be the last place myself 'ud face to, for the night's rest."

"Well, aroon; it's only a Christian turn to spake of people as we find 'em; I have nothing at all to say against the house; 'an maybe it won't be long till I see it again."

"That's bould as well as hearty of a young girl like you. Did you come across the woman o' the house?"

"Yes; and met good treatment from her; the good tey; and good dinner; every thing of the best."

"But what kind of a bed did you get from her, a-hager?" continued the catechist, speaking very low, sidling to Peggy, and grasping her arm. This threw her off her guard. She shrieked, and broke from her companion, who, as she ran, fast pursued her; and the person's real voice at last sounded in her ear.

"Stop, Peggy Nowlan, or rue it? I know what you think of the bed you got now!"

The road suddenly turned in an angle; Peggy shot round the turn: as her pursuer gained on her, she heard the noise of feet approaching in a quick tramp, and a guard of armed soldiers, headed by two men in civil dress, and followed by a post-chaise, met her eyes at a short distance; she cried out again, and darted among the soldiers; one of them caught and held her from falling, and she had only time to say—"Lay hands on the murderer!" when nature at last failed, and Peggy's senses left her.

Here we must stop, having far exceeded the bounds to which we ordinarily confine ourselves in notices of works of imagination. For this trespass we can only plead the superior claims of the production under review, which, though defective in outline, is a performance rich in colouring, and abounding in beautiful parts.

The winding-up of the story is extremely forced, and as awkward as the general scheme of it. The machinery is also, as we have said in the outset, to the last degree clumsy. Peery Connolly, a roaring

Irish peasant, is the *δαίμων* who comes in at the nick of time to resolve all difficulties. He is a bad copy of Scott's gipseys and beggars. The rule of old was, that the perplexity should be worthy of the *machine*; we wish our modern novelists would make their *machines* a little more worthy of the perplexity. They delight in bringing about extraordinary consequences by most insufficient causes, and the meanest instruments are chosen by them for their grand effects. If Homer were, like the Miltiades of Mr. Moore, to rise from the grave, he would "admire to see" the work which he has assigned to gods and goddesses performed now by clowns and beggars. The agents which he would have taken from the heavens, we take from the alms or ale-house. In Scott's novels, he would find a gipsey playing a part which he would have given to Pallas; in Mr. Banim's, a clown doing Mars's duty; in Mr. Cooper's, a washer-woman, in a little black bonnet, *vice* Venus, in her cestus, *superseded*; in Mr. H. Smith's, an old woman, clothed in black, blowing up honest men's country-houses sky high, in the place of Juno. The world is always in extremes. The gods of the ancients were beings somewhat beyond the occasions for their intervention, our beggars and trollops, it must be confessed, fall rather short of them.

ADVENTURES OF A FOREIGNER IN GREECE.

No. VI.

DEFENCE OF MISSOLOGHI—DEPARTURE OF MAVROCORDATO FOR TRIPOLITZA—AUTHOR'S BLINDNESS AND CURE—HISTORY OF NICHOLAS SCIUTTO—MARCO BOZZARIS; HIS CONDUCT AT MISSOLOGHI; HIS ATTACHMENT TO HIS SULIOTS; INGRATITUDE OF THE MISSOLOGHITES; BREXET OF GENERALISSIMO CONFERRED ON BOZZARIS; HIS REFUSAL OF IT; HIS GALLANT ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S CAMP; DEATH AND FUNERAL—AUTHOR QUITS MISSOLOGHI, GOES TO CLARENZA AND GASTUGNI—HISTORY AND CHARACTER OF SUSSINI, GOVERNOR OF GASTUGNI—WRETCHED CONDITION OF GERMAN PHILHELLENES AT GASTUGNI—VILLAGE OF PIRGO—CEREMONIES OF EASTER THERE—BEAUTY AND FERTILITY OF THE COUNTRY—TRIPOLITZA—PIETRO BEY, PRESIDENT; HIS CHARACTER—PROPOSALS OF ASSISTANCE FROM GENERAL P.—REJECTED—AUTHOR LEAVES TRIPOLITZA WITH COLONEL GUBERNATIS FOR NAPOLI DI ROMANIA—TAKING OF THE FORT OF PALAMIDE BY THE FRANK REGIMENT—CONDUCT OF COLOCOTRONI—SPEZZIA--HYDRA--ATHENS—SIEGE OF ATHENS—AUTHOR QUITS THE SERVICE—JOURNEY TO THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE PELOPONESUS—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY—MONASTERY OF MOUNT CYLLENE—MISSOLOGHI--CORFU—ANCONA—CONDUCT OF THE DIRECTOR OF POLICE—PARIS—ENGLAND.

It was indispensably necessary that Mavrocordato should return to the Peloponesus, where it was intended to remodel the government. He was, however, unwilling to quit Missolonghi without previously placing it in a state of defence, which would enable it to resist the enemy during the following year. He convened a council, which was attended by all the primates, to whom he communicated his intention of fortifying Missolonghi, which, he observed, was a place of great importance to all who had the interest of their country at heart. He represented that, had Missolonghi been taken by the enemy, they would have been cast upon the world wanderers and beggars; and that upon their energy at the present moment depended the salvation of their country. Mavrocordato spoke with an enthusiasm which warmed the cold breasts of the Missolonghites, who promised to exert every effort

to defray the immediate expenses. He then gave orders for the equipment of six gun-boats, which were to blockade the gulf of Patras, and capture every vessel carrying provisions to the Turks. The sale of these prizes was to contribute to the expense of building the fort. He decreed that all vessels adjudged as prizes, according to the decision of a tribunal to be established for that purpose, were to be sold by public auction, and the amount divided into three parts; one for the master of the ship, the second for the crew, and the third for the government. Eight privateers were immediately fitted out.

Although the blockade was not recognised by the governor of the Ionian Islands, nor by the European powers, these cruisers daily captured prizes; and when the men of war stationed in the Archipelago claimed the vessels which bore their flags, the Missolonghites answered, that the blockade having been publicly declared, was known to all the commanders, and that if their governments refused to recognise it, they would act upon their own recognition. Against this the commanders of the ships entered their protest; but the Missolonghites replied:—“We want money, to supply which we are compelled to fit out privateers; when we recover our liberty, we will restore all we have taken, with interest.” Every day they captured vessels, which ran into danger, for the sake of selling their cargoes at an exorbitant price to the Turks. Some of them contrived to pass during the darkness of the night. Several captains of ships assured me, that one successful voyage in four was sufficient to compensate for all their losses.

Mavrocordato had in his service an officer, named M. Gagliard, who had been appointed lieutenant-colonel by Prince Ypsilanti, and who represented himself as one of the first engineers in France. He was ordered by Mavrocordato to draw a plan of the fortifications to be erected at Missolonghi, which Mavrocordato wished to convert into a perfect island, so that boats might lie round the city. This officer began the task assigned to him, but being unable to complete it, urged as an excuse that he was not provided with the requisite instruments. It happened, that at this time a Greek engineer, who had been in the German service, arrived at Missolonghi. He was a man of great talent and professional skill. Having letters of recommendation, he introduced himself to Mavrocordato, who, after a short conversation, conducted him to the place on which the fort was to be erected. This engineer engaged to complete a drawing of it by the following day. Without loss of time he proceeded to the fulfilment of his promise. The plan was drawn in the evening, and the following day presented to Mavrocordato, who being satisfied with it, and already provided with money by the sale of the prizes, ordered the immediate commencement of the work. The first stone was laid by Mavrocordato, and the second by the Bishop. Mavrocordato commanded that every morning, for two hours, the shops should be shut, and that all the inhabitants, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, should carry stones upon their shoulders to the place where the fort was building. As the Missolonghites were at length made to understand that their safety depended upon the erection of the walls, they punctually obeyed this order. The French engineer, after the discovery of his incompetency, made but a wretched figure.

Mavrocordato having arranged every thing, and appointed men of talent in whom he could confide, departed for the Peloponesus. Un-

fortunately for me, I was unable to accompany him, in consequence of a terrible disorder in my eyes, which rendered me incapable of distinguishing objects. Several surgeons who attended me, told me plainly that the disorder was a cataract, and that I should lose my sight. There was a German physician settled at Missolonghi, who had married a native, and had become a member of the Greek church. Knowing how much the Europeans are detested in these countries, the sole motive of his apostacy was to pass for a Greek, and thus obtain employment. Although I cannot applaud his conduct in this matter, I must bear my testimony to his zeal in doing good to his fellow-creatures. He visited me every day ; and, after several ineffectual attempts to cure me, said to me :—" There is no hope for you ; your disorder is incurable ; in three days you will be completely blind ; you have *gutta serena*." Upon this I exclaimed—" If you love me, bring me a pistol, and put an end to my miserable existence. Deprived of sight, what can I do in this country ? For God's sake, do not forsake me." The physician departed, promising not to desert me. A Genoese sailor, about sixty years of age, hearing of the disorder with which I was afflicted, came to me, and said :—" I am sorry to find you in this state. Had I not known that you received medical advice, I should have offered to cure you before ; but as men generally repose confidence, however misplaced, in the physician they employ, I was not willing to interfere. Being, however, informed of your danger, I engage, if you will put yourself under my care, to cure you in four days, by a very simple remedy." The reader may easily imagine what I felt at these words. I threw my arms round his neck, telling him that I would submit to his directions. He then ordered a basin of cold water, into which he squeezed the juice of a lemon, telling me to bathe my eyes with the mixture the whole of that day, and promising to return the following morning. In four days I saw better than ever. The surgeons were astonished at the cure. I could not help laughing at them to their faces, and became confirmed in my opinion that the medical profession is a complete humbug. This sailor told me, that being in Egypt, in great poverty, and knowing that lemon juice is a cure for disorders in the eyes, he every morning filled a bottle with it, and gave public notice that he was in possession of an effectual remedy for such diseases, which are very prevalent in Egypt. He had soon abundance of patients. His prescription was a certain quantity of this liquid, mixed with cold water, with which the patient was to bathe his eyes incessantly all day. He paid the patient another visit in four days, at the expiration of which the cure was completed. His fame soon spread. He was universally called doctor ; and, with prudence, he might have made his fortune ; but being, like all true sailors, fond of wine and jovial company, he was very often missing when his assistance was wanted, and, at last, after much inquiry, was generally found drunk in some coffee-house.

In spite of his imprudence, however, he made a great deal of money for some years ; till he grew weary of his good fortune, and came to Greece, where he died in a miserable state, three months after he had restored my sight.

On my recovery, I wished to join Mavrocordato, and visit Athens, being unwilling to quit Greece without seeing its celebrated antiquities.

The plan was laid, but the means were wanting. I, therefore, asked the primates for two months' pay, which they had promised me, and to which I thought I had a just claim, after the fatigues I had undergone. I received for answer, that all the money was applied to the building of the fort, and that they could not give me a *para*.

By good fortune I became acquainted with a Genoese merchant, whose principles, though not much distinguished by integrity, were excellently adapted to my purpose. Having invited me to his house, he informed me, in confidence, and after a long conversation, that he had concealed under-ground eighty pigs of lead; that if the government knew this they would seize it, and give him bills for it, payable in the other world; that he was in great want of money, but knew not how to procure it.

At Rome I had several times witnessed the casting of small shot, and I knew the requisite quantity of arsenic. "If you desire it," I replied, "I will cast it into small shot, on condition that you provide me with the necessary instruments." He was delighted at my offer; and we immediately fixed upon a place for commencing our business. I made an agreement that I was to be paid by the thousand; and set about an operation, of which I had no other knowledge than that of having seen it. I, however, took care to affect the experience of a master, though I had not even that of a pupil. I employed seven or eight men; for, having no machinery, we were obliged to do every thing by hand. The fatigue was great; but to this I cheerfully submitted, as it would facilitate my journey to Athens.

One day, dining with this merchant, whose name was Nicholas Sciutto, he related to me the occasion of his coming to this country. He told me that, having been a great profligate, his father expelled him from his house; and that, not knowing what course to take, and being destitute of the means of subsistence, he embarked, as cabin boy, on board a vessel bound for Prevesa. In this place he lived for some time with a merchant; who, having detected him in breaches of trust, dismissed him from his service. He then went to Joannina, and turned maker of fire-works, and letters which exploded when opened.

Some of the attendants of Ali Pachà showed him these letters, and told him that these were made, and sold about the streets, by an Italian, named Nicholas Sciutto. Ali Pachà having examined them, thought that if this young man were clever he might apply them to some use. He, therefore, sent for him; and, taking him into a private room, told him that if he could rely upon his skill, prudence, and secrecy, he would make his fortune. Sciutto accordingly vowed eternal fidelity and implicit obedience to his commands. Ali Pachà commended him for his willingness and promptitude, and presented him with a purse of gold, observing, "This is nothing, if you will be obedient to my commands." Sciutto was anxious to know what was expected from him. At length the pachà said to him:—"Have you courage enough to make letters which would occasion immediate death to the person who opens them?" Sciutto knew the manner in which they were made at Genoa, and the requisite proportions of the ingredients, but he had never made any himself; he, however, boldly replied that he could make them, and that he would supply him with whatever quantity he chose. Upon this the pachà made him several presents, gave him a beautiful house, where he might carry on his operations

in secrecy, and supplied him with whatever was necessary to their completion.

Sciutto immediately gave up his trade, and retired to the house assigned to him. Every one was astonished to see him raised from abject poverty to a state of affluence. All congratulated him upon his change of fortune, and courted his acquaintance; and those who did not know him a few days ago, were now his intimate friends. In the space of eight days, Sciutto carried his first letter to the pachà, and requested him to make trial of its effects. Ali Pachà sent it by a confidential servant to a Greek priest who was in prison, and who no sooner opened it than he fell down dead. Scarcely had the pachà ascertained its powerful agency, than he gave Sciutto a large pension, authorised him to visit him whenever he pleased, promised to grant any favour he might be disposed to ask, and assigned him horses and servants. Sciutto attended sedulously to his work; and in the space of a month Ali Pachà killed four beys, who were his inveterate enemies. Sciutto, taking advantage of the protection of the pachà, gave himself up to the unrestrained indulgence of every vice. What solid benefit, indeed, was to be expected from wealth earned by such atrocious means? Urged by the artifices of pretended friends, he addicted himself to gaming, and daily lost considerable sums. When this was the case, he used to present himself before the pachà without speaking. This was understood by Ali as a request for money, and his handkerchief was immediately filled with pieces of gold. Thus, under the Turkish government, villains are rewarded, while honest men are oppressed. Ali Pachà, as a still stronger mark of gratitude for Sciutto's services conferred upon him the revenues of the salt pits and the woods of Prevesa, without the payment of one para to the government. Before his departure, Sciutto carried the pachà a dozen of his exploding letters, engaging to send him, at any time, whatever number he might desire. Ali Pachà, in taking leave of him, told him to ask whatever he wished, and that he should have it.

Sciutto, on his arrival at Prevesa, took possession of the salt-pits and woods; but as he was incompetent to conduct a concern of such magnitude, he thought it advisable to let them, which he did for a very high rent. The protection of the pachà led him several times to the commission of great excesses. This reached the ears of the pachà, who having no longer occasion for his letters, of which he had a great number, deprived him of his mines and woods, upon which Sciutto immediately went to Joannina, but did not find the pachà in the same disposition towards him as formerly. Ali gave him a sum of money, and after reproving him for his conduct, told him that he had no farther occasion for his services. Sciutto was like a man awakened from a dream of boundless wealth. He did not, however, allow himself to be disheartened, but set out to return to his own country. His father reproached him for the way in which he had squandered all the money he had gained. Nicholas, however, succeeded in appeasing his father, by getting a cargo of powder, ball, and other stores, for Greece, where the revolt had already been proclaimed. He assured him that he would make a large profit, and soon return.

Nicholas Sciutto landed his cargo at Missolonghi, where he suffered himself to be cajoled by the government, into letting them have the powder, without insisting on immediate payment. It is hardly neces-

sary to add, that he never got a farthing. He sold his other stores, and consumed the proceeds in gaming, to which he was passionately addicted, though he never received any encouragement from fortune. Part of the balls he had the good luck to hide, or they would certainly have followed the powder. After hearing his history, I endeavoured to get my money that very day, as I saw that as fast as I cast the shot, he sold it much below its value, for the sake of having a little ready money. He now took it into his head to recruit his fortunes, by turning corsair. He bought a gun-brig, armed her, and manned her with brave sailors. They captured a prize, of which he, according to their agreement, was to have a third; but his crew detected him in an attempt to cheat them, beat him, set him ashore, and took possession of the gun-brig. He returned to Missolonghi in great poverty. There is little justice in Greece for anybody, and for foreigners none at all, so that he was obliged to resign himself to the loss of every thing. I completed my labours, and delivered the whole of the shot to him, upon the faith of his word. In short, by his stories and inventions, he swindled me out of eighty colonati. He took away all the apparatus and implements, and sold the whole for twenty colonati, and I was thus compelled to leave Missolonghi with a hundred colonati in my purse. I left Sciutto in the full intention of turning corsair again.

At the time Mavrocordato left Missolonghi for Tripolitza to organise the government, he wished to take Marco Bozzaris with him, knowing his genuine patriotism and disinterestedness, and that he would probably afford him very valuable assistance in curbing turbulent and disorderly spirits. Marco Bozzaris refused, saying that he did not choose to be witness to the dissensions that would arise; and moreover, that as he was ambitious neither of rank nor honours, he thought his presence at the seat of government quite unnecessary. He thought he could be much more useful at Missolonghi, whence he could march against the enemy in case of any fresh invasion. He consequently remained in Missolonghi, and tried to increase the number of his band of Suliots. He had no confidence whatever in the soldiers of the mainland, as he knew their way of fighting, and their mortal aversion to the smell of gunpowder. There were now a great number of Suliots in Cephalonia, a hundred of whom determined to abandon that island and their families, to join their chief. Marco Bozzaris was warmly attached to his men; he had the highest opinion of their bravery, and defended them to the utmost of his power. An anecdote will serve to illustrate his devotion to them:—A Suliote had a dispute with a Missolonghite, when the former taunted the latter with cowardice, and told him his countrymen could not stand fire. The Missolonghite replied by striking the Suliote, who instantly drew his pistol and shot him dead; he then fled to the house of Marco Bozzaris, and told him what had happened. Marco knew what the consequences must be, and therefore told the man to conceal himself, and ordered all his men, to the number of two hundred, to arm, and hold themselves in readiness for any orders he might give. The Suliots are distinguished for their scrupulous obedience to their chief, and in this respect are fully equal to the best disciplined troops. As soon as the news of the affair got wind in the city, the Missolonghites armed, and went to Marco Bozzaris' house, to demand the Suliote who had killed their comrade. Marco had taken the precaution to fasten

his door, and went out on the balcony, where he tried to appease the mob by fair words, promising that he would punish the Suliote himself. The Missolonghites had, unquestionably, a right to demand that the murderer should be given up: they ought not, however, to have forgotten, that Marco Bozzaris was the saviour of themselves and their city. Wholly unmindful of this, they began to abuse and revile him in the grossest manner. The Suliots, who were in an inner court, in which Bozzaris had shut them up, for fear of bloodshed, hearing the language applied to their chief, wanted to get out; and began to shout, and call out to Marco to open the gate, that the Missolonghites might see what Suliots could do. Meantime, while some of the Missolonghites continued their abuse, and their threats that they would have the Suliote, others went to the walls, took a cannon, and planted it directly in front of Bozzaris' house, swearing they would batter it down if he did not give up the man. I cannot describe the forbearance, courage, and coolness displayed by Marco, through the whole affair. At length, coming again to the balcony, he said, "Missolonghites, you shall never have a soldier of mine in your power: if he has committed a crime, I will punish him. If you want to avenge yourself by the blood of a Suliote, take mine, I am a Suliote; I will come down and surrender myself into your hands, and you shall do with me as you please."

The Missolonghites replied:—"Well, we will all return home to-day, if you will promise us that you will do us justice to-morrow." Marco promised that he would; upon which the Missolonghites took back the cannon to the walls, and dispersed to their own houses. In the night, Bozzaris sent back the Suliote to Cephalonia, and the next morning gave out that he had punished him by dismissing him from his company; a punishment much worse than death, to a Suliote who was eagerly expecting an opportunity of gratifying at once his hatred of the Turks, and his desire for glory.

The Missolonghites were obliged to pass over the affair in silence, and to desist from any farther hostilities. They had learned, by this time, that they were indebted for their own safety to Bozzaris' caution in shutting up his men. Although they could not be ignorant of their immense obligations to him, and of the value of his defence, they began to murmur at having to find rations for two hundred Suliots, and soon proceeded to diminish, and lastly to refuse them altogether. Marco was fully alive to their base ingratitude, but he treated it with cool contempt; only informing them, that if they withheld the regular rations, he should proceed to sack the town. Such was the reward of his great and valuable labours! Nevertheless, with the most unwearied and unalterable constancy, he awaited the moment when he might once more take the field.

About this time the Suliots seized a Greek, who had been carrying on a treasonable correspondence with Omer-Vrioni, to whom he had communicated the information, that this was the moment to surprise Missolonghi, as the old walls of the city had just been overthrown, and the foundations of new ones laid, so that the town was utterly defenceless. Marco instantly ordered the Greek to be hanged. Just before he died, he confessed that he had received from Omer-Vrioni ten thousand Turkish piastres, to acquaint him with every thing that passed in Missolonghi.

The government established at Tripolitza, being apprised that the Pachà of Scutari was on his march, at the head of fourteen thousand men, and had taken up the position of Carpirirsi, resolved to send the title of generalissimo to Marco Bozzaris, which they hoped would induce him immediately to take the field. They were not aware that Bozzaris would have marched much sooner, if he had been certain that the Missolonghites would supply him with provisions. Marco was standing in the Piazza of Missolonghi, when he received his brevet of generalissimo. As soon as he had read it, he said, in the presence of a number of people who surrounded him, "The government imagines, then, that honours will render Marco Bozzaris more zealous in defence of his country. It is much mistaken! My brevet and my title are on the point of my sabre, and with this (drawing it) I shall gain my own honours, or die. And if you, Missolonghites, had furnished me with the necessary provisions, instead of endeavouring to starve my brave fellows, as you have repeatedly done, I should have been off long before now; for we Suliots don't love to be imprisoned in cities. As for this brevet, I here tear it in pieces, and tread it under foot, to show that I am not influenced by ambition, but by love of my country. Missolonghites, it only depends upon you, to enable me to march to-morrow."

The Missolonghites began to weep, not from any real emotion, but merely for appearance, and consented to furnish provisions. Marco Bozzaris consequently set out at the head of his two hundred Suliots, and seven or eight hundred Greeks, commanded by other chiefs, who were of no use whatever. Marco Bozzaris posted himself opposite to the Turkish camp, together with the other Greek captains. They remained twenty days looking at each other without firing a shot. Bozzaris seeing that provisions began to fail, in consequence of the usual falsehood and treachery of the Missolonghites, called a council of the other Greek captains, and told them that he was fully resolved to exterminate the enemy, on the morrow, or die, as he knew the Turks had abundance of provisions. The cowardly Greeks refused, alleging the great disproportion of numbers, as they had only a thousand men to attack fourteen thousand. "Two hundred Suliots," replied Marco Bozzaris indignantly, "are enough to beat twenty thousand Turks. Follow me, if you like: if not, I am sure that you will hold back while we fight, only that you may come up and rob us of the glory and the spoil." If there had been a man among them, he would have resented such language; but as the Greeks are by no means sensitive on the score of honour, they only replied that they should not fail to do their duty. Marco Bozzaris gave the word, that he and his men might be able to distinguish each other from the rest. The night was pitch dark: he marched in profound silence, at the head of his brave little band, up to the enemy's advanced posts, where he found the men asleep. He commanded them to be put to death; and then, without waiting to consider whether the Greeks supported him, he penetrated into the camp. The most perfect silence reigned—the men were all asleep, and the Suliots had only to unfold the cloaks which were wrapped about them, and kill them as they would sheep in a fold. They had actually massacred six hundred in this way before the pachà awoke.

At length the alarm spread through the whole army, and nothing was heard but frantic cries. The pachà determined to fly; the Turks killed each other in the darkness and confusion, and, believing the Greeks to be in great numbers, thought of nothing but flight. The Suliots were actually fatigued with killing to the right and left. Some of them were killed and many wounded. The cousin of Marco Bozzaris was wounded, and, shortly after, Marco himself, slightly in the right shoulder. The Suliots then persuaded him to retreat. "I am determined," said Marco, "to have the satisfaction of killing one more, and then I will retreat, since the Greeks have deserted us."

As he spoke these words, he received a pistol shot in his head and fell. Then turning to his friends he said, "I am a dead man—try to carry off my body, that it may not fall into the hands of the enemy. I wish to be buried in Missolonghi by the side of Kiriakouli," and so expired. The Suliots took up the body of their brave and beloved chief, and retired from the enemy's camp. If Marco had not been wounded, the Suliots would have been sacrificed to a man that night; but they would have nearly exterminated the enemy. When they collected together, they found that ten were killed and seventy-two wounded.

The Greeks, who remained on the mountains spectators of this extraordinary conflict, no sooner saw the enemy flying, than they rushed down upon his camp to plunder and enrich themselves with the fruits of the toil and blood of the poor Suliots. They took the pachà's horse, six thousand sheep, fifty oxen, two thousand muskets, pistols, and sabres. Of all this booty, however, not a particle fell to the share of the Suliots: it all went to the spectators.

Two thousand Turks were found dead: the wounded escaped.

I was in Missolonghi when the body of Marco Bozzaris was brought back; and I conversed with many of the Suliots who were in the action. I saw their right arms swollen with the exertion of cutting the throats of the Turks of Scutari, who, as was told me, were all tall and stout men, and very fatiguing to kill, though they made not the least resistance. Many of them said, "Why do you kill us—we are Christians."—(In Scutari there are many Christians.)

If the other Greeks had supported the brave Suliots, the enemy's camp would have been utterly destroyed.

The Missolonghites, according to their custom, began to weep around the body of Marco, recounting all his noble actions and qualities. I have observed that the Greeks are never deficient in lamentations over the dead, though they would not have given the object of their regrets a cup of cold water to preserve his life. Marco's sister was then in Missolonghi. She went to the church where the funeral ceremonies were performing, and cried aloud—"Missolonghites! why do you weep now he is dead? Do you not know that he is now far happier than yourselves? Why, when he was alive, did you refuse him all assistance, and think only of gain? Alas! that his body must lie among so ungrateful a people!" I cannot describe the pleasure I felt at hearing this speech from the mouth of a woman—uttered, as it was, with all the energy and firmness of a true Suliot. When he was buried, a number of musket-shots was discharged over his grave.

Thus did Missolonghi contain the ashes of the noble Bozzaris, the brave Kiriakouli, and the generous and enthusiastic Normann. The brave and the virtuous are cut off, while the traitors and cowards remain for the perdition of their country.

I cannot describe the delight with which I embarked and crossed the gulf, after having suffered fatigue, poverty, hunger, ill-treatment, and disease. I landed at Clarenza, on the coast of the Peloponesus. I soon met with a sutler, who offered me his horse to ride as far as the city of Gastugui, six miles distant. We made our bargain, and before the day closed I arrived at Gastugni. I was conducted to a coffee-house, the master of which offered me a bench upon which to pass the night.

Before I continue my journey, I must bring my readers acquainted with Sussini, chief, or to speak more properly, despot, of the city of Gastugni; for he refuses to recognize any government, and rules at his own good pleasure. Under the Turkish government he was physician to many Turkish gentlemen resident in Gastugni. When the revolution broke out, the Turks were apprised of it in time to make their escape with their portable effects, which they knew too well the fate that otherwise awaited them, not to do. Sussini seized the moment when the town was thus deserted by the authorities, and declared himself chief of Gastugni. As he had acquired great influence under the Turkish government, in consequence of the powerful patronage he enjoyed, he was not subjected to any of those formalities which were used among other Greeks. He was universally popular among the citizens, and still more so among the peasantry. No sooner were the Turks gone than he prevailed on the latter to acknowledge him master of all the lands, cattle, and other property belonging to the Turks, in which quality he compelled them all to give him an exact account of the incomes of all the late possessors, and to maintain a punctual correspondence with him. The peasants scrupulously brought him all the produce of these estates. Gastugni contained a great number of Turkish nobles, who were extremely rich, so that it is easy to imagine what a fortune Sussini must have made in a very short time.

At length the government demanded an account of the manner in which he had applied the Turkish property, but he returned no answer whatever.

When the government was established, offers were made by some of the Ionian Islands, to pay a sum of five hundred thousand Turkish piastres yearly to the government, if it would cede to them the estates of the Turks. This proposal was communicated to Sussini, who replied: "These schemes are mad: they want to get all the property, and will pay nothing. I, who really wish to serve the government, will pay two hundred thousand Turkish piastres." The government was weak, and unwilling to employ force; and consequently neither brought Sussini to any reckoning for the first two years, during which he has not remitted a para to the public treasury, nor compelled him to give up the Turkish property in his hands. He therefore lost no time, but within those two years sold all the cattle, and sent the money to his wife in Zante. That he might not be detected in exporting money, he concealed it in skins of butter and cheese.

Such was Sussini's conduct; nor was he by any means alone in these frauds upon his country, while it was reduced to beg alms of every nation of Europe.

I remained two days at Gastugni, waiting for an opportunity of going to Tripolitza. On the second morning I was taking coffee, in the coffee-house where I slept, when I saw two German officers of the Philhellene corps come in. They were in rags, and asking alms. I recognized them, but they were too much humbled by the sense of their degradation to address me. I called to them by name, and leading them out of the room, I said that an officer and a gentleman ought never to become so abject as to ask alms in a public coffee-house. They replied that they were dying of hunger—that Sussini would neither see them nor give them an order for rations. As I knew how rich Sussini was, I took them by the arm, and said, "Come with me to Sussini's house." The guards refused to let them pass, but I told them I had business with their master, and that those gentlemen must accompany me. I went forward into the council-chamber, leading these two unfortunate men by the hand. I accosted M. Sussini in Italian: "Is this the way," said I, "in which you treat officers, who have come to Greece to defend your liberties? Are they to beg alms at the door of a coffee-house, while you roll in wealth?" Sussini said he knew nothing about the matter; but he was very sorry for their misfortunes; and concluded with ordering them rations. He ordered the same to me; but I replied, that, fortunately, my wants were not so pressing, and that I hoped I should never again be compelled to stoop to ask a piece of bread of a Greek. Sussini put his hand in his pocket, and gave them a crown. I took no leave of him, but turned my back and went out of the room. The Germans followed, thanking me for the trouble I had taken on their account.

At this time I happened to meet with a sutler who was setting out for Tripolitza, in company with several other persons. It is dangerous to travel alone, or in small companies, among mountains, which are inhabited by men who would not hesitate to take away life for a crown, though they would on no account eat meat or cheese on a Wednesday or Friday. We set off early in the morning of Holy Saturday, and arrived at Pirgo in the afternoon. We should have continued our journey, but some of the inhabitants of Pirgo insisted on detaining some of my companions, to pass Easter Sunday in their village. I was invited too; and though I would rather have been excused, I was obliged to stay. As the people who had invited us had not room to lodge us, we all went to a coffee-house to sleep.

Though I had passed two other Easters in Greece, as I was with my own countrymen, I had seen nothing of Greek customs; which struck me as so curious, that I cannot forbear recording them.

On Easter morning we rose early, and went to the house to which we were invited. The master of the house came out to meet us, and kissed us all on the right cheek, and then on the left, saying, "Christ is risen." We then entered the room in which breakfast was prepared, consisting of eggs, dried figs, and brandy, but no bread. After we had breakfasted, our host told us we must go with him to pay some visits to his friends and relations. At every house the ceremony I have described was repeated; after which we were compelled to eat at least

an egg, or a fig, or to drink a glass of brandy ; our refusal would have been thought an ill omen. The whole morning was spent in this way. About noon a great fire was kindled on the outside of every house, whether rich or poor. A lamb was then spitted whole upon a stake, and kept turning until it was cooked. As soon as this was the case, the master of the house was summoned to dinner ; all the household sat down upon the ground, with a little round table in the middle, upon which they placed the holy lamb ; and, after dividing it, they ate it with their fingers. After dinner they went into the fields, where the young women danced around the trees, and the men retired to look at them from a distance ; they are forbidden to approach this sacred dance. I grew tired of this distant view of the fair dancers, and went to my lodgings alone. Shortly afterwards my companions returned with our host. They renewed the attack upon the remainder of the morning's lamb and cheese, and drank great quantities of wine. Every Greek tries, on Easter Day, to eat as much as would feed at least ten persons. The next day they are, of course, all ill ; the more so for having eaten nothing during Lent, but bread and olives. On the Monday they generally look back with regret to the days of fasting. About midnight I returned to my coffee-house, deafened with Greek songs, and stupified with the wine I had been compelled to drink.

On the following morning we continued our journey. As we were told we should get no wine on the road, we provided ourselves with some. Though our road lay over mountains and vallies, we saw numerous beautiful plains ; we met flocks of sheep, and could always get milk and cheese for a few paras. Lambs were very plentiful. When the suttlers stopped to bait their horses, we bought a lamb ; the shepherds flayed and spitted it for us, and helped us to cook it. As soon as our horses were rested, we resumed our journey. At night we remained in the open air, which we much preferred to the filthy huts of the peasants. We reached Tripolitza in safety, after travelling four days.

The government was organized, and Pietro Bey appointed president. He was a worthy man, but perfectly unfit for a legislator. Mavrocordato was secretary of state, an office for which he was well qualified. He was an unwearied writer, and a man of excellent conduct.

At Tripolitza I made acquaintance with an officer of rank, who had been sent into Greece by General P———, to lay before the government a project for bringing out five thousand men, and a considerable loan. At first they gave him hopes that his proposal would be acceded to. The chiefs, however, instantly set themselves against the measure, which they knew would strengthen the hands of government, and diminish their own importance.

Colocotroni and Eliseo worked under hand, and caused it to be suggested, that any union or co-operation with Carbonari would provoke the hostilities of the European powers. Even Mavrocordato, though a man of sense and talents, listened to this suggestion, in the belief that the European governments would assist Greece. What madness, to think she had any thing to expect from the Allied Sovereigns !

Mavrocordato thanked the bearer of the proposals, and assured him of his great regret at being compelled to refuse an offer so advan-

tageous to the cause in which he was embarked ; but that their situation rendered it absolutely necessary : he added, that if circumstances should change, he would be the first to lay before the government the proposals of the general. The officer charged with the message, a man of great merit, and a true lover of freedom, returned to Malta, and afterwards to England. If they had accepted his offers, Greece would be free at this moment.

As I had nothing to detain me in Tripolitza, I determined to go to Napoli di Romania, to see my comrades, and from thence to proceed to Athens. What a change in my condition ! After suffering every extremity of wretchedness for months, I was now travelling for pleasure, and gratifying my curiosity by visiting the most celebrated antiquities !

In Tripolitza I met Colonel Gubernatis, who was going to join his regiment at Napoli. We agreed to travel together, and to set out on the following day. Going along, I asked him to tell me where they went after they left Missolonghi, and how they succeeded in taking Napoli. “ I might have made my fortune,” exclaimed the colonel, with a sigh, “ and that of all my regiment, but I was delicate about it, and trusted to Colocotroni’s honour, and he has duped us ; and after a blockade of six months, we got nothing.” I begged him to relate how the affair happened.

“ After we quitted Missolonghi,” said he, “ we went to Salona, where we staid two months, and received regular rations, and sufficient pay. Colocotroni then ordered us to blockade Palamide, a fortress of Napoli. He made a thousand promises of continuing our rations and pay regularly. We left good quarters, with the hope of being of service to Greece. I was influenced also by the desire of securing the remnant of my regiment against poverty, by the pillage of Napoli. We reached our destined post, where we remained stationary for six months. We had almost daily skirmishes with the enemy, who were forced to make continual sorties in search of food. The Turks would not offer to capitulate : they had done so once, and the terms were completely agreed on, when the Greeks made a mockery of the whole thing. They were moreover encouraged to hold out by the intelligence that Curchid Visir, from whom they expected assistance, had arrived in the Morea. The Turks having abandoned the plain of Argos, the Greeks, together with my regiment, immediately renewed the siege. The garrison of the fort of Palamide were at length reduced to such extremity by hunger, that they evacuated the fort, and descended into the city. The same night an old Turkish man and woman came out of the fort into the camp of the regiment to beg for food. I was immediately called to them, and after giving them something to eat, I interrogated them. At first I did not believe what they reported, that the Turks had abandoned the fortress, as I knew how important a point it was, and that it commanded the whole city. The old people, however, swore so solemnly by the prophet that it was true, that I mustered my men and marched instantly up to the fort. I ordered them to scale the walls, but the old Turks assured me that it was quite unnecessary, for that the gate was open. The night was very dark and windy, and I hesitated for a few minutes whether to enter or not ; but as we did not hear the slightest sound, my officers

advised me to march in. We advanced very cautiously, leaving guards at the gate to secure us from a surprize. We reached the battery without finding a single person: we took possession of it and of the posts. On advancing, we found a battery manned by twelve Turks, who, instead of offering any resistance, threw themselves on their knees, and implored us to give them bread. We told them to take courage, and gave them some food. Thus, without firing a shot, I found myself master of Palamide.

“At day-break, I ordered the guns to be fired, and the Greek flag to be hoisted. The Turks immediately saw what had happened, but could not make any movement, so that they were compelled to demand a parley. I had now every thing at my disposal, and could have made what terms I liked. The Turks sent a trumpet. I answered, that I had immediately sent to inform Colocotroni, who would do what he thought proper; but that I could decide nothing on my own authority. As I knew the importance of military discipline, I ordered my men to have no communication with the enemy, and neither to supply them with provisions, nor to carry on any barter for arms. In all this I acted from honourable motives, and I hoped such conduct would secure me respect. Some days elapsed before the arrival of Colocotroni. The pachà sent proposals for the purchase of bread; but I was inexorable. The soldiers remonstrated, complaining that I stood in the way of their good fortune. I replied: “What is expedient for the Greeks, would be disgraceful to Europeans; by this discipline we shall acquire reputation, and a just claim to respect.” Colocotroni, Tombasi, and other chiefs, arrived, but made no allusion to the conduct I had observed. Without any regard to me, they took possession of Palamide; and whilst they were deliberating on the terms of its surrender, the Greek soldiers were trafficking with the Turks. My men reproached me with the loss of the fortune they might have acquired. The Turks, remembering the manner in which the Greeks had, in former instances, violated their promise, had no confidence in the terms they granted. Fortunately, at this juncture arrived the English frigate, commanded by Captain Hamilton, who offered his mediation. It was stipulated to guarantee to the Turks a third part of their property. The Greeks pledged themselves to adhere faithfully to this agreement. Even Colocotroni promised to observe it; and, with the other commanders, entered Napoli, taking possession of the city, and all the enemy’s treasure. I was forbidden to enter, and ordered to defend the fort of Palamide. I then, too late, regretted that I had not observed a conduct more consistent with my interest. The Turks, thanks to Captain Hamilton, embarked on board the English frigate, and were conveyed to Scala Nova, in Asia Minor. But for his interposition they would have shared the fate of other garrisons. For the first time Colocotroni had been compelled to abstain from violating his promise; and it was not without feelings of bitter disappointment and exasperation, that he saw wrested from him the opportunity of indulging his ferocious revenge against the Turks. Of all the rich plunder taken at Napoli, my poor soldiers received only one hundred Turkish piastres. Such was the reward of their toils and daily fighting for six months; and such my recompense, for having acted the part of an honest man, and maintained the strictness of military discipline.”

. On our arrival at Napoli, Gubernatis insisted upon my lodging at his house. I accepted his offer, and met several of my acquaintance, who all complained of the conduct of the colonel, and were in the greatest distress. The colonel repeatedly said to me, "Had I joined the Turks, and rendered them half the services I have rendered the Greeks, I am sure I should have enjoyed great consideration, and have accumulated a large fortune: but I act from principle. In defence of the cause of liberty, I would fight to-morrow even against the Greeks."

After some days, I determined to continue my journey. I embarked for the island of Spezzia, where I found a captain of a ship, with whom I was acquainted. He conducted me to his house, and showing me a room—"This," said he, "in the time of Napoleon, during the war with Spain, was filled with colonati. These times are now no more. One successful voyage, with a freight of corn, was then sufficient to make a fortune. We became rich, and built all the houses you now see." I was much pleased with Spezzia, which is a very cheerful place.

My next visit was to the island of Hydra. On entering the harbour, the eye is struck by the curious aspect of the houses, built in the mountains. The ground upon which the houses stand is actually cut level in the solid rock, one above another; the streets are almost impassable; the whole island is solid rock, and unenlivened by cultivated fields; and the city, bounded by high mountains, is dull and monotonous. The inhabitants, who are very jealous of their wives, are not much pleased with the visits of foreigners. I resumed my voyage, passing to the island of Paros, and then to Egina. Here our attention was attracted by the ancient tombs and other antiquities.

On my return from visiting what was most remarkable, I observed, as I was walking in the piazzas, a young Greek, whom I recollected having seen at Florence a few days before my departure. I asked him when he returned, and what he was doing. He replied, "I have been here a year, and I am now practising as a physician. Surprised at this information, as I knew he had not studied previously to my quitting Florence, I asked what time he had devoted to preparation for his profession. "A year," said he, laughing; "but I have bought the best books, which I am constantly studying; and as I practise on the poor, I hope in a short time to become a good physician." I wished him success, but not without silently pitying the wretched victims destined to fall into his hands. The following morning we sailed for Athens, where, having a favourable wind, we arrived in a short time. The distance from the harbour to the city is six miles. There are always carriages and horses for the convenience of travellers, who, for a Turkish piastre, are conveyed to Athens. The surrounding scenery is wonderfully beautiful, the country is rich, and finely wooded. Whilst enjoying these views, my eyes were attracted by the celebrated temple of Theseus: "Where," said I to myself, "are the times which witnessed the erection of this beautiful structure, and the existence of true patriotism?"

On my arrival at Athens, I was set down at the house of a Roman physician, who had been many years established in that city. All travellers prefer his house, where they are treated with politeness, and, what is difficult to be found in these countries, provided with a

very good table in the Italian style. Being informed that I was a Roman, he paid me every attention. Here I staid eight days, and thought myself at home. Notwithstanding the revolutions which had taken place in Athens, the physician had always been respected by both nations.

As many persons have described the blockade and the fortress of Athens, I shall not enter into a minute detail on those subjects. At the beginning of the revolution, the Turks in Attica, not being numerous, shut themselves up in Athens. The Greeks, after some months, concerted the means of obtaining possession of the city and the fortress. The former is simply surrounded by the sea, and by towers, without cannon; but it is defended by the fortress, at the foot of which the city is built. The Greeks, viewing from the mountains this fortress, which is built upon the still magnificent remains of the temple of Minerva, were more bitterly reminded of their ignominious expulsion from their native country, and determined to attack the city. Having, one dark night, scaled the walls, they surprised and massacred the sentinels, who were lying asleep, and drunk, by the side of some Greek female slaves. They were incapable of resistance, and were all massacred. The Greeks forced open the gates, let in the rest of the troops, and seized all the other posts. Instead of defending the city, they proceeded to the entrance of the fortress, thinking that they should surprise the enemy; who, hearing the noise of their approach, and regardless of the city, and the Turkish inhabitants who were exposed to the fury of the Greeks, immediately directed their force to that point. The Greeks, with little difficulty, obtained possession of the city; but, being ill-officered and without discipline, their repeated attacks on the fortress were unsuccessful. The Turks had neglected to clean and fill the cisterns in the interior of the fort, before they closed the gates. They had depended upon a spring, at the foot of the rock, surrounded by a wall, but which was not very strong. Of this the Greeks easily took possession; and thus the Turks, although supplied with provisions, were destitute of water. They then prayed to Mahomet to send them rain; but as the prophet disregarded their prayers, they were obliged to capitulate. The Greeks, according to their usual practice, would have violated the treaty, had not the resident consuls interposed for the protection of the Turks, and compelled its fulfilment. The Greeks, stimulated by the hope of gain, wished to detain a great many girls, of respectable Turkish families, as prisoners. To this the German vice-consul consented, upon condition that they should be sent to his house, and maintained at his expence, till a merchant should be found to buy them. As, however, it was suspected that his intention was to send them home, the Greeks, who expected to take these sixty innocent victims to their own houses, were much disappointed when they saw them conducted to the house of the vice-consul.

During my residence in Athens I became acquainted with this gentleman, and went several times to dine with him; I had thus an opportunity of seeing these young women, who had been sold for one thousand Turkish piastres each, to a captain of the Ionian islands. He intended to take them to their families in Smyrna, from whom he expected a much greater sum. These sixty thousand piastres fell to the lot of Captain Olifeo.

I visited the fortress, accompanied by the vice-consul, who is a man of talent, and a lover of antiquities. The extent and magnificence of the temple of Minerva forced the tears into my eyes. I saw with impressions of sorrow this precious monument rifled by the brutal rapacity of the Turks, who had thrown down columns of surpassing beauty for the sake of the lead which united the stones, and had defaced beautiful bas-reliefs and sculptures.

Having minutely examined every thing described by other travellers, I staid some days longer at Athens; not, however, without constantly meeting with new fragments of antiquity worthy of admiration. I returned home the same way I came, and presented myself to Mavrocordato, expressing my wish to retire from the service, as my health was not strong enough to allow me to continue a military life. He expressed regret that he was unable to pay what was due to me. I replied, that I did not doubt his desire; but that I had sufficient money to carry me to Corfu, whence I could write home for more. I was really sorry to leave him, for he was a very good man, surrounded by unprincipled wretches. His errors proceeded from the goodness of his heart, which inclined him to think every one like himself. Things went on the same way; the same disorder prevailed; the government was merely nominal, and incapable of enforcing obedience to its decrees. Tired of witnessing such proceedings, I determined to leave Tripolitza, and, passing through Calavrita, to visit the southern part of the Peloponesus. I found a vetturale, who was going the same journey, with two inhabitants of Gastugni. I made my bargain with him; and having purchased the necessary provisions, I departed, hoping to see this part of the country. After three hours' travelling, upon a very unpleasant road, we arrived at Aloni, a little village, in a very romantic situation, surrounded by beautiful and lofty mountains. I was very thirsty, and got some milk. Continuing my journey for two hours, we at length reached the plain of Vitira, where the vetturale determined to pass the night. I walked about this little town, which contains about four thousand inhabitants. It is situated upon a hill, in the middle of a plain, which is surrounded by high mountains. The following day, one of our party being ill, we were obliged to defer our departure till noon. At first the road was very good, but it suddenly changed, and lay over loose, shingling fragments, washed down by the torrents. I was obliged to alight from my horse, in order to descend a steep precipice, the very sight of which was terrific. In proportion as we descended, our way was darkened by the number of oaks which overshadowed us. After ascending as much as we had descended, we reached a most beautiful plain. We left on the right the village of Dara, built at the foot of a very lofty mountain. We arrived at Pangradi, a small village, where we slept. At break of day we again set forward, descending through very bad roads. At length we reached the bottom, and found ourselves in a most beautiful plain, surrounded by very lofty mountains, presenting diversified and picturesque views. Numerous plane trees and willows, bending over streams of the clearest water, had a most soothing effect on my mind; whilst flocks, which came to allay their thirst, added to the variety of the scene, and beguiled my way till I arrived almost imperceptibly at the village of Plagnitero. I accompanied my fellow-travellers to see the source of the Alpheus, now

called Kefalourisi. It gushes out in great abundance, forming a jet d'eau as clear as crystal. Plane trees, of an enormous size, overhang this beautiful spring, and during the heat of summer afford the most delightful shade. With much regret I left this enchanting spot, to exchange it for a path of rapid ascent, surrounded by oaks, and leading to the plain of Sodianò. Crossing the passage of Mount Chelnos, we reached Calavrita. This city, which is the metropolis of the district, contains four thousand inhabitants, and had sustained no injury from the war; the Turks who resided in it having fled at the beginning of the revolution.

Being distant only two miles from the monastery of Mega Spileon, I was unwilling to lose the opportunity of visiting it. I proposed to my fellow-travellers to accompany me. Only one of them had the curiosity to visit this sanctuary. We passed near the banks of the Cerynite, which flows through a deep, narrow glen. We saw the monastery standing amid the rocks of Mount Cyllene. My companion, hearing the bells, crossed himself repeatedly. The dashing of the waters was like thunder, and the report of a musket resembled that of a large cannon. Several monks welcomed me very courteously to their singular abode.

A number of Greek families had taken refuge in this strong hold, at the beginning of the revolution, with their property. This convent resembles an immense grotto. The rock forms three of the sides and the roof of the convent. There is only one wall, which is in the front, and contains a great number of windows. The entrance is closed by a massy door, covered with a plate of iron, and defended by a fort, with guns and mortars. The number of monks is very considerable, all capable of bearing arms. They are always provisioned for a siege of many years. They have acquired great riches by their affected sanctity, and receive voluntary tribute from the whole of Greece. The peasants work for them without pay, or even food, and carry the best of every thing to the monks, in the expectation of being rewarded by the Madonna of Mega Spileon. Having minutely inspected this convent, and made every inquiry respecting the monks, I can assure my readers that their manner of living is truly enviable: they have a profusion of whatever they can desire. They gave us excellent refreshments, thinking we should deposit a liberal donation in the alms-box of the Madonna; but as I knew that they were rich, and that I was poor, I thought it more expedient to keep the money which I had gained with so much toil.

We departed, taking the road to Mount Olenos; and, passing from mountain to mountain, we revisited Pirgo, and early on the following morning arrived at Gastugni. I was anxious to go down to Clarenza to secure a passage for Missolonghi, where I had left some effects. I was also anxious to see what progress had been made in the building of the fort. I embarked at break of day; and on my arrival at Missolonghi I found the fort in a very advanced state. The work proceeded with vigour; their cruizers brought in prizes almost every day; and by the aid of the money these produced, the affairs of Missolonghi had, in a short time, undergone a considerable improvement. As the arrival of Lord Byron was expected, I determined to stay a fortnight longer, and gratify my wish to see a man of such endowments,

who was coming to devote himself to so glorious a cause. I was almost ashamed of myself for deserting it, and determined to wait his arrival; but at the end of a fortnight, I thought he had changed his intentions, and therefore proceeded to Zante, where, after my release from a quarantine of fifteen days, I learnt that Lord Byron was actually gone to Missolonghi. As I was unwilling to go back, I sailed for Corfu, intending to write home to know whether I might return to Rome. I arrived at Corfu at the time of the carnival: I entered into its gaieties, and forgot my past sufferings. I received letters from Rome, which brought me remittances, and encouraged my hopes of return.

I continued to amuse myself till the midst of Lent, when I received other letters, desiring me to go to Ancona. I therefore embarked in the first vessel bound to that port. On Maunday Thursday, after a quarantine of nineteen days, I waited upon Signor Masi, the director of the police, who said that I had permission to remain at Ancona, but that *I was known*. My intention was to reach Rome on Easter Sunday; but in this I was most unexpectedly disappointed. I staid some time at Ancona. One day I was sent for by the director of police, who said, with an air of authority, "I told you that I knew you. I have received an order from the governor of Rome to arrest you. As you are of a good family, I have procured you a comfortable prison." I remonstrated, but in vain. I immediately wrote to my mother, who, with great exertions, procured my release, after twenty days' imprisonment, but on condition that I should not go beyond the gates of Ancona. I was detained in that city two months longer; nor could I obtain a passport, either for Rome or any other place. Thus I was obliged to spend my money in Ancona. Indignant at this delay, I went to the director of police, who had been commander of a battalion in the army of the viceroy of Italy, and said to him: "I am surprised that you treat an officer who has been in the service of Napoleon in this way." He replied—"When I was commander of a battalion, I obeyed the orders of Napoleon: now that I am the director of police to Leo XII. I must execute his orders." This director was one of those men who swim with the stream.

As the fair of Sinigaglia was approaching, I solicited permission at Rome to go there. This, with great difficulty, I obtained, but was closely watched by the police. The fair being over, the director of police received an order from Rome to grant me a passport for Paris. I therefore departed for the French capital, without the expectation of ever again seeing my country. At Paris I was informed that my friend, who had left Foligno after the defeat of Napoleon, was in London. I was anxious to see and embrace him. I have now been sixteen months in this capital. Here, unmolested, I breathe the air of liberty; and here, unless any unforeseen event should disappoint my expectation, I hope to end my days.

THE GENERAL TRADER.

SIR,

Seeing that you've lately got
 Proposals from the Trade,
 To furnish verses by the lot,
 And poems ready made ;
 And that, 'midst other jobbing offers,
 Of traders on the *Line*,
 There's one who aims to fill his coffers,
 And drink Pierian wine—
 By charging at the old "compute,"
 The general standant rate
 Of ancient poets, ere the lute,
 Or harp, were out of date :
 Tho' owning that his mouldy shell
 Great mustiness bespeaks,
 We cannot bear that he should sell
 His trash for true antiques.
 In such an age, when every dreamer
 Is mad with rhyming mania ;
 When every Muse is turn'd a schemer,
 From Clio to Urania ;
 When, week by week, our markets fill,
 Instead of corn, with stubbles ;
 We want a rhyme-restriction Bill,
 And Acts against these hubbles.
 Now, when a hundred songs scarce bring
 "One penny all" per cento,
 Is rhyming worth a sov'reign's ring,
 Or felon's last memento ?
 What means your Correspondent, then,
 By "general fair compute?"
 Pay him for wear and tear of pen,
 And let the Jew be mute.
 If not, you proper Jewish *sin'ger* !
 (Not thou, who wrot'st the Psalter,)
 Your poems singe—'twill no one injure—
 Upon your kitchen-altar !
 Lo ! I proclaim myself your rival,
 In diction and in rhymes ;
 But humbler, ask not the revival
 Of old Augustan times !
 I'll sell my stanzas at first cost,
 (As honest rhym'sters should,)
 To wit, the hours in writing lost,
 To all who'll make them good.

For then, I'd just consign my debtors,—
Those who lost hours to me,
To Time, who's held me oft in fetters,
And in his gaol ennui.

Aye! he's a creditor of mine,
A d——d old black-leg, too!
The hours I've lost to him in wine
And play, I'll ever rue!

My dead forefathers, to the grave
He sent, like me, all fleeced—
For he is old—aye, born, the knave!
Before this globe was leased.

But still he races on, plays still,
And cheats, Lord! how he cheats!
And oh! what wine and blood he'll spill,
In ostentatious treats!

Alas! I dare not count my debts
To this perfidious host!
Who made books, goblets, cards, and bets,
My snares, but women most.

He well deserves to lose his *years*;
Th' usurious thief!
To charge such int'rest on arrears,
In retrospective grief!

Wer't not for this, the debt were light—
For twenty in the pound
Is nature's due—that paid, the sprite
May come upon my ground;

May seize, distrain my bones again,
Until they smell like puns.
Oh! that he would but wait till then,
And draw off now his duns!

No matter! He's your old subscriber,
And thrusts your Magazine
In his Museum, as a liber,
Which Freedom's Muses screen.

But be not flatter'd, though he gathers
You down to future ages—
He's done as much for all the Fathers,
And for most Heathen Sages.

There lie they, like his dusty mummies,
That may be smelt, not read;
'Mid pictures, parchments, coins and nummies,
Vain records of the dead.

But now my rhyme begins to halt,
I'll change my step, and take a vault,
Some twelve or twenty stanzas back,
To get upon my former track;

Digressing with a summersault,
To things which I should not forget,
The end and view with which I write ;
These, for a time, I'll keep in sight.

Know then, since Verse is now a drug,
And Poets galley slaves, who tug
To bring a cargo to the mart,
Of which they own but little part ;
We quit th' inspired, elected *many*,
To earn elsewhere an honest penny.
We give up all our hopes of fame,
And want a buyer for the same :
We've turn'd to business of a sort
That may be titled *making*—sport
Or way,—for we have got to port
From Cape Madeir'—or *making* hay,
Upon a sunny quarter-day,
Gilt by Apollo's golden—pay.

Now as your Magazine is known
To be a sort of gen'ral storehouse,
Where writers send—not goods alone,
But brain-got babes, as to a poorhouse ;
We beg you'll sweep out all such rubbish,
And condescend to take our treasures ;
Instead of things and brats so scrubbish,
We'll furnish *subjects* grown, and *measures*.

For now We keep a wholesale shop,
And deal in slops—our own slip-slop.
Ex-poets, formerly bad jokers,
But now good sound factotum-brokers,
Allow'd to split up words in pieces,
To fold up *letters* well, in creases :
Then frank them forth, as if they were
The bearer of some State affair,
Tho' nothing but chit-chat and puns ;
Like franks from Members to their sons,
Kept-misses, wives, and all—but duns.

Exclusive of this punning license,
To clip good English into wry sense,
And send it o'er the world postfree,
We've one for game, or game-to-be :
For we make game of what we please,
And shortly shall of eggs and cheese.
The Public shall not *poach* the former,
Nor eat stew'd cheese upon a warmer,
Unlicensed by us Lords of Corn,
Cheese-mites and chickens yet unborn.
For mites are not *naturæ feræ*,
But lawful product of the dairy ;

They may be rear'd to maggots tame—
And who denies that these are game?
And then, for eggs, no man can tell
What eggs have *game*-cocks in their shell.

Hurrah! preserve your game and rights,
And all that springs from land, e'en mites!
Enlist in troops, ye great land-forces,
To seize all corn not brought by horses!
Be ye coast-guardians of the sea,
That vast emporium of the Free!

How I, poor quondam poetaster,
Became a corn and ven'son master,
With powers to pinch the people's paunches,
And eke monopolize deer-haunches,
Is thus explained—I had broad grounds
To go upon, I knew no bounds;—
All that the eye from Pindus caught,
Was erst mine own—bequeath'd, not bought.
But, ah! I mortgaged all away,
To time for ever and a day.
He left me but a few *head*-rents;
More than he's left to other gents!
Not quite enough my mouth to fill;
But then, I have my *manners* still,
And like a gentleman may kill,
With honour, both my friend and pheasant:
A liberty that's truly pleasant!

I once had notions of Utopia,
But there they blew the cornucopia;
The horn of plenty, as they said,
Of beef and mutton, and cheap bread.
To me 'twas like the trumpet's blast
That is to wake the dead at last.
Yes, its regenerating breath,
Tho' life to them, to me was death:
I saw my province all invaded—
Six hares and seven pheasants lay dead—
Well mounted horsemen scour'd my covers—
And laughing school-boys shot my plovers—
And who were they? Tim, Hodge, and Jack,
My tenants and their chubby pack!
The rascals were too highly fed,
Paid up their rents, nor wanted bread;
Their house reform'd; enforced their rights;
Took to the field, and left cock-fights.
And what revenge had I, d'you think?
None, by my honour! May I sink,
If they would lock up or transport
A single poacher in that court!—
'Tis now the sole estate I've got,
But it, you see, is gone to pot.

They've pass'd some law for absentees,
 By which the poor become rentees—
 Well! be it so! I leave the lands,
 I'll say no more—in dirty hands.
 They're settled on my great grandsons;
 May they prove less degen'rate ones!

Alas! I'm now become a drudge,
 To gather trifles, scraps, and fudge,
 To feed the public's lickerish maws!
 Ho! that reminds me of the cause
 Of writing this account to you—
 'Twas with a pure commercial view.
 I need not sum up all the wares
 A ballad-broker makes, repairs,
 And stores up in his factory;
 My head might prove refractory,
 And not agree to yield contents,
 That Spurzheim broaches without vents.
 Suffice to say, we've hard and soft,
 The heavy down, the light aloft;
 We've fustian, bombast, lace, and stuffs,
 Good caps to fit, fine shifts, and puffs;
 Coarse wrappers, mufflers, and disguises,
 With good sound dressings for all sizes;
 Nice motto'd-garters, well-wove *tales*,
 Beau-knots, and other bonds in *bales*;
 Good slashing trimmings for our friends,
 Old tags and points, cheap odds and ends;
 All *chords*, and twists, and folding twines,
 Or gross, or neat, like tavern wines;
 Materials, too, for wipe and clout,
 And comforts for the man of *gout*;
 Also fine flimsy, threadbare hose,
 For those who quit the line of prose,
 To go to tropic latitudes,
 The tropes of poets' rage and feuds;
 Fit wares for sock and buskin prætors,
 And all that wraps our *feet* in metres.

N.B. A smart young fancy-dasher,
 Our *flow'r artiste* and *figure-splasher*,
 So much per stop and period paid is,
 To *stay* and serve and 'brace the ladies.

Th' above in any bulk, we'll sell,
 Except a cobbler's, by the ell:
 Our L's a line, of different *feet*,
 As light or heavy goods we mete,
 And extra-coarse, or superfine:
 We could not use the self-same line
 Sure, while we cut up lawn in sleeves,
 And deal out hempen lines for thieves.

But you, sir, as you publish books,
 Shall have a yard,—you shall, 'adzooks!
 A large one too—St. Paul's church-yard—
 That battle-field, where many a bard
 And publisher have fought on earth,
 Pale want and woe 'gainst wealth and mirth!
 You 'll find no poets' corner there—
 The dead and living 'twould but scare;
 Th' entomb'd would only lie uneasy,
 Their *Vampires* feel at dinner queasy.
 But, tut! I wander like a fool!
 Come, take the Paternoster's *rule*,
 "Give unto us—our daily bread,"
 And *mete* therewith, until we're dead;
 It cost us more in getting *meet*
 And *bred* enough, to keep our *feet*,
 In this profession, where we're lost,
 And forced to sell much under cost.—
 That measure shall we *mete* withal
 To men; for sweets we'll give them gall,
 For dainties—flummery and draff,
 And for cheap corn, dear husks and chaff.
 Come! still, we'll work below '*compute*'—
 We'll take your measure for a suit,
 And charge the manu-script *per* yard
 As in our father's tariff-card.
 Pray send us any of the *press*,
 Whom you would wish in style to dress;
 Allow us, too, to deck your *pages*,
 In black and white, that now the rage is,
 With liveries cut in Vandyke style,
 And clanking tails, that make us smile.
 But I forget, I've heavy wares
 That should be told; and more affairs
 Than I can now enumerate;
 Permit me but a few to state.
 First, to begin, all sorts of *staves*,
 Sharp tools for shaving, and spokeshaves;
 Old saws and *riming awl* for boring,
 Keen piercing bits, and *brace* for scoring;
 Smooth '*plaining stiles*, and dealing *planes*,
 Jaw-breakers and tooth-drawing strains.
 Most biting vices, bars, utensils
 For *steeling*, such as pens and pencils,
 For forging keys and notes; for coining
 New currency,—the old purloining;
 And hammering out our brains to frame
 Flat brazen puns of some odd name.
 We have, besides all kinds of toys
 And plays on words, for grown-up boys,

A hobby-horse, and distich fiddles
 Or fiddle-sticks and wiry *riddles*.
 'Tis useless to detail much more—
 Our factory contains in store
 All that the head of man can hold,
 With power to fashion more, when sold.
 We here our tools have specified,
 Chiefly to show how we're supplied :
 Our goods, I vow, are all home-made,
 And can be wrought, as soon as said—
 To sum up all, in half a stanza,
 Terse as the saws of Sancho Panza ;

“ Whate'er of chattels from his birth,
 Till man's deposite under earth
 Is needed, that we fabricate ”—

* * * * *

From lullabies, for th' infant's bed,
 Down to dirge trestles for the dead ;
 Palls, and babe-linen of the poet—
 For we,—we care not who may know it,
 Are accoucheurs to Mesdames Muse,
 And bring their brats into the—News :
 We are no less their undertakers,
 And have interr'd their babes, like Quakers,
 In solemn silence—or in phlegm,
 Mid heaps of foulness, buried them,
 Where none but swine can root the gem.
 This task for you we'll execute,
 State but the why's, and then be mute.

You, Sir, as editor, require,
 T' exalt your magazine, a lyre—
 Now, dead men (every body says)
 Have the best *lyres* to sound their praise.
 You'll say, perhaps, 'You need repose,
 Immortal fame, small-beer, and clothes,'—
 Well! die. We'll undertake your dirge,
 Give th' immortality you urge,
 Wind you *in sheets*, supply a bier,
 Tuck you to rest, in funeral gear—
 You'll look much better too, in *boards* ;
 Take then the good the grave affords :
 Your mourning friends will then re-*hearse*,
 With greater zeal, your prose or verse.
 Pray have the goodness, then, to die !
 Leave us the rest—or do, pray try
 Some half-dead reader to persuade,
 'Tis time, in conscience, he be laid !
 To coax him, we'll unfold our styles
 Of spiry elegiac piles,

And splendid *round-built* mausoleums,
As vacant as the Pope's Te Deums.

EPITAPH.

~~We'll build him up~~ an epitaph
~~Shall make the very dying laugh;~~
Inspired and *pointed* like pavilion,
Th' imperial dome of Great Papilion,
That cost Morocco half a million.

ELEGY L, E, G.

We'll block him out an elegy 'shall raise
His *understanding* on the stilts of praise,
That men shall swear he's fitted to a peg
With a wooden L.E.G.

FUNERAL SERMON.

Should he, 'ere dead, bespeak a sermon,
To smooth his sins—this is the term on
Which only we'll his praise disperse,
That we get cause to praise his purse;
Or clasp another (satire's) worm on,
And sing his funeral speech *inverse*.

TOMB.

If he should ask a storied tomb,
Or sculptured stone above his bones,
We'll print him off, while you have room,
Whole tomes on lithographic stones.

BURIAL.

If he should read for nought but mirth,
And die of ennui at an ode;—
Thus dead, we'll bear him to the earth,
Along a dreary, oft-toll'd road,
Attended by all woe's pathetic slaves,
Black dashes (—), stars (*), sad *notes!* and blacken'd *staves* (†).
To wit, hat-bands and scarfs, expense, and truncheons,
And tears that ought, if wept, to fill some puncheons.

RESURRECTION.

But as for those sad slaves of bile,
Who never deign at jests to smile,
Who read, good creatures! for their souls,
And burrow under-ground like moles,
To gnaw, the blear-eyed, *boring* brutes!
The tree of knowledge by the roots,
And spoil its most luxurious fruits:—
We'll not engage to bury such,
Because they are already buried,
In deep reflection, far too much;
Though not beyond the Styx yet ferried,
Nor yet through Lethe's horsepond dragg'd,
For thoughts from others pick'd and bagg'd.—

Who, living and rememb'ring yet,
 Are sunk in monumental gloom,
 To save this world from Malthus' doom;
 Or that to come from fiery Westley's,
 Who got his hint of hell at Astley's—
 Who have their cheeks in furrows set,
 As raw potatoes have their seed;
 Their eyes with streaming moisture wet,
 As boil'd ones that do weep indeed;
 Consume and burst with seething grief
 To yield the swinish herds relief.
 For e'en potatoes have their passions,
 And, like our philanthropic sages,
 Dilate and fume, and boil—for rations—
 Are much engross'd in—rent and wages;
 And much abstracted by—the poor,
 And pigs—those herds, to fatten which,
 And more to tempt the greedy rich,
 Th' economist and roots endure
 To be in dismal *stews* consumed,
 And, during life, with grubs inhumed.

Then buried let them be, 'odd'sbob!
 We are but cheated of a job.
 What then? We'll play them yet a turn;
 And even in the grave they'll learn
 That Joke his grinding-wheel turns round:
 For what! if they be under-ground,
 They shall be ground again with care,
 For we can show our grinders there;
 We'll shake them from the *grave* to *light*,
 And make them laugh, in nature's spite.
 Proceed we, therefore, to reveal
 Another line, in which we deal,
 And to entreat your future custom
 For *subjects* freshly bought from dustdom.
 Oft pounce we on a solemn chap
 In his grave-chapters. Him we clap
 Into a bag, or *ridicule*,
 And deem we've bagg'd fair game—a fool.
 It then remains the sack to raise,
 And put it in our hackney-chaise,
 By which the vehicle I mean
 Of jest and humour, spite and spleen,
 That jolts along, on creaking rhymes,
 And was the *go* in former times;
 The muse's dog-cart, doggrel-*lét*,
 Drawn, like a jingling cabriolêt,
 By one old hackney gelding, Peg'sus,
 Who often on to mischief eggs us;
 Especially, the toothless colt!
 When setting down a stupid dolt:

For, dash it ! then he'll take his fling,
 And bound beyond the Hyperian *spring* ;
 For off he springs, and leaves behind
 But blasts of sounding smoke and wind.—
 Away we rattle o'er the shingle,
 That makes a most tremendous jingle,
 With jarring rhymes, and puns despised,
 Procured from words Mac-Adamised.
 So much the better ! for the dumps
 Are soonest cured by jolts and bumps ;
 And if our fare is but in trance,
 We'll lead him such a merry dance,
 And give him such a hearty shaking,
 That he shall laugh with very aching—
 But should an Incubus have sat
 Upon his paunch while lying flat,
 Outswell'd with undigested pride—
 And have recorded suicide,
 For smothering, not his breath, but smile—
 Tho' he the coroner should revile,
 And scold the jury for the sentence,
 Until his laughter show repentance—
 (That is—new life), I'll hold him dead
 As ere a man, without a head ;
 And hand him over for a bribe
 To all th' anatomising tribe ;—
 I mean the literary shavers,
 Quill-cutters, pruners, and in-gravers,
 Who'll gladly cut him up alive,
 And *points* through all his fibres drive ;
 Who'll hash him up for Sunday news,
 And sport his spectre in reviews ;
 Then leave him to the graphic troop,
 Those vultures of the press, that swoop
 Along that scythe-arm'd chariot's ruts,
 To rip out type-struck victims' guts,
 And much disfigure them by *cuts*.
 Who love to claw these luscious cates,
 On wooden, stone, or copper-plates.
 Thus critics and the *graver*-class
 Are wont to treat a solemn ass,
 Or author, just enough the hone
 To set their teeth or tools upon ;
 As Canning on the naughty Don.

We are their resurrection-men,
 Who furnish muttons for their *pen* ;
 Dead subjects, flat as mutton-ham,
 Or quick as lambkins or a ram.
 But then they've got an act to pass,
 To save from scathe the sheep and ass ;

And as our juries have been put on,
 To mulct so high for damaged mutton,
 We dare not sell aught else but *sound*,
 And that's too light to vend *per* pound.
 The purpose therefore we detail,
 Is, sir, with you to deal wholesale :
 We'll sell you subjects whole and sweet,
 Or rank, but nought that is not *meat*.
 But then, you'll buy them, we compute,
 So much the *ton*, the *gross*, a *Cwt*.
 The fresh and stale we mean to mingle,
 And none from out the crowd to single—
 Lest it to Libel should belong,
 That friend of truth, not god of song.
 No fear of crowding up your room
 By these citations from the tomb :
 It lies with you to make them less ;
 Strain hard and squeeze them in the press.

For catalogues of what we've miss'd,
 We leave you to our travellers' list ;
 They're Messrs. Bad (Taste, and Example),
 Who will produce you many a sample.
 See some neat specimens by Hood ;
 In copper some extremely good,
 By Cruikshank, and our pioneers,
 Who're gone to mine for puns and jeers,
 In stone, and copper districts, whence
 They send *home-strokes* at small expense.
 We had a foreman in this business,
 Who prosper'd some time by his quizziness ;
 But then, the pedder rode too *loose*,
 And ran into a prurient sluice,
 Which caused his wares to smell so high,
 The vilest panders scarce would buy.
 We turn'd off Colman long ago,
 For selling goods so very *low*—
 But now, he's got into th' Excise,
 And wit, by foreign *meters* tries,
 True coalman ! by its weight and size,
 He's guaged dramatic *spirit* here,
 But licensed nought as strong as beer.

If plagiarism could e'er be blest,
 It were from that book-keeper's chest—
 He lent us nought—not e'en in jest.
 Oh ! that he had his ev'ry pun !
 He'd hardly prove, we think, a dan—
 To pilfering plunderer, we should say ;
 " Go, rob upon his broad highway,

And broader grins—your courser wearies ?
 Then graze him in his moist vagaries,
 And lap your lurchers in his dairies ;
 There's nothing there, that they can spoil—
 On 's commons—'tis your horse gets soil,—
 You slush—but fear not legal moil."
 And last, good sir, accept our *leaves*,
 You judge now what our skill achieves—
 Make us your undertaker-laureat,
 We care not what we quarry at—
 If you want game—high-flavour'd puns,
 Say but the *word*, we're off like guns,—
 We'll rend and *punish* it for you,
 And fit it for a fine *haut-gout*.
 Besides, we are pun-pastry-cooks
 That long to get into your *books*—
 Pray take our *words*—if puns are good,
 And dress'd in pungent sauce, they're food
 For all who are of pleasant mood.
 Above all men, beware the stern,
 Who relish nought but what will burn,
 Whose breath blows hot and cold in turn :
 Trust not such puffers, who but mean
 To blow up soon your Magazine.

N. B.

 ALMACK'S, A NOVEL.*

THE word, 'aristocracy' is not of unfrequent occurrence in late publications. The sense in which this term has been used in relation to political subjects, is that of a privileged class, a selection of families, picked out by the hands of fate for the enjoyment of the pleasures of society, and an immunity from its pains. Inasmuch as our legislature is chiefly hereditary, reformers have glanced at the education, the habits, and characters of our aristocracy, with the view of showing perhaps that hereditary legislation was not the best possible kind, and that the trust of law-giving might be placed in hands better qualified for the just discharge of this important function. Education, however, has of late spread far and wide, and seems to have worked its way upwards as well as downwards. The accomplishments of reading, writing, and composing† have become common in the highest ranks,

* Almack's, a Novel, in 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, London, 1826. 12mo.

† Spelling is an accomplishment indicating a very advanced state of literature. The old Duke of Cumberland's love-letters are a very amusing specimen of deficiency in this branch of the arts. The present Lord Melbourne's letters, in Mrs. Baddeley's Memoirs, are as deficient in spelling as in grammar. His Lordship, among various other elegancies, says, "horses is dear in France !" But bad spelling is not merely royal and noble. The most distinguished authors cannot spell—one of the most copious writers and fluent speakers of the day, writes 'tragedy' with a *j*. The letters of ladies, while they abound in every charm, too frequently betray a want of familiarity with the lessons of the classic Dilworth. How common is it to meet with a feminine epistle, which abounds "in thoughts that burn," and in words that halt. We fear that ladies lose much by this mutilation—the fastidious eye shuts the open heart—no one believes in 'sincerity' spelt with a *c*—every man rejects the affection that cannot boast its complement of *ffs*.

and publication has become the fashion among the nobility of the day. The line that has been chiefly selected is not a little singular. Understanding that much curiosity was afloat respecting the aristocratic habits and manners, they have taken to showing themselves up to the view of the world by means of novels. The middle and lower classes may now behold as in a mirror the ways of the great, even down to the minutest particular. It is a natural vanity for persons to suppose themselves the object of peculiar attention—in this instance, however, there has been no mistake. In this country the aristocracy have not greater direct than they have indirect power. They give the laws in manners, in dress, in all the forms and fashions of society, as much as they do in affairs of game, corn, or currency, and they are much more eagerly obeyed in the former capacity than in the latter. The great mass of the middle ranks are on the tiptoe of anxiety to ascertain and to follow the example which they seek in the highest ranks. The ways and tastes of our aristocracy are imitated as closely as means will permit from one end of the kingdom to the other—their offences are overlooked or are applauded—it is an honour to be acquainted with them. One lord will purify a wide circle of acquaintance from the taint of vulgarity. Should any part of a person's behaviour be proved to be at variance with, or in contradiction to, the behaviour of high persons, he is set down as unfit for decent society; and in spite of any quantity of useful merit he may possess, he will probably be ejected either by the violent process of insult, or the slower and surer one of neglect. In no other country on the face of the earth is to be found a sincerer or a deeper-rooted respect for the artificial distinctions of rank. "No man, be he who he may," said Mr. Adolphus, the barrister, the other day, when pleading the cause of a poor man whose asses had been taken from him by the brother of a lord, "no man can exceed me in the respect I bear to the nobility." Mr. Adolphus shares this feeling, though we may allow his claim of being foremost in the rank, with the bulk of his fellow-citizens. When titular rank and hereditary honours are joined with large possessions and great wealth, then the measure of servility is full. The blaze of splendour is confessed to be irresistible by plebeian eyes. It might be a profitable subject of inquiry to investigate the means which have been taken to lay the foundations of this moral power so deep in the hearts of the citizens of Great Britain. At present our purpose is not of so serious a kind, it being merely our intention, by sketching the contents of a work, avowedly by one of the Exclusive class, and designed as a picture of the manners of the actual nobility, to amuse ourselves, and perhaps our readers, in collecting a few of the traits of high life and high character.

To have nothing to do, and to have every thing for asking, is, to an unthinking mind, the height of bliss. It is very much the case with our wealthy nobility; they who have lands generally leave them to the care of others, and, taking a liberal guess as to the amount of their rent-roll as a guide, nominally regulate their expenses according to it. They who have smaller and fixed incomes, as the junior branches, contrive to make it serve as a part payment of bills to a much greater amount; the remainder to be settled by post obits and annuities, which are cleared off sometimes by the lucky demise of elder brothers, or by the generous interference of wealthier relatives. Others, again, of a

more reflective kind, or a more cautious breed, or connected with more powerful families, quarter themselves on the public, and, under the guise of commissioners, secretaries, and clerks, contrive to draw the means of large expense. The great point of subsistence being disposed of, the essential article of employment must be provided. Man was made to toil, and if his labour is not compulsory, it will be voluntary: the difference chiefly between casting up columns of figures, and playing at *écarté*, lying in the motives which induce the respective undertakings.

Distinction being one of the grandest passions of human nature, it is made the foundation of the aristocratical employments, or as they are called, amusements. The first point settled is to fix upon some mode of passing the time in which the vulgar cannot share. If in process of time the vulgar, either by learning the trick, or by exertions of their own, intrude upon their amusements, they are immediately given up; new modes are invented, and the old ones being pronounced *unfashionable*, are abandoned—first, of course, by the few great, and next by the numerous small, who unhappily place their pride in chasing the others as closely as possible in their career.

It is however easy to understand how the vulgar are kept at a distance by a judicious choice of the pastime; a constant element being expense which few can afford—such as fox-hunting, splendid houses, magnificent entertainments, &c.; and next how, by a power of varying their pursuits, the fashionable aristocracy have the game in their own hands, and can easily elude pursuit. If theatres are this season the fashionable pleasure, before the vulgar are fully aware of the fact, and have rushed in to share the spectacle, the *exclusives* are gone: it is the Opera-house; and then it is the French play, or any thing else—it matters not what. The *tactique* descends to riding, dancing, walking, dress, carriages, games at cards, phrases of speech, and even the set of a curl, or the clip of a whisker. When the fashion of wearing an immense forest of hair on the face came in, we predicted that it would not last long—Why? Every man who has arrived at puberty can command a beard. Go now into Howell and James's, or into Waterloo House, and see who they are who boast the most luxuriant crops of cheek-stubble.

It must be remembered that there are the great vulgar as well as the small. Wealth in this country is proverbially powerful; and it is not unusual for the *Exclusives* to find their preserves invaded by people who are too rich to be turned off without some address and difficulty. Many of the *Exclusives* know too well the want of money not to value the possessions of persons whom they are otherwise ready to despise. Coronets are bartered for pelf, and alliances take place which make ugly breaches in the great defences which the *Exclusives* have laboured to set up against the rest of the world. Out of this arises the necessity of still farther distinction—if it is a gratification to be marked out as a peculiar and honourable class from the mass of mankind, it must be still more gratifying to belong to the most honourable part of the class of honour. Here is a principle capable of being carried a long way, and it is the cause of very curious subdivisions and classifications in the inner and more sacred circles of the patrician order. The

book before us is founded on one of these arbitrary distinctions, the sphere of which is Almack's, the name of certain assembly-rooms in the neighbourhood of St. James's-square, called after their original proprietor—a man who, in his day, seems to have understood the fashionable world. When he built these rooms in remarkable haste, that they might be ready by a certain time, in order to gratify some caprice of the aristocracy of the day, it was apprehended that they might be damp, and give cold to the expected crowds. Mr. Almack, that he might prevent the spread of so injurious a report, instantly advertised, that, with especial regard to the health of the nobility of the empire, he had had his place expressly built of *hot* bricks, and mortar made with *boiling* water. Worthy of this ingenuity has been the subsequent fame of this immortal building.

Almack's is a novel of some spirit and talent. The writer is familiar with her subject, and her power of observation is sufficiently acute to enable her to detect the traits of the society she attempts to describe. If we had not before perusal a competent knowledge (which we, of course, do not mean to confess) of the ways of high life, we feel now tolerably well acquainted with its spirit and its details. At any rate, it is worth while, whether for the sake of its subject or for the manner in which it is treated, to give some account of this specimen of a class of books now becoming numerous. Since we noticed Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement—a picture of fashionable life by a fashionable man—we have had Matilda, a novel by a lord, and one of the *ton*; Granby, avowedly a sketch of high life, by a person as avowedly a member of it; and Vivian Grey, which is partly a satire, partly a caricature, and partly a veritable resemblance of those same high manners and high persons; written, too, by one who has certainly been admitted as a spectator, at least, of the scenes he depicts, but whose pretensions to talent are, we are inclined to think, of a higher order than his pretensions to rank. Almack's is the last, but not the best, of this series of high-minded novels.

The nominal hero of the story is a young man called Lionel Montague, twenty-four years of age, and a lieutenant-colonel in the guards. Colonel Lionel Montague is a younger son—his elder brother has outrun his income; to avoid paying his debts, he lives on the continent; and to console himself in his exile, he has married an opera-dancer. Colonel Montague, on his return from service, visits the seat of his ancestors, which he finds let to a very wealthy Liverpool baronet, Sir Sampson Birmingham. Lady Birmingham, the active partner, is a very conspicuous personage in this history: her vulgar ostentation, and her stupendous wealth, make her attempts to introduce herself into the *best* society a subject of much discussion and remark. This pair have a daughter: as she is made the heroine, she is of course wholly unlike her mother—she is all sweetness, gentleness, and elegance; and to account for her not being the heiress of her parent's vulgarity and wealth, she is feigned to have been brought up by some clergyman in his vicarage. At the moment that Colonel Montague inspects his brother's house, the scene of his own infancy, by favour of an old servant, the occupiers, the Birminghams, are absent; but in one of the rooms, his mother's room, he finds on an easel a half-finished copy of his mother's portrait by Opie, which is suspended on

the walls. This copy is of course the work of the amiable heiress, and Colonel Montague is immediately filled with love and gratitude towards the fair unknown. When the pious visit to Atherford Abbey, the name of the place, is completed, the Colonel proceeds to a neighbouring seat, the abode of an ancient friend of his father. Mr. Mildmay is a country gentleman, a sportsman, a magistrate, a good-natured and respectable person, who never sleeps out of his own house; has two amiable daughters and a son, who is called to the bar, and who practises on the circuit, and at the quarter sessions at the town adjoining his father's estate. The daughters, one at least, if not both, are personages of much importance in this history. Louisa has paid a long visit at Paris with a person of distinction, and in her language, her manners, and her dress, is a curious compound of French and English. She is attached to a certain Lord George Something, who is an example of all the Irish Lord Georges and Lord Charleses, and when we arrive at him we shall see what kind of persons they are. The mansion of this family Colonel Montague chooses for his headquarters. It is clearly most conveniently situated for carrying on operations against the rich and lovely copier of his mother's picture. Of course a very short time elapses before an introduction takes place; and the authoress is moreover accommodating enough to induce Miss Birmingham to pay a visit to the Mildmays while the Colonel is staying there. This is the romance of the book. With the Colonel, Miss Birmingham's 20,000*l.* per annum does not weigh a straw: on others, in the course of the story, it is seen to produce the natural effects. Within a few miles of the families whose position has been commemorated, resides a pompous and powerful peer, Lord Norbury. His mansion is filled with company, the chief persons of whom are the constant occupants of the scene in the novel. The intercourse in the country between these families is of course pretty strict. This intercourse occupies the first part of the work, and is the foundation of the events which are to take place in town, and which are to disclose the springs of fashionable life, and to exhibit its action to the world. A few extracts at this point will bring our readers acquainted with some of the greater folks of the novel.

The following is a family piece, and contains the portraits of a nobleman, his wife, son, and daughter, drawn with some cleverness, and a very strong general resemblance. It must be understood that Colonel Montague has arrived at a lucky moment when the borough of Weldon Regis is in want of a member of Parliament. Lady Birmingham patronizes an attorney of the name of Hollins, but a large party in the town, either indignant at his plebeian rank, or desirous of a second man, on more *general* grounds, solicit Colonel Montague, a young officer of the guards, which he entered at sixteen, and who has just returned from service, to become their legislator in the House. It is in consequence of having complied with this proposal that Montague and his friends pay a visit to Lord Norbury.

It had been often said of Lord Norbury, that any one following him up St. James's Street, and observing his manner of returning the bows of his acquaintance, might safely pronounce on their respective ranks, so nicely did he attend to the minutiae *des bienséances*. He was a little-minded man, with much experience of the world, and not one grain of heart in his whole composition; he had risen to high rank by the talent of bending men to his purpose, and, as this was the qualification he had found

most useful himself, so it was the only one he esteemed in others. He loved—himself alone; and he wished well to his family, as belonging to himself, not for their own individual merits.

The Countess was a very different person; the rock on which she split was pride—pride of blood, pride of situation. The world with her was divided into two classes—patricians and plebeians; she knew of no shades, no go-betweens—people whom every body knows, or people whom nobody knows; and to belong to the latter class was certainly, in her opinion, one of the severest visitations of Heaven: it seemed to her as if it was *hors de noblesse point de salut*. Lady Norbury's good qualities were all clouded by these violent, ultra aristocratic notions; for she was in reality a kind-hearted woman, with a well-cultivated mind; and, when she chose to unbend, she could be very agreeable; but this was rarely the case, for she was fastidious in no common degree, and it was difficult to meet with any person less generally liked than the haughty Countess of Norbury.

Lady Anne, her daughter, was extremely beautiful, fascinating, and accomplished, but her character had been ruined by excessive flattery. She was haughty, selfish, and unfeeling, with a power of concealing these defects from a common observer by her wit and vivacity. The power of pleasing she considered as an art reducible to rules, of which she had made herself mistress; her pride was not, like her mother's, pride of rank, but pride of talent. She loved flattery, though she despised the flatterers. She laughed at every body, and every thing, for frolic was her passion; fools of all kinds she thought fair game; indeed no foibles could escape her; her father's manœuvres, her mother's *hauteur*, were equally amusing to her. All religious principle had been forgotten in her education; she had never in her life paused for a moment to reflect, and it was her favourite maxim, that

“ Le Monde est plein de foux,
Et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se nicher dans un trou,
Et casser son miroir.”

Lord Mordaunt, the only son of this illustrious family, possessed the same kind of disposition as his sister, but without any of her wit; he had all the pride of his mother, without her heart; and the same love of intrigue as his father, but with very inferior talents. He had been thwarted by the earl in his first wish, which was to shine on the opposition benches, probably from a kind of spirit of contradiction, because his father held a very good place under Government; but Lord Norbury had announced to the young man his fixed determination to reduce his allowance one half, the very first show he should make of joining the other party. Lord Mordaunt was therefore obliged to submit for the present to obscurity; and this only increased his cynical humour: he revenged himself by entering into every sort of dissipation, and attaining all the celebrity which *ton* can give in the nineteenth century to the frequenters of clubs, gambling-houses, the noble associates of sharpers and jockeys—glorious pre-eminence! His lordship wanted only to have been engaged in some *crim. con.* affair, with a duel at his heels, in order to have attained to the pinnacle of that kind of fame so eagerly sought for by our young nobility.

The Lord Mordaunt here described has a talent for satire. An amusing description of the Lady Birmingham already mentioned, is put into his mouth.

“We are going to call on Lady Birmingham,” said Mr. Mildmay; “I fear her conscience somewhat reproaches her, and Lionel wishes every thing to be forgotten. Would your Lordship do us the honour to accompany us?”

“The pleasure of such society would half tempt me, I own,” said Lord Mordaunt; “but unfortunately we had Lady Birmingham at Norbury last week, and I am afraid I have heard all her ladyship's last intelligence, from her body-coachman to her second head coachman, through all the gradations of grooms, till at last, through the third helper, it penetrated to so insignificant a personage as your humble servant. Really one is not always *en train* for that sort of thing: the acting listener is sometimes rather an *ennuyeuse* business, unless one has all one's notes of admiration ready. I have seen all the new varieties of Deccan Ericas, some hundreds, I was told; I have admired all the contributions from the Cape and West Indies; I have visited the aquarium or aquaticum, and looked at the water lilies, and seen the museum full of such nameless wonders, not of specimens of the *beau idéal*, but certainly of the *idéal beau*. Unless you have done all this, you really hardly know what you are going to undertake,” said his Lordship, with a sort of faint, faded smile. “I have undergone it all. However, you

will be fortified with the luncheon ; she will feed you well ; that French cook of her's knows what he is about ; and she has some capital wine too. The Baronet is returned home, but that, of course, you know ; however, one never thinks of him in any way, poor man ! Yet really now, after all I have said, I must finish by allowing that Lady Birmingham is a most chatty, agreeable person, full of knowledge and conversation. You will say every thing that is proper and kind from me, *au revoir*."

We are shortly after introduced to the lady in person. The party find her ladyship and Sir Sampson profoundly occupied over a luncheon of great rarity and excellence.

"Mr. Mildmay," said Lady Birmingham, "do take the seat on this side the fire, that you may not feel any draught ; you are just come in time for some excellent real Scotch hotchpodge, made by my own French cook, Rissolle. The Duke of Clanalpin thought it so good that he sent for a receipt last year. Colonel Montague, let me give you some Swiss cabbage to the hotchpodge, it is an excellent mixture."

"And so you patronize *sour crout*?" said Mr. Mildmay.

"A sort of refinement upon it : I got the receipt from the Prince de Hougoumont's cook at Spa, but it must be made of *Chou de Milan*, to be really good. Miss Louisa, do you eat nothing ? I fear you are still very delicate. Or are you for fruit ?—allow me to recommend a Long-town pippin to you, or some of this Guava. My friend Admiral Buckeridge insisted on sending me something from abroad, he was going to America ;—'Oh my good friend,' said I, 'send me some of those famous Long-town pippins : ' so behold, at Christmas arrived a cask of these very magnificent apples, directed to Lady Birmingham, Birmingham Abbey ; and this Guava was sent me by the Admiral's son, who was stationed off the West Indies. Oh, and here is another rather uncommon fruit, a Shaddock,—let me cut you a slice, Colonel Montague,—sent me by a very particular friend, Governor O'Shawnassia, an old crony of Sir Benjamin's : he arrived from Barbadoes the other day, and sent me, by way of remembrance, some Shaddocks and Cocoa-nuts. Would you like any Cocoa-nut ?—Silvertop," addressing the butler, "why is not there some Cocoa-nut here ?"

"I did not know your ladyship meant to have all the foreign fruit at luncheon," said Silvertop.

"My dear good lady," said Mr. Mildmay, "surely we have things enough :—all the rarities of the four quarters of the globe collected at luncheon is too much."

"Oh ! we cannot have too many good things to give Colonel Montague a favourable idea of our proceedings at the Abbey."

Lionel bowed ; he was much amused.

"But we must lionize Colonel Montague about the grounds, so let us prepare for our walk. Silvertop, tell Sir Benjamin's own man to bring in his master's gaiters."

Silvertop obeyed, and re-entered presently, with a tall spruce elegant young gentleman, in silk stockings, who buttoned on Sir Benjamin's gaiters, and then gracefully withdrew.

"I think, my dear," said Lady Birmingham to her spouse, "you had better go in the donkey curricule, as you feel a little gouty this morning. Sir Benjamin has got two famous Spanish mules, which he enjoys vastly," said the lady, addressing Mr. Mildmay ; "and now, my good friend, will you mount Barbara's little Shetland poney, which I will answer for carrying you nicely ?—or shall I drive you in my garden-chair with my new grey ponies ? I am so proud of my skill as a charioteer. Or suppose we were all to walk down to the bridge, the barouche landau with four horses could meet us there."

The last plan was thought the best, so the barouche and four was ordered.

"Silvertop, tell the bailiff and the head-gardener to bring me each their master-keys ; and to be in attendance, in case I should want them. Tell Mr. Premium I shall audit some of the accounts this evening ; and he may direct some of the people who want to speak to me, to be here to-morrow morning at seven o'clock."

"I see you are as active as ever, my good lady," said Mr. Mildmay.

"Yes, my old friend ; activity is the soul of business. But it feels cold ; I think I had better put on my Greenland overall boots, my maid will be waiting with them up stairs. Miss Louisa, will you show Colonel Montague the rooms ? I shall be down immediately."

The characters of other distinguished personages are given in a novel way by Lady Anne Norbury, the daughter of the peer. She supposes that she could, from a knowledge of the people, imagine

~~the style of their letters.~~ The scene is the breakfast-room at Lord Norbury's.

Lord Glenmore observed, that there was no time so pleasant for the post to come in as immediately after breakfast, particularly where the postman waited for the answers, as he did at Norbury.

"It is amusing," said the Duke of Derwent, "to observe the difference of people's tastes: my letters are left at the Lodge, at Derwent Vale, at eight in the evening, the answers are called for at twelve the next day; which I think the best arrangement, because one has time then to reflect before one answers a letter."

"Dear! how can your grace like that?" said Lady Anne. "I should hate to receive my letters in the evening, so many sleepless nights would be the consequence: even pleasure, in the shape of news, will banish Morpheus."

"I fancy, when your ladyship is a little older," said the duke, smiling, "you will find your nerves not quite so easily excited: none but very young ladies ever receive such exquisitely interesting letters."

"That, though the heart would break with more,
It cannot live with less;"

said Lord George, looking slyly at Louisa. "I have often wondered what the deuce women can find to write about: such crossed sheets! one ought to be paid for deciphering their chequer-work. Well, I do hate writing letters, that I will honestly own."

"I think I could guess at your style, Lord George," said Lady Anne, "from one or two of your epistles, which Mordaunt has shown me; for you seldom or ever write to mama or me."

"No! and for a good reason too: you would not care for them or the writer: and that's the main thing after all, isn't it?" turning to Louisa; "a line from any one one cares about, one must be interested with."

"The writer, or the line?" said Lady Anne; "for you are not very clear in your English this morning. Perhaps Miss Louisa Mildmay can explain why you have quarrelled with the personal pronoun *I*. A one, an *on-dit*, I suppose means nothing."

"But how does he write?" said Lady Glenmore in her childish manner; "I am dying to know."

"Oh, first of all, he puts his date,—Cork, or Dublin, or Glasgow, we will suppose,—in large letters at the top; then, underneath, perhaps, 'Doghole of a room, ten feet square, full of smoke.' Half way down the page, very small in one corner,—'My dear uncle,'—then considerably lower still,—'Wretched quarters these! no fun at all going on—our grey-haired Colonel as great a martinet as ever, hang the old quiz!—No hopes of promotion. We are all confounded stupid; can't even raise a ball, till the assizes; when all the pretty girls will flirt, of course, with the black-coated lawyers. Well, good night: excuse greasy paper, soft pen, and thick ink. My duty to my aunt, love to the rest.

Your affectionate nephew,

GEORGE FITZALLAN.

'Very low in cash just now; the governor monstrous tardy with his remittances.'

"Thus, having written his name very large, he contrives to fill up the whole of the second page."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Lord George; "'faith, Lady Anne, you're a much greater wit than I took you for; though you've put all the pith of my letter in the postscript, and that, you know, is the sign of a lady's epistle. But now that you have succeeded so well in my style, I hope you will give another specimen or two. Miss Louisa Mildmay, for instance, how does she write?"

"Oh, she has *l'esprit de Sevigné*, and the sense of Lady Mary Wortley. How could I pretend to ridicule what I cannot imitate!"

"Cruel Lady Anne, to be so satirical!" said Louisa.

"Satirical, my dear! I like that, as if you did not know that you possess *l'eloquence du billet* like a Frenchwoman: no sham modesty, if you please. But do any of you know Mrs. Sydenham's style of letter-writing?"

"Oh, pray let us have it," said several voices.

"In the first place, she writes a very running hand; you can't possibly distinguish her *m*'s from her *n*'s and her *w*'s—I would almost defy you: yet altogether it is very flowing and elegant-looking, only one word will sometimes nearly fill up a whole line:—'So inexpressibly obliged for Lady Norbury's gratifying attention, which has been most gratefully received; such a pleasing mark of decided friendship, displayed with such good sense and judgment, that it found its way at once to a heart overflowing alive to kindness.' Now, is not that all *verbiage*, full of adjectives, epithets, and superlatives; the true sentimental style?"

"And the proper one for a handsome woman," said Lord Mordaunt, looking up from the racing calendar, "graceful and elegant" like herself. I wish you would mind whom you attack, Anne, when you are in one of your quizzing humours."

"Excellent, faith!" said Lord Hazlemere, elevating his bushy eyebrows a full half inch, and running his fingers through his well-curled locks: "I am obliged to you, Mordaunt." But his Lordship took no notice, though several of the company looked surprised.

Lady Anne, heedless of every thing but her present whim, continued; "Now, my friend Maria Molyneux sports the *brusque* and laconic, hopping from one thing to another in an extraordinary manner. Supposing she begins:—'Was glad to hear your cold better, and hope you will take care of yourself. Colds have been very general this winter. Mr. Smith has got a bad cold, and his wife has had the influenza, and their little girl has been suffering from the croup; a most dreadful complaint, which has been very general lately at Bath among children. I hear Bath is just now very gay, but the company not quite so select as at Brighton. The King is the great life of that place: some fancy the Pavilion will not be gay this winter; which would be a vast pity, I think. Mr. Petty is to marry the little Miss Conton, so the wits say she will never want for petti-coats.' Now this is Maria's style of eloquence.

"Dora's is the true hum-drum; too dull almost to quiz. 'I hope your ladyship will excuse my not having written sooner, (as indeed I wished to have done,) but papa has been ill, which makes him very uncomfortable, besides being a little crossish, as many people are apt to be when they are rather ill; no one more so than myself: so, you know, one ought always to make allowances for others, particularly for elderly people. I hope this will be a sufficient excuse to you for my not having taken up my pen before; but indeed I have a better one still to give, which I am sure you will be quite satisfied with, for I have cut my finger and thumb so very badly, (indeed I may almost say dangerously,) that till to-day I really could not hold a pen.'—Now, good people, I think I have given you quite enough for the present."

"Oh, do go on, dear Lady Anne," said Lord Dorville, clapping his hands; "it is quite delightful to hear you: give us one of Miss Bevil's letters."

"Oh, an attempt at *esprit, le style castique par excellence*. Let us see; Oh! I have her now:—'London dull this winter; balls without suppers, men without money, girls without lovers. People of *ton*, and high *ton* too, give dinners of fourteen, and only two dishes of a side; so it must be elegant to have no appetites. Then they stick themselves up on the fourth tier of the opera, and vote it charming: all humbug, imposes on no one. Sir Jemmy Jessamy *aux pieds de Mademoiselle Flutter*, Lord Foppington *aux écoutes*, in case the baronet should be *congédié'd*, in order to pop into his shoes. Mrs. Pickle's affair with Mr. Pepper quite off. The Puddledocks are done up *in toto*; going abroad: they prefer starving in France to begging in England: wish 'em joy with all my heart.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Lord Dorville; "and who the deuce are the Puddledocks?"

"Oh, that I leave you to find out!" said Lady Anne, as she threw herself back on her chair, and yawned aloud, "How tired I am, to be sure."

"No wonder," said Lord George, "after such exertions: why, you have given us the Polite Letter-writer with great effect."

These three lords, Dorville, Hazlemere, and George Fitzallan, are three conspicuous figures in the piece. The last is an Irish younger brother, represented as warm-hearted; he is only, however, selfish and warm-tempered. He has the liveliness of his country, and he shows it in industrious flirtation. Lord Dorville is a fashionable idiot; to look at his dress, his set-out, and all his appointments, he might be supposed perfect; he is, in fact, a fool. Lord Haslemere has some talent, which he displays in departing as far as possible from the received rules of courtesy and good breeding, and in professing a superlative contempt of all that does not accord with the conventional manners of a certain set, who have the vanity to persuade themselves, and the dexterity to persuade others, that there is something about them superior to any thing which their compeers can boast. The reader is now ready, it is hoped, to go to town—that is the scene for which he is prepared by the writer through one volume and a half.

At the opening of the winter season, it appears that one of the Lady Patronesses has abdicated, or, in other words, that she has been driven from her seat of power and pre-eminence. The Regent of Almack's, a sort of usurper, who has assumed authority over her colleagues, is Lady Hauton. Upon her devolves the duty of co-optating a partner in the honours and fatigues of office. Her choice falls upon the Baroness de Wallestein, an English lady, the sister of Colonel Montague, as it luckily happens, and the wife of the new Austrian ambassador.

"What, so soon back!" exclaimed Louisa, rising from the great arm-chair, and putting down the last new novel, as the Baroness entered the room [from her first council at Almack's]; "now tell us all about it."

"Oh! the story is soon told; Lady Hauton met me at the door of the apartment, and introduced me to all the ladies who were then and there assembled in full divan; *et d'abord je fus présentée à chacune séparément, et puis les complimens d'usage, alors on s'examina de part et d'autre, on me critiqua en secret, vous n'en doutez pas.*"

"And who were there? describe the ladies."

"Oh! Lady Hauton is quite the reigning power, to whom they all pay implicit deference: *et elle se sert de toutes ses armes—la flatterie pour l'une, les reproches pour l'autre, elle se moque de celle-ci, elle caresse celle-là, et elle parler pour tout le monde.*"

"The Duchess of Stavordale is a round, fat, jolly-looking woman, with a vulgar, good-humoured countenance; very civil in her manner; and she shook my hand so violently, *à la manière Anglaise*, that she forced my rings quite into my fingers."

"Next came the Marchioness of Plinlimmon, who is quite in another style; official and important, a tall, stately-looking personage, full of the dignity of office, *une femme à grands mots enfin.*"

"Lady Bellamont is a thin, pale, gawky-looking woman, with a very cross countenance, *qui me fit la mine de côté, comme si elle ne me voulait pas du bien*; and I overheard her saying something to Lady Rochefort about her poor dear friend Lady Lochaber.

"*Cette petite Vicomtesse* is very pretty, and very affected, and they say is *très méchante* and *spirituelle*: *je parie qu'elle a déjà fait quelque plaisanterie sur mon compte*; she is short, and fat, and fair, *et très coquette*. I have heard that her husband neglects her terribly, but she consoles herself by having always some favoured attendants, and her constant swain last year was Lord Mordaunt."

"And what did you do afterwards?"

"Oh, nothing at all! they looked at me, and I looked at them. I see plainly that I am Lady Hauton's patroness, and that this bold step has completely established her ladyship's power. I would rather be her friend than her enemy, for I think her a very fearful kind of person, she dares to do or say any thing to any body. Then she has such powers of ridicule, that she frightens all into compliance with her will and pleasure: she told the Duchess of Stavordale that Lord Haslemere had made a capital caricature of Lady Lochaber paying her *adieux* to the committee, which she intends to have lithographed, as a vignette to the air of 'Adieu to Lochaber,' which she is arranging as a quadrille to be played on Wednesday."

"And what are these baskets for, which Felix has just brought in?" enquired Louisa.

"Oh! the large one is to hold all the notes of application, as they come in promiscuously. Then, of the other two, you see one has 'Almack's admitted,' marked on it: that one I shall leave on Monday with Willis, after I have signed all the vouchers, that he may send them over the town, after he has made out the tickets, which the people will send for on Wednesday. This other basket, marked 'Almack's rejected,' of course contains all the applications which are not successful, from which a list is made, to save trouble, of those who are never, on any account, to be admitted. Then I am to have a complete visiting book made out of all my visiting acquaintance, as no one can be admitted whom you do not previously visit; and there is a splendid folio to be bound, with my name in gilt letters on the back, in which *le bon homme*, Willis, is to enter the names of all whom I admit on my books, as they term it. *Oh! je l'assure, ma chère Louise, qu'il n'y a point d'affaire d'état arrangée avec plus de soin et d'ordre, que ne sont ces choses-ci.*"

"Oh! I am quite aware of that," replied Louisa; "but whom have we here?" and the door opened for Lady Anne Norbury.

The charm of Almack's is the difficulty of getting there. We pre-

sume that the description of the fair authoress is to be depended on; and if so, for we pretend to no actual experience, the entertainment; arises solely from the consciousness of being in a particular place at a particular time, where many others are trying to be, without success. The amusements are such as are to be met with ~~at~~ every ball-room, and in the time of the authoress (we apprehend ~~some~~ little change has been made here since then, for there is a dispute in the council as to the admission of *ecarté*!) even more scanty, while the ornaments and the refreshments are infinitely inferior to those found at ordinary routs in the houses of the nobility. Yet this passion for exclusiveness turns the naked walls of Almack's into a paradise. Many a vote in the House of Commons has been sold by papa, for a subscription to Almack's for his corpulent lady and her gawky daughters. The place thus, in addition to its being the scene of the frivolity and heartless gaiety of our fashionables, acquires a political importance. As every thing turns upon admission, we shall give the minutes of the council, in which the pretensions of the candidates for the season are examined. It is a long extract, and the last.

"How d'ye do, Lady Hauton?" said a gay-looking dandy, on a very fresh horse; "I've been waiting this half-hour for you, to know what's the next process."

"Oh! it's Mr. Stanhope: why send up your card by Willis, as I've told you before, and perhaps you'll have a voucher sent down directly, or else you must call again at five o'clock."

"My dear Lady Hauton, any hopes for me?" said a dashing young guardsman in uniform, opening the carriage-door.

"Oh! Colonel Williams, I know you are on my list."

"Well, well! then I will call again for my voucher: I am on guard at St. James's, so it will do capitally."

"Has your ladyship ever thought of me?" said another, who pushed Colonel Williams aside, to hand Lady Hauton from her carriage.

"Oh! indeed, Sir Philip, I told you there was no chance; you have had two subscriptions already. It's positively against the rules."

"Confound those rules!" muttered Sir Philip Turner, sulkily.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lady Hauton; "do I see Lord Hazlemere?"

His lordship approached immediately. "Will Lady Rochefort be here?" enquired he, with some anxiety.

"I should suppose, of course," replied the Countess; "but why so anxious?"

"I wrote to her about a subscription for Lady Glenmore; Will you see about it, dear Lady Hauton?"

"Oh! is that all?" said her ladyship, somewhat satirically; "leave it to me. Come, my dear Madame de Wallestein, we must wait no longer, positively."

"*Qui est donc ce monsieur à la porte?*" enquired the Baroness.

"Oh! that is Mr. Willis," said Lady Hauton. Then, turning to this very important official person, her ladyship added,

"I am afraid we are very late this morning?"

"Yes, my lady, the other members of the committee have all been assembled some time, and are already been engaged in business."

"Dear, I am quite shocked! Let my books and baskets be brought into the committee-room directly. Come, my dear Madame de Wallestein, take my arm. But stop! stop! Mr. Willis, this lady is the Baroness de Wallestein, the Austrian ambassador, the new lady patroness in the room of Lady Lochaber."

Mr. Willis, the elder, we believe, bowed long and low to each of these mighty titles of honour. We really should not have presumed to introduce this gentleman's name into print, had not the example been set us by the Muse of Almack's, whose footsteps we are proud to follow at humble distance, if simple prose may thus venture to imitate the flights of poetic fancy, in something the like manner as a modest one-horse chaise will, on Newmarket Heath, adventurously pursue the well-appointed barouche and four of some proud leader of the turf.

Thus we have been inspired by that display of Luttrell's genius, in depicting his "taste for the very highest life."

He opens Almack's in the following manner :—

“ But see approach, with looks so sinister,
Willis, their Excellencies' minister.”

We can declare, upon our honour, that on this memorable morning, instead of sinister, his looks were most smiling whenever Lady Hauton spoke to him.

The *portes battantes* of the committee-room were now thrown open ; the board of red cloth were all assembled. The ladies sat round a large table, covered with a scarlet tapis, each with her desk before her, on which reposed the books of fate. Mr. Plume, the secretary, was a little behind the ladies, with a small table before him. On benches in front sat several ladies, who came as petitioners for themselves or their friends. On a board over the chimney-piece were inscribed the following sentences, which Colonel Leach had termed the laws of the Medes and Persians.

“ ALMACK'S.

“ RULES.

“ No lady patroness can give a subscription, or a ticket, to a lady she does not visit, or to a gentleman who is not introduced to her by a lady who is on her visiting list.

“ No more than three ladies of a family are to be upon the ladies' lists.

“ No lady's or gentleman's name can continue on the list of the same lady patroness for more than two sets of balls ; but ladies are not to consider themselves entitled to the second set of balls, unless it is stipulated on their subscribing to the first, and no lady or gentleman can have more than six tickets from the same lady, during the season.

“ No application from ladies to procure tickets for other ladies, or from gentlemen, for ladies or gentlemen's tickets, can be attended to.

“ No gentleman's tickets can be transferred. Ladies' tickets are only to be transferred from mother to daughter, or between unmarried sisters.

“ Subscribers who are prevented from coming are requested to give notice to the ladies patronesses the day of the ball, by two o'clock, directed to Willis's rooms, that the ladies may fill up the vacancies.

“ The ladies patronesses request that applications for subscriptions and tickets may be sent to Willis's rooms, and not to their houses, in consequence of the confusion that arises from notes being lost and mislaid.

“ In consequence of the numerous applications from families whom the ladies patronesses cannot accommodate with tickets, they are obliged to make a positive rule, that not more than three ladies in a family can be admitted to any ball.

“ The subscribers are most respectfully informed, that the rooms will be lighted up by ten o'clock, and, by orders from the ladies patronesses, no person can possibly be admitted after half-past eleven o'clock ; except members of both Houses of Parliament, who may be detained at the House on business.

“ Applications for new subscribers must be submitted for the concurrence of all the ladies patronesses.”

“ King Street, April 6, 182 ..

“ Signed.—Marcia Stavordale,
Emily Plinlimmon,
Charlotte Bellamont,
Georgiana Hauton,
Arabella Rochefort,
Caroline de Wallestein.”

The new patroness was received with the utmost distinction ; all the privy council rose at once to welcome her ; she was handed to her seat by the secretary, the obsequious Mr. Plume. The fair legislators then resumed their places ; and the order of the day was called for.

Lady Hauton put up her glass, to discover her acquaintance among the ladies who were whispering on the opposite bench ; she soon caught the eye of Miss Bevil, who, in a crimson pelisse, and a bonnet of the same dashing hue, her cheeks a tint deeper, looked all bustle and agitation.

“ My dear Lady Hauton ! how do you do ? am glad to find your cold has not prevented you coming ; I began to be in a fright lest you should not attend, which would have quite undone me.”

“ And whom are you come begging for ? ” enquired Lady Hauton.

“ Oh ! a very smart young lady, who will be much admired, I am sure ; Miss Trecosey of St. Michael's Mount—a pretty cousin of mine.”

"What! a Cornish chough, I suppose," said Lady Rochefort, sharply; "for I remember Walter Scott's proverb says,

' By Pol, Tre, and Pen,
You may know the Cornishmen.'

But who knows her, pray?"

"Not I," said the Duchess of Stavordale, laughing, "I don't think I can reproach myself with having any acquaintance so near the Land's end. But probably Lady Plinlimmon may know her as a countrywoman."

"Tre-madoc and Tre-vanion, and Tre-fusis, I know," said the Marchioness of Plinlimmon, in a slow stately manner; "but Tre-cosey I know nothing about."

"Oh! and Tre-maine, the man of refinement, you must know him too; for I think he must be from Cornwall, though his biographer has chosen to transplant him into Yorkshire," said Lady Hauton.

"Poor dear Miss Bevil!" said Lady Bellamont with a lisp; "I am afraid this Miss with the tre-mendous name has not much chance."

"Faint heart never won a fair lady yet," said the undaunted Miss Bevil. "Miss Trecosey is coming to stay some time with me in town; her name will be on my visiting tickets, therefore she will be known to you, Lady Hauton, and to Lady Rochefort, and to Madame de Wallestein: those are her three pleas for admission. Well, then, of course you will be anxious to have the beautiful Lady Beaulieu among your Almack's belles, and Lord Beaulieu, dear good man that he is, has made a point that I should chaperon his daughters." She paused; a sort of smile was visible on the countenances of most of the ladies.

Miss Bevil resumed, "Think how hard it will be on poor Bridget Trecosey, if she is to stay at home while I go out; Madame la Baronne, did you bring my note with you?"

"Oui, oui," said Madame de Wallestein, "*le billet et le portrait aussi*;" and she produced a beautiful miniature, with a note on rose-coloured paper.

"A striking likeness, I suppose, of your *protégée*," said Lady Hauton, laughing, "upon my word, a pretty girl. And does she mean to honour us with this black velvet cap too? Why she will be quite a lion, I protest!"

A good deal of whispering and tittering took place among the ladies: at last Lady Hauton said—

"Take back your pretty miniature, my dear Miss Bevil; if we agree to admit Miss Trecosey, you will have a voucher sent to you."

"Pray remember that there are hundreds of petitioners with better claims," said Lady Rochefort, with a toss of her little head.

"Now, Mrs. Bucannon," said Lady Hauton, "what do you want?"

"The favour of the Baroness de Wallestein's interest, in behalf of my niece, Miss Jane Leslie."

"But there must be some mistake," said the Baroness, mildly, "I have not the pleasure of knowing the young lady."

"Oh, my dear Madam, I dare say you have forgotten it; very probably: or perhaps you are very short sighted: but Jane and I had the honour of being introduced to you by Lady Birmingham last week."

"I remember seeing you with her; but that does not make an acquaintance, does it?"

"This will never do, Mrs. Bucannon," said Lady Hauton; "it is a very irregular proceeding to come here to disturb the committee in this way, in the midst of business, and to take advantage of Madame de Wallestein's being lately come to this country, in order to force your acquaintance upon her. You were upon Lady Lochaber's lists, I remember; and you and Miss Leslie have already had one set this year, which ought to satisfy you both; so you will get nothing by staying: and we must have no farther interruptions at present. And therefore I request the other ladies will also withdraw."

The indignant Mrs. Bucannon was forced to obey; she was followed by several other petitioners, all much enraged at this sudden display of power.

"We might as well have heard what those other ladies wanted," said Lady Bellamont, "after they had waited so long."

"Oh! there will be no end of it, if once people are allowed to intrude into the committee-room," said Lady Hauton, angrily; "I shall desire Willis to stop every one from coming in."

The door was just then slowly opened, and a very elegant pink satin hat, with *plumeuses* feathers, presented itself.

"Nobody must come in," said Lady Hauton.

"Oh! don't be so barbarous! Only one word, for pity sake!" said the insinuating Mrs. Sydenham.

"Indeed," said Lady Rochefort, "Lady Hauton cannot break through the rules; you must go away;" waving her hand.

"Mercy, mercy! gentle ladies," said Mrs. Sydenham; "only one word: I have been up to Connaught Place, to speak to dear Lady Hauton, and I was just too late; so I ventured to follow her here."

"Dispatch, if you please," said Lady Plinlimmon, magisterially; "Whom do you petition for?"

"The Honourable Mr. Dabster," said Mrs. Sydenham.

"The Honourable Mr. Dabster!" repeated Lady Hauton; "Heavens! what a name! pray, whose son is he?"

"He is son to old Lord Puckeridge; but he has lately changed his name, on succeeding to a fortune, left him by his uncle Dabster," said Mrs. Sydenham. "I own it is an unfortunate name, but he is a very handsome young man, and it will be a thousand pities if he should not be well introduced: with so many advantages, that would complete him."

"Does your grace know him?" said Lady Hauton to the Duchess of Stavordale.

"Not I, indeed! I have heard of old Lord Puckeridge, a strange, absurd creature. It's a disputed title, too; perhaps Lady Bellamont may know the family?"

"I have heard of the Dabsters, as great rich city brokers; that is all I can tell you about them. I have no city connexions, thank God! What says Lady Rochefort?"

This was a cut at the little Viscountess; whose mother had been a city heiress, and whose sarcasms had often wounded Lady Bellamont to the quick.

"I know nothing either of Puckeridges or Dabsters," said Lady Rochefort; "their names are enough for me."

"And I never even heard of them before," said Lady Plinlimmon.

"Well, then," said Lady Hauton, "as Madame de Wallestein cannot possibly know this man, he is a stranger to us all; and cannot, therefore, be a proper person to be admitted. I am sorry for your *protégé*, Mrs. Sydenham, but it cannot be helped."

"Poor man!" said the lady, with an affected sigh; "but another year, probably, when he is better known, his prospects will be better appreciated." She curtsied gracefully, and withdrew.

"And now to business," said Lady Hauton. "Where is your list, my dear Baroness?"

"Here are my papers," said Madame de Wallestein; "I have made two lists: the first is, of all those who appear to have been promised by Lady Lochaber; and the second, of all the new applicants. *Les billets sont tous dans le panier, vous savez bien que je ne connais personne.*"

"Well! let us see,—Townshend, Walpole, Graham, Clinton, Winyard. Oh! those are all old stagers, and must be entered of course; but where is the new list?"

"There! that is it in your hand, *la voyez!*"

"Young!—oh, I know them well: regular London antiques. Like old tapestry, faded, yet every one appreciates their value; therefore put them down; Mrs. and two Miss Youngs. Lambton, Mrs. and Miss,—what! the card-playing widow with the tall daughter:—but they may do. Ramsays, the Misses—oh! they're cousins of that odious Lady Lochaber's, so I'll scratch them out."

"They are handsome girls, I think," said the Duchess.

"And nearly related to the Duke of Clanalpin," said Lady Bellamont, with infinite *sang-froid*.

"And excellent harp-players," observed the musical Lady Plinlimmon.

"Well, then, to the point at once," said Lady Hauton. "Are the accomplished Miss Ramsays to be invited? Madame de Wallestein, you must give your opinion."

"Oh! then, pray let us have these musical Misses."

"Miss Geraldine de Montmorenci comes next. What a sweet pretty novelist name! who is she?"

"A beautiful Irish girl, who was often with me at Paris," said the Baroness.

"Oh dear!" said Lady Hauton, "what a falling off. I hoped she had been of the family *du premier baron Chrétien*; what Madame de Staël calls, '*une des grandes familles historiques de l'Europe.*'"

"*Elle est bien belle,*" said Madame de Wallestein; "quite a wild Irish girl."

"Oh, how delightful! the very thing to take. Pray set her name down," said Lady Hauton. "Then we have next, the Lady Margaret Carlton, and two Miss Carltons."

"So they have left off applying to me," said Lady Plinlimmon, "which I am rather glad of, for I do not admire any of the race. Such proud, stiff, disagreeable people! Lady Margaret has all the Clanalpin pride about her. Shall we have them?"

"What say you, Lady Bellamont?" said the Duchess of Stavordale.

"Oh! for one subscription, I think we may admit them."

"Mr. Adolphus Frederic Carlton is on my list," said Lady Rochefort; "he is a tall spindle-shanks of a youth, but he is a *protégé* of one of the royal dukes, and an inimitable waltzer."

"Then he will do," said the Duchess; "for good dancers, I am sure, are always acceptable."

"Colonel, Mrs., and Miss Smythe," said Lady Hauton. "Who on earth can they be, I wonder?"

"That broad name of Smith covers such a multitude of sins," said the still broader Duchess of Stavordale.

"Oh! but these people are distinguished by a *y*, and a final *e* to their name. They are Lincolnshire people, and applied to me last year, but they were too late," said Lady Rochefort.

"There is no need to have Colonel Smythe, at least," said Lady Hauton, "even if we agree to the wife and daughter, for papas are of no use. What is the girl like?"

"Well-looking, and well-dressed," said Lady Rochefort.

"About what age?"

"Oh! under twenty, certainly; has been brought up abroad."

"Has she much *tourneur*?"

"Quite Parisian."

"Dances well?"

"In perfection: I can assure your ladyship she is a *distinguée*."

"And nothing disgraceful-looking about the mother?"

"Quite the contrary; a very fashionable-looking chaperon, *d'un certain age*, with a Frenchified cap, and a large Indian shawl."

"Oh, very well! then we will have them."

"Who comes next? Sir George, Lady, and two Miss Cottons. Who and what are they?"

"Oh, I know them, said Lady Rochefort: "positively I bar them and the Balls. I will not be worsted by them this year, though they did overturn all my plans last season. They got on your list, Lady Bellamont."

"I think I remember them now," said her ladyship of Hauton: "Two vastly odd-looking little girls, in dirty striped red gowns. I will not admit them on my books again, that's poz."

"But I have promised them," said Lady Bellamont.

"Oh! never mind: break your promise; but don't let us have such shabby girls, with their ugly mamma, and that gouty old gentleman:—too much of a good thing by half."

"Lord and Lady Glenmore have written to me," said Lady Plinlimmon: "No, no! I see it is Lord and Lady Luxmore."

"Oh; admit them, of course," replied Lady Hauton; "but Lady Rochefort, I think, was applied to for Lady Glenmore."

"Yes, that I was," returned the Viscountess. "Lord Hazlemere came to me about it; he was anxious in the extreme to please his aunt."

"What! the beautiful Rosa Danvers!" said the Duchess; "she will be an object of great attraction everywhere, from her youth, and the oddity of her marriage with so old a man. We must certainly have her."

"The Ladies Buller," said Lady Bellamont, "are the next."

"Oh! refuse them," said Lady Hauton, "till they get some new turbans; those things they wear look so very strange."

"I think your Ladyship makes a point of refusing every body I propose!" said Lady Bellamont, rather tartly.

"Why you always show up such a list of worthies," said Lady Hauton. "Almack's would be a mere receptacle for quizzes, if we admitted all your friends."

Lady Bellamont looked furiously angry, particularly as Lady Rochefort joined in the laugh against her and her *protégées*.

"I think," said the Duchess, "we behave very ill to Madame de Wallenstein; for this debate cannot be very amusing to her. Perhaps she may have some friend to propose?"

"Your Grace is very kind," returned the Baroness; "I was just going to name Lady and Miss Birmingham, and Miss Mildmay."

A look of dismay pervaded every face.

"What! the great Pitt man's wife and daughter," said Lady Rochefort.

"I never heard that Sir Benjamin Birmingham was a Pitt man," replied Madame de Wallestein; "he was formerly a great West India merchant, and he is now tenant to my brother, Sir Edmund Montague, for Atherford Abbey. I promised to send them vouchers:—my word is engaged."

"And Miss Mildmay; that is your pretty friend, of course?"

"*Pardonnez moi, c'est sa sœur,*" said the Baroness.

"And is she as handsome as the one who is staying with you?"

"Oh, no! certainly not; but she is extremely amiable."

"Oh! *cela va sans dire,*" said Lady Rochefort. "Ugly girls must be amiable to pass; but, as these Miss Mildmays are quite unknown to us, I think it will be very liberal if we admit one of them, and, of course, the beauty. What say you, Lady Plinlimmon?"

"Why, certainly: but yet, as the Baroness de Wallestein's friends—"

"But, you know," said Lady Rochefort, "Lady Hauton always says that friendship must be entirely done away with in these cases."

"The Miss Mildmays I know nothing about," said the Duchess; "but I am sure the Birminghams are not desirable. My friend Lady Norbury was hoping only yesterday that they might be excluded; because, if money was once to get people into Almack's, there would be an end directly to all hope of its continuing good company."

"Lady Birmingham is very vulgar, *assurément,*" said the Baroness: "but her daughter is a charming person, and *du meilleur ton.*"

Her pedigree must, however, be always a great objection," said Lady Rochefort; "and to you, Madame de Wallestein, who have always frequented the best society on the Continent—"

"Are any of the Birminghams city people?" enquired Lady Bellamont.

The Viscountess coloured, and looked very angry.

"This is too absurd, really," said Lady Hauton, with her usual air of superiority. "What useless nicety! with the fortune Miss Birmingham will inherit, there is no rank in the peerage to which she may not aspire; methinks it would be wiser to make up to her."

"Make up to a Birmingham! good Heavens! what degradation!" exclaimed the incensed matrons, in chorus.

"*Je suis fâchée, on ne peut plus, d'être la cause de cette petite discussion, mais j'ai promise à mes amies, et il faut, ou que j'acquitte ma parole, ou que je cède ma place.*"

"Impossible, my dear Madame de Wallestein; such a thing must not even be thought of. Lady and Miss Birmingham *shall* be admitted," said Lady Hauton.

"Then, if they are to have vouchers, I must insist on my friends the Tooleys being accepted also," said Lady Bellamont.

"Oh, keep them for the next subscription; don't let us monopolize all the Lions for the same set. And really the Tooleys ought not to be named with the Birminghams; they are very common-place humdrums, while the others are certainly, though secondary stars, yet of great brilliancy. Rich gilding will always attract. We shall all live to see Lady Birmingham, and her house, and her parties, decided *ton*; for what will not gold buy in these days?—rank, power, fashion, nay, even consideration. In this mercantile age, Birmingham is likely to become the emporium of trade.

' Money gives influence, and wins the prize
Of taste and wit, while all contend
To win her smiles whom all commend.'

I shall prove a true prophetess, you will see; *qu'en dites-vous, ma chère amie?*" turning to the Baroness.

"Indeed, I think Miss Birmingham will be admired for herself alone. She hardly wants the gilding you talk of."

"If we are to yield," said Lady Plinlimmon, "perhaps the less we say the better."

"Mercantile influence then, it seems, is to carry all before it," said the Duchess, "in fashion as well as in politics, and under aristocratic patronage too!"

"*C'est la marche du siècle,*" said Lady Hauton. "So then it is decided, Madame de Wallestein; the Birminghams are to have vouchers."

"I will not give up," said Bellamont, angrily; "I beg to observe, that I do not agree to their admission."

"Unluckily, your ladyship's single vote against five will not do much; I fear the ayes have it," said Lady Hauton, with a smile. "Suppose you enter a dissentient

protest in the journal of our proceedings; it would prove to after ages the incorruptibility of the house of Hare—proof against gold in any shape;—though a little, it is well known, might be very acceptable,” whispered her ladyship to her friend Lady Rochefort.

“Well,” said the Duchess, “let us proceed: we have staid long enough at Birmingham to have doubled our capital; yet that is not the case, for my stock of men is very low indeed.”

“My list is quite full,” said Lady Rochefort; “but nothing new. Lady Plinlimmon and Lady Bellamont were both rather deficient in those most indispensable necessities.”

“So much hunting still going on in the country!” was observed in various tones, but all pathetic ones.

Lady Hauton then presented a number of visiting tickets. Sundry young lordlings were all approved of *sem. con.* Indeed, “the Countess,” as her ladyship was usually denominated, was so very despotic, that no one ventured to disapprove of any person she protected. The Baroness then read over a list of French and German Marquises, Counts, and Chevaliers, with here and there one or two Italian Princes or Ducs, who had applied to her.

Lady Hauton was delighted: such a great foreign connexion must prove of infinite advantage to the society: it was opening Almack’s to the Continent; it was strengthening the coalition by an alliance with foreign powers.

We have wholly neglected the love-stories, for which we beg the pardon of all young ladies. There is the history of Lionel Montague and Barbara Birmingham, and also that of Louisa Mildmay and Lord George Fitzallan, each written in the most approved fashion. Their characters are all varied, the difficulties they meet with just serve to excite a gentle agitation in their amiable hearts, and the denouements are decidedly happy. Love-stories, in conjunction with dance, dress, rank, and fashion—delicious!—all young hearts, at the bare thought, flutter with a violence ominous, to staylaces and boddices.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

5th. The proposition of Mr. Hume, that the Half-pay List should be relieved by the appointment of its Officers to full pay as vacancies occurred, gave rise to a curious debate. The intended inroad on Royal and Parliamentary patronage was of too serious a nature to pass unopposed;—the measure might save the country some thousands a year; it might raise some hundreds of meritorious officers from undeserved obscurity; it might restore to the public service those whose well-earned experience might be most useful to the country—but what of that? It would limit the patronage of the Duke of York, and impede the promotion of the sons, nephews, and grandsons of Peers, Peers’ butlers, Peeresses’ waiting-maids, cousins of Honourable Members, protégés of Army Agents and War-office Clerks, and the rest of the young brood of aspirants, who, in the opinion of the privileged few, are primarily entitled to feed upon the country. Lord Palmerston, who, as we all know, has as strong a feeling for kith and kind as if he had been born north of Tweed—(witness the case of Mr. Sullivan,* of

* Perhaps some of our correspondents may be able to inform us of the exact number of clerks and other officers, who have been displaced, to make room for this favourite of Fortune and the Secretary at War.

which we have as yet seen no parliamentary notice)—Lord Palmerston, the Secretary at War, warmly opposed the measure; and his argument was not devoid of that ingenious art of blinking a question, which passes for reasoning with seven-tenths of the House of Commons. “It would be a great hardship,” he says, “to call Officers from their wives and families, to tear them from the pursuits in which they are now happily settled:” very true, my Lord; but have you asked them the question? are all the half-pay Officers married? are they all provided with shops, farms, or public-houses? are there none who haunt the patience-chamber of the Horse Guards in vain solicitation for employment? to say nothing of the hundreds who have retired in utter despair of justice. It is very hard, as you allow, that a Lieutenant of some fifteen or twenty years’ service, a Subaltern who has fought through the Peninsula, should return to the Army, the last of a list of boys; that he should fall into the rear of a company commanded by a Captain who has never heard the whistle of a shot. But who created the hardship? your own system. If the Horse Guards conclave (for we are far from attributing to the Commander-in-Chief all that is done in his name) had pursued the fair course which common justice would have pointed out, this hardship never would have arisen; the reduced Officers (we do not speak of those who have voluntarily retired or exchanged) would have been offered the option of returning to the service; and that they should have this option, was distinctly held out, as we are informed, to the Lieutenants who were reduced in 1816-17. The evil then would not have arisen, it is now perhaps irremediable; but is the Secretary at War entitled to vindicate the continuance of an existing abuse by alleging an evil of his own creation? Is he indeed sincere in offering this hardship as a reason for the permanent exclusion of the half-pay? is he really influenced by a tender consideration for the feelings and interests of the reduced Officers? if so, let these gentlemen be heard from themselves: open a book at the Horse Guards, in which every Officer who is desirous of returning to the service may inscribe his name—present that book at the beginning of every Session to the House of Commons, that the people may judge how careful you are of their purse, how impartial you are in distributing justice to those who are placed under your protection. Some individual perhaps may enter his name whom you deem *unfit* to be restored—he has therefore dared you to disclose his alleged disqualification; will you shrink from the inquiry?

We fear this project of ours, however reasonable it may appear to the public, will find few supporters at Whitehall; yet we will broach another. It is a sad reproach to your system, to see an often wounded, almost grey-headed Subaltern, in *serrefle* of your favoured boys.—Form regiments, then, in the nature of Veteran Battalions, and place your older Officers in them, till opportunities offer of restoring them to their proper places in the line; this mode will save them from degradation, and you from reproach.

We once heard of a project for the formation of a Royal Guard, in which every private should be a half-pay Officer; it was urged, that great benefit would arise to the service, by thus bringing the merits of its Officers under the personal notice of Royalty. The projector may have been a very good judge of pipeclay; but he must have known

very little of the more hidden machinery of military management, if he expected success. We have already said that we do not expect immediate alteration; and yet we shall not relax in our efforts to expose the system: the most rooted abuses will give way before the oft-repeated expression of public opinion—we do not see the impression which each drop of water makes upon the stone; but we know that a hole will be worn in granite by its continued action.

The debate which occasioned these observations presented a peculiarity which might induce an utter hopelessness of military reform. All parties in the House agreed in praising the Duke of York's military government; that is to say, each Honourable Member recollected how kind his Royal Highness had been to his brother Dick or his cousin Tom;—they could see no harm in parliamentary interest, provided the patronage were tolerably equally distributed on both sides of the House,—a capital policy, and highly illustrative of our system! If all heads of departments were to follow this example, the seats of the Ministry might be held in perpetuity—give one third of your patronage to the Opposition, and every abuse shall find an advocate in the ranks of your pretended enemies. The people may occasionally be amused by a debate, (a political sham-fight, in which some unsatisfied reformer may fire a shot, or some awkward recruit his ramrod, to the discomfort of an under secretary, chairman, or commissioner;) but you need never fear the support of a majority: if your ranks are thinned, as all ranks must be, by deaths and retirements, you may always recruit them by deserters, who have already received earnest of their bounty money.

But to return to our more immediate subject. Let us consider what will be the probable state of the Army in the event of War—will the country derive the benefit it has a right to calculate upon from the experience of its Officers? we think not. The number of experienced Officers now on full pay is infinitely less than even we had calculated;—taking the ten first regiments of the line by way of example, we find that out of 177 Lieutenants, 129 have been promoted to that rank since the year 1815. Some of these may indeed have seen some little service as Ensigns, but the number must be very small; the Ensigns themselves can have seen more—thus we have two thirds, at least, of our Subalterns, absolute novices in the art and practice of war.

It is more extraordinary to find, that of the Officers who were present at the battle of Waterloo,* only fourteen are to be found in the ten regiments, giving an average total of 140 for the Line.

* We instance this battle, not because it afforded many useful points for experience or instruction; but because the Officers who were present at it were, for a time, the objects of most special favour and undue preference. Those who had fought in twenty battles throughout Spain and Portugal, who had sustained the long and often repeated hardships of those memorable campaigns,—were utterly neglected for the boys (we speak it to their credit) who got out of their beds to fight for three days in the Netherlands. It was reasonable enough that Ministers should estimate a battle by its political consequences; but the Commander-in-Chief should have taken a more professional view of the subject: he must have known, that more merit is sometimes shown in defeat than in victory—that more military lessons must have been learnt in the retreat from Burgos, than in the advance on Paris—and though he might have been compelled to join in placing a medal at the button-hole, or a W to the name of the more favoured Officers, to the exclusion and consequent mortification of those who had deserved at least equal honours,—he, at any rate, should have taken care, that what was wanted in show should be made up in substance; that what was withheld in decoration should

— The first part of this item of the Diary was written at an early period of the month: an event has since arisen which adds materially to the importance of these considerations. It is probable, indeed, that there may be no war; but the embarkation of troops for Portugal at once creates the necessity and affords the opportunity of putting our forces into fighting order. The regiments destined for the service will no doubt be placed upon the war establishment, as to the number of Officers: it remains to be seen, whether the appointments are made with a view to patronage, or with a due regard to the welfare of the service. In the latter case, no Officer will be commissioned except those who, by their knowledge of the language and manners of the inhabitants, and the topography of the country, are best fitted for the peculiar duties which they are called upon to perform. If the existing system is followed up, boys who know no tongue but their own, no manners but of the stable or Almack's, no topography but of St. James's and Whitehall, will be promoted over the heads of the veterans who have traced every league from Oporto to Madrid, from Lisbon to Toulouse.

It is a matter too of some moment, that the Portuguese should be taught some respect for constitutional systems, (England is supposed to have one)—if, passing through our ranks, they look in vain for their ancient defenders, the inquiries as to the cause of their absence will not tend very greatly to exalt our government in the eyes of those who have given it credit for liberality and justice.

— In spite of Lord Palmerston's blustering, there is a mystery about the case of Colonel Bradley, which we hope to see cleared up; and cannot but think that the Noble Secretary at War would better have consulted the high feeling of honour, which is supposed to characterise military men, by courting inquiry into the conduct of the officers implicated in the accusation of Mr. Hume, than by pouring forth a volley of vulgar and intemperate abuse upon their accuser. The soreness of the noble Lord does not look well, and his logic looks worse. Mr. Hume charges that a certain paper was fabricated (they say forged at Bow-street, but fabricated is the genteeler word) in 1819, in order, as we collect, to shield Colonel Arthur from the action brought, or to be brought against him by Colonel Bradley; and he infers this, among other things, from the alleged fact, that in the official correspondence of Colonel Arthur, previous to 1819, he makes no mention of the existence of that paper. How does Lord Palmerston answer this?—by refusing to produce the correspondence previous to 1819, the date of the alleged fabrication, and pledging himself to the House, that he has seen a letter of Colonel Arthur, dated 1820! in which the disputed document is mentioned or alluded to!! We were much disgusted at seeing that no member exposed the *stupid* blunder of the blustering Secretary.

A single answer, which General Fuller (who is in London) could give immediately, might set the main question at rest.

Was the warrant, commission, or letter of service, under which not be denied in employment or promotion. The Prince Bishop, however, has taken a less military but more episcopal view of the subject.—“To them that have, shall be given; but from them that have not, shall be taken away even that which they have,” has become a leading text at the Horse Guards;—in how many other public departments it is prevalent, we will not at present inquire, however strongly we may be tempted to the digression.

Colonel Arthur claimed the military command at Honduras, signed by you on the day it bears date?

If the commission was so dated and signed, Colonel Arthur was justified in assuming the command, whether General Fuller had or had not the right of granting it—whether he was also justified in withholding the document from Colonel Bradley, is a separate question, on which we will say a few words; for the matter does not appear to have been put in a proper light, either in the King's Bench or in the House of Commons.

“A junior officer is not entitled to demand the authority of his senior,”—certainly not—the reason is obvious; the authority is notorious, the commission has been gazetted—the staff appointment has been published in general orders—the army list affords the necessary information—all officers are bound to know these things at their peril. But is it so with a pocket commission? of which no one knows, or can know, the existence, except the commander, who granted and did not publish his grant, and the receiver, who refuses or neglects to produce it. We speak from some experience (and invite our military readers to correct us if we are wrong). We never knew an instance of a covert commission, and have continually noted the minute exactness with which all extraordinary appointments are published in general orders, and copied, as the case may be, into the Garrison, Brigade, Detachment, and Regimental, orderly books. Had this fair and open course been pursued, Colonel Bradley could not have been mistaken—with whom then was the neglect? on whom should the punishment have fallen?

General Fuller can answer—will he?

16th.—The marching of the Foot Guards, or, as Mr. Hume would phrase it, the throwing off of the dogs of war, for Portugal, has given occasion to divers explosions of sentiment. Miss Anna Maria Amelia Sophia Porter has written some verses on the subject, and the Literary Gazette has been surprisingly fine on the same touching theme. The writer who does the sentimental business in that curious publication, saw “the dogs” drawn up in the Bird-cage Walk on the morning of their departure. It is proper that the world should know what kind of morning it was:—

“In the south the clouds were heavily rolling away from the path of the god of day, who now for a moment dispersed them in their rapid way, and anon withdrew his glory beneath their veil. The eastern sky was streaked with lines which exhibited his faded track of rising brightness; while the north and the west were shared between the cerulean path which seemed to invite his advancing course, and the shades which were waiting to succeed the departure of his setting brilliancy.”

This appears prodigiously fine, but it is poor compared with what follows it—

“There were (and who could have had the heart to prevent them?) collected around the column many male and *female relatives*; the women, almost like Rachael, ‘refusing to be comforted,’ *wedded wives* and betrothed lovers, fathers and mothers, brothers and *sisters*,

all the ties of consanguinity and of heart stretched on the rack of leave-taking and of separation."

This passage sets the morals of "the dogs" in a most respectable light, for it will be observed that they had none but "*female relatives*," "*wedded wives*," and "*sisters*," about them—nothing paw-paw—all ties of *consanguinity*—extremely proper and decorous connexions. Alack! alack! I have seen these same "dogs" mustered for a march with a very different assemblage about them. Good Lord, as Pepys would have exclaimed, such shoals of trulls and queans! And so much more gin than tears shed, so many more oaths than sighs; so many more eyes "blasted" than wet! But the dogs have, we learn, changed their ways; they have become moral, and have to do with none but "wedded wives" and sisters. See how they comported themselves.

"Here was an old man exhorting the child of his promise to emulate his father's dearly-treasured courage in the same righteous cause—that of his king and of his country; there a youth pledging to a brother the vow of filial duty and protection to their aged and common sire; and in another direction was heard the deep-drawn, poignant burst of sorrow, poured from the wife of his bosom into the struggling heart of many a manly mould. 'Don't be unhappy, Mary,' said one fine young man to a pale, fair girl, whose grief, depicted in her gaze, was at first too acute to relieve itself in tears; 'don't be unhappy; you will live with mother, and you will write to me, and I shall perhaps sometimes find time to write to you; and a soldier's letter, you know, travels over the world for a penny; and we shall soon settle the matter, and come back; they won't dare to stand their ground long when our bayonets touch them—and then, Mary ——' 'Ah!' exclaimed Mary, bursting into tears, 'but they may stay long enough to kill some of you, and how can I tell that you ——' 'Oh! no, no,' replied the brave youth, 'many chances before my turn. Mary, come, be cheery, you'll love me all the better when I have fought for King George.'"

Fought for King George! Fought for a fiddle-stick! Did mortal man ever hear the like of fighting for one's king at this time of day? *For King George, read* sixpence a day; that is what soldiers fight for; and if king Dick paid it to them, provided it passed current at the gin-shop, they would find his service as good as another gentleman's. Here is something of a still finer water—à faire pleurer.

"'You'll get half my pay,' whispered a man, with an accent of more tenderness than his appearance seemed to warrant the expectation of,—a tall, hard-featured, strong-limbed figure, with a Waterloo medal suspended by the usual riband at his breast, upon which he looked down as if the sight of it nerved him to some great exertion. 'You'll get half my pay,' said he to a pretty young woman who carried an infant on her arm, while with the other hand she held a blooming boy of six or seven years old; 'and as we cannot spend any money in Portugal, we shall save the other half to send Johnny to school, and make a clever fellow of him; shall we not, Johnny?' stooping down to kiss the rosy boy: 'and he shall take care of his sister when he

grows to be a man ;' and I thought I saw a tear fall from his full eye as he raised it towards heaven, and added, ' and when I come home I shall get my discharge and my pension, and we'll go and live at the old village, and make all the country folks stare with the stories of all the battles and sights I have seen.' "

It is perfectly astonishing to me that a man can sit down and invent these mawkish taradiddles, and then have the impudence to attempt to pass them off as facts, and take credit for the fine sympathies which he swears they have excited in his feeling breast.

23d.—The Times has this paragraph, which presents a curious example of the misapplication of words:—

" A corrected report of the speeches of Mr. Canning on the affairs of Portugal, has just been published by Mr. Ridgway. As it is understood that Mr. Canning has himself superintended this publication, it is but common fairness to judge of his opinions rather by the deliberate avowal of his written testimony, than by the glowing and impetuous expressions which burst from an orator in the hurry of excited feeling. The speeches now printed are certainly less eloquent, but they are decidedly more discreet than those uttered in the House of Commons. Whole sentences have been omitted; and vehement expressions are neutralized by calm and qualifying adjuncts. This at least shows that if Mr. Canning, from the ardour of his nature, is liable to err, he has sufficient candour and manliness of mind to avow and correct his errors."

True—but why call the publication a corrected report of the speeches of Mr. Canning, thus conveying an idea that the errors corrected were errors in the report, whereas they were errors in the speeches. The newspaper reports were reports of Mr. Canning's speeches as they were spoken; the publication by Ridgway is no report at all, but the publication of that which Mr. Canning now thinks he should have spoken. The correction is therefore a correction of Mr. Canning's harangues, and not a correction of the reports of them. It is in fact his retraction of impolitic bluster, and very honourable to him the retraction would be, if ingenuously made; but it is most weak and pitiful to endeavour to obtain the advantage of it by a false pretence, by saying "This was my real speech," when it notoriously was not his real speech. The Times indeed, which adopts the *mystification* of Mr. Canning, admits that in the publication mis-called a corrected report of the speeches, "whole sentences have been omitted, and vehement expressions neutralized," and it compliments Mr. Canning on his candour in correcting *his* errors, failing to observe that he should not in candour have thrown the blame of them on insinuated misreport. This to be sure is a dispute about words, but words are in effect extremely curious things, and it fills one with admiration to remark how a great man will attempt to cover the fancied shame of the naked truth by the abuse of two syllables! We can, however, fully comprehend that the business of eating his own words must have been extremely disagreeable to a gentleman of Mr. Canning's complexion, especially when we consider what big words they were,—what large morsels to cram and stuff and bolt down to

the place whence they came—but then all that we have to say is, that statesmen should not, like Mercutio, speak more in a minute than they can stand to in a month. We marvel, by the bye, whether Mercutio *corrected the reports* of what he babbled.

— The judges lift up their voices against the licentiousness of the press, as a schoolboy screams murder when he sees the birch in the uplifted hand of the pedagogue—exaggeration is the privilege of fear—therefore no one, except perhaps my grandmother or aunt Deborah, believes that the apple-stealing urchin is actually in danger of his life; nor does any body, unless he is paid or expects to be paid for it, the old women aforesaid also excepted, believe or affect to believe the venerable sages of the law, when they proclaim, that the poor dear press is in danger from the excess of its liberty. The spectators understand this better; they know that many of the learned brethren are yet tingling under castigation; they know that others dread the rod which hangs suspended over their heads, that a warning voice whispers in their ears—"woe be to you if you play truant, my boys; here's that which will keep you within bounds!!" It is necessary, however, to watch both the judge and the schoolboy; for when the master's back is turned, both are very apt to filch away a few twigs from their enemy, or pick at the little obnoxious buds which they think will not be missed, and are better off than on. One brat, perhaps, bolder and more impudent than the rest, swears "he won't be flogged; he has no right to be flogged; he'll tell his mamma." The judge, too, demurs to the jurisdiction of public opinion. But neither can escape castigation; whether on breech or bench, whether from press or pedagogue, the culprit must undergo his predestined castigation.

Do not let it be supposed, that one word of this is directed against the venerable and learned Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; he is the best friend the press ever had; he has done it the most important service; he has dragged the dicta of his dependent predecessors to the full light of day in all their original undisguised dirt and deformity, and that too, at the very moment when the public mind is most alive to the reform of legal abuses—exactly at the time when the judgments and opinions of Scroggs, Jeffries, and the rest of the ermined slaves, who prostituted their intellects to despotism, are likely to be received with a contempt equal to the execration in which their acts and memories are held by every lover of his country. It is somewhat late to be sure—it would have been as well to have emancipated the judges from the trammels which the doctrines of their dependent predecessors had thrown around them, when it was professed to free them from the influence of the crown. They have only been half liberated; it is for the present age to strike off their remaining fetters.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.*

ENGLAND being by nature a dear little island, exceedingly near to the coast of France, and by no means out of the reach of other formidable countries, we are as naturally and instinctively led to launch ships and kidnap sailors, as other animals are to show their tusks, or butt with their horns. Nature, as the philosophical Anacreon remarks, has given appropriate arms to all her children. The horse has his heel; the hare has her speed; the bird flies, and the fish swims; woman, armed more terribly than all, is clothed in beauty. He might have added, but we believe in his time we were only remarkable for our *tin*, that the Briton hoists his sails, and ploughs the salt sea. Relying as we do so largely on naval armaments for security, and so celebrated as we have long been for the skill, courage, and success of our seamen, it is not a little remarkable that no complete history of our navy has hitherto appeared. To this praise not any of the works we have seen can pretend, though in other respects some of them are entitled to no small share of applause. Captain Brenton has loaded his work with extraneous matter from parliamentary debates, private and public letters, Annual Registers, &c., and has widely departed from the calm and discriminating impartiality which ought to distinguish the historian, in all that relates to the late Earl of St. Vincent. The work of Mr. James is not improperly entitled a Naval History, being neither more nor less than an accurate and strictly impartial account of sea engagements, which, though not itself a history, by the faithfulness with which facts are recorded, by the industry with which they are collected, and by the judiciousness with which the true is separated from the doubtful, and the insignificant from the important, presents the best of all possible materials for a history. The early naval histories are full of the grossest misrepresentations, and abound in the prejudices of national vanity and national animosity. Many of their statements were indeed wilfully exaggerated, under the plea that they were written during an active and vigorous war, when it was necessary to animate the sailors with an unlimited confidence in their own prowess, and to open the hearts and purses of the people, who could not refuse to part with their last shilling to men who were performing such prodigies of valour in their defence. We need not waste words in appreciating the value of such histories. Another species of deception arose out of the rating system, by which ships were classed according to a nominal force considerably below the number of guns actually employed, a practice utterly unworthy of a power pretending to a love of probity and fair-play. The historians, however, jealous of the national honour, and too proud of the wooden walls of Old England, to do justice to an enemy, or to tell the story fairly, invariably forgot to take this circumstance into account. Nor is Captain Brenton quite free from the charge of unfairness in this respect. Mr. James, however, has

* The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in February, 1793, to the Accession of George IV. in January, 1820. By William James. A new edition, with considerable additions and improvements, including Diagrams of all the principal Actions. In Six Volumes. London. 1826. 8vo.

drawn the veil aside, and by assigning, with remarkable precision and industry, the real armament to each ship, has conferred a lasting obligation upon the lover of truth. As might have been expected, he has given offence; and he, it appears, knows so little of the world as to be surprized at it. Mr. James has by this time learned that all people think the truth a very disagreeable thing, and the truth-teller a man so completely out of the pale of good-breeding, as to be utterly unworthy of any other chastisement than that of the cudgel. We know nothing that would shock the world much more than to tell them the whole truth. It is a very dangerous and revolutionary practice, a kind of moral Agrarian law, which takes from the rich to give to the poor. Truth-tellers, in all ages, have been the despised of their age. Their contemporaries visit them with the scourge or the stake, and posterity calls them great men, and prints fine editions of their works. The history of our own times which offended no one, would be nothing else than one huge lie.

The absurdity of making a mystery of the true number of guns, or the real weight of shot, is increased by the fact that, though much may depend on it, all does not, nor yet nearly so. Our seamen can afford the truth in this instance, and the writer pays them but a sorry compliment who represents them as having mere cowards to contend with. Victory often depends on the desperate rush of a mere handful of men in boarding, when the characteristic trait of an English sailor, which is vulgarly called *bottom*, renders him almost invincible. Repulsed at one port-hole, he springs in at another, and, surrounded by a host of assailants, he flourishes his cutlass, and threatens all hands with instant destruction unless they instantly surrender. If compelled to retreat, he swears his return on board is more from a "liking to his own ship," than from a fear of the enemy, and rushes back to the charge, to prove the veracity of his assertion. Again, in the most important of points, that of manœuvring, the British had attained a great superiority, and they alone know the value of this art who have seen a few general engagements. The captain whose nautical judgment enables him to gain the "point of impunity," generally renders the best account of his adversary. It is what the sailors term "hard hammering," (that is, fighting close alongside, when nearly every gun is brought to bear,) that weight of metal then becomes a serious consideration; when the difference of the size of the shot-holes of the heavier and the lighter vessel is equal to the difference between a man's head and a man's fist.

Another prolific source of error to the historian is a too scrupulous adherence to the official accounts of naval battles, which are seldom to be implicitly relied on. These reports, especially of general actions, are written immediately after the hostilities have ceased, and before any accurate statement can by possibility be drawn up.

On their arrival they are very properly registered in the Gazette, exactly as they stand, and are never corrected. Mr. James has directed his attention particularly to this evil; and his indefatigable industry has succeeded in correcting a multitude of errors in these despatches, in remedying their defects, and in supplying new and authentic matter. Mr. James being a landsman, though something of a sailor, can be but little indebted to personal observation. He has

consequently had recourse to documents, and has derived his information from the purest sources.

Mr. Mill, in his preface to his admirable history of British India, maintains a proposition which appears at first sight paradoxical. It is, that a man is in a better condition to write the history of India from never having been resident in it. It would seem that to be a seaman by profession incapacitates a writer from compiling a good history of seafaring matters; or that, at any rate, he is more likely to perform his duty well if he is not himself a member of the service which is the subject of his pen.

A ship in her quarter-bill always has one officer appointed (generally the purser or clerk) to minute all the occurrences which take place during an action, and these are afterwards copied into the log-book. The log-book has always been considered the most faithful record of the events which happen on ship-board. It is kept by or under the superintendence of the master, and daily submitted to the inspection of the captain; and as each officer commanding a watch is required to subscribe his name to the remarks he makes, no very gross error can possibly be admitted; so that whether in action, or cruising in chace, the ships' log-book is evidence of the highest authority. Copies of these log-books used to be, and at present the original log-books themselves are transmitted to the Navy Board, to enable the officers to pass their accounts, and are laid up in the log-repository at Somerset House. This log-repository has been Mr. James's study—and his library. It is from this room that he has drawn the most valuable parts of his work. However, he has not only been indebted to the logs of Somerset House. Many naval officers, much to their credit, have, it seems, permitted to him the use of their private journals; and Mr. James has also led the way to a source of information which none but a naval historian would ever neglect—a critical examination of the published statements of the adverse nations.

Mr. James's work is divided into three principal heads: British, French, or other Foreign fleets; light squadrons and single ships; and colonial expeditions; and the whole is arranged in chronological order, and separated into annual divisions. Besides the statement of the effective naval force of the nation, there is an additional table of abstracts, which displays at one view the increase and improvement of our fleets, compiled with considerable skill, and with Mr. James's usual industry. The professional man will find this table invaluable. There are other tables, such as the number of ships captured or destroyed on either side—the number of commissioned officers, (including masters, who hold their rank by warrant)—and the supplies and expenditure for the sea-service for each year. Under the head of encounters of fleets, there is not only a general view of the share of the commanders and the principal ships, but a minute and detailed account of the operations of every ship engaged with the enemy. The second and last comprise boat enterprizes, land attacks, and miscellaneous occurrences, both on the home and foreign stations; and perhaps to the general reader this is the most interesting part of the work, and the best entitled to the name of history.

The publication of Mr. James's book excited, as might have been expected, a very considerable uproar among the profession. There is

not another class of individuals in society less qualified for the endurance of criticism than the British naval captain. He is accustomed to implicit obedience; observations on his orders is insolence, and murmurs mutiny. He is generally ignorant of letters, and has consequently a horror of them. His notions of what he calls honour, are quick and sensitive, and public opinion highly estimable in his eyes, as he has always been taught to look at home for glory and renown as the rewards of his dangerous services. Moreover, a British sailor is a paragon of perfection. His nautical skill is perfect, his courage marvellous; this is his own belief and that of all his countrymen. When a man so educated and constituted, hears that a big book has been published by a landsman, in which his logs are overhauled, the details of his conduct minutely recorded, and severely criticised, we may conceive his agitation and indignation; and if he has really been sailing under false colours, if he is no lion-heart, but is conscious of having winced in the battle, and of having flinched from contest, or recollects instances of error or ignorance, perhaps of which he thought himself the sole depository, and fancied that the fatal consequences had been observed by himself alone, it is natural to suppose that a cowardly fear will take possession of his breast, and induce him to adopt some plan of attack which should either silence his enemy, or persuade the public that he is injured. Two notable controversies have arisen out of this history. Lord William Fitzroy first levelled a full-charged lawyer at his adversary; when he found his shot had not taken effect, he snatched a pen and boarded him in a cock-boat of a pamphlet. It may be said that the historian not only successfully repulsed his antagonist; but that the latter retired from the contest altogether in a very shattered condition. Then a valorous knight, hight Sir John Phillimore, took the field, armed with his first lieutenant and a club-stick. His brutal violence injured no one but himself. It is our impartial opinion, that Mr. James is fully borne out in the statements which inflamed the indignation of this eminent cudgelist, and betrayed him into conduct unworthy of a man and a gentleman. Poor Sir George Collier, it is said, showed his sense of Mr. James's narrative in a most melancholy manner. We are inclined, however, to believe in the report which attributes that catastrophe to a more domestic cause: although we are far from thinking that a public statement and examination of failure and error on the part of a commander might not prove amply sufficient to second a constitutional malady, and become the proximate cause of the event to which we allude.

It was through difficulties such as these, and many others, that Mr. James's work had to make its way. The first edition has been sold; and we congratulate the public, civil as well as military, on the appearance of a second, which has not only been enlarged by Mr. James's unceasing industry, but much improved in arrangement, and corrected in many points of unavoidable inaccuracy. We have good reason for believing that it is now making its way very fast, even among the officers of the navy. The truly brave and the truly able have nothing to fear, but, on the contrary, every thing to hope, from the publication of the truth. Education, moreover, and a taste for literature, is making rapid advances among our naval officers, who will be more

competent to judge of the merit and value of such a work. Every man from the admiral to the master, and even in some instances to the very men, may be stimulated to the performance of their arduous duties by a history so minute and so precise as Mr. James's. In the true spirit of justice and impartiality, he makes a point of mentioning the names, at full length, of every person who he can ascertain contributed in any way to the success of any important achievement. His index is the record of our naval honour—his history is the true *prize-book* of the service. It will be in every ward-room mess before long; and many a brave fellow, in his retirement, will appeal to it as the record and monument of his skill or his courage, in the hour of danger and difficulty.

We exceedingly regret that the exigencies of space compel us to omit numerous instances either of interest in themselves or of merit in Mr. James's narrative, which we had selected for extract and comment. We are almost tempted to promise to resume the subject, contrary to our custom, in another number.

ALDERMAN WAITHMAN v. JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

WE have often regretted that so sturdy a citizen as Alderman Waithman should be so little enlightened on several important topics. It seems singular that a trader, and the representative of an army of traders, should so imperfectly understand the first principles of the thing he lives by. Every one who has read Mr. Waithman's speeches in the newspapers must remember, that the object of his peculiar abhorrence is political economy. It is into such hands that it has fallen to examine the proceedings under the late Bubble mania. His speech, made in the House in the course of this month, on occasion of the charges against Mr. Brogden, was consequently amply loaded with cant and nonsense about monopoly and delusion, such as we have all been in the habit of hearing for many months past.

The worthy Alderman wants to guard the people from "delusion!" Sweet innocents! Why, surely he must know—for every child knows—that the only "delusion," in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, was this;—that the people who bought shares intending to sell them at a profit to their neighbours, and thus throw the risk, and probably the loss, upon them, were "deluded" in this their pious expectation, and had to keep the risk or the loss to themselves. Not one in a thousand, we will venture to assert, took any pains to go into the evidence, as to the solidity of the enterprize; not one in ten thousand took the same measures to guard against fraud and delusion that he would have done if he had gone into Mr. Waithman's shop—examine the worth and probable wear of the article. Why? Because he had no sort of intention of trying either worth or wear: he saw that shares were rising, and bought them as fools *will* buy wool or cotton, or any thing that is rising rapidly; and so, Mr. Alderman Waithman thinks he can legislate for this malady! He is a modest man; but he must not stop in his career. If he would be indeed the guardian saint of gulls, and dupes, and miscalculators, he

must go on. We must not be left at the mercy of the *deluding* powers of attornies, who may lose our causes and pocket our money; or of physicians, who may display their ignorance upon our bodies; or of false teachers, who may mislead our souls. We must be prevented from spending our money for any thing that is not money's worth.

But to be serious a moment, if possible. Is it credible that, at this time of day, a tradesman of the city of London, a man who has had opportunities of seeing the vigour, the skill, the success with which new undertakings—undertakings for the most part of the nature of experiments—are carried on in England, and of comparing them with the very inferior degree, or the total want, of those qualities exhibited in other countries, never asked himself the cause of this? Precisely Mr. Alderman Waithman, because such matters are left to people who must use their wits, or take their chance of being “deluded.” Precisely because there is more capital than in any other country, and an universal avidity to make the most of it. Whether this be a good or an evil we do not now mean to inquire. We ourselves hold rather to the lazzaroni sect, and like to bask in the sun, and sleep or laugh, and let the deluder and deluded scramble. But this would be a damnable heresy in a representative of the most bustling and money-getting of cities. Taking it for granted that the high degree of cultivation, (in the widest sense of the word,) and of commercial prosperity, to which this country has attained, are desirable, Mr. Waithman ought to regard the speculators in untried and uncertain schemes, as so many Curtius's, willing to devote themselves for their country and posterity. We know that they have no such “foolish and visionary” notions, and that they generally mean, if they can, to make money; but the country, which would not have the improvements if there were not sanguine and “speculative” men, is not the less served when they are served too. When they are ruined, one may pity them if the evidence they went upon has crumbled under their feet, or blame them if they went on none; but all this affords no reason for Mr. Waithman to foam at the mouth, and throw insinuations to the right and left against all who have combined with others to attempt a scheme either requiring too much capital, or too doubtful in its issue, to be risked by one or by half a dozen men.

Doubtless this form of commercial undertakings has been turned to tolerable account by certain skilful and provident individuals, who took care of themselves in time; but it is really a farce, which people not educated in habits of trade cannot keep their countenances at, to see the prudish airs which are every now and then assumed by the body of those whose education, whose faith and hope it is, to buy for as little as they can, and sell for as much as they can. We always regretted that the bravest man of the age dirtied his hands with Stock Exchange business; but that was a matter of sentiment with us—a chivalrous feeling that a hero ought to know nothing of such matters. The rout that was made about it,—as if that specific act in the appropriate place, and among the appropriate people, was any thing to be shocked at,—was ludicrous in the extreme. Mr. Ricardo and his commission, for instance: who wonders, who blames, who thinks it very shocking? Nobody who is above eighteen in knowledge of the world.

"Il est du metier;" are by no means awake and alive on the subject of the lofty punctilios, honour, or the generosity of that brotherhood.

Exquisite is the exhibition of elevated feeling now making by the commercial Times;—the Times which sells itself (we do not adopt a Gallicism unadvisedly) among the merchants, and stock-brokers, and tradesmen of the city of London. We wish that Mr. Hume had not been so very prudent, because when people set themselves on a pedestal, they should take care and *not* do as other men do; but to affect that other men—all men who are in the money-getting line—would not have tried, not only *not* to lose money, but to get it, whether by Jew, Greek, bond or free, exceeds the limits of digestible humbug. A word more as to "delusions." We remember that some months ago a drunken fellow, named Dobell, went to the late Lord Mayor, complaining of having been defrauded by the Real del Monte Company, and giving a most deplorable account of mines, within two hundred miles of which, as it afterwards came out, he had never been. His story, to any body not armed in ignorance, was, on the face of it, a gross and absurd lie. However the worthy chief magistrate thought proper to let fall sapient remarks, doubts, and forebodings as to the "wild and speculative, &c. &c." and concluded with the following most enlightened and useful observation: That when *these schemes* were first broached, the public were "deluded" with representations, &c. &c. by which they were led to hope that they had nothing to do but to get hold of mines in *Mexico*, to acquire immense wealth, and that he had heard that *bars of gold* had been brought as samples (quere, of ore?) of what might be expected. We cannot swear to the words; but to the sense, or rather nonsense, as reported in the papers, we can. The worthy Mayor actually spoke as if he had been informed, and had believed, that the Real del Monte Company really expected to dig up *bars of gold* as fast as they could put in a pick, and seemed to think it hard that he and other intelligent persons had been so grossly "deluded." But, if nobody connected with the Real del Monte Company, or any other company, ever dreamt of finding gold in silver mines, much less gold in that form which few mineralogists would venture to look for, whose fault is it if lord mayors and aldermen sat over their turtle, and suffered themselves to be hoaxed by any body who had no better joke in hand, with stories of *bars of gold*? Information—imperfect, indeed, but sufficient to guard against gross "delusions"—was to be had by any man who would take the trouble to inquire. Of the difficulties and risks attending all deputed works, and of the degree to which these difficulties and risks are increased by the circumstances of a remote and unsettled country, every man of ordinary understanding was competent to judge. If people will not examine nor reflect, the Lord help 'em, for we are sadly afraid Alderman Waithman cannot. Mining cannot be done well or profitably, for any length of time, on a small scale. Few men have the capital requisite to get a deep mine into full working; and no man would choose to risk it if he had. A sum, which it would be madness to stake on one mine, is pretty sure to give a fair return when scattered over many. But of all the facts connected with this matter, Mr. Waithman is obviously in deep and dark igno-

rance. As to the small fry of Milk Companies, &c. &c. who did not see and predict their fate? When the field is open to competition, what do the individuals or the public want more? Mr. Waithman would render his constituents a greater service by circulating a few *cheap tracts* on the elements of political economy, (and reading them himself,) than by decrying that spirit of co-operation, for the purpose of enhancing the advantages and mitigating the calamities of society, which is perhaps the greatest discovery of modern times. His attempt to isolate every man, and to throw him upon his own resources, is a proof of barbarian ignorance. He disclaims it in his reply, and loudly declares that it is impossible any such inference can be drawn from his speech; but here again Mr. Waithman is mistaken. Mr. John Smith, a man whom one blushes to see thus attacked by implication, drew the fair and legitimate conclusion, and the one which every body but Mr. Waithman will draw. If Mr. Waithman has a mind to expel the knaves from the Honourable House, we wish him success, but we also wish the business in better hands.

MAGAZINIANA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—This very clever writer, whose grand sin is that he never knows when to have done, has published a never-ending novel. For certain extended narratives, written in a certain periodical, he some time ago acquired the name of the *long-tailed* Cunningham. His novel is only in three volumes of the usual size, and yet it is the longest we ever read. This author has, we would swear, the bump of space—he gives extension to every thing he touches. It is only this unfortunate faculty which prevents Mr. Cunningham from writing works of imagination of great value. He is full of poetical feeling, and of a warm love of nature, and a hearty sympathy with his fellow men; but there is no following him through his “winding bout” “long drawn out.” The other failing of the *Paul Jones* is extravagance. In a dream you are at one moment fighting a duel, at the next picking blackberries under a bush, and almost at the same instant ascending in a balloon. It is thus with all Mr. Cunningham’s heroes; you never know where to have them. It is like hunting a butterfly—you attempt to put your hand upon a personage in Europe—presto he starts up in America, and back again to Europe *viâ* Africa, before you can make a stroke at him. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, we recommend *Paul Jones* to our readers, especially to those who are enamoured of prose far gone with poetry.

MAJOR SNODGRASS’S NARRATIVE OF THE BURMESE WAR.—In our last Number we regretted the paucity of military memoirs. Major Snodgrass has added another very able narrative to the few we had before. It is a clear, plain, and sensible description of the proceedings of the invading army: it is moreover well written, amusing, and

instructive. As it is confined, however, almost strictly to military affairs, we trust some other officer will follow his example, and give us some sketches of manners, scenery, and character. Much information of this kind is to be found in Symes's mission, but more is desired. The Burmese are, in many respects, a very singular people. Among other curious things they have a real *Order* of architecture. Each rank or class has its peculiar class of house assigned to it; and it is death to dwell in a house which deviates in the slightest particular from the one according with your rank. No house must be in *infra dig.*; on the contrary, a pillar or cornice, a story too many might cost a man his life. Hence the necessity the great lie under when travelling of sending workmen in advance to build an appropriate house. Instead of despatching a courier forward to order post-horses, the Woondocks and Wongees of Ava dispatch a courier to run up a house against the time of their arrival.

ROSSETTI'S ODE TO A RIVULET.

The following "Ode to a Rivulet," says a correspondent, is the work of Gabrielle Rossetti, and has formed the basis of two rather remarkable Odes or Sonnets; the one written by Mr. T. Moore, the other by Lord Byron; which I subjoin for the amusement of those of your readers who take any interest in tracing the stream of Helicon to its fountain. The poem, or song of Mr. T. Moore, embraces but a small part of Mr. Rossetti's ideas; that of Lord Byron is a more important and brilliant achievement. It is to be found in Medwin's Conversations. The noble poet has possessed himself of the Italian's thoughts and images, as it were by conquest rather than by plunder; as if he had taken possession of a pretty territory, and rendered it, by his dominion, more happy, more fertile, and more flourishing.

I have also added a more literal translation of the original, taken from the Album of a gentleman, who has favoured me with the information I have communicated above.

Here is, first, the Ode of Gabrielle Rossetti—

Ad un Ruscello.

Rio felice, che declini
A irrigar la valle aprica
Dove sta la mia nemica
Consigliandosi con te,
Questo pianto or tu raccogli
Ch'io quì verso a te d'accanto,
E in passar con questo pianto
Bacia a Clori il bianco piè.

Trasportar così potessi
Questa immagine languente,
E con gemito dolente
Implorar da lei pietà:
Mai chi sa che allor l'altera
Nel mirar l'immagin mia
L'onde tue non turberia
Con novella crudeltà.

Rio pietoso, allor che passi
Con sussurri lenti lenti,
D'imitare i miei lamenti,
Flebil rio, non ti scordar:
Dille tu: Ti muova, o bella,
Un amor ch'è puro in tutto,
Com'è puro questo flutto
Che in tributo io porto al mar.

Che se intenta ai proprii vezzi
 Non udisse i sensi tuoi,
 Mentre pasce i guardi suoi
 Di segreta vanità ;
 Dille allor : superba ninfa,
 Che mi vieni ognor d'intorno,
 Come io passo, e più non torno,
 Passa ancor la tua bettà.

For our parts we do not know the chronology of these poems ; but the fact we believe to be, that Rossetti, who is now in England, is a much younger man than either Byrøn or Moore, and it may very well be, that he had them in his mind, and not they him.

This is Mr. Moore's Song :—

Flow on, thou shining river ;
 But ere thou reach the sea,
 Seek Ella's bower, and give her
 The wreaths I fling o'er thee :
 And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
 The current of our lives shall be
 With joys along their course to shine,
 Like those sweet flowers on thee.
 But if in wandering thither
 Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
 Then leave those wreaths to wither
 Upon the cold bank there :
 And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
 Her lone and loveless charms shall be
 Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
 Like those sweet flowers from thee.

The following is a tolerably literal translation of Gabrielle Rossetti's Ode :—

River, that downward rollest thy glad waves,
 To bathe the sunny valley, where my love,
 The haughty beauty who my heart enslaves,
 Along thy shores delights to muse and rove :
 Take thou my tears, the tears which here I shed
 Upon thy brink, and bear them down thy stream ;
 And where her fairy feet are wont to tread,
 Kiss thou that shore, ah, kiss her feet with them.
 Would thou could'st on thy chrystal waters bear
 This image of my grief as well—impart
 My sighs, and even murmur my despair,
 To wake the flame of pity in her heart.
 Yet if thy glassy mirror could retain,
 And bear this fading image to her view,
 Her scorn would kindle at the sight again,
 Scorn that would vex thy placid waves anew.
 Yet, roll on, gentle river, roll along,
 And let my sorrows be a theme for thee :
 With thy sweet murmurs echo thou my song,
 Mourn, gentle river, and remember me.
 Ah ! tell her in thy passage that her heart
 Might yet be moved by passion such as mine,
 A passion deep and constant, as thou art,
 And pure as each transparent wave of thine.
 Thy tribute's to the ocean—mine to her—
 But if enamour'd of herself alone,
 She scorns to lend thy gentle voice an ear,
 And seeks in thee no image but her own ;

Then bid the haughty fair one still gaze on
Thy rapid stream, and thence her fate discern :
Her charms are on the wane—her lover gone—
Like thy waves, never, never to return.

PAUL JONES.—This personage has lately been made the hero of two novels—one by Cooper, the other by Cunningham. When the papers mentioned in the following extract are published, something more respecting the real personage may be expected to be known :

The history of some private manuscripts has already been curious. Our readers will recollect, that two or three years ago, a large bundle of letters was brought to light in a baker's shop in New York, which proved to be the private correspondence of Paul Jones. When Paul Jones left America for the last time, he committed to the care of his friend, John Ross, of Philadelphia, several packages of manuscript papers, consisting of letters, journals, and vouchers of his landed and other property in America. A power of attorney was afterwards sent to Mr. Robert Hyslop, merchant of New York, to receive these packages in trust, for the heirs of Paul Jones. An agent came to this country, and settled the pecuniary affairs; but the papers, on being examined, were allowed to remain in the hands of Mr. Hyslop, in trust, as undivided property, belonging equally to all the heirs of Paul Jones. At length Robert Hyslop died, and the papers then fell into the hands of his executor, John Hyslop, baker, in New York. This is a brief explanation of the somewhat singular circumstance, of papers of this sort having been discovered in a baker's shop. They were valuable, as containing the correspondence of some of the most eminent leaders of the Revolution.

Another remark we may add respecting the papers of Paul Jones. By his will he left all his effects to his two sisters, who resided at or near Dumfries, in Scotland, to be divided equally between them and their children, in as many shares as there were individuals in the two families, constituting his two sisters guardians of their respective children during their minority. In 1793, one of the sisters and the husband of the other went to Paris, to recover a debt due from the French government to Paul Jones, and took with them to Scotland, among other things, all the papers left by him. A division of the effects and papers was immediately made by a gentleman appointed for the purpose, with the mutual consent of the parties, who bound themselves to abide by his decision; and this gentleman pursued an extraordinary course, in regard to the papers. He portioned them out in two parcels, by weight and measure, just as they happened to come to hand, without regard to their value or connexion. The two families resided for some time in Scotland; and when Mr. Duncan, eight or nine years ago, prepared the short biographical sketch of Paul Jones, for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, he appears to have had access to all the papers. Since that time a branch of one of the families has removed to America, and brought hither a part of the papers; all, it is presumed, which this branch had in its possession.

A few years ago a niece of Paul Jones, who inherited from her mother the portion of papers that fell to her lot, made an overture to the Historical Society of New York to publish them. The negotiation was not successful; but the manuscripts were sent out to New York for inspection, where they now remain in the hands of an individual in trust for the owner. They are fair copies, collected into four volumes, the three first of which relate chiefly to the part the author took in the American Revolution. The last volume is written in French, and is devoted wholly to his services in Russia. The contents of all the volumes are chiefly letters and official papers, some of which have been published. To the first volume is prefixed a memoir of his life, but by what hand we know not. There is also a short narrative of the transactions in which he was engaged during the American war, but the substance of this is nearly the same as that which he presented to the King of France. It is a mistake, however, which some way or other crept into the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, that Paul Jones has left any thing which can be properly called a memoir of his own life by himself. What is to be the destiny of these papers we are not informed, but they are obviously essential to any correct delineation of the life and character of Paul Jones.—*North American Review*, No. 43.

Dr. PARR.—We have been favoured by a gentleman of literary eminence with a copy of the following letter by Dr. Parr on the choice of a college:—

Sept. 1789.

Dear Sir—Whether the choice of your father be ultimately fixed upon Ch. Ch., or upon St. John's, you will be placed in a situation very proper for you as a gentleman, and very useful to you as a scholar. If you were entered as a pensioner, my immediate decision would be in favour of St. John's; for in that society you would have the most efficacious assistance, and the most animating encouragement to excel in philosophical as well as classical knowledge; to gain in the one more than Oxford can supply from the general course of its studies, and to gain in the other not less than Ch. Ch. itself is able to afford. I believe the aggregate learning of St. John's to surpass that of any other academical society in England. It has always been governed by eminent tutors, and always distinguished by an active spirit of emulation. You are told that Euclid prevails; you should also be told that Sophocles and Thucydides are not unknown to the seniors, or neglected by the young men; and that this college has for many years borne away a full and splendid portion of the prizes which are assigned to the bachelors, either at a viva voce examination in the ancient writers during the first year, or for Latin composition during the second and third years. The literature of this country has been indebted to St. John's for the best productions in classical erudition, in ethicks, in mathematicks, in theology. Every young man may, if he pleases, distinguish himself for classical attainments in the yearly examinations; and you may be assured that the largest stock of learning which any man ever carried with him from the publick schools, will find in this college opportunities for improvement, and incitement from reward. Mr. Whitemore and Mr. Smith are tutors of great and deserved celebrity; one of them, I know, has gained the classical medal, and the other is justly considered a man of solid sense, elegant taste, and extensive learning. I should, without hesitation, pronounce a young man defective in correctness of judgment and liberality of spirit should he presume to speak disrespectfully of such instructors. You have heard from your gay and wrong-headed correspondent, that it is a *fashionable* college; and so will conclude from his testimony that no man of the greatest family or greatest wealth can be disgraced by becoming a member of St. John's. I am obliged, however, to confess that the most solid advantages of the college are not always of use to young men of fortune. There and every where else in Cambridge they are dissipated in their manners, vain of their distinctions, less restrained by discipline, and less attentive to study. A fellow commoner may not, therefore, avail himself of those circumstances which give the college its marked and indisputable superiority. But remember, good sir, that every defect of this kind originates in the indolence, conceit, and levity of the student himself; and depend upon it if you were to enter the society with a fixed determination to observe its rules, and to profit by its lectures, you would find your attention applauded, your exertions assisted, and your attainments rewarded in the very best manner, and with the very best effect.—Of Ch. Ch. I cannot speak without the sincerest approbation of that plan which Dr. Bagot introduced, and which Dr. Jackson preserved and compleated. At no other college in Oxford so few invidious and mischievous distinctions are assigned to men of rank and opulence; all the members are compelled to attend the lectures, to produce compositions, and to bring their talents and their attainments to an open and honorable test at examinations, which are frequent, public, and impartial. I do not lay much stress upon the mathematical studies of this college, and yet I believe them to be sufficient for the common purposes of young men who are intended for the bar or for the senate; but their classical lectures deserve more unqualified and higher praise: they are given by very good scholars; they are attended by men of all ranks; they are pursued with a noble emulation; they are encouraged by public honors; and in all respects they promote learning, and are entitled to the approbation of all learned men. I have the happiness to know both the master of St. John's and the dean of Ch. Ch. Dr. Craven gained both mathematical and classical honors at Cambridge; his mind is stored with a wonderful variety of knowledge, both in science and in languages; he writes both Latin and English, not, perhaps, with much splendor, but with uncommon correctness and perspicuity. He is very well versed in Hebrew, Persic, and Arabic. His life, and he is now fifty years old, his whole life, I say, has been steadily and uniformly devoted to the most unwearied study. His temper is amiable, his morals most exemplarily pure, and in all his habits, and in all his opinions, there is a charming mixture of patriarchal simplicity and philosophical dignity. My

observations upon men have been pretty large, and I believe exact. But I tell you with great sincerity and great confidence that I never knew a scholar so much without affectation, or a man so much without guile as Dr. Craven. Of the share which he takes in the government of the college I have heard little ; but his behaviour is perfectly free from childish pedantry and official arrogance, and his principles will not permit him to become a party in base intrigue and wanton oppression. The dean of Ch. Ch. is a man of very different, but of most respectable character ; his attainments in mathematics would not disgrace him even among the rigours of a Cambridge examination, and his classical knowledge is very extensive and very profound. To the best acquisitions of a scholar, he has added the finest manners of a gentleman. He has a large and accurate knowledge of the world. He has a most ardent zeal for the cause of learning, especially in his own society, in the government of which he is vigilant without officiousness, and firm without austerity. Perhaps there is no head of a college in either university who takes so active and successful a share in enforcing the discipline of the society, and superintending both the studies and the morals of the young men. This is a prominent and most illustrious part of Dr. Jackson's character, and gives him a right, not only to obedience and admiration from every member of Ch. Ch., but to reverence and gratitude from every man living who is able to calculate the importance of virtue and learning. I have now stated to you my opinion of the colleges mentioned in your letter, and am sure that you will lead a happy and an honorable life in either of them, if you go to the university with that spirit of docility and obedience, with that earnest desire of improvement, and that just respect for the experience, wisdom, and authority of those by whom you are to be improved, without which the best institution will be quite unavailing, and with which you will have reason to bless the hour that put you under the auspices of a Craven or a Jackson. Weigh the matter seriously ; and, above all things, be upon your guard against the petulant and groundless representations of superficial and conceited young men. I heartily wish you well. Your humble servant.

PARR.

Dr. Parr to S. Abney, Esq. upon Ch. Church and St. John's.
Septemb. 1789.

CHAUCER.—A modernization of Chaucer's Tales, and some of his other poems, we have long considered a desideratum. It is in part done by Dryden ; admirably in some instances has he reconceived the ideas of the author ; but he in general departs too much from his text, and at any rate has left much to be done. We consider the following a very fair specimen of what is wanted.

THE FRIAR,

Of one of the Mendicant Orders.

Next was a wanton and a jovial friar,
As wanton as fair saint could well desire.
So fair of speech was this accomplished brother,
All the four orders had not such another :
All ease, and smiles, and complaisance was he ;
A noble prop of his fraternity.

His company by all the 'squires * was sought,
For ever some new jest or song he brought :
Great was his favour with good women, too,
And their confessions found him much to do ;
For sweetly did he hear them, while detailing
Each graver error and each venal failing ;
And sweetly did he use his elocution,
In giving them a pleasant absolution—

* In the original, *frankeleins*, nearly corresponding to our modern term "country gentlemen."

So pleasant, they would almost risk their soul
To have so sweet a doctor make it whole ;
They almost found a pleasure in compunction,
To have it softened by such *soothing* unction.

The penance he imposed was never hard—
Whereby he gained a plentiful reward ;
And in such cases an abundant gift
Was proof enough of an effectual shrift :
For men there are of such unmelting heart,
They cannot *weep*, although they solely smart :
Yet, heaven be praised ! for such as could not force
A tear or sigh, there still was one resource ;
If callous otherwise to conscience' lash,
They still might yield the holy brethren *cash*.

He kept a stock of ornamented knives,
And other toys, to give to comely wives :—
And truly his was a seducing voice ;
He sang a song that made the heart rejoice ;
He chaunted many a merry tune and lay,
And blithely could he while the hours away ;
His person too, was goodly to behold,
Of fair complexion and athletic mould.

Full well the taverns in each town he knew,
And all the hostlers, and the tapsters too,
Much better than the beggars, blind, or lame,
Or leprous ; and indeed it had been shame
To his profession and his reverend worth,
To hold communion with that scum of earth ;
Such intercourse would profit him but little ;
He sought the rich, and such as dealt in victual—

But above all, his honest gains to help,
He fawned and flattered like the best bred whelp.
A certain rent for certain bounds he paid,
Which sacred limits no one durst invade :
His smooth insinuations none withstood,
The cleverest beggar of his brotherhood ;
For had a widow but a single sous,
So pleasant was his "*in principio*,"
That he would have a farthing ere he went ;
And thus his gains were treble of his rent.

Our friar on love-days † was in great request,
The very soul and spirit of the feast ;
No half-starved cloisterer with thread-bare cope,
But rather like a cardinal or pope,—
As plump in flesh, and comfortably clad,—
And when he spoke, a gentle lisp he had,
To make his English sweet upon his tongue ;
And when he play'd upon a harp and sung,
There kindled in his eyes a glistening light,
As the stars twinkle in a frosty night.

† These were certain days appointed for the amicable settling of differences among the country people, by the mediation (we suppose) of such pacific spirits as our friar ; whose *unction* seems to have had great virtue on such cases. For a more particular explanation, see Tyrwhitt's edition of the *Canterbury Tales*.

NEAPOLITAN PIETY.—From a little work just published at Bath, called *Transalpine Memoirs*, we extract the following “good thing.” We wish the rest of the volumes were as amusing:

An Italian, not a Neapolitan, and on that account desirous of turning into ridicule whatever is Neapolitan, told me that he had just been hearing a panegyric on St. Januarius. Having brought the saint into heaven, the preacher had begun to consider what place he should there assign to him. “Where shall we put him,” he said; “not on the right hand of Almighty God, for *there* is our Saviour Jesus Christ; not on the left hand, for *there* is the Blessed Virgin; not on the right of our Saviour, for *there* is St. Peter—“*Padre,*” exclaimed a lazzaroni, rising from his seat, “*Padre, ecco, poteli metterlo quì, che mene vado.*”—“Look, father, you may put him *here,*” pointing to his seat, “for I am going away.”

SERIOUS POETRY.—Under this title, a very well selected volume of poetry has just been published. It is a thick well-printed volume, and contains much good verse, and very little trash. As a specimen, we give an affecting poem by WOLFE, the author of the celebrated *Elegy on Sir John Moore*:—

VERSES.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last!
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, who e'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may sooth this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

* * * The inexorable shears of our printer have cut off the fairest and largest portion of our *Magaziniana*. Many of our *Correspondents*, who must lie in the press for a month, would have found themselves honourably commemorated.—ED.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.			INSURANCE OFFICES.		
	Amt. paid.	Per share.		Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton	100	150	Albion	500	50
Birmingham	17 10	260	Alliance	100	10
Coventry	100	1100	Ditto Marine	100	5
Ellesmere and Chester	133	100	Atlas	50	5
Grand Junction	100	294	Globe	100	140
Huddersfield	57	18	Guardian	100	10
Kennet and Avon	40	24	Hope	50	5
Lancaster	47	37	Imperial	500	50
Leeds and Liverpool	100	380	Ditto Life	100	10
Oxford	100	660	London	25	12 10
Regent's	40	34	Protector	20	2
Rochdale	85	85	Rock	20	2
Stafford and Worcester	140	800	Royal Exchange	100	250
Trent and Mersey	100	1850			
Warwick and Birmingham	100	250			
Worcester ditto	78	43 10			
DOCKS.			MINES.		
Commercial	100	73	Anglo-Mexican	100	80
East India	100	83	Ditto Chili	100	8
London	100	85	Bolanos	400	225
St. Catherine's	100	40	Brazilian	100	20
West India	100	200	Castello		
WATER WORKS.			Chillan		
East London	100	121	Columbian	100	15
Grand Junction	50	74	Mexican	100	18
Kent	100	28	Real Del Monte	400	400
South London	100	93	United Mexican	40	27 10
West Middlesex	60	65			
GAS COMPANIES.			MISCELLANEOUS.		
City of London	100	90	Australian Agricultural Comp. 100	6	16
Ditto, New	100	50	British Iron Ditto	100	35
Phoenix	50	30	Canada Ditto, Ditto	100	10
Imperial	50	50	Columbian Ditto	100	5
United General	50	18	General Steam Navigation ..	100	13
Westminster	50	56	Irish Provincial Bank	100	20
			Rio de la Plata Comp.	100	10
			Van Diemen's Land Ditto ..	100	2 10

ROBERT W. MOORE, *Broker*,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

**THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE ANNOUNCED FOR THE
PRESENT MONTH.**

Practical Elocution; or Hints to Public Speakers. By H. J. Prior, Teacher of Elocution, &c. &c. 1 vol. 12mo.

Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mr. Robert Spence, late Bookseller of York. By Richard Burdekin.

A Trip to Ascot Races; upwards of seventeen feet in length, and coloured after life and nature. Dedicated to his Majesty Geo. IV. By Pierce Egan. The plates etched and coloured by Mr. Theodore Lane.

An Early Chronicle of London, written in the Fifteenth Century, and now for the first time printed from the original MS. in the British Museum.

An Account of Public Charities, digested from the Reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations; with Notes and Comments. By the Editor of the Cabinet Lawyer. To be continued in monthly parts until completed, in about ten parts.

Mr. Burnet, the Author of Practical Hints on Composition, and Light and Shade in Painting, has in the press a work on the General Management of Colour in a Picture.

Chemical Manipulation ; containing Instruction to Students in Chemistry. Illustrated with numerous engravings of apparatus on wood. 1 vol. 8vo.

Ornithology. A highly important Work on this branch of Natural History. By Sir William Jardine, Bart. and P. J. Selby, Esq., the author of the splendid work on British Ornithology. The work will be published in Quarterly Parts, and the first Part will appear early this month.

Systematic Morality ; or a Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Human Duty, on the Grounds of Natural Religion. By W. Jevons, Jun.

The Reverend Mr. Fry, Rector of Desford, has nearly ready for publication a new Translation and Exposition of the very ancient Book of Job, with Notes, Explanatory and Philological. In one volume 8vo.

The Table Book. By William Hone. In Numbers, with cuts, every Saturday ; and in Monthly Parts.

Proposals for publishing by subscription, on the 1st of January, 1827, England's Historical Diary ; detailing the most Important Events connected with the Grandeur and Prosperity of the British Empire, every act or deed enumerated having taken place on the day to which it is applied.

A Popular Exposition to the Epistle of the Romans. By Robert Wilson, A.M., Author of a Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty, &c.

Stories of Chivalry and Romance. In one vol.

On the 1st of February, with numerous engravings on wood, Dr. Arnott's work on General and Medical Physics.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

The Every-Day Book, or Everlasting Calendar of Popular Amusements, Manners, Customs, and Events ; forming a complete history of the year, and a perpetual key to the Almanack, for daily use and diversion. By William Hone. Complete in 2 vols. with 320 engravings and copious indexes, 28s.

Love, Law, and Physic, a Farce. By James Kenney, Esq. Now first printed, 18mo. 6d.

Oberon. By S. R. Planché. With a Portrait of Weber. 1s.

Three Deep. By Joseph Lunn, Esq. 6d.

The Good-Natured Man. By Oliver Goldsmith. 1s.

A Bold Stroke for a Wife. By Mrs. Centlivre. 1s.

Memoir of Mrs. Robinson, including an account of her acquaintance with his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales ; and the Life of Mrs. Clarke, the eccentric and unfortunate daughter of Colley Cibber. Forming Vol. VII. of "Autobiography," 1 vol. 18mo. with Portrait by Scriven, 3s. 6d. boards.

Almack's, a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

An Account of Public Charities, digested from the Reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations. By the Editor of "The Cabinet Lawyer." Part 1, price 1s.

Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary. Second Edition. 6 vols. small 8vo. 50s. bds.

The Revolt of the Bees, embellished with an elegant Frontispiece, designed by Corbould, and engraved by Wallis. 12s. 6d.

A System of Popular Geometry. By John Darley, A.B. 4s. 6d. boards.

The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury ; and the Memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Forming Vol. VIII. of "Autobiography." 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards, with Portraits.

Williams's Tour in Jamaica. Second Edition. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Facetiæ and Miscellanies. By William Hone. Second Edition ; with 120 Engravings after George Cruikshank. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary abridged. Completed in 4 vols. small 8vo. with copious Index, and an original Life of Bayle. 32s. boards.

Transalpine Memoirs ; or, Anecdotes and Observations, showing the actual state of Italy and the Italians. By an English Catholic. 2 vols. 12mo. 15s. boards.

Literary Gems : in Two Parts. Post 8vo. with Vignette Title-page, 10s. 6d. bds.

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Siddons. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. with a fine Portrait, engraved by Turner, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, 28s.

The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other Poems. By L. E. L. Foolscap 8vo. with a frontispiece, price 10s. 6d. boards.

A Translation of Martin Luther's Commentary on the Book of Genesis. By the Rev. Henry Cole, of Clare Hall, Cambridge. By Subscription, in Monthly Numbers of 1s. 6d. each.

A Translation of Select Works of Martin Luther. By the Rev. Henry Cole. 8vo. 2l. 16s. boards.

Martin Luther on the Bondage of the Will, written in answer to the Diatribe of Erasmus on Free-will. Translated by the Rev. H. Cole. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. boards.

Two very remarkable Tracts on Popery, the productions of Luther and Melancthon in conjunction. Translated by the Rev. H. Cole.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From November 24, to December 23, 1826.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	203½	197	199
3 per Cent. Consols.....	shut	shut	shut
3 per Cent. Reduced	83½	75½	78½
3½ per Cent. Reduced.....	89½	81½	85½
New 4 per Cents.	shut	shut	shut
Long Annuities, expire 1860	19½	17½	18½
India Stock, 10½ per Cent.	shut	shut	shut
India Bonds, 4 per Cent.	43s. pm.....	par	37s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day	23s. pm.....	par	18s. pm.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	92	88	88
Brazil ditto, ditto	66	57	60
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	66	56½	57
Chilian ditto, ditto	48	37	38
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	40½	28	32
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	42½	30	34
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent.	62½	52½	57
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	100½	94	98½
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cent.	72½	66	67
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent.	20½	14½	17½
Mexican ditto	60½	49	53½
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent.	71½	60	64½
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	35	28	31
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.....	80	65	70
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	96½	92½	93½
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	97½	94	95
Russian ditto, ditto	87½	79	84
Spanish ditto, ditto	14½	12½	12½

ROBERT W. MOORE, *Broker*,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

NEW SERIES. No. XXVI.

CONTENTS OF THE
LONDON MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY 1, 1827.

	Page
SKETCHES OF MANNERS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.—THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA.	
No. II.	145
THE TROUBLES OF A GAME PROPRIETOR	152
SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES. SECOND EDITION.....	160
A TRANCE	167
ODD CHAPTERS OF TRUEMAINE. No. II.—CHAPS. XIV. XX.	170
SCENES AND SKETCHES OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN IRELAND.....	191
THURSDAY, EIGHTEENTH OF JANUARY	200
TWELFTH NIGHT AT ALMACK'S	205
TURNER'S REIGN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH	215
BIRMAH	232
THE BLUE MAN	244
<i>Summary of the National Lament for January, 1827</i>	248
NEWLY DISCOVERED DISINFECTANT AGENTS	250
ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF COUNT DE BENYOWSKY	261
MAGAZINIANA :—German Romances, with Jean Paul's Notes; Bayle; A Mora- vian Establishment; Difficulty of Nursing a Prince; Point of Honour; Cu- rious Exhibition; Buonaparte as a Legislator; Mode of Dispersing Locusts; Goethe; A Russian Amazon; Spanish Pride and Economy; Information of the Italian Nobility; Josephine, the Ex-Empress of France; French Female Education; Blue Stockings; The Jewel Chamber of the Kremlin; The Three Reviews; A Persian's Notion of Difference in Religion; Scene at Court; Compliment to the English from a Persian Syyud; Arab Horse- Racing; a Russian Carriage; Captain Keppel's Fame as a Physician at Shersha.....	269—285
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, &c.....	285
Literary Intelligence	286
Works lately published.....	286
Prices of the English and Foreign Funds	288

The valley of Andorra is separated from the French department of the Ariège by the central ridge of the Pyrenees. A number of torrents descending from their snowy summits, are soon collected into three or four considerable streams, which are successively combined into one river, the Embalire, and finally fall into the Segre, at La Seu de Urgel, about ten miles below the frontiers of the republic. The deep and narrow valleys formed by these torrents, and the intervening mountains, constitute the territory of the state. The boundary line, therefore, lies on all sides along the centre of lofty ridges, interrupted only by the narrow chasm through which the Embalire makes its exit, and which forms, as it were, the gate to the republic. Towards France and Arragon numerous passages (here called *ports*) establish a communication, over the mountains, with the contiguous valleys of Caroll, Ax, Vicdessos, Siguer, &c. and some of them are much frequented in summer. During the winter months the snow renders them impassable, and then the narrow pathway which winds along the precipitous banks of the Embalire, at the foot of high over-hanging rocks, is the only practicable road to the city and state of Andorra.

Before the French Revolution, the judiciary power is said to have been exercised by two *viguers*, named, the one by the king of France, the other by the bishop of Urgel, without appeal in criminal causes, and with appeal to the power who had named the viguier in the case of civil affairs. The police was kept in each of the six commonalties* of the republic, by two consuls, named by the general council of the state, and a tribute of some thirty or forty pounds was paid alternately to the bishop of Urgel and to the county of Foix. But, at the time of the Revolution, all these forms were abolished, as savouring of feudality, and if ever they had really been so regularly organized, there is nothing of the kind at present. There may indeed still exist a *general council of the valley*, consisting of twenty-four members, as described in the above mentioned *Revue Encyclopedique*, and it may possibly meet on extraordinary occasions; but these must occur very seldom, for those inhabitants whom I questioned knew nothing about it. When I asked who were their governors, they pointed to the tree of liberty, which rears its lofty head over the centre of every village, and said they were free; no man had a right to control their actions. "We pay no taxes," said they; "we are not tormented by gendarmes, *green-coats*, or *rats-de-cave*;† we want no passports to quit our country, we are favourably received by our neighbours, who dare not enter our territory without our leave, not even in the pursuit of criminals and outlaws. We protect all those who seek an asylum amongst us; and our valley contains, at the present moment, a large number of Spaniards, who have fled from the tyranny of Ferdinand." "But when crimes are committed in your territory, when you quarrel among one another, who settles your disputes?" "El Señor Rector."

* These commonalties are Canillo, Encamp, Ordino, La Massara, Andorra-la-Vieia, and San-Julia, all of them very considerable villages; besides which there are a great number of smaller *villages*, that name being given to any group of a dozen or more houses, collected round a tree of liberty. There are also numerous solitary farms, wherever the valleys are broad enough to admit of habitation.

† *Green-coats* and *rats-de-cave*. These are the nick-names given in the South of France to custom-house officers, whose uniforms are green; and to the inspectors of the *droits-réunis*, or excise on spirituous liquors.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1, 1827.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

No. II.

THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA.

IN the heart of the Pyrenees, on the borders of Catalonia, lies the wild and picturesque valley of Andorra, a little republic, priding itself in the freedom and independence it has preserved for centuries. It boasts of the respect paid to its territory during the various broils that have agitated the contiguous provinces of two powerful nations, and glories in the having always afforded a safe asylum for refugees of all descriptions. Some persons might indeed be inclined to suppose, that they have been neglected from their insignificance, or, perhaps, through ignorance of their existence; but such sentiments cannot, of course, be entertained by the high-minded Andorrans.

So little, however, are they known to their neighbours, that many have lived for years within sight of the very mountains which form their boundaries, without having ever heard so much as the name of Andorra. Some attention was at last excited by the accidental mention, during the last Spanish war, of a neutral state, whose independence had been alike respected by both the contending parties; and a short sketch of its political situation and government was published in the *Revue Encyclopedique* for February, 1823. This account related only to its state previous to the French Revolution; and it is at the same time intimated, that it had undergone some change in consequence of that event. My curiosity was thus excited; and some time after, during the course of an excursion over the Eastern Pyrenees, I availed myself of the opportunity of paying a visit to this "happy valley," where I spent a few days enjoying its natural beauties; but no less delighted when I returned to Mont Louis, to find myself once more in a civilized country.

FEB. 1826.

L.

“ And if two villages, each with its curate, fall out together, what do you then do ? ” They did not seem to admit the possibility of this, but my guide hinted to me, that then they *fight it out*. And there was nothing in the general looks of the inhabitants, nor in one or two little occurrences of which I was almost an eye-witness, which might tend to contradict the assertion.

It appears that these curates are the real governors. A little less ignorant than their parishioners, they have just sense enough to keep up that superstitious reverence to the clerical habit which ensures implicit faith in their doctrines, and passive obedience to their dictates. They all depend, in some measure, on the bishop of Urgel ; and inasmuch as they are disposed to conform to his will, they are under his dominion. But, in fact, his influence is small, and would perhaps be totally annihilated, were he to attempt to contradict his subordinates. There exists also a *viguier*, who resides in the capital, where he has something less to do than a French “ *maire de village*,” and is probably as frequently absent on smuggling expeditions as any of the citizens. Some years ago, a deputation was sent to the French minister of the interior, applying for the confirmation of this magistrate. The minister never having heard of the nation which sent these ambassadors, applied to his colleague of foreign affairs, who knew just as little of the matter ; so, after referring to the map, to ascertain its existence, they turned over their old archives, and discovering at last the titles to this right of *souveraineté*, confirmed the *viguier* in his office.

It may appear a matter of surprise, that, after so many wars between the two bordering nations—after such frequent and bloody disputes about comparatively insignificant portions of territory, this apparently rich and populous valley should have escaped the grasp of either of the rival powers, when at last their respective boundaries were determined upon, and definitively marked out. The matter is thus explained by the inhabitants. It was contrived, say they, by an archbishop, who was all-powerful in Roussillon at the time of the demarcation, in the reign of Louis XIV. His object was to encourage the contraband trade, feeling, as he did, a peculiar affection for smugglers. He was persuaded that they were very useful members of society in general, and particularly beneficial to his own diocese, of which an unequivocal proof was furnished by the flourishing state of his private coffers. His heart melted into pity at the thoughts of the numerous toils and hardships to which that excellent class of persons were every where exposed—driven from place to place by the merciless persecution of the *green-coats*—and he thought, that in Christian charity and gratitude, he ought, now that he had so good an opportunity, to procure them an asylum where they would be safe from pursuit. He therefore selected the valley of Andorra, as being happily situated for the purpose ; and, as a farther encouragement to the trade, he made a number of other ingenious arrangements (at Livia and elsewhere) whereby *neutral roads*, and other such convenient pretexts, might occasionally save them from a fine or a seizure. Such is the story, as it was told to me : whether the effects which may now be observed, really originated in his contrivance, or whether the story has been

invented to account for the effects, is more than I can at present determine; but the tale is very probable.

Smuggling is, indeed, their chief occupation, almost the only one, besides sheep and cattle feeding, which the nature of their country affords. Their rugged mountains, rising one above another to the height of ten or eleven thousand feet from the level of the sea, and clothed with forests of pine and beech, or with luxuriant summer pastures, descend, towards the southern extremity, nearly to the level of the Spanish plains. With this immense declivity, in the short distance of forty miles, the sides of the mountains are too precipitous to admit of cultivation—of cultivation without more toil and labour than the Andorrans are willing to bestow. This hardy, but indolent race of men, can never be prevailed upon to imitate the persevering industry of their northern neighbours, to cover with corn-fields, or water-meadows, every spot of land where a footing can be obtained by the labourer; nor to suspend themselves, by means of a rope fastened round their bodies, whilst they mow those fields which would otherwise have been inaccessible. The Andorrans are not so laborious; they must have rich crops with little exertion, or they will have no crops at all. When they scatter their seed, they merely scratch over with their primitive *araïré*, (in name and in form the Roman *aratrum*,) the little plains which border the Embalire, and other torrents, at the bottom of their deep valleys. Relying upon the heat of the sun, the frequency of showers, and the richness of the alluvial soil washed down from the over-hanging forests, for the farther care of their fields, they leave nature to bring forth what crops she pleases. Higher up the valleys, where the cultivation of grain would be attended with more difficulty, their agricultural labours are confined to the directing the course of some of the smaller torrents, so as to irrigate their meadows. But here again they leave the rest to nature; the large umbelliferous, and some other noxious plants, so common amongst these mountains, are suffered to overgrow and to smother the more delicate, but more useful and nutritive grasses.

The greater part of the territory consists in mountain pasture, a portion of which is devoted to the summer feed of as many sheep or goats as they can entertain in winter in the lower parts of the valleys. The remaining mountains, those in particular which border upon the French territory, are let out, for the summer months, to their neighbours, and the rents they obtain suffice to pay any charges that may fall upon the several commonalties. Their woods are of no great value, on account of the difficulty of transporting the timber. Some iron mines are also worked near the Soulane, or pass of the Ariège, but their produce is at present of very small importance.

The valley is, however, populous; and, compared to the interior of Catalonia, it is rich. The extent to which the contraband trade, between France and Spain, is carried by the inhabitants, not only serves for their support, but enables them, during their absence, to call in labourers from the department of the Ariège for the gathering in of their scanty harvests, and for the collecting the forage which is to serve for their mules' winter fodder. In these smuggling expeditions, the Andorrans are generally employed by French merchants of the

valley of Caroll, who contrive to amass considerable fortunes, notwithstanding the frequent seizures made by the custom-house officers, of whom there are no less than six brigades in that single valley. On the Spanish side, the chief entrepôts are Puycerda and La Seu de Urgel, though the Andorrans often hire themselves and their mules for much more distant expeditions. The smuggled articles do not appear to be of so much value as one might be led to suppose. Paper, rags, mules, and a few articles of French manufacture, are exchanged for Spanish piastres, and small quantities of tobacco, chocolate, cork, &c. as well as red caps and *spardilles* for the Roussillon peasantry. A great many leeches are also collected in the marshes of the south-eastern coast of Spain, and imported into France over the Pyrenæan passes. The illicit trade of spirituous liquors, so common in all countries, is carried on in a proportionate degree along this frontier.

The Andorrans have no idea of any of the common comforts of life. Nothing can be more dismal than the exterior appearance of their villages, unless it be the interior of their houses. Having no carts, nor wheel carriages of any description, they do not want streets broader than what will enable two loaded mules to pass one another. Along these winding, steep, and stony lanes, their houses are crowded in irregular groups, rising one above the other at the foot of the mountains, and so situated that, to reach their stables, the mules have often to scramble up a long flight of rough steps hewn in the rocks. The colour of the houses is as dismal as that of the surrounding precipices, or of the dark evergreens which overshadow their base. In the interior, the uniform sable hue, both of the walls and ceilings, induced me to suppose that it had been the custom to paint them that colour; but, upon inquiry, I found it to be the effect of the smoke of the pine-wood, allowed to make its exit more frequently through the door-way or the window, than up the chimney. In winter this smoke is much increased, as the pine-wood serves them for illumination as well as for fuel; candles and oil seldom find their way here. Glass is a commodity absolutely unknown in this republic. The holes called windows are roughly closed at night by wooden shutters, which being never painted, exhibit signs of decay, gradual decay, long before any repair is thought necessary. White-washing is not much more common than paint; I met with but two plaistered houses in the capital, and I do not recollect having seen any in the other villages.

In such a country it cannot be expected that travellers should meet with very superior accommodation. Before I visited the valley, I had heard of its discomforts, and made my provisions accordingly; yet it was a considerable relief to me when I had recrossed the frontier. On my first arrival at Andorra, I was conducted to what was said to be the best *oustal*, which the etymologist may call a *hotel*, but the experienced traveller must translate a *hovel*. My guide stopped before a mean looking door, through the chinks of which I could discover a rack and manger, and some large leathern wine jars, the only indication of its being a public house of entertainment. No friendly inscription was there, to convey any hope that the interior of the house might be found more agreeable than the exterior appearance. I knew I could no longer expect the professions of liberality so pompously announced by French innkeepers, who “donnent à boire et à manger;” but I

looked out in vain for the safer and more friendly intimation, "*Ici on loge à pied et à cheval.*" Not a withered bush could be discovered to indicate the sale of refreshments; nor even the busy hostess, always ready in remote villages, to question, if not to welcome, extraordinary visitors. *Caou ya?* (who's there?) and *Ya pas dequ?* (is no one there?) had been repeated with many a loud thump at the door, when an old woman appeared at last, but with the unwelcome intelligence, that we must go and seek a lodging elsewhere, as the only bed she had was occupied by her sick husband.

At the second-best and only remaining inn, (second-best in reputation, but without much difference in appearance,) I met with a better fortune. This house had two beds, one was occupied by the family, and the other, in the garret, was offered to me. The lower part of the house consisted of a stable, cellar, or store-house; it would be hard to say which to call it, or whether to consider it as one room or three. The first story contained the kitchen, on the floor of which were stretched half a dozen Ariège reapers, snoring out their *siesta*. In one corner was an alcove, or cupboard, the family bed-place, in which a poor infant was struggling to release its limbs from the swaddling bandages, whilst its elder brother was squalling for his dinner. On the opposite side was the fire-place, enclosed by a high wooden partition, with the hearth in the middle, and wooden benches all around. Here were the hostess and her maid frying some bacon and eggs, the fumes of which, combining with the thick smoke of the fuel, after circulating over the whole house, found its exit—not through the funnel shaped chimney, placed for the purpose nearly over the fire-place, but by the doors and windows, to which was directed the strong current that was pouring down the chimney. Among the remaining inhabitants of this room were two or three half-starved cats, prowling about for what they could steal; the reapers' dogs slumbering by the side of their masters, and here and there a cock or a hen picking up the crumbs.

When the first bustle of my arrival was over, I was conducted to my bed-room, a large garret, without windows or fire-place, but well supplied with light and air from between the tiles of the roof, and with the kitchen fumes through the chinks of the boarded floor. Here was a stump bedstead, and upon it a pailasse, and the Andorran succedanium for blankets and sheets—a large sack, made of untanned sheepskins, the wool being inside. The wealthy citizens sleep off the fatigues of the day in these odoriferous beds; sometimes two or three in the same sack, independently of the myriads of smaller bed-fellows, whose presence they are not aware of. The domestics and poorer peasantry, following their mules to the stables, stretch themselves upon the straw which they steal from the litter; or, wrapped in their large woollen cloaks, lie down on a bench, a table, or the kitchen floor.

The food which I met with was not more refined than the domestic conveniences, but in that respect I was told, that I visited the valley at an unlucky moment. The men were all out on various expeditions; the women were mostly assisting the reapers and hay-makers; the butcher therefore did not kill any meat; the hot weather had moreover lasted some time, and the winter provisions of bacon were expended, or turned rancid. The cheeses were all alive; even milk was scarce, for

but few of the kids had as yet been taken from their mothers. I was obliged to have recourse to the stores I had brought with me ; to which was added a young goat, sacrificed upon the express condition that I should purchase the whole ; a few slices of bacon, such as it was, and the only loaf of white bread that the city of Andorra could furnish. The natives live chiefly upon rye bread, *rostes*, (fried bacon,) and soup, generally made by boiling some fat of salt pork, and a root or two of garlick, in a large kettle of water, and pouring the liquor over a dish full of slices of brown bread. In winter they are said to live much better, and eat both beef and mutton, besides sausages, and other preparations of pork. Game, such as hares, partridges, ptarmigans, woodcocks, &c., is by no means uncommon ; but at the time of our visits the peasants were all too busy for shooting.

During my short stay among these republicans, I had not sufficient opportunities for forming any correct estimate of their morals. They certainly do not enjoy a very excellent reputation ; and I was strongly recommended not to venture into this "den of outlaws and thieves," without an ample provision of pistols and fire-arms. Yet I never felt the slightest uneasiness from having neglected this precaution. I knew, that if the valley had occasionally served as a temporary asylum for criminals, that could not now be the case, when Spain afforded them equal protection from the avenging sword of justice, and a wider field for their future exploits ; and as to those political refugees, who sought to escape from Ferdinand and his inquisitors, they certainly were not such as to inspire a traveller with any fear. My good hostesses made it a rule to charge in the inverse proportion of the commodities they furnished ; and my guides showed themselves more eager for their pay, than for the fulfilment of any other article of our stipulations ; but I had been too long acquainted with the Languedoc and Roussillon peasantry, to be alarmed at any such systems of cheating.

In other respects I found the men civil and attentive, and the women as much as was compatible with their impertinent curiosity. All are exceedingly superstitious, conforming exactly to the exterior forms of worship, devoutly kneeling or crossing themselves to every image of the virgin that they pass ; saying an Ave Maria wherever the shed which covers the image is dignified by the name of a chapel ; but not one of them knows much of the religion they profess, excepting that it enjoins implicit obedience to their curates. Their ignorance, on all occasions, is excessive ; few, if any, can read or write ; very few can speak either French or Spanish, notwithstanding their constant intercourse with these two nations. Their language is the Catalan, somewhat modified by the neighbourhood of the Arragonese patois. It is a harsh sounding dialect, far inferior to the Languedocian, though resembling it in many respects. The dress and manners are entirely Catalonian, and neither is improved by the roving and independent life they lead.

THE TROUBLES OF A GAME PROPRIETOR.

AMONG those gigantic follies, which pervade the great mass of society, and mar its repose and happiness, there is not one, at the present day, more prominent, than the love of sporting in all its diversities; and of these there is none so productive of such serious and extended mischiefs, of so many petty feuds and jealousies, or that can boast of more numerous votaries, than the fashionable mania for the preservation of game, and its destruction by the fowling-piece. Among our ancestors, few beside the idle country squire, whose income and landed property sanctioned the pastime, were professed shots. But now, from the landowner of fifty thousand pounds a year, to the retail shopkeeper, who makes his annual September sally to the stubbles in the neighbourhood of town, all ranks, professions, and ages, aspire to the ownership of a dog and gun: and far should it be from me to grudge them the healthy exercise of such pursuits, if they could, as things are constituted in England, be enjoyed by all who follow them, with peace and common justice. But though the same fox, and the same pack of hounds, may be followed by a hundred as well as by fifty—though the same race may feast the eyes of a thousand as well as of a hundred gazers, the case is very different with a given quantity of game. It is perfectly clear, that all cannot be gratified in a country like our own, narrow in extent, and densely populous; and a large portion of that population admirers of a pastime, which, even to the individual owner of a large estate, can afford but a limited gratification, since it is the misfortune of shooting, that, unlike racing and other popular sports, the source of the amusement perishes by the very act from which the sportsman derives his pleasure. But such is the unconquerable perversity of our species, that it has in all ages conferred a value on objects in themselves valueless, that they are difficult of acquisition. To be able to excite the envy of others, by the possession of a rarity, is a lofty privilege, that excites our own. Hence arise those struggles and dissensions that estrange the tenant from his landlord, the peasantry from the gentry, the flock from the reverend pastor and magistrate, and neighbour from neighbour. And great as the evil is, it is still an increasing one; inasmuch as the mania for the sport and the possession of game, appears to be spreading. Look at our newspapers. As early as the month of July, they are filled with advertisements for the sale of dogs, guns, ammunition, and accoutrements. At this the landholder takes alarm, and fires off, in the same papers, his warnings against trespass, and denunciations of prosecution, and all the vengeance of the law. Look at a modern advertisement for the sale of an estate—every narrow spot, of a gunshot in diameter, is pompously described to possess, as one of its most tempting qualities, extensive and flourishing plantations, abundantly stocked with game. Look at the reports of proceedings in our courts of justice—how frequently are the prosecutions for trespass, and the suits for penalties

incurred by the uncertificated or unqualified sportsman? Look under the head of casualties—how lamentable and frequent are the contests, sometimes fatal, between gamekeepers and midnight desperadoes? Look at a modern dinner; in which game is considered as an indispensable ingredient, although every guest present may be perfectly aware that his worthy host has neither land of his own, or any other source from which he could obtain the delicacy, save the poulterer's shop. And lastly,—look at the noon-day audacity with which our stage coachmen, poulterers, and higglers, carry on their illicit traffic; and the perfect confidence, so honourable to their superiors, which they always express, of finding purchasers. So that the possession of a paltry bird or hare, which, if not the subject of legal monopoly, there is every reason to believe, would be disregarded, leads, in the present state of things, to the complicated evils of murder and manslaughter; trespass, assault and battery; the demoralization of our peasantry; the misery of their wives and children; ill-blood and litigation; mistrust and hatred; oppression and revenge; in short, all sorts of flaws and chasms in the social structure. Now, what must we think of those who can persist in opposing the *trial* of any measure in the least degree likely to remove or diminish an evil like this, merely from a selfish fear that it might *possibly* interfere with their idle amusements. I am, for my own part, so strongly persuaded that the most beneficial effects would result from the legalization of the sale of game, that I most heartily deplore the late rejection of that measure in Parliament, and as sincerely hope that the liberal-minded men who first proposed it will continue to press it; and that those who have hitherto opposed it will prove the soundness of their judgment, and the liberality of their minds, by adopting my view of the case. I think it highly probable, that were such a measure carried before the projecting spirit of the age evaporates, we should speedily have a joint-stock company formed, for the rearing and sale of pheasants, partridges, and hares; and a much more feasible scheme would such a project be, than many of the wholesale frauds lately practised by certain worthy gentry, who have as yet escaped the treadmill and the whipping-post. At all events, there cannot be the least well-founded doubt, that in a country like this, full of capital and enterprise, where every article that produces the least profit would soon find a dealer, the breeding of game for market would soon become as common an employment among our peasantry as the rearing of poultry; and the price of game would, in consequence, soon become so low, that half-pay officers, and other plagues of the land proprietor, would cease to involve themselves in quarrels and litigation, to obtain what a slender income might, at least occasionally, obtain with peace and respectability—the opulent would no longer feel ambitious of displaying that on their table, which would be within the reach of humble competence—the poacher would be undersold—and even the gamekeeper would learn, at last, that honesty is the best policy. Of course the game of wild growth, unmolested by half its present number of persecutors, would rapidly increase; and thus the proprietor, who now opposes the legalization of the sale of game, from selfish motives, would, I believe and hope, find it ultimately

promote his amusements. A measure which affords a reasonable prospect of such desirable results as I have just enumerated, must, surely, in the judgment of all who can lay the least claim to patriotism and philanthropy, be entitled to a *trial*; and that, too, of such a duration as may afford some security to those who may embark their little capital in the rearing of game. Or even if one only of such results, the prevention of poaching, should ensue from the adoption of this measure, it would be a glorious triumph for its supporters. For this single result is a combination of happy consequences—thousands of our peasantry reclaimed from a course which seldom fails to lead them, through a gradation of crime, to the gallows, or banishment for life—their wives and children happy and well conducted, under the care of industrious husbands and fathers, instead of being forsaken, and dependent upon parish relief—poor rates diminished (another sugar-plum for the land owner)—thousands, who are closely connected with the original plunderers, by conveying the game to its destination, forced to seek a more honest means of subsistence—mistrust and hatred between our gentry and peasantry dispelled—laws no longer violated, and blood no longer shed in desperate midnight conflicts—all form a picture, at which the eyes of the moral and humane must glisten with delight. But I have said enough—and alas! when the writer cries hold! it generally happens that the reader has been long ago satiated. However, to diminish crime or misery, to reunite the severed ties of neighbourhood, of landlord and tenant, and other connexions of civilised life; to banish the general ambition to possess what a few only can legally possess, and to remove or lessen the envy of the many towards those privileged few, are objects which should enable him who zealously scribbles in the prosecution of them, to bear with resignation his reader's twinkling eye, drawling tone, and frequent pause; and even to support the protracted yawn, as it grates upon his ear, without meditating any breach of the peace.

It was chiefly with the latter view, viz. of lessening those envious feelings, which many a keen, but careless sportsman, is but too apt to entertain towards the proprietors of well-stocked preserves, by showing the peculiar vexations incident to such possessions, that I subjoin the diary of a game proprietor for the first week in September. There is more in the tone and feelings of the hapless journalist, that would have been once quite applicable to myself, than I should like to acknowledge, in any other character than that of an anonymous scribbler.

Sunday.—An excellent practical sermon from Dr. Rosyphiz, on the superlative excellence of charity; and the utter hopelessness of our obeying its dictates in the important concerns of life, unless we also hold them sacred in minor affairs—in undergoing petty injuries and trials of temper, as well as in the patient endurance of more serious aggressions from our fellow creatures. The examination of our past and present feelings towards our neighbours, the natural consequence of such a discourse. Felt a momentary twinge or two, when I thought of Hodge. But what if the fellow had been my tenant for twenty years? Did I not freely pardon three different acts of poaching, before I turned him out of his farm? And what, if he set fire to my

haystack, and was hanged for the arson, and his wife died broken-hearted? was the catastrophe to be referred to my assertion of my just rights of property, or to his own base revenge? As to his six children, they are secure from want in the workhouse, to the support of which my property contributes largely in poor rates. To assert the sacred rights of property, is an imperative duty which every man owes to society. On this ground do I strictly resent, and mean to resent, the robbery of my game, by peasant or gentleman. Such resentment is no breach of charity. Dr. Rosyphiz was too general—why did he not make such an obvious exception? He sha'n't have his annual brace to-morrow. As to mankind at large, I can survey my feelings towards them with the greatest complacency; with the exception of my immediate neighbours on the right and left, whose estates are too contiguous, and themselves too fond of shooting, to allow of our being on the best of terms—and also with the exception of some ten or a dozen of those gentle felons, half-pay officers, naval and military, at the neighbouring watering place.

Monday, Sept. 1.—Dreamed I was in the field, and came up with a gentleman poacher, who refused to show me his certificate, or give his address. Determined not to let the blackguard escape; collared him, and shook him; he threw his arms round, and a struggle ensued: awakened by the piercing shrieks of my wife, whom, it seems, in the imaginary conflict, I had nearly throttled with my left hand, while, with my right hand, I most unmercifully pummelled her dear dainty little shoulders. The room instantly filled with guests and domestics; my poor little Sophy, out of her senses with horror and amazement at this apparent attempt at murder on the part of one who had always borne the character of the most affectionate of husbands, notwithstanding all my protestations and contrition, persisted in beseeching me to spare her life, to my unspeakable chagrin, as the bystanders evidently looked on the whole as a slight matrimonial fracas—a good deal of tittering among the servants—nothing but small beer shall be drank in the kitchen for a month to come. Received a gentle curtain lecture on my devotedness to field sports, and the vexations to which it subjected me. Sallied out with the major, and the rest of my guests, at four o'clock, on just such a morning as a sportsman would have bespoken. Proceeded direct to the further extremity of my property, on which I had seen several fine covies as late as yesterday. But after much time spent in a careful search, we found not a single head of game, but strong symptoms of their having been netted the preceding night—my keepers, of course, all amazement—myself all mortification—and my guests, too evidently, all disappointment at such an unpropitious commencement. Returned to breakfast in fuming ill temper—scalded my throat, broke a cup and saucer, and severely cut my trigger finger. Retook the field, and had scarcely commenced operations, when a shot, within the limits of my estate, drew us off in pursuit to the right, which we had scarcely reached, ere a succession of shots drew us off to the left. This manœuvre being repeated, it was clear that some rogues were acting in concert. I laid in ambush; and sent my keeper in a contrary direction. Pounced, at length, upon three half-pay gentry; a chaplain in the navy, a lieutenant in ditto,

and an army captain. They refused to show their sporting credentials, or to give their names and address. Waxed ungovernably wroth, I shot the only sorry quadruped that all three, between them, had to boast of. This they returned with fearful interest, by slaughtering two beautiful setters, and a high-bred pointer. Moreover the captain and lieutenant saluted me with alternate salvos of naval and military abuse, while the canon of divinity exploded, in a formal challenge, and talked of a saw-pit as the scene of combat. Endured all this in grim silence, while I noted down in my memory the faces and persons of the three marauders—compelled to return home at an early hour in consequence of the loss of dogs. Concocted a furious advertisement for the county paper, offering a reward “to any one who would discover the names and addresses of three fellows, who had feloniously entered my property,” adding a minute description of the three banditti above mentioned.

Tuesday.—Awakened by a loud report near the house, and greeted with the pleasing intelligence, that a spring-gun, which I had set yesterday, without giving due notice, had lacerated the leg of one of my keepers, in such a manner as to render amputation necessary. Must, of course, maintain the man for the rest of his life!—ten children! How inconsiderate in people, of his station in life, to beget such a swarm! Sallied out, after an early breakfast. Shot at a bird, which fell on my neighbour Tallyho’s side of the hedge. Went after it—Tallyho himself behind the hedge! Verily believe the fellow was lurking in ambush. He taxed me with a wilful trespass—High words and a regular breeze. Forgot the scrub was a magistrate, and swore fiercely. He called upon me to pay a fine—laughed him to scorn. Detected my tailor carrying a double-barrelled gun on his shoulder, (what will this world come to!) peering over the hedge from the high road, into one of my turnip fields, the resort of two coveys!—never felt in such a sanguinary mood before. Greatly disappointed by the rascal’s giving up his meditated inroad, in consequence of his perceiving me, before I could conceal myself. Much chagrined to find, on inquiry, that the monster is both qualified and licenced. The new dogs, which I had purchased yesterday evening, without a trial, on a dog dealer’s word of honour, turned out totally worthless, and spoilt my sport so effectually, as to send me home at an early hour. On arriving at home, found a constable in my house, carrying off some of my furniture, under a distress warrant from Tallyho, to raise the fine which I had refused to pay for swearing. Kicked the caitiff out, and swore afresh, to the amount of a sovereign. Summoned instant. Obligated to pay the amount of penalties; and the constable bound over to prosecute for the assault. My guests, vexed and disappointed, took their leave this evening, instead of spending, as they had intended, the whole week with me.

Wednesday.—Found the words, “blood-thirsty tyrant,” chalked on my walls this morning; owing, no doubt, to my use of spring-guns, and my keeper’s accident. Received notice of an action having been commenced against me by the three half-pay worthies, treating my advertisement respecting them as libellous. I saw more than one of the fraternity hovering about the confines of my estate yesterday.

Indeed, in every past season, half-pay officers have been my greatest torments. How extraordinary and lamentable is it that men, the vital principle of whose profession is honour, from whom we always expect a greater sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling in all matters that affect the character of a gentlemen, that these should, above any other class of persons, be notorious for their daring invasions of another's property. As to the hacknied cant respecting the animals being "*feræ naturæ*," and the impossibility of acquiring a legal property in them, while unconfined, I should scarcely expect to hear the base defence resorted to in these enlightened days, even by the lowest mechanic. In the eyes of a man of sterling honour, at least, an indisputable property in their game, is vested in those who go to the expense of a keeper to protect, and, in many cases, even to feed these creatures, "*feræ naturæ*." Every single head of game that is reared on my estate, costs me at least half a sovereign. Is he, then, who enters my grounds without my permission, and purloins one of these creatures, reared and fed at my expense, a more respectable character than the petty plunderer of my domestic fowls, that don't cost me half that sum? Even in the infancy of society, he who first appropriated any wild animal to his own use, by confinement, acquired the sole property in it. Now, it is impossible for game proprietors to make any other or greater appropriation of the game on their estates, than they are at present in the habit of doing by means of their keepers, without destroying those peculiar wild and shy habits in the objects of the chase, which alone renders the pursuit of them interesting to the sportsman. And leaving honour out of the question, look at the justice of the case—the poor industrious peasant, who has to plead in extenuation the temptation arising from the prospect of immediate gain, is declared a felon, and treated as such, for doing that by night, which the *gentleman* sportsman, as he is miscalled, claims to do with impunity by day. Too many of our half-pay officers, naval and military, who frequent the neighbourhood of most of the retired watering places and villages throughout the island, too tenacious of the license allowed in cruising and campaigning, have long conducted themselves with such ungentlemanly and daring disregard of the laws of their country, in the pursuit of game, as to become proverbial grievances to every game proprietor in those neighbourhoods; and sadly to efface from the minds of their countrymen the remembrance of their services in the past war. One is apt to forget the brave defender of his country, in the ruffianly invader of the rights of property. I would it were in my power to circulate a friendly hint amongst them. Well assured am I, that if certain cases within my own experience were formally reported to the heads of the army and navy, neither he who answers a remonstrance or a notice, with scurrility or a challenge, nor his discreeter brother in arms, who evades the penalties of violated laws, by a precipitate flight, would long be suffered to disgrace their illustrious professions.

Thursday.—Took the coach this morning to A——, to consult my attorney as to my liability to an action for libel, in consequence of my advertisement. Found that my three men were but too correct in their law; and was informed, moreover, by my bookseller, that they,

or one of them, have ventured to publish a pamphlet, containing observations on my conduct in the preservation of game, in which they described me as a perfect hero; my informant adding, with an insufferable expression of countenance, (mem. to put this fellow down on my black list,) that the pamphlet has a great sale. Met Captain O'Bloodandthunder—always thought him a very cool hand. He had the impudence, on passing his poulterer's shop, to ask me to go in with him, as he wanted to purchase a hare, and a brace of partridges, although he knew me to be a game proprietor. Considered it *infra dig.* to take offence on such an occasion, so I accompanied him into an inner room, the poacher's sanctum sanctorum. The game was quickly produced, and the captain requesting a warranty of its freshness, the *foul* dealer assured him it had but just entered his shop, directing him, for a confirmation of this statement, to look through a little curtained window, into a back room. I also, out of idle curiosity, little expectant of the sight that awaited me, took the liberty of a peep, and beheld, in the act of arranging a basketfull of game on the table, the quintessence of rascality in the shape of my own gamekeeper, who had obtained permission to go to town that morning, under pretence of visiting a dying relation, and whom I had always hitherto considered the most trustworthy of my menials. When the caitiff found himself detected, he stood at bay, and chuckled with delight while he told me that he had betrayed my confidence, and regularly plundered me, ever since he had entered in my service; and that all my other keepers had aided in his villainy, and shared in the plunder. Attempted to secure the scoundrel, but he escaped. Returned home in a state of mind bordering on misanthropy. Induced one of my keepers to confess against the rest, whom I immediately had arrested and committed.

Friday.—Underwent a terrible trial of temper this morning, in an interview with the wives of my imprisoned keepers, who brought all their swarms of brats with them. Their tears and entreaties, backed by my wife's, had nearly overcome me; but a stern sense of my duty to society, to make examples of these atrocious violaters of the sacred rights of property, at length brought me through. Took a turn with my gun. In one of my very best preserves, found a little monster, of five years old, taking aim at something or other with a bow and arrow! How fearfully has juvenile, nay, infantile crime, increased in this unhappy country. Took the little prodigy before Rosyphiz. I was very moderate in my demands; only wished the varlet to be committed to the tread-mill for a month's hard labour, and that his parents should give security for his good behaviour for six years. The parson, however, actually refused to commit the culprit at all, and to complete the matter, affected to feel surprise at my preferring the charge. But his leniency and his surprise are easily accounted for, when I recollect that I have not, as usual, sent him a brace of birds this season.—Sir Priest and I have shaken hands for the last time. Found, to my great indignation, that some of the neighbouring villagers had, in the course of last night, taken advantage of my being without a single keeper, and plundered my preserves in the most audacious manner. And not content with that, they left a menacing

letter at my door, threatening to set fire to my house, and burn myself and family, unless I instantly liberated my traitorous keepers. Retired early to bed, in a fever of exasperation, resolving to sally out at night, and keep watch and ward in my preserves in propria personâ.

Saturday.—Awakened soon after midnight, by an alarm of fire. The incendiary writers of the letter, which had yesterday been left at my door, had, it appeared, been but too faithful to their word, by setting fire to several stacks of hay close to my mansion. The flames had communicated to an outhouse, and it was not till after some time, and great exertion, that they were at length got under. Above one hundred pounds vanished in smoke! But the agitation of my wife and children affected me much more than such a pecuniary loss. They seem to think, poor creatures, that not a night will pass without some attempt to burn us all. While engaged in extinguishing the flames, I had heard several shots fired on my estate, and dispatched James and Thomas, well armed, to reconnoitre. James, ere long, returned alone, covered with blood, and other marks of an affray with the poachers; and stated, that Thomas had been so severely beaten, that he could not walk home without assistance. This was more than I could endure. I rushed out with my double-barrel, heavily loaded, determined on desperate satisfaction; but I had scarcely set foot on my lawn, e'er a spring gun, which had been removed from a neighbouring plantation by the ruffians who had set fire to my house, laid me prostrate, the contents severely grazing my thigh; the stock of my gun having luckily intervened, to save me from a severer wound. The confinement which was the necessary consequence of this accident, gave me ample time and opportunity for sober reflection. When the catastrophes of the week, and every event which memory could recall, connected with my preservation and pursuit of game, and every pain of mind and body which it had caused me, passed in mental review, I saw the egregious folly and childishness of such ardent attachment to an idle pastime, and the culpability of needlessly throwing a strong temptation in the way of my poor neighbours, for the mere sake of selfish amusement, with a clearness of conviction, which, in vigorous health, had never struck me. In consequence of this conviction, made a solemn resolution, which I hope will not prove a sick-bed resolve, to employ the first hours of renovated health in exterminating every head of game on my estate. As to my keepers, I perceive I have been but too instrumental to their crime, by throwing a constant temptation in their way, of committing a breach of trust very difficult of detection. I shall not, therefore, appear against them; and they will soon be liberated. And from this time forth, nor bird nor quadruped, “feræ naturæ,” on my estate, shall tempt myself or my neighbours to violate a single law, moral or municipal, please heaven!

N.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES.

(SECOND EDITION.)

[OUR readers will recollect, that we expressed our opinion of this work pretty decidedly, immediately after its first appearance. It would not have been noticed again, had not our correspondent been in possession of information and experience respecting one of the countries described by Mr. COLERIDGE, which enable him to speak to points not touched upon in the former article.—ED.]

IN expectation that a "*Second Edition*" would at least have *attempted* the correction of some of the gross errors and misrepresentations of which the *first* was guilty, and that the writer would either have discovered that *a hoax had been played upon him*, or would have had the good taste to perceive that he had *sufficiently imposed upon his readers*, I have hitherto refrained from any observations upon that chapter of this work which relates to "*Madeira*," the only portion of the globe within the range of his *research* with which I am at present (I have some idea of following yet further his steps) acquainted, and the only part of the book, therefore, of which I can give you a *matter-of-fact* opinion; but as no such attempt has been made, I do not feel inclined to exercise any further forbearance.

The author (I am told) arrived at Madeira in *the train* of his relative the Bishop of Barbadoes, after a passage of seven days, during which time (according to *his own* account) he mastered the Portuguese language and sea-sickness! He resided at a *city house of business* during his stay—*four whole days*! He dined at the tables of three of the merchants. He was introduced to the Governor of the Island—not, he it observed, in *propria personâ*, but as *one of the bishop's retinue*! He rode once to the Curral, once to the Mount, once to the Palheiro, and once to *Camacha*, where he rested for an hour or so at a cottage belonging to Mr. —, at the *season of his visit always uninhabited and uninhabitable*, excepting by a fat swarthy scullion, *his (credat Judæus!)*—his "*Rosa!!!*" He also visited once, along with other strangers, the Convent of S. Clara, where he saw a comely, contented, coqueting nun, who takes snuff and wears rings upon her fingers!!! and this is *all! positively all!* that he knows. of his own knowledge, of either Madeira or its inhabitants!!! but

" ————— He coins new phrases,
And vends them forth as knaves vend gilded counters,
Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in payment."

And lo! what a pretty little episode has a poetical imagination, and a fertile fancy converted *this all* into! and how tasteless and hypercritical it is to submit such a pretty piece of conceit to the rule and the stop-watch!—however, he has "*run riot*" now for rather an unreasonable length of time; and as all his "*imaginative readers*" must long ere this have glutted themselves to satiety, it is time that the *matter-of-fact* ones should have their turn—and as I am, to my unspeakable misfortune, a plain, plodding, matter-o'-fact mortal—"a spade" being to me simply "a spade," and the district of "*Ideality*"

a terra incognita upon the map of my cranium—I will not *attempt* the Icarus to his Dædalus, (for although I should be perfectly secure from all danger of approaching too near to the great luminary, yet it would cost me a woeful struggle to keep my pinions dry, and overcome the grovelling attraction of my terrestrial origin,) but will endeavour to *bring him down* from his soaring height, in some measure, to *my level*, converting “*his Maria*” (as I said before) into a good-looking, snuff-taking nun!—“*his pathetic tale*” of her, into the common history of nine-tenths of her associates!—“*his Rosa*” into, *literally and truly*, a very ordinary-looking Portuguese cook!!—“*his Camacha mansion of delight*” into a pretty summer cottage, during his visit, cold, comfortless, damp, and uninhabited!!—“*his providential*” escape from a meteor-like ejection amongst rocks and stones, “*chimeras dire*,” into an ordinary *spill*, from Cockney horsemanship, upon *one of the best* mountain-roads—“*his ocular!!*” testimony—

“ ————— Now I will believe
That there are unicorns—that in Arabia
There is one tree the phoenix’ throne—one phoenix
At this hour reigning there ————— ”

of some midshipmen riding over a bishop who *quitted* the island *nearly six years ago!!!* into an *unimpeachable* instance of *retrospective second sight!!!*—Madeira *grapes* in *January!!* into raisins *imported* viâ England!—a poor, illiterate, shoeless, shirtless friar, into (must I tell it?) a *sow-gelder!!*—“*gay and luxurious* houses of *perfect elegance*” into large, unseemly, substantial fabrics of *white-washed stone*!—“the *classical* Palheiro,” into a *High Dutch* translation—“*princely*” into mercantile hospitality—a “*beatorio*, or make-believe nunnery, into a common Foundling-hospital—palanquin loads of “pretty ancles” into some half of a dozen, distributed amongst a population of twice (allowing to each a *pair*) twenty thousand!—*four thousand* feet! of depth of the Curral into *not quite sixteen hundred!!!*—“a nunnery at its bottom,” into “*air, thin air;*” and “*Cara, cara, cavache, caval,*” into *no known language under the sun!!*

Such a conversion has, I am aware, made his “fancy’s picture” into a plain, unvarnished tale, about as interesting as a Dutchman’s diary, or a sailor’s log-book; and with all my matter-o’-fact prejudices, I would never have dreamed of such cruelty, had he professed himself the historian of some “*plusquam fortunata*” (to use his own words) island, in lieu of a *recorder of facts*, regarding one *not more fortunate*, I believe, than its neighbours. To prove, however, that I have not been combating him with his *own weapons*, arraying *fiction against fiction*, and practising a *double deceit* upon our readers, I will be at the trouble of making a few extracts from the work, and of opposing to them the *naked unadorned truth*, by way of commentary.

“*Imaginative reader!*” have you ever been in a gale of wind on the *edge* [what is that?] of the Bay of Biscay?—Now this from an *imaginative writer* may all be in very excellent keeping, although to my *unimaginative* senses it sounds very much like bombastic fustian; however, as it involves nothing *contrary to fact*, I shall let it *pass*. I have no very serious objection either to the apostrophe to

“*Eugenia*,” who *may be* either his washerwoman or his grandmother, although he evidently makes her by implication “*his mistress*.” I wish, notwithstanding, that he had let us a little more into this “*love-affair*,” for

“Of all the strains which mewing minstrels sing,
The lover’s one for me!—I could expire
To hear a man with bristles on his chin,
Sing soft with upturn’d eye and arched brows,
That talk of trickling tears that never fall.”

Leaving “*Eugenia*” somewhat uncourteously to shift for herself,

“ ——— Poetica surgit
Tempestas ——— ”

he brews a *storm in his wash-hand basin*, which lulls into “O Madeira, Madeira, O thou gem of the ocean! thou paradise of the Atlantic!” which, with a little *numerical* assistance from the “*sick scholar in the adjoining cabin*,” and his digits, might arrogate the title of “*prosaic poetry* ;” but which, wanting that aid, must I fear be set down as “*poetic prose*”—(thou art too poetical, *boy*—thou must not be so—thou must leave poets, young novice, thou must)—“I have no heart,” he says, (scribbling, be it remembered, all the time,) “to take up my pen to write of the *days* (FOUR! by the Almanack!) which I spent in thee,” &c. &c.—“I did not *choose* any of the *gay* and *luxurious* houses,” &c. &c.—“I admired, like all the world, their *perfect elegance*,” &c. &c.—“but they did not *fill my heart with that fondness* which I felt for one simple *mansion* at Camacha,” &c. &c.—“I often hear the brawling brook at night, and think myself seated on the bench of green turf, drinking *that* [what?] cool bottle of wine, with a view of—*Rosa!!!*” &c. &c.

The author had *no power of choice*—he was admitted under the *same roof with the bishop*, as a *matter of course*, and much in the same manner as his *band and surplice and other appendages*!—he did not, as *he* implies, and I am assured, *live at Camacha* in a “*simple mansion of delight*,” but in a plain old-fashioned house in the centre of the city, and so far from the Madeira houses being “*gay, luxurious, and perfectly elegant*,” they are *notoriously* the contrary; there is not an *elegant* building of *any description* in the *whole island*!

“The hospitality of the English merchants is princely; you cannot bring too many; [bishops?] you cannot stay too long. The houses of all are open to the guests of each, and I never met with less kindness from *Stoddart*, because I had shown a preference for *Gordon*! I am loth to believe that they look upon us only as customers, although they lead vehemently into temptation by Malmsey, Tinta, and Sercial, and bid you *remember the old house* when they shake hands with you at parting.”

What “*the English merchants*” (many thanks for their disinterested hospitality *to me* when a sojourner in their land) may think of this, I know not; but to me it appears a piece of as *arrogant impertinence* as ever was penned! *that one* who was admitted to their tables as the “*hanger-on*” of a great man, should treat as *butchers and bakers*, hungry after *custom*, and *civil*! under disappointment! *gentlemen* who *gratuitously* fed and lodged him—that he should

taunt them as "*princely*" at the moment that he is sneering at them as *tradely*—that he should *presume* to talk of "*his preference*," which consisted in eating and drinking at their cost—and with all his "*loathing*," wish his readers to believe (how truly *I* do not pretend to determine) that "they do look upon us *only* as customers, (a word "to choke a daw withal")—that he should not only do all this, but *stigmatize*, and *ridicule by name*! the most conspicuous of his dupes! and escape (hitherto) with impunity, is a memorable example of either *contempt* or *forbearance*!

"There is a generality of intelligence, an independence of spirit, and a courteousness of manner about those (English merchants) whom I saw, which seemed the effect and the symptom of great opulence and unimpeachable credit. They have no huckstering, *shop-keeping*, agency taint; they are true descendants (I was going to say remnants) of that grand character, the English merchant of former times."

"Well said, my noble Scot—if speaking *truth*
In this fine age were not thought *flattery*."

"*The English merchants*" may determine whether it be *truth* or *flattery*, and our readers may contrast it with what was quoted before. This will be *most merciful to all parties*!!

"Their (the merchants') information indeed with regard to *certain islands*," &c. &c. &c. (Here follows what may either be construed into a *gentle let-down* to "*their generality of intelligence*," &c. &c. or into an *insinuation* that they palm upon the public *wine* from the *Azores* and *Canaries*, as "*genuine Madeira*." I will, however, generously give him the choice of *whichever* horn of the dilemma he may prefer for his *impalement*, leaving his friends Stoddart and Gordon either to release him, or give the coup de grace.)

"The town is by no means so dirty as the Portuguese like; but the English residents are so influential here, that they have been able to exercise a tyranny of cleanliness, which the natives sullenly endure at the hazard of catching colds." The English have no influence whatever in the most insignificant act of police or government; they live passively under the protection of the Portuguese laws, and in the enjoyment of peculiar privileges as British subjects.

"Some *nice* houses, &c. &c. and in particular there is a beatorio, or make-believe nunnery on the north side, the windows of which were literally crammed full of the meek faces of some score probationers for single blessedness."

This is a common Foundling-hospital for females, and one of its inmates *was married* just before the author's visit! Is it under this roof—this beatorio—that the lady dwells, to whom he tells us he is engaged to be married when they both arrive (a postponement sine die I fear) at *years of discretion*!!

"The friars looked wretched; one poor fellow without shoes or shirt, moved my compassion to *such a degree* [the degree of *ten-pence*!] that I conferred a pistorine on him. He seemed as grateful as if I had taught him to read his Breviary, which he confessed to me he could not do."

The friars are bad enough, heaven knows! all over the world they are the very worst of those "*fruges consumere nati*;" but even

the devil is entitled to his due. The man who moved *so extravagantly* our author's compassion, *is not, and never was a friar!* he is called O Irmao Terceiro; he wears an uncouth habit, frequents churches, and looks sanctified, and is by trade—a *sow-gelder!!!*—he is a poor, ignorant, inoffensive creature, and would be more thankful for a dollar than “the gift of tongues.”

“The Portuguese ladies in Madeira never wash their faces,”

[“My lady's prattle filter'd through her woman.”]

“and complain that the English spoil their fine complexions by too much water. ‘*Dry-rubbing is the thing!*’”

Now, before Jove, admirable! by Phoebus, my most facetious rascal, I could eat water-gruel with thee for a month for this *jest!* my dear rogue!!

“In returning more quietly through the town, *I saw!* [*saw!!!*] that happen to others which had not happened to me.” (Here follows a page of description of some midshipmen riding over the Bishop of Madeira, Dom Frei Joaquim, &c. in his palanquin.) *Saw!!* the Bishop of Madeira, Dom Frei Joaquim de Menezes Ataide! ridden over by midshipmen!!!—*saw!* a man ridden over in *Madeira*, who *was at the moment*, and *had been for nearly six years! in Portugal!!!* However, that I may not be suspected of having recourse to a quibble, and inferring (for the inference is palpable) a *falsehood*, where a *blunder* only has been committed, I will state positively that *the present Bishop of Madeira NEVER was ridden over by any one*; and that there is *no mistake* about the NAME, because it is *identified* with that which the *patron* of the poet *Medina* actually bore—the *present Bishop never patronized* the writer of the “*Georgida*”—the “*Cavalheiro da real ordem da Torre e Espada*,” to whom it is dedicated, still (I believe) resides there, and as (I understand) he is somewhat addicted to ride in a palanquin, and decorate his person with an *amphibious sort of ornament*, may perchance have been trodden under foot by the “*younkers*” of the Herald in the guise of a bishop! (N. B. I find upon inquiry, that this will not bear even the *charitable* construction which I endeavoured to put upon it—that it is incontrovertibly one of the *numerous* family of *facts!* for which the author is “*indebted to his imagination*,” and that no one *above* the rank of a *merchant* has *ever*, in the memory of the present generation, been TRAMPLED upon by a *visitor!!*)

“I called upon the Governor, Dom Manoël de Portugal, who has the credit of being a bastard slip of some of the Royal Family; he is a little, prim gentleman, and talks French, besides his vernacular.”

The author called upon the Governor as *one of the attendants* upon the Bishop of Barbadoes; in his *individual* capacity he would not have had that honour! The Governor of Madeira is own and legitimate brother to the Marquis of Valencia; whether *the family* may have the same *original* claim to illustrious birth as those of St. Alban's and Grafton, I am ignorant: would he *dare* to call either of those ‘peers of the realm’ “*a bastard!*” they are neither more nor less so than Dom Manoël de Portugal.

“Immediately before me [at the primeira vista of the Curral] an enormous chasm opened [it has been open for ages!] of two miles, or more in length, a mile in breadth, and some *four thousand* feet! in

depth. The bottom was, &c. &c.—with a *nunnery* and its church. *Note*—[by the author]—I believe *this nunnery* was intended as an asylum for the females of all the religious houses in the island, in case of invasion or other danger.”

Of the descriptive part of this *indescribable* view I shall say nothing; the length is, as he most truly and correctly states, two miles, *or more!!!* how he contrived to impose a mile as the limit to its breadth, the eagle who conveyed his line can alone explain; the actual *measured* depth approaches to *sixteen hundred* feet!!! a modicum of difference not worth the attention of an “*imaginative writer*,” although involving an *impossibility* according to the existing laws of nature; there neither *is*, nor *ever was*, “a nunnery at its bottom,” or within leagues; his note therefore is purely gratuitous.

“Perhaps also you may see there [at the convent of S. Clara,] *poor Maria*, if she be not dead! if she comes, speak to her very kindly, [none but a brute would do otherwise,] and give my love to her; but you do not know me, [indeed!] or *poor Maria* either. Her history [here follow *at full* the *names* of her parents; and other unfeeling, unmanly exposures, of the *privacy* of *domestic life*, which are by *universal* consent respected, and considered entitled to respect; and which I will not give further publicity to by quoting.] “She was disliked by her father and mother from the first years of her infancy; her brothers neglected her in *obedience* to their parents; and her sisters, who *were very ugly*, hated her for her beauty. Every one else in Feinchal and the neighbourhood loved her, and she had *many offers* of marriage at *thirteen years of age*, which the little maiden laughed at, and forwarded to her *elder sisters*. Amongst other arrangements for the purchase of *commissions* for *two of his sons*, and for giving *portions* to *two of his daughters*—determined to *sacrifice* his best and sweetest child Maria, &c. &c.” One of the first acts of the Cortes was to order the doors of all religious houses to be *thrown open*; S. Clara was visited by friends and strangers, some to see the church, some to see the gardens, and some to see the nuns. Amongst others, a Portuguese officer, at that time quartered in Feinchal, saw, and *fell in love* (of course) with Maria. He was a handsome youth, of good family. A nun is emancipated from her parents, and the law declared the vow of celibacy null and void. The marriage was determined on, &c. and the wedding-day fixed. Maria fell ill, &c. &c. The wedding was fatally postponed, &c. &c. Maria rose from her bed of sickness to return to her cell and her rosary. Her lengthened ringlets were again mercilessly shorn, &c. &c. Maria put her hands through the grating, took one of mine, and made me feel a thin gold ring (she wears *several*) on her little finger, and then pressing my hand closely, said in an accent which I still hear [with “*the brawling Camacha brook*” as an accompaniment,] “trão, trão, trão, tinha dor do coração.” If this had been merely an attempt at the pathetic, with Sterne for a model, I should have smiled at the presumption, and pitied the failure; but it bears a very different character; it is an *unjustifiable, ungenerous, wanton*, act of cruelty towards a *highly respectable* family; it is outraging some of the best feelings of our nature, and deserves unqualified condemnation. Did the author never hear from the lips of “*his relative*,” the

“*worthy bishop*,” as he stiles him, that blessed injunction, “*Do to others as you would be done unto!!!*”) and has he in this instance put it into practice? How would he like to have *his own* “*family records*” dragged before the multitude? A late noble poet (with consummate bad taste, it must be acknowledged) accused one of “*the name*” of having married “*a milliner of Bath*,” and the hue and cry which it occasioned has hardly yet subsided. Surely he (the author) is not so *pure a Christian*, and so *true an Englishman*, as to lay “the flattering unction to his soul,” that being *only Portuguese*, and *Catholics!* their feelings are not entitled to respect, and their homes to sanctity!!! He will not either pretend that the enormity of the act (one of every day occurrence, and to a Catholic a *meritorious* one, *however* accomplished) prompted the exposure, for a very *different tone* pervades it; in that case, too, *names* were not required; *reputations* and *feelings* might have been spared; it would also have occurred to him, that a much more stern and severe moral lesson, a much more palpable and unwarrantable *abuse* of the unnatural system of shutting up our fellow creatures in convents, might have been brought before the public in the case of the *inmate* of an *adjoining cell*, the *natural daughter* of an *Englishman!* and a *Protestant!!* and who, as a good orthodox *Athanasian Protestant*, knew that she was thus condemned to *perpetual incarceration* in *this world*, and (according to *his* creed,) to *eternal damnation* in the next!!! He has not even (the *least* he could have done) adhered to the *truth*. The nun in question was persuaded by her mother to take the veil, by what means, or from what motives, are known to her God and her conscience; let us not judge them; her sisters are *not ugly*, and could not therefore have hated her on *that* account; they are still *unmarried, and portionless!* this was not therefore the object of *our* sacrifice; she had *not a single offer* at the age of *thirteen*, and although “*the little maiden*” (how pathetic!) might (in that case) have laughed at, she *could not* have “forwarded them to her *elder sisters*, for she happens to be the *eldest* and *first-born!!* of the family!!!” “*Commissions*” in the Portuguese service are *not to be bought*; were they, however, as marketable commodities as church-livings, Maria’s fate would have remained uninfluenced, for *neither* of her *brothers* is in either the army or navy!!! The Cortes *never* either committed or contemplated so absurd an act as that of “*throwing open the doors of all religious houses;*” and S. Clara *never* was *entered* by either friends, strangers, or lovers! The “*vow of celibacy*” *never* was declared null and void; “*the marriage*” *never* was determined on! the “*wedding-day*” *never* was fixed! Maria, I can assure our readers, *still retains* (or did a few months back) her ringlets, and so far from being *dead!!!* is in excellent health and spirits, and ready to flirt with *any* or *all of them!!!* In truth, the whole “*affair*” was neither more nor less than a little of this innocent *passe-temps* with a midshipman of the Portuguese brig of war, the *Tagus!!!*

I now take my leave. I am a perfect stranger to the author, and he is equally unknown to me. I am quite unconnected with either the Portuguese natives or English residents of the island of Madeira;

and both he, and those of whom he has spoken (to use the *mildest* term) *incorrectly*, are alike objects of *perfect indifference* to me. I have "*not called* him a Jesuit," or any other *hard* name; what I may have *proved* him, he must abide by.

X.

A TRANCE.

Do I wake? Yes—but how strange! It is so! I am transmuting—passing from my chrysalis! My soul moults, and is about to wing it in th' ethereal realms! Was ever more blissful consciousness? I am already in the vales of light! Ha! touch me not, Jacintha; I am all pulp—sensitive as the leaf—quivering like thy blancmange—Pugh! dame, thou hast blown out thy candle! What a stench! Where am I? In what subterranean vault precipitated? Was I not in the realms of light? and now, what charnel vapours infect this air? Are these the catacombs? Thou there again, damn'd witch! flaring thy unhallowed torch across my eyes! Be'est thou the night-hag, coming with lurking intent and stealthy pace upon me? Ha! how is this? bound! my feet too, tied! But I will scream. Hellish witch! thou hast chained down my very voice! thou art going to murder me here! Stay, she shakes her taper across mine eyes. I will counterfeit sleep, and watch her horrid incantations. There! she begins, she lays down her lamp—she grasps a bottle, she prepares to uncork—aye! aye! some foul midnight vapour, pregnant with horrid shapes. What! she drinks! Ha! ha! I see it all now—'tis Jacintha regaling herself—but how came she into this cave? Is she a sorceress? No matter, I have scared her away! But no! she lifts the brandy-bottle to her lips again! Good! there again! Well! it is her turn now. Ha! what dull sound is that? The witch vanished! the light gone! Did I not see her drop? A groan! let me go! Who pulls me off my chair? Oh! 'tis among disembodied spirits that I am! Might I crawl out at yonder chasm! See, see, there is light, blessed effulgence! Oh! welcome! it is the splendour of the moon, that receives me from that cavern of horrors! Beautiful! How she flits along the fleecy welkin, rolling onward! But where have I wandered now beneath her fitful beam? Is not yon the meadow where I strolled in boyhood? it is, it is! see the laurel with the glistening leaves, where the nightingale sang! and there, the ivy where I netted sparrows by the light of the moon! There is the road beyond! let me get upon it! Surely this is the bridge where I have stood such nights, and gazed upon my Ellen's chimnies! It is indeed, and there is the window of my beloved! She is there! Yes, yes! I wonder does she wake? Ellen! Wilt thou not walk with me this beauteous night? There! give me me thy hand! now, spring! thou art safe over, come along! There is but another hedge between us and the sea! You will venture to the beach? How calm and magnificent! lean thy head for ever there, and watch the stillness of the ocean! 'Tis the image of eternity, and does it not speak of peace and heaven? No! not sorrow, love, they are tears of rapture, that I shed upon thy cheek! It is awfully serene, solitary, and grand! Didst thou sigh

so heavily? fear not, I am with thee! Again? 'tis but the distant roar of the tide! but we will retreat. How! my feet are as rock—they refuse to move—the waters mount—leap into my arms. Oh! God! I feel them rise, rise, rise—they press upon my chest already! One death-struggle more, and all is over! There! nobly done! the spell is broken, and I am loose again! But what a horrid, jingling crash it was! List! whose voice? Ellen's? No, 'tis that croaking witch Jacintha! What is she muttering about broken bottles and decanters? Cursed hag, it must be so! she vitrified me that I could not move my feet, until I burst myself asunder. But in what chaos have I plunged? In what glooms and caverns, darkly visible, am I wandering? Had I but Aladdin's lamp! Oh! the gems, that sparkle on those dusky walls! What broken gleams mingling like glow-worms, and faintly showing the ruggedness of this cleft! Ha! moonlight again! I emerge once more from darkness! what is before me? a dreary heath. How thick and white the haze that envelopes me! It clears away apace, and—what do I behold? A transparent palace! Glorious! rooms of chrystal refracting, like falling sheets of water, the prismatic colours! How splendid! And none to inhabit these pellucid chambers? None, did I say? Oh! strange! surpassing! Who and what are those silent, walking shapes and shadows, that move within the lucid walls? their eyes fixed on me! My ancestors, as I live! in the same procession as in our portrait gallery! My mother among them! Ellen too in miniature! Shakspeare! Oh what a glorious assemblage beyond, of well-known heroes! But how? the floor undulates, and bears me along unwilling! Farewell, ye enchanted, fading forms! The stairs, too, move round spirally, and reflect the patterns of the kaleidoscope! I am forced to ascend! Galleries of light, and vacant chambers! ha! there is one tenanted! 'tis like my bed-room! my own bed too! and I thus borne towards it! Who snores there? 'Tis Jacintha—Jacintha in my bed! Avaunt, witch! What! I cannot recoil, I must. Hast thou then conjured up this fairy dome to tempt me to thine arms, withered wanton! Heavens! I am forced. O Disgust, lend sinews to my strength! There! what an effort! Hark though! The enchantment is demolished! and what a crash the vitreous fabric made! The lewd hag cries! let us hear! “broken the glass”—to be sure, vile sorceress, I broke the glass sooner than be ravished by thee. “Oh Lord!” well mayst thou cry, oh Lord! I hope it shivered about your ears! she groans! fainter and fainter! Aye, she is sinking into the abyss! and I?—I am floating in ether! I ascend! What an inward change! It feels like the coming on of sleep! Can it be my transfiguration? Yes! I breathe through every pore, and inhale light! My beatified body is preparing for elysium! What hidden things are revealed! What access of sudden knowledge! Secret of life! I grasp thee now! Blood, transparent ichor flows through these bright veins. Those are the animal spirits, those globules of light flickering through this semiluculent brain, and causing sensation and reflection there! The connexion of body and soul is now clear to me; but words cannot express it. Words!—I have not even ideas—'tis immediate perception all, not the slow process of thought; I penetrate every thing—transfuse myself over every thing! These, these are angels of bliss! We hold converse without signs—

by mutual inter-communication of beatified substance, of spiritualized matter. I scan their histories, and read who they were on earth, as if in my own consciousness. This was Adam—this Newton—Ellen this; but she is of no sex, nor inflames any desire now! It is placid rapture all, like an infant's dream! Oh soft, soft, delicious repose!

How long I remained in Paradise, I, like Mahomet, am quite unconscious. When I descended for my sins, and woke to recollections of my earthly condition, I was sitting in the arm-chair, between the fireplace and window, through which the moon had shone in upon me. She was still visible in the grey drapery of the morning clouds, and enabled me to see the havoc around. The table was overturned, and all the brittle ware that had spread its surface, when my boon companions left me, was strewn in fragments over the floor. The very pier-glass was frittered to pieces. Further off lay the drunken Jezebel, still snoring, with her candle and bottle upset by her side. The noises she made, convinced me that she was not yet beatified, so I shoved her backwards and forward, with my foot, till she awoke with a grunting exclamation of "Spare me—Oh! spare me!" a tolerable symptom of the purgatory where she had been. "Arouse, thou drunken hag, and answer for thy crimes;" exclaimed I. "Who upset that table?" "Indeed, it was you, sir," said she, rubbing her eyes, "and I told you at the time that you were breaking the bottles and decanters; but you only scouted me for a witch, and talked of my having vitrified you." "Thy aspect was the nightmare to me. I remember now bouncing up to escape thy charm. But who broke the looking-glass?" "Indeed it was you, sir, when you talked about being ravished by me, of which, I declare, I had not the least intention." Hush! I see it all. The mirror was my chrystal palace; and thy confounded snoring hard by suggested all the rest. It must have been my convulsed elbow that did it, for it pains still. But what brought thee here, guzzling toper? Thou imaginest that I know not. Didst thou not come in furtively, to steal thy bellyful of my liquor? And didst thou not shake the candle before my eyes, and then swill away, fancying me asleep? Deny it not, for I will swear it; and there is the candle and bottle. And didst thou not sink down overcome with brandy, and extinguish thy light, and groan; that I fancied myself among ghosts? Damned hag! to steal thus upon my visions! Eye and ear were waking then, but polluted by thy motions and noises! Had it not been for thee, I had spent the night in pleasantest illusions, under the influence of that moon, and the good wine that I had drunk! But now, see the damage that thou hast caused by sullyng my imagination! Away; begone—that I had never seen thy haggard features, foul incubus upon my thoughts! Would that I could blot thy semblance from my mind's glass; but thou art anealed in it; and I fear that I shall never more see dreams undisturbed by thee! Begone, I say!

ST. ALCOHOL.

ODD CHAPTERS OF TRUEMAINE,
OR THE MAN WITHOUT REFINEMENT. 1820—6.

CHAP. XIV.

* * * * * While I stood waiting for the door to be opened, I observed two gentlemen lounging along the pavement, and examining the houses on both sides of the street. I did not remark their persons accurately, and the opening of the door soon put an end to any curiosity which their appearance had excited. I found Olivia as I had left her, in the midst of the tasteful productions, and apparatus, which her industry had heaped around her. Her animation bespoke unbounded happiness, and conveyed a deeper glow, a warmer tint, to every thing she touched. The objects which she selected were the "most smiling in nature"; sunny fruits and flowers, cottage doors overhung with the rose and woodbine. These were to me the best evidence of her unalloyed satisfaction, for they showed upon what genial pictures her imagination dwelt. The moment I signified my wish for a walk, she laid aside her drawing utensils, and playfully requested me to take her to some nursery-garden, that she might refresh her ideas of certain flowers, that she meant to design. As we sallied out with this intention, we almost came in contact with the two loungers whom I had noticed, and one of them turned out to be the little spruce gentleman with whom I had exchanged cards in Kensington-gardens. The other was a tall, slim figure, with a sickly aspect, and rakish appearance; and by the shock which Olivia experienced at the sight of him, as well as by her exclamation "'tis he!" I was at little loss in divining him to be her betrayer. I supported and encouraged her, while they passed by, the little fellow giving me a nod of recognition, and seeming desirous of addressing me, but for the hasty movement of his companion. It was some time before she recovered breath enough to assure me that my surmise was well-founded, and to express her apprehensions that this meeting boded no good. I over-persuaded her alarms, and convinced her that he had no authority over her; and that, if he meant any violence, my protection was sufficient to repel it. Meanwhile I augured some disposition to mischief, from the circumstance of meeting the two together. They had probably cemented their acquaintance, if unknown to each other before, in the house of the bawd, from whose clutches I had rescued Olivia; and were now, most likely, on the stroll to discover our retreat, which I had taken no pains to conceal.

We shortly afterwards returned home, Olivia being too much struck with horror, to interest herself much in the objects of her excursion. I kept a good look out, and seeing no vestige of her enemy, I took my departure, promising to return as soon as I possibly could. I was hastening through one of those filthy streets in which all manner of small provision-shops are to be found, in contact with an odour that is enough to give one a surfeit to such articles of consumption, it being

the laudable custom of the parish officers to neglect those places, when their services are most required, because the profitable accumulation of decayed substances repays them for their oversight. At all hours of the day, hungry-looking fellows are to be seen loitering in these streets, as if making up their minds what they shall have when they procure "the two-pence" to get it with; not that some do not flock there with the creditable design of procuring, on the very spot, "the two-pence," either by the use of their talents as ballad-singers, or *conveyancers*. In such a street as this, Doctor Paley might smoke his pipe, and observe human nature, quite as largely as in his public-house by the way-side. I had no idea of the extended information which I was destined to reap in this quarter. At the corner of a mews, opening into a street, a rabble was collected round two combatants, of very unequal degrees of rank and strength. The one was a tall, genteely dressed man, though his clothes had already soaked up much of the parish perquisites. The other was a squat, stout fellow, who might probably amuse his leisure hours with hawking catch-pennies; at all events, he would not have been degraded by such an employment. I could not, for the honour of the coat, help interfering for the gentleman, especially as there was a host, to one against, and as he seemed the only person of the groupe who was not quite delighted with the sport. "Well done, little fellow," was reiterated so often, that I was afraid all would be done before I could penetrate the phalanx that formed a ring round the pugilists; meanwhile I inquired the cause of the row, and found that it arose from the man in superfine having charged the man in drugget with purloining his pocket-handkerchief; and that his Majesty's liege subjects had been so scandalized with the reflection upon one of their peers, and the incongruity of imputing the subtraction of such an article to a poor fellow, who had all his life abstained from the use of one, that they, one and all, had called for the law of *battle* to vindicate the innocence of the accused. How he, of degree, came to level himself to the combat with such a base-born churl, I know not; but he seemed heartily sick of his rashness, and looked around piteously for a sally-port to escape. At length, after a clever round, in which both came to the ground, I rushed forward among those who did the honours of the arena, and interposed between the combatants, sharply rebuking the *gentleman* for his disgraceful conduct. "How can I help it?" exclaimed he: "I began the fight in my own defence, but I have too much English blood to give in." "Time, time," shouted the bystanders. "Clear the ring; turn that fellow out; strike him, Jem, if he don't get away." "Fair play, good people," began I, "no man should be called upon to fight against his will. This gentleman never wished to fight, it seems; you have therefore acted very unhandsomely, in forcing him to it." "That's a very good joke," retorted one of the backers; "and what satisfaction, then, was Jem Nabish to have, for the ruination of his character? Will that there gentleman go back in his words, and then Jem will leave off? that's the go." "That's not the way a charge of the kind is dealt with," returned I. "If your friend is conscious of his innocence, what objection can he have to accompany this gentleman before a magis-

trate? and"—a general yell here ensued, mixed with imprecations and rude laughter. "He is a lawyer; strike at him, Jem, till he moves." "You'll commit an assault, if you do," I cried, "and depend upon it I'll have you up for it." But Jem seemed more animated by the shouts of his companions, than deterred by the fear of committing a breach of the peace; and I found that I was about to be hauled in for a share in the exhibition. I parried one or two blows with good humour; and then told him, if he repeated them, I would floor him, which I did accordingly, in good style. "One of the Fancy!"—"a *crack* man!"—"do you offer to fight him, John,"—and similar exclamations were handed about. "I want to fight none of you," said I; "so stand off: but I call upon you, in the name of the king, to assist me in apprehending that fellow, who has committed an assault upon me." "You must fight me first," said John; who seemed to be the bully of the party, and very well adapted by nature for the office, as far as limb and muscle went. "Fight you!" sneered I; remembering how a late Irish barrister had extricated himself from a similar invitation. "I would sooner give over fighting all my days, than fight such a deformed lump as you." A loud laugh followed this disparaging compliment, to which my challenger made no reply; but tipping the wink to his gang, they closed in upon us, and I became convinced that this troop of desperadoes meant to ill-treat and rob us, and I called loudly upon such of the spectators as were honest men, to prevent them. The recess between gables, into which they had drawn their first prey, prevented their being much observed along the first street, and they might perpetrate any mischief, without fear of discovery, a few yards lower down. Luckily the constables, sent no doubt by some wiser ally than I had proved myself, came up just in time, and convinced us how much more powerful, with the vulgar, is the language of emblems, than our ordinary one. Those who had paid no great deference to his Majesty's name, were immediately awed by the sign of his crown, painted upon a blue stick, and not only readily made way, but seemed disposed to lend every assistance to the officers. These had acquired, by tact, the power of reading *rogue* in a thief's countenance, and required very little auxiliary information from me. My companion charged Jem again, distinctly, with having plucked a silk handkerchief out of his coat pocket, which Jem denied most indignantly, till one of the officers, thrusting his arm up his back, drew from between his shoulders the said article. Ulysses himself could have denied it no longer after that. I would gladly have been excused from moving in the procession to the office, as an anxious feeling drew me another way; but the deputies of the executive could not dispense with my company, whose evidence, they alleged, would be required to substantiate the confederacy. As we entered the office, I heard the Magistrate name a particular officer to accompany some gentlemen, who made their bow to his worship; and as they retreated, I recognised our two tormentors of the morning. A bewilderment came over me in an instant, which settled in a firm conviction that their visit here had some relation to Olivia. Had this villain claimed a legal right over her? and would he have the hardihood to bring the claims to public view? Or had he invented some plausible tale of

pilfered effects, to get her once more into his power? Something he had done, and I was on thorns to learn it; and to counteract its effect I politely entreated the sitting magistrate to despatch me, as my immediate dismissal was of the greatest consequence. He gave me a slow Rhadamanthus' nod, from which I augured the prolixity of his proceedings, and a stern reproof for daring to dictate my own time to the functionary of justice: then he took out his snuff-box, and duly provisioned his magisterial nose, previous to its opening on a new scent—unfolded his mainsheet of India silk, and gathered it into the form of an apple-dumpling, as if he expected the luxury of a sneeze; during which time a profound silence reigned in the court, as if a breath would have foiled the cherished hope, and caused great Jove to nod in anger. It came at last, thanks be to the maker of the snuff; and a hum began once more to circulate through the room. On the recovery of his dear sight, he threw his eyes round the room, which were followed by those of his minions, who seemed to comprehend his meaning, for they turned out several shabby fellows, and some gentlemen, whom they included among such, for private reasons. After a few more preludes, he gave a look of assent to the senior officer, who very concisely stated the way in which he had found matters. His worship then turned to me, and asked me, what charge I had to make against any of the prisoners? I answered, none—meaning none that I intended to make, though the display of his worship's wiper had naturally recalled my own *real* India one, of five shillings, and I found it gone without leave; but I would give his worship a short account of the transaction. “I was *hastening* home, saw a scuffle, and finding a gentleman concerned, and apparently very much abused by the rabble, stopped to interfere.” “Patiently, sir, if you please: you could not have been in so very great a hurry, upon important business, if you had time to stop, and enter a row?”—and he glanced with great satisfaction at the reporters, who, no doubt, recorded that trait of sagacity. I answered, that it must be an affair of vital consequence indeed, that could permit me to see a person, apparently of my own rank, so mauled about, and not endeavour to extricate him.” “You took the very worst way of doing it, sir: you should have summoned the police.” “I admit it: but the thought did not occur to me at the time; and I believed the case too desperate for delay; and that it would do to call upon the people in the king's name, to bring the offender to justice. In the scuffle, I gave and received some blows; at length we were pushed down the stable lane by this band of fellows; with what intention I am sure I cannot say, for they were prevented effecting their object by the arrival of the officers.” I waited patiently, without suggesting my haste to be off again, while the judge was exchanging a few whisperings with his clerk; but when he turned to the only complainant in the case, and he began his story with, “I had been here, and I was going there,” and such minutialities, I could forbear no longer, and once more suggested, with deference, the urgent affair that made it impossible for me to attend any longer. “You should have considered that, sir, before you engaged in this business. But it is treating the cause of public justice with very little respect, to fly off in this way, before the bench can decide upon the guilt of six or seven

fellows, in custody on your account." After scolding for some time longer, to which I only answered, that, at any other time, I should be happy to attend as a witness, if required, he averted his head in a surly manner, which I took for an inclination of assent, and made my bow, and walked off. I hastened towards Olivia's, and at the first coach-stand took a seat in one of them, and tendered expedition fees, to be driven as fast as possible to her house. When I arrived at the door, I found a hackney-coach in waiting, and the landlady, who soon opened the door to my loud knock, informed me, with much alarm, that there were the two strange gentlemen and a constable above; and for God's sake to hasten up, as she had heard nothing but sobs ever since. I was in the room the next moment, and Olivia sprang into my arms, with a "Thank heaven!—my deliverer, I knew it was you." I answered this confidence in her security with a word of encouragement; begging her to rest on the sofa, while I ascertained the cause of the intrusion of these fellows. I then walked up to the leading conspirator, and asked him roughly his business. He appeared in some consternation; but answered, with assumed spirit, that "he would explain his business in the presence of the magistrate, by whose permission he had come here." "Plausible villain!" cried I; "but I know your errand; I know more of you than you would like to hear in a court of justice; and if you go before a magistrate this day, I'll blazon your infamy to the world, if you are not insensible to its publication. "Very hot and chivalrous indeed!" said he, "but I fancy an action of defamation would cool your rancour." "Defamation of thee! impossible! but no! I fancy, to call thee a bold villain, a brave ruffian, were to defame thy character—but if any one said, a cowardly, base, unprincipled deceiver, then he surely would not belie thee. Begone!" thundered I, "or, loathsome as you are, I'll fling you down stairs." "Constable," he thundered out, "remember that threat; I am under your protection, in the execution of the magistrate's will." "And what is the magistrate's will?" said I, turning to the constable. "That I bring this young lady before his worship, that he may enquire into the truth of the facts." "What facts?" "Why! he says, she is his ward." "His ward!" exclaimed Olivia and I, in surprise. "Yes," replied the audacious fellow, "by my uncle's will." "Then you shall account for the trust, hark ye; in the mean time you have abused your authority too much, to be suffered to retain it. Away! I say: and you, sir, away! You have a worthy pattern of profligacy before you; and a proper spirit for the tool and pimp of such a master." "Too severe, upon my word! too bad after the service that I rendered you in Kensington-park!" "Which you did with as much good grace as you would this day have cancelled it, I suppose? But I have heard your father's name mentioned with respect; and, be assured, he shall hear from me of the career that you are leading, and the guide whom you have chosen." "Very vindictive, indeed. I suppose we had best go." "But, gentlemen," said the constable, "you forget the magistrate's order." "No; but you see we are not safe in remaining here, so we will proceed to the office, and await your arrival with the lady."

They then slunk out of the room, and drove off: when I inquired

more closely into particulars from the officer, I found the reprobate had framed such an artful story, of his benevolent intentions in rescuing an innocent girl from the clutches of a seducer, that the magistrate had reluctantly consented to order him before him, in hopes that his oratory would persuade her to return to her guardian; and no doubt, if this failed, the villain meant to carry her off by some stratagem, on her return home unprotected. I assured the constable, that I was pretty well assured the magistrate would hear no more of them, but that, if he wished it, we would ride down to the office-door, and alight if they were there; but otherwise I would not expose the lady, who had been already sufficiently shocked, to the gaze of an entire court. He thought this reasonable, always saving his worship's better opinion; and we all three set forward in one coach.

On the way, Olivia gave me, in French, an account of all that she had suffered since my quitting her. I was no sooner gone, than she espied her persecutor in the window of an eating-house over the way, waiting apparently for that watched-for moment. She would have sent after me, but her landlady was the only person in the house besides herself, and the very thought of opening the door was frightful to her. She ran down and explained all to the good woman of the house, and begged her, on no account, to open the door to any one but me, in case they should attempt to rush in. In a few minutes they rapped, as she had predicted. The landlady inquired their business, through the parlour window: they answered, that it should be made known when they were admitted. She said she was a lone woman in the house, and could not think of unlocking her door to strangers, without knowing their affairs. They then inquired for Olivia ——. She answered, that there was no such person there; upon which they swore at her in the coarsest terms, that they had seen her go in. She opened upon them with some abusive language, and on their persevering, threatened to rain down vengeance on them from above. This drove them off, after they had menaced to bring a constable, and represent the house as an improper one. They neither of them had the least conception that this threat would be effected, as they saw no pretence for permitting it; at all events they thought I would be home at the time. So they hugged themselves in the security of their precautions, until the arrival of the party, which threw them into the wildest trepidation. After some knocks, the woman began to be alarmed at the consequence of refusing admittance to a constable, but cautiously proceeded, as before, by asking from the window what they wanted? The man reprimanded her for not answering him sooner, showed his badge, and dared her, on her peril, to refuse to admit him. She stated her readiness to let him in, provided the two others were excluded. He declared that he would be her safeguard, against any harm from them; but it was his worship's orders, that they should come in, to induce a young lady in the house to go and see him: on his oath, no violence should be attempted. Olivia heard all this, in the greatest emotion, and finding it vain to persuade her landlady any farther to keep herself enclosed till my arrival, hastily retreated up stairs, where the party soon followed, and, by persuasion and threats of bursting, induced her to unlock the door. The constable had, with every civility, explained the

magistrate's wish to see her, which she had regretted her present incapacity of doing, until a person whom she expected should arrive. Her seducer made a nauseous speech, about the stubbornness of his poor child, and the evils she might avoid by receiving the magistrate's paternal advice: it might lead to the recovery of property; at all events, it had no sinister view from him,—and similar persuasions, to which she listened with contempt, and which were scarce concluded, when I fortunately arrived. This had thrown them into some embarrassment, and caused them to brush up their hats, as much as to say, we had better be off. I was among them, before they had settled how.

On arriving at the office, the constable stepped out, and found my conjecture true; but reported that the magistrate had no doubt but they (the complainants) would soon arrive, and he therefore desired us to enter. I wrote on a card an excuse for not alighting, stating that the lady in question would await his pleasure in the coach, if his worship required it: but that it was futile, for they had imposed upon him, as I could prove. He sent word that he would be glad to see me, at least; and I went in. He seemed somewhat surprised at finding me the same Truemaine who had tried his patience so short a time ago, and inquired if I had despatched the important business that hurried me away? I answered, that I had arrived just in the nick of time to save a great deal of unhappiness to an interesting young woman, the party concerned, against whom I surmised a scheme of annoyance, from seeing the schemers leave the office at my entrance. But I first requested to know if the magistrate were apprised of their names. He answered that he was; but they had deceived him, as I found on his repeating what they had given him for their names and address. All seemed shocked at the idea of Justice receiving such an affront, and rather incredulous, till I gave him their real names, and the address of the father of the younger, of whom he had often heard. As he could not conceive their object in imposing on him, I had to give him an outline of Olivia's history, and to show him the views which this guardian had towards her, stating that his conduct would become the subject of an action, I trusted, before long. He recommended it by all means, and after a few more inquiries, allowed me to depart. We drove home, quite satisfied with having been spared the exhibition of a public inquiry, though it could not but have been triumphant. Olivia was far from well, such a revolution had she experienced from the highest state of tranquillity and satisfaction. She could not fancy herself safe, as long as she remained in a place known to her persecutor, who would, no doubt, attempt other measures to recover her; and even set his villanous coadjutrix to work, for her own sake. We determined to lose no time in changing to a different quarter of the town; and removed so much the more speedily, as the police reporters had made the most of our affair, and held up our residence to public remark, and my name to the comment of my acquaintances; by whom I expected to be much questioned on the subject.

* * * * *

CHAP. XX.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

THESE persecutions had no other effect upon Olivia than to endear me to her. I should have been unworthy of the name of man had I not felt towards her increasing love. How could I look upon the placid countenance of a woman, debarred of all the usual enjoyments of her sex, and enduring the acrimonious insults of the world, without feeling invigorated by affection to repel this unjust and uncharitable contempt? Young as I was, I could spurn the opinion of men when at variance with the dictates of my heart; and in this instance I did not see the right of intrusive strangers to interfere with their strictures upon the terms of my intimacy with Olivia. The pretext of public morals was here unavailing; for though I admit that our intercourse was published to the world by the designing and malicious efforts of persons, who had no other end in view than to consummate her perdition, still its unfortunate promulgation did not make the case better nor worse in reality than it stood before. And if so, what right had the world to raise a clamour against me, for protecting one whom it would have been baseness to abandon—whom persecutions had rendered an alien to the respects due to her sex, before our connexion began—and whom I in fact was the means of rescuing from utter degradation, and of restoring to a portion of that self-esteem, without which woman is, in the eyes of man, an humiliated creature; one towards whom the utmost contempt may be evinced, as if it were her due. Those who regarded public morals so highly, would have been better pleased with her total constupration, than that she should retain so much worth after her fall, as to ensure the esteem of one respectable man. I knew that it only required to exaggerate the crime on both sides, by throwing down the pale of mutual fidelity, in order to hush at once the obloquy of my friends and the world. I would then have been nothing in their eyes, but a young man allaying the exuberance of temperament in the ordinary indulgences of youth; and Olivia would have been as little commented upon, and as little pitied, as the uncasted females of our streets, who are equally below the sympathies and the scandal of our moral censors. But as I opposed their heartless prejudices, and dared to arrogate some respect for a woman; reduced, in spite of herself, to the condition of the abject, I drew upon myself, and upon her, misfortunes which the profligate would have escaped.

If it will appease the provoked, persecuting spirit of the censorious, to learn that calamities followed closely in the train of guilt, as they called it, I cannot withhold from them that reparation, for having acted in dissonance to their received maxims. Misfortunes pressed so rapidly on us, that this system of the hard-hearted appeared to be justified by events, and a new example was furnished to their theory, of the close connexion between guilt and unhappiness.

I shall more particularly in this chapter confine myself to those incidents which paved the way to the greatest misfortune of my life,

FEB. 1827.

N

because the coming events cast a shadow of melancholy before them, which would render it a heart-sickening task to relate at this time the minute and detached portions of my life. I feel myself engrossed by one great leading catastrophe, which it pains me beyond measure to dwell upon, but which must, nevertheless, be told, that I may place the virtues of that amiable woman in their true light; the more so, as the censure of the world calls upon me to vindicate her fame.

The concern which I took in Olivia's restoration to the dignity of a self-esteeming woman, more than any innate compunction of my own, made me scrutinize my actions more particularly than I had been in the habit of doing. As I offered myself as her reformer, it was incumbent on me to practise those lessons of sincerity and rectitude which I commended. She received them always with grateful submission; and it gave me pleasure to see her apply them to the minutest actions of her daily conduct. When they were at variance with my own, she shared my penitence, and took more than half the fault upon herself. I have before shown how she deprived herself of her only pleasure, my society, that I might escape the unfavourable surmises of the people of the house where I lodged. But as I refused to purchase with such a sacrifice the good opinion of persons unrelated to me by any tie but that of money, it became politic, if not necessary, to give some plausible reason for my frequent absences by night.

At first I contented myself with evading their inquisitiveness by a sharp answer; but when I found suspicion assuming the form of doubts of my honesty, there was but one alternative, either to quit the house, or give some satisfactory explanation of the part of my behaviour which was obnoxious. The first was at present inexpedient, as an arrear had accumulated, which the want of my usual remittance incapacitated me from immediately clearing off; and when I stated that fact to my landlady, and assured her of prompt payment, a hint was thrown out that my absence from home was attended with more expense than would have defrayed her demand. I was angry at the suggestion, fair as it was, and we left each other on very bad terms. How Olivia could have read in the chagrin of my countenance my passing thoughts, is one of the mysteries of entire affection; but I had scarce sat down in her apartment when she addressed me—"I have been thinking, Richard, that the mystery of our interviews must subject you to many vexations from your people at home, and I know that a course of mean excuses would be intolerable to you; suppose you were to tell them the whole truth, would it not be better than the surmises they may form, and, at all events, it could not injure you more? Take me with you, and present me in the relation I really bear to you; perhaps I might prepossess them, and charm away the suspicion of your leading a dissolute and extravagant life."

"What! expose you to the insults of the vulgar and unfeeling? No; I admit that I have quarrelled with my landlady, and that she has given me warning to quit, which will be, in certain respects, annoying to me. But what of that? I can easily change my quarters for others, where they will not fancy me an unprincipled profligate for being absent from home during the night."

"Ah! but they know not that you are with me, but may suspect that you are living in the wildest state of debauchery. Say, are you

proud enough of your Olivia, to think that she might mitigate those harsh impressions against you, if her person and manners were known to your defamers?"

"I am; but I would not purchase exemption from the ill opinion of the mercenary by exposing you unnecessarily to the danger of contracting it. No, I will search about this day for lodgings more favourable to my love; you shall not have an additional argument in the ill-humour of my landlord or landlady for dismissing me so often."

She looked searchingly into my face, as if she meditated some design, but was uncertain of my compliance. I asked her what it was.

"Don't mind," said she, "I will tell you this evening." I was so accustomed to little marks of her love, displayed in the same gentle way, as if she petitioned leave to evince them, that I did not wish to lose the pleasure of surprise by unravelling a mystery of no great account, as I thought. For I could not suppose that her supplicatory look had its origin in any desire to secure me as an inmate of the roof that she inhabited, now that I was about to move. It would have delighted me to think that she had any proposal of the kind to make, or to consult my wishes upon; but I ran over in mind the strong objections that she had made whenever I broached the subject, which was one of moment to us both; and I felt assured that her objections remained in full force, from the circumstance of her not having instantly and joyfully declared her renunciation of them. I therefore expressed no impatience to learn what the anticipated gratification was, which her look assured. Lovers only scan these mute indications, which serve them as the epochs of their passion, and as the monuments of events. I date from that look the commencement of a series of joys and troubles, which were carried to the highest pitch, till they terminated, as all human excitement does, in exquisite disappointment; and, but for timely oblivion, might have reached to despair. The occurrence which it prophesied, and which might have been prevented by my requiring an explanation, is, properly, the beginning of that string of misfortunes which will exhibit us to the severe as an imprudent couple, justly chastised for a violation of their moral code.

In the course of the morning, Olivia, I know not by what unperceived device or fathoming divination, drew from me the fact of my embarrassment, without appearing to connect it with the preceding account of my determination to remove. But it impelled her to the plan that she adopted, upon my departure in search of a new tenement. After looking at one or two places, the hate of new faces and habits to be studied, worked upon the hopes which I feebly entertained that Olivia might be prevailed upon to unite herself still more closely to me in one residence, and I speedily returned to urge again my wishes. She had been gone some time, but had left the following note for me:—

"Dear Richard—Forgive me for acting without your consent—your unasked consent, I mean—for I think it is silently accorded: if ever love read truly in the countenance, I think you wish me to do what I am about: Is it not true that your altercation at home was most ill-timed, and that you are distressed in mind how to meet your

engagement? that you wish it had not occurred? and that, without compromising your feelings, your landlady might be appeased, and her good opinion restored? that you think *mes attraites* would be all-powerful with her? My dear Richard, I have no unpleasant feeling in obeying you, and am, besides, proud to show that I can read your wishes, yet, fearful to displease you; successful or not, forgive me ere I see you. Home at four. OLIVIA."

I scarce waited to conclude this note, in hopes of overtaking the writer, before she should subject herself to insults, which I but too truly preconceived.

I found her, pale and dejected, in the parlour of my landlady, whose countenance expressed scorn and irritation. Olivia received me with a meek, deprecating look, and burst into tears on my exclaiming—"How could you come here without my assent? I knew how it would be. You have been insulted?"

"Humph! insulted, indeed!" broke in my landlady; "when the likes of her pushes themselves into proper women's company, it is but right they should get their own. To be the ruination of a young gentleman! with her leghorn bonnet and silk stockings, forsooth! many an honest tradesman's wife is satisfied with Dunstable straw and cotton!" and she railed on in this vulgar style, inflated with her dignity of wife, which she thought entitled her to the temporal as well as spiritual superiority over a fallen sister.

It was in vain that I desired her to hold her tongue; to begone—it only gave her a new set of changes to ring her clapper upon.

"Pay me my money, instead of squandering it on your girl," was now the burden of her song, till I was incensed beyond bearing, and swore that I would not stay another night under her roof.

But how to settle with her? Olivia saw through my mortification, and, putting her arm round my neck, whispered—

"Dear Richard, allow me to repair as well as I can the mischief I have done. Take back the watch you have given me; she may be satisfied to hold it in trust till you can pay her."

I snatched at the offer at once, and it was accepted by my creditor in pledge of speedy satisfaction. My few valuables were immediately transferred to a coach, and we were driven to Olivia's lodging. It was there I used all the persuasion in my power (ungenerously claiming it as a retrieval of her independent step) to overcome her reluctance to my living openly with her. I laughed at her tenderness for my reputation; her fears of giving provocation to my relatives; and finally claimed a peremptory right to the same dwelling, there or elsewhere, with her. She then relinquished all opposition, though not till a perceptible tear, and a convulsive motion in her throat, had shown me that I was using the rigour of authority beyond her power of resistance. But a moment after, she calmly entered into the details of our future *ménage*, and allowed me to see the heartfelt pleasure it would give her, notwithstanding the generous opposition which she had displayed. It was agreed to remain where we were, till her time should be expired, and then to remove to a more retired and convenient quarter.

I am hastening forward with rapid strides, for fear of wearying out

my reader, and making my own heart bleed afresh at every minute circumstance that recalls Olivia's unabating tenderness to my mind. Our difficulties were hitherto but slight, and every day gave hopes of their being surmounted by the remittance which had been so long coming from my father.

Olivia continued to work away at her pencil with renovated courage and delight, as if from my presence. I often saw indescribable rapture in her eyes, as she added to our store the increasing profits of her zeal. Ashamed to be outdone in effort by her, I sought out some work congenial to my habits, and found it in translations of books, and contributions to reviews. Our exertions promised favourably. Olivia's earnings amounted to a sufficient sum to enable me, without waiting for the expected help, to pay off my debt to my landlady. I accordingly waited on her, and demanded my watch. With an air of confusion she owned to me that she had it not, but would get it for me. On closely questioning her, I drew out that she had been induced by some attorney's whelp to believe that I might prosecute her under the pawnbroker's act; this, coupled with her recent exasperation, made her instantly wait upon Lord —, whose connexion with me she had been cunning enough to unravel. She explained to him all that she knew of my keeping a mistress; and then surrendered to him the watch. On which his lordship, merely inquiring my address, of which she could not inform him, had paid her the full amount of her demand. I thanked her for the injury which she intended to have done me, and asked her what I had done to merit her suspicion of my honour. But she urged the instigations of others, and begged pardon so earnestly, that I forgave her. After all, she thought that she was doing a kinder thing than arresting me, as her adviser had suggested; and it was probable enough, she pleaded, that his lordship would not think much the worse of me, and surely would not injure me in an underhand way.

I would not return to my Olivia until I had ascertained a point that gave me some uneasiness; so, having the means of redeeming the transferred pledge, I boldly marched to his lordship's door in Dover-street. I walked into his study as desired, and found him with a severe aspect, and in an attitude of preparation that warned me of a coming lecture. He scarce muttered the usual replies to my complimentary inquiries, (dumb-show being the utmost to which he would condescend.)

"I cannot sit down, my lord," said I in reply to one of his gestures, "until I have thanked your lordship for a mark of favour of which I was wholly undeserving. Allow me to replace, with many thanks, the sum which your lordship has had the kindness to advance on a pledge of mine."

"I cannot allow you, young gentleman, to replace it," slowly returned he, with solemn pomposity, "because it is already replaced. Replaced, I repeat, sir, by your father; to whom I thought it my duty, not only as a hereditary protector of morals, but as the head—the ostensible head of a family, to which you have the honour of belonging.—I say, sir, I thought it my duty to apprise your father, who is the presumptive heir to my title, of the—the—to call it no worse—deviation from propriety, decorum, and virtue: mind that, sir, virtue, decorum, and propriety, of a juvenile member of the house

of ——. And, Mr. Truemaine, your father immediately remitted to me my advance on your watch—a very lowering transaction, in itself, Mr. Truemaine—thanking me for the concern I took in the moral welfare of a child of his; and stating, that he was about to forward a sum of money to you; but that he should show a proper resentment for the behaviour which I had related to him, by withholding any supply, until you returned to a sense of decorum, virtue, and propriety. Stop, sir, if you please; allow me to finish. He also enclosed a letter to you, through me, which want of punctiliousness might be excused, from our ignorance of those—no doubt eligible, and exceedingly reputable quarters, into which you have retreated with—Stop, sir; let me conclude: I am not going to lower my dignity to abusive epithets, *with* a lady who is, no doubt, a—well, well—I have done. Here's his letter—no! that's a copy of a petition to the House of Lords, which he also enclosed, and which I shall feel bound, as a peer of the realm, to present, particularly as it may—(oh! aye! here's your letter)—serve my relation. Now, sir, here's your watch."

I did not allow him to get through this elegant harangue, without attempting several times to interrupt him; and once or twice I did stop the muddy ooze of his oratory. On his concluding, I commenced a bitter irony, directed at this hereditary keeper of decorum, and its subjunct virtue. I thanked him for his apathy, in serving a connexion, and his zeal in going out of his way, to do him an injury. But why repeat the colloquy between a justly provoked man, and a vulgar, mean, and unfeeling nobleman? If ever instance betrayed a character fully, it was his endeavouring to lay me under an obligation, for refusing the sum due upon my deposit.

"No! no! I could not think of accepting it, after being the instrument of your allowance being stopped. Keep it—keep it; and let such indulgence work beneficially towards your reformation. Good morning, sir."

I despised him too much to reply. He was not an irritable, but a stubborn, pompous, narrow-hearted fellow, whom concession and flattery alone would reconcile, when once provoked. This I afterwards discovered; at the time, I hoped that I had planted some wordy daggers in his heart; but one might as well stick pins into a horse-sponge, for all the effect they could produce.

Before returning home, I skimmed over my father's letter. It was in his usual verbose strain, a rhapsody from beginning to end. His heart was lacerated, or laniated, (I forget which,) and his feelings were torn, (always in the anti-climax,) by learning the depravity of a son, on whom his pride and affection were immeasurably fixed. His anguish was unutterable, and his grief unspeakable, to hear that I had offended Lord —, society, and heaven, by an indiscreet, improper, and immoral connexion, with a —, and so forth. He thought, in short, that it was the best proof of his unbounded parental affection for me; of his duty to Lord —, society, and God, to cut off all support from me, until I had repented my crime, and appeased Lord —, the patron of the family, and the model of all human perfections.

By the bye, how frequently do men urge their duty to heaven or the world, when they mean to do, or have done, the cruellest act to their fellow creature! Morality has to purge itself of that reproach—

of shielding its passions under its duties—or, at least, of furnishing with shields, those who are doing havoc with the sword.

I entered Olivia's room, an alien to my family, and a foredoomed beggar, unless our own industry could maintain us. Yet I felt not the weight of these evils in prospective; for before me stood the object for whom I could endure them all: she was more amiable and attractive than ever in my sight. I dazzled the watch before her, and thrust it playfully into her bosom; and to leave nothing unexplained, I threw the "thirty pieces," or whatever it was, into her lap. She was surprised to see the pawn and the ransom both; and I took advantage of her momentary pleasure, and my excited indignation, to describe what had past, in the lightest and merriest strain I could. Poor Olivia! she saw the inebriation of my blood, but did not check it by a word of anxiety; nay, she aided its effect, by singing to me, the brightest prospects of triumphant endeavour. I coiled her in my arms, and felt, in that moment, that she was at once the source of my wisest plans, and the palladium of my virtue.

Some letters passed between me and my father, in which I deprecated his resentment, and promised to appease Lord —, if possible. In fact, I would not have goaded him with a single word, had I previously read my father's letter, by which it was easy to see, that heaven or morality had small weight with him, compared with Lord —'s displeasure. The latter received me once more, and afterwards always sent down a written query, whether I had renounced my connexion with *that* lady, before he would admit me. I soon ceased to trouble his door-openers. My father I could not reconcile, as long as he kept up a correspondence with his noble relative. In quiet truth, I imagine that he was not very profoundly sorry to get rid of the incumbrance of maintaining me. My mother's relatives, among whom were General —, and his nephews, were soon acquainted, by my father, with my conduct; and he (my father) added his intreaties to their interested motives, that they would do their best to reconcile me to our noble patron. It was in Lord —'s power to alienate the bulk of his property from the Truemaines; and as this noble peer had lately got a whim into his head, that I meant to marry Olivia, it was probable that he might cut off all prospect of his property descending, undiminished, to me. Such a contingency was very alarming to the nephews of General —, who looked forward to the influence which wealth, added to a peerage, would one day give my father, as a means of advancing themselves. They tried every argument with me, and sought to whirl me into the vortex of dissipation, in order to break off my intimacy with Olivia—but in vain. At length they (not their distinguished uncle) joined in the harsh system of making me bite the bridle; and one of them, Sholto, struck upon a treacherous plan, for reducing me to the greatest straits imaginable. He had, on my coming up to town, recommended, as young men are in the habit of doing, his tailor to me: of course, whatever clothes I wanted, were supplied to me on Sholto's recommendation, without a word being said as to payment. Sholto apprised him of my circumstances, and told him that he could no longer guarantee payment; on which my bill was made out, and sent to me with an humble request to discharge it. This being unattended

to, there came a plain, formal, attorney-like demand: that being evaded, a sharp peremptory letter; to which I had no reply to make, but that it was out of my power, at that time, to do the needful. The next day, Sholto came to my lodgings, in an apparent hurry; bowed slightly to Olivia; and proceeded to inform me, that an accident had revealed to him my place of residence: that he had been at my tailor's, and heard from him, that he was going, that very day, to put a writ into a bailiff's hands against me; and professed himself, as people always do on such occasions, sorry for his inability, advising me strongly to keep within.

Olivia nearly sunk to the ground on this unfortunate information. Even Sholto, the designing Sholto, was touched with the sight of an anguish of which he knew not the keenest sting; but yet he endeavoured to console her; assured her of my immediate safety; and promised to ascertain the truth officially. He never wished to push his plan of tribulation so far as to get me arrested, I am convinced: he only thought to dispose me, by the inconveniences of domestic confinement, to a reconciliation with Lord —, on his own terms. He was just enough of a libertine too, to sunder two fond hearts, for the sake of gorging on the mangled spoils of one. I saw him throw several *knowing* glances at the figure of my Olivia: but these, and other symptoms of my penetration, are superfluous, by the testimony which Olivia herself afterwards bore to the following facts. I can now relate them in the order in which they happened, without reference to the date of my discovering them.

My liberty having been for some time endangered, during which Olivia went abroad, and sold the produce of our labour, while I remained in solitude and captivity at home, it was planned by her, that we should take a small lodging near Hampstead, and that she should go in and out, occasionally, to dispose of her work. This tender creature, unaccustomed to the intercourse of society, timorous even to her own sex, now learned to brave every hardship and every rudeness, in the avocations of a needy life, of which she had become the main-spring. She had taken comfortable lodgings, as projected, before I had yet fully consented to the fatigues which she must undergo, in her frequent transitions back and forwards. My address was left at her skreen-shop, whence she had the promise of a plentiful supply of work. I dare not trust my pen to relate the manner in which we lived in that humble abode. Never, never, have I been happier! than ~~when~~ ^{because} she twined her arm round mine, to walk in the moon-light, ~~because~~ ^{safety} required that I should not be too often abroad by day. ~~Often~~ ^{Often} have we sat, laboriously working at my translations, in which Olivia could sometimes assist, and always affected to be pleased, till two or three in the morning; her elbow, at times, hung negligently over my shoulder; at other moments, her voice and guitar infusing gladness into my languid thoughts. Such untired energy of love was unimagined by me. She returned, after her day's drive into and out of town, apparently as cheerful, and as little exhausted, as when she set out; and then she would laughingly recount the insolence, and sometimes downright outrages, of unmanly aggressors; and show me, that she knew how to daunt, or tire out, their perseverance. This was the hardest blow of all, but she would not suppress it, lest I should

exaggerate, in imagination, these ordinary disasters, as she termed them. In her domestic drudgery it was the same thing. She appeared to be the happiest of housewives, alleging a sentimental pleasure in pursuing an early occupation, and reviving old associations. There was a mystery in her neatness, which the prying eye of affection and familiarity could not pursue through all its mazes. She had the winning accent, that purchased immediate compliance with her directions from attendants; and nothing was ordered out of time, or when likely to reveal the secrets of her tidyness.

However, as her pregnancy advanced, her physical force began to decline, and I could not suffer her to undergo the hardships to which she had been accustomed. One evening she returned late from town, having, with much entreaty, been allowed to carry in her little budget of ornamental card-work, and my manuscripts. I observed an air of dejection, the moment that she entered, which she in vain strove to hide. I could not wring the cause of it from her, and my air contracted the first gloom that it had ever exhibited since my attachment to her. At last she told me, pale, and blushing alternately, that there were letters from my father, which she had been unable to obtain that day, as the person who had got them had sent them to Lord —— back again, but that by to-morrow she should get them. I saw, by her manner, that there was some little equivocation in this, which it would pain her extremely to dive too narrowly into just now; and knowing that her few inconfidences were directed to procure me pleasure, or save me from pain, I reposed in assurance of all being explained next evening: for she set her heart upon going for the letters, which I could not refuse, as, besides, I felt considerable anxiety about their contents.

But to the reader, the mystery should be cleared up in this place. It seems her merchant had detained her, with the excuse of sending to Lord ——, for letters, which he averred to be there for me. Instead of the letters, a lady in black had arrived, and sought a few moments' conversation with Olivia. She was a genteel, middle-aged woman, one of your evangelical pimps, ever ready, under the shadow of the gospel, to make up matches, or break off amours, or meddle in matters not concerning them. Sholto had employed her, and given her her cue. Olivia was flattered by the attentions of a lady, who was the only decent one of her sex that had ever addressed her. The stranger began by entering, with solicitude, into her (Olivia's) approaching maternal offices, and touched upon subjects likely to affect the heart of one who expected soon to be a mother. It was a sympathy so natural, which her appearance, or the report of her employer, might have created, that Olivia felt no suspicion of ulterior design. The familiarity gradually increased, until the whole truth of her situation was artfully extorted from her, without any of the usual horror being expressed; on the contrary, nothing but words of charity and comfort were uttered. The lady avowed her acquaintance with Lord ——, and ultimately, instigated by my dear angel's prayers, promised to go to his lordship that very hour, and represent my narrow circumstances, and deprecate his using any farther influence with my father, to my prejudice. She returned in an hour, and bolstered up some story of her mediatory efforts, and the probability of gradual success, to keep alive

the suspense of her dupe. An interview was to take place to-morrow, by assignation of his lordship, and Olivia must come in and hear the result; and for fear of any rash step on my part, nothing was to be mentioned to me; but she (Olivia) was to urge, letters in his lordship's hands as her motive for returning. She was a long time before she could impress this "ugly treason of mistrust," on my love; but her persuasions availed at length, and she extorted a solemn promise, that nothing should be yet revealed to me. I will not follow up the mazes of this well-laid plan: suffice it to say, that hope, fear, generosity, religion, and maternal love, were successively worked upon, to impel my affectionate girl to the rash step, which she not long after took.

The letters from my father and noble relative contained offers, which were of themselves splendid; but the condition was, that I should immediately abandon Olivia; otherwise both of them, as far as in their power, disinherited and disavowed me. I wrote firmly to both, giving the emphatic *never* to their condition, and merely urging the injustice of leaving me surcharged with the debts which their express stipulation had induced me to contract, and which now debarred me from the means of earning a subsistence. Olivia read my letter with a burst of affection which I shall never forget. These paroxysms had become more frequent of late. She strained me in her caresses with an energy that I should have recognised for the struggles of a self-doomed sacrifice. She often led the conversation to subjects of awful and terrific religious interest; and seemed gaspingly concerned to know my degrees of belief and assurance. The future world alone for a time occupied her thoughts; then she would revert to the respect due to this, inquire about marriage, legitimacy, and other conventions of society. On all these, she received my opinions with comfort and restored quietude. She has since acknowledged her coincidence in all these matters of rational investigation with me, in whatever light they may have been presented to her fresh unprejudiced understanding, by manœuvring hypocrites. It was in matters of feeling that her wretched deluders obtained most power over her. My privations, the loss of inheritance, the fresh anxieties which increase of family would produce, her own inability when a mother to prosecute her industrious efforts, and my probable capture, were strongly contrasted to the immediate ease in which my relations promised to support me; hopes were held out of a future reunion, and immediate protection for herself and infant were secured to her, if she would consent to a present separation. It came upon me like a clap of thunder. One evening, instead of my beloved, I received, in her hand-writing, a letter—broken indeed by expressions of abrupt sorrow, but setting forth her reasons for a temporary absence in their fullest light, and quieting every apprehension about herself and the pledge in her bosom. I will touch lightly upon my frantic transitions from love to opposite feelings, during the first ebullitions of grief. Careless of my safety, I hurried about for some days, endeavouring to find a clue to her retreat. The only person who could have informed me was in concert with my destroyers; this was Olivia's salesman. I was beginning to gain some little comfort, after the perusal of her letter for the hundredth time; and to console myself in the prospect of a future reunion, when I was arrested, and taken to a spunging-house.

Here fever and depression threw me on the couch of sickness, and I raved and relapsed alternately, until at length insensibility seized possession of my parched and soddened brain. On returning to recollection, I found myself in the house of General —, whither Sholto had conveyed me. Olivia's letter was gone; but its impression remained, and began to produce reanimating effects. I conceived that by watching closely the fancy-shop, I might yet trace her abode. When sufficiently recovered, I repaired thither, and saw many specimens of her well-known hand. I purchased them all, and obtained a promise from this forestalled agent of the intriguing Sholto, that he would endeavour to learn the retreat of the artist. This only produced new obstacles to my search. The fiduciary never more exhibited any of Olivia's drawings in his window, and said, that she had ceased dealing with him. I have since learnt, that he suppressed some comforting letters from her to me: in brief, the combined *junto* managed us both in such a way, that Olivia's fate and silence became unaccountable to me, and my disregard of her letters, suspect to her. I was restored to the good graces of all my kindred, and they sought, in their perverse way, to crush my sorrow in the tumults of gay dissipation. Sholto, above all, laid traps for inveigling my gratitude, by nursing and trying to divert me. Villain! he was at this time making wary approaches to Olivia's confidence, by gratifying the longings of her affectionate solicitude, with news of my state. He was putting himself slowly on that footing with her, in which his suggestions of my incontinency, might pave the way to infamous overtures of his own. Some months passed on in this wearing state of suspense, and almost stagnating feeling, before I had begun to yield to the artificial exhilaration daily presented to me. At length I became sensible of the pleasure of stupifying my senses in wine; and in that state, exposing my heated passions to the allurements of fashionable demireps. This accorded well with the moral system of my relatives; and, as a counteracting remedy, with Lord —'s notions of "decorum, propriety, and virtue." One night, Sholto drew me from the table in an excited state, and proposed a look-in at the Opera. As we sallied from the door—it was past nine o'clock—I observed a poor creature, with a child in her arms, sitting on the steps; her head bent down as if in the act of suckling her child. I desired the servant to give her a shilling, and I would repay him. We then went on. In the pit of the King's Theatre, we fell in, as if by accident, with two courtezans of our acquaintance, who proposed retiring immediately after the *pallet*. Sholto offered to walk home with them, and I—acceded. On getting out, I saw again, a poor creature folding an infant in her arms, and leaning against one of the pillars of the piazza. Her face was hid in her bonnet, and sunk over her baby. Sholto had left us, to look for a coach, and we halted opposite the poor woman. I uttered some expression of pity, and putting my hand in my pocket, drew out several pieces of silver, and tendered them to her, desiring her to take her baby home out of the night-chill. At that moment her icy fingers touched mine, and the little darling uttered a faint cry. The touch went through every vein of my heart. I saw its mother's bosom heave convulsively, as she endeavoured mutely to hush her infant, and to stagger on. "Poor thing!" exclaimed I, "to be wandering at this hour of the night, in search of support for thy babe, whom its unnatural father

has perhaps forsaken!" She stopped—my eyes followed her intently; and, as she again moved on, some perplexing associations of a well-known gait and figure came across my half-stupid memory. Sholto by this returned, and saying it would be an hour before we could get a coach to draw up, proposed to walk to some place, where we might sup, and do as we liked afterwards. I moved on passively, my thoughts occupied with the figure of the woman. Our party stopped at the door of a house, and I then again observed the poor creature, who must have followed us closely, pausing a few moments, as if adjusting the position of her burden. Before the door could close upon us, a piercing shriek was heard from outside. It was then that the full tide of recollection burst upon me like a revelation. I struck my forehead with my clenched fist, and fell with the violence of the blow against the wall, wildly ejaculating, "It is Olivia and my child!" I then made a rush to the door. Sholto and his infamous colleagues attempted to detain me, but I felled him, with the strength of a maniac, to the ground, and made my way out, uncovered as I was. I saw a female before me, and I hurried towards her: it was not she. I then turned in the other direction, but all trace of the one I sought had vanished. I ran back to the house which I had left, in hopes that Sholto might be able to give some account of her. Oh! the agony of my mind on more narrowly inspecting the door and premises. It was the same infamous abode where the persecution of Olivia was carried to its highest pitch—where her first offspring had perished. The cause of her cry was now clear;—she had then tracked me from the step of my relation's door to the Opera-house, and waited with her charge in the raw night-air, to steal a look at the father of her child—her cold hand had come in contact with mine—and it was the wail of my own, my own little darling, that I had pitied so! and its little infantile cry was all that I knew of my child! Its mother—oh! how I hated myself for having failed to recognise her!—had followed me to the haunts of abandonment, had seen me enter in the company of worthless women, and had uttered a scream of despair, and fled.....Sholto was not there, or was denied to me. I know not what bewilderment seized me, but I walked deliberately down to Westminster-bridge, as if I expected to find the corpses of my infant and its mother there. I listened from one of the parapetted works, and thought I heard again a wild scream, and a faint infant-cry. To what horrid suggestions my phrenzy might have led, is uncertain, had not the watchman suspected, from my hatless state, the yet unformed design. He roused me to myself, and I mechanically resumed a composed demeanour. I inquired ~~immediately~~ from him if a woman, such as I described, had passed that way, and paid him bounteously for assuring me that she had not. It ~~is not~~ my object to relate the extravagancies of my grief. After wandering some time, I returned home. A gleam of hope here darted through my fiery brain, and I hastened to perform its suggestion. I drew up several copies of advertisements to this effect,—that if the woman who had last night received money, under the piazza of the Opera-house, from a gentleman, R. T. would apply at —, (giving an address,) she would hear that her suspicions were unfounded, and be the means of saving an unhappy man from deep affliction.. I then hurried off to the offices of different papers, and by much intercession and pecuniary in-

duancements, procured their insertion that night. I also got bills stuck up to the same purpose. These measures kept me from king under hopeless woe.

A few days after, I received a letter to the above address, of which the following are the leading passages:

“Dear Richard,—It is vain to entice me to return. Could I believe in your sincere affliction, that consideration might weigh with me, against the dictates of religion and virtue: but your long *neglect*, the scenes of revelry in which you have lived, convince me that you can find consolations for my loss. I believed you faultless, and I owed to you my virtue. You saved me from the courses of the prostitute, and granted me, as I thought, your esteem. Oh! what delusion in me, to imagine that you could esteem a polluted being, flung upon your protection fresh from the haunts of vice, and whose love originated in an act of forward impurity! It was a libel upon morality to miscale it esteem. Had it been such, had your love for me been cemented by esteem, you could never have fallen into the snares of the profligate. Oh! that house! a second time the scene of my ruin;—but forgive me; you were misled, I know, by a *treacherous* companion; and I have evidence of your uncorrupted heart. Oh, Richard! that thrill! those words of pity poured over your unknown child, your boy! they would efface a thousand wrongs and neglects! he shall early be taught to venerate his father’s humanity. My beloved Richard, I acquit you in my heart. I see it is not your infidelity, but the inflexible maxims of religion and the world that disjoin us for ever. I could not live with you again on the same terms, for my conscience has been enlightened, and would make such an unhallowed state miserable to us both; and to lead you into a marriage with a ——! Oh! remember always what I have been, and recover from any portion of infatuation that may remain for so frail, so impure a creature! Console yourself with the thoughts that your attachment, though criminal, was the means of restoring her to virtue; and let the thought of that, my preserver! defend you from those scenes of depravity, which are alien and disgusting to your nature! Your boy! there may be a day, Richard, when you can claim him as your own; but now, he must remain the object of a mother’s care. I ~~must~~ break off, my love; it is too trying to my fortitude when I ~~think of~~ him; I would throw myself again at his father’s feet, and ~~brave the~~ ^{brave the} ~~chidings~~ ^{chidings} of my own heart, but your esteem would not be ~~gained~~ ^{gained}, but rather be abated by such a step. No! if there is a chance of my ~~retrieval~~ ^{retrieval}, of our ultimate union here or hereafter, it must be purchased by a stern penance, and a long trial of both our hearts. I have removed out of the road of all search, and it is vain to resort to any step to discover my concealment; but be assured, that if emergency should compel me, I will give you the opportunity of again showing kindness to that little innocent, whom neither the commands of God, nor the morals of the world, can alienate from your fostering support. Farewell.”

I will not disparage this letter by any heightening terms of its affecting power over me; I felt admiration for her principle of self-sacrifice, erroneous as it appeared to me. The charge of neglect was inexplicable; and the intimation of acquaintance with my disorderly life, and apparent suspicion of infidelities, which I had not been guilty

of, was severely corroding to me. I misdoubted some treacherous suborner, and fixed upon my connexions as her deceivers, but with no clear idea of the deception practised upon her. Through the same channel as before, I endeavoured to convey to her my sense of this treachery, and supplicated her to return to one who would be an affectionate *husband* to her, in defiance of his relatives; but the advertisements were never answered, and I was left to unavailing regrets that I had not made her mine by the indissoluble bonds of marriage. I avoided all my connexions, and cursed Sholto out of my presence, when he came to complain of my violence to him. I knew not, as yet, how richly he deserved it. He was the suggester, and had, just before that horrid night, exposed his abominable designs to my love. When I saw her muffled in disguise on the steps of Gen. ———, she had just fled from a protection become odious to her from a discovery of its motive. The lady in black had given her an asylum of which Sholto had defrayed the expences up to the day when he revealed himself. How they worked upon her is evident from her letter. They were instilling poison under the name of religion; but her affection proved an antidote to their attempts.

Two months passed on in expectation of receiving the hoped-for communication which her letter promised. At length, having called one day at Lord ———'s, where I had long been a stranger, two letters were handed to me by a servant. They were both from Olivia, within a fortnight's date of each other. The first contained a request for a supply, giving me an address whence letters would be conveyed confidentially to her. Thus, by accident, and by her not seeing my advertisements, I failed to receive this letter until it was too late. The other was a heart-breaking one, which I shall transcribe: it had only just arrived.

"Dearest Richard—It is now too late to observe the cold maxims of a morality unfounded in the heart. I have laboured under a delusion which I mistook for piety, when it was but observance of the forms and opinions of society. Mistake me not, Richard; I am dying now, and may never see you more—and why should I inculcate tenets that would but dishonour my memory. I venerate more than ever the holy ordinance of matrimony, and would not now repurchase life, even for my baby's sake, at the expense of living in adultery with you. It is my self-depreciation alone that I now lament and renounce. I became worthy to be your wife, and should not have listened to the mercenary and wicked suggestions of those who persuaded me to the contrary. I was reclaimed; and if there be any truth in a religion which their profession dishonours, I was in the sight of God as worthy of His benign goodness as they, and why not of the world's respect? Your affection I have long ceased to doubt; for you have been a guardian angel to me; my heart's evidence to your worth is superior to the testimony of malignant defamers, and even of appearances. My letters have been all suppressed from you—come, my beloved, and receive my last sigh, and take your child from my arms, comforting his mother's spirit with the assurance of your protection! Come, or I shall make one desperate effort to drag myself to Lord ———'s door, and to seek you out. After this they will not dare to withhold my letter from you.—Olivia."

This letter was unsealed, and meant to intimidate my relations into compliance, with a prayer dictated by the fear of approaching dissolution. I am unequal to the task of relating succinctly the few remaining details. I found her in a miserable room—the unfinished productions of her pencil first caught my eye—and then the emaciated form of my more than wife—my child was presented to my embrace, and bore round its little neck a satin bag, containing the sacred present of its father, which even want could not induce its mother to trench upon. She just lived long enough to unfold the tale of treachery, and to implore my forgiveness of her deluders—her dying sigh was breathed in my arms, and her last look spoke thanks to me for the affection which I vowed to her cherub, and the forgiveness which my hand's pressure intimated for her abandonment of me. Oh! my Olivia! that I had but valued thee in the days of my joy, and made thee my wife! My sorrow for thy loss would have been deprived of its greatest poignancy—the assurance of the share which my indecision had in thy premature death!

SCENES AND SKETCHES OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN IRELAND.*

THE death of the Duke of York has caused the public to review the history of the army, during the long series of years that its concerns have been under his management, with more than ordinary attention. The condition, both civil and moral, as well as military, of so large and important a body, is a matter of the deepest concern to the state; and the individual to whom it may be indebted for improvement of any kind, is undoubtedly entitled to the warmest gratitude. The progress of reform is most singular: opposed and reprobated at every step, the moment the last step which completes it is effected, opposition and reprobation are instantly converted into loud praise and universal congratulation. Every thing that is, is lauded in its day; but the instant it ceases to be, the note is changed. This ought to be a lesson to the weary and disgusted reformer, whom the execrations of the most powerful classes of society may induce to pause in his labour, at the horrid sounds and dire denunciations which assault him in the midst of his Augæan task. During the last fifty years, abuses in every department of state, both civil and military, have been disappearing from the face of things; abuses of the most flagrant and infamous nature, while they were in being, custom, and interest, and power, upheld, defended, and honoured: they have fallen beneath the fell arm of the reformer, from the time of the eloquent Burke to that of the indefatigable Hume; and the very voices which are loudest in their exaltation of things exactly as they are, are loudest in eulogizing the reform. Sir Walter Scott, in a memoir he has lately published in the newspapers, of the late Commander in Chief, goes into a detail of shameless practices in the former management of the army, and makes it a topic of honour to the memory of the Duke of York that it was he who destroyed them. No rational

* *Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland.* By the Author of *Recollections of an Eventful Life, &c.* Edinburgh, 1826. 12mo.

person, who knows any thing of political history and political men, can doubt for a moment that, had Sir Walter lived half a century before, he would still have found matter for laud in the very things, the destruction of which he now holds to be the great distinction and glory of the present subject of his pen. Had the proposition, to put the army on a better footing, been made from another quarter, there is as little doubt but that he, and men who think with him, would have strenuously opposed, step by step, the measures which, as soon as, or very soon after, they were successful, they would have applauded to the skies. As long as legislation and government are only very partially controlled by those who are chiefly concerned in them, men will legislate and govern for their own sinister ends. Corruption and abuse, that is to say, a diversion of public money to private objects, will take place. Reform sometimes comes from out—indeed that is the invariable set of the current—as fast as the public becomes enlightened, as fast as public opinion gains value, which it does in a compound ratio of its soundness and its generality, so fast will abuses disappear before its scorching gaze. But reform frequently arises from within; it sometimes happens that a man gets into power, whose love of order or of justice, or whose love of change or of power, or fifty other loves or passions, induce him to arrange things after a better plan. In foreign countries, the emperor Joseph was an unfortunate example of this spirit of improvement in a monarch. At home we may instance, as respects our navy, the reforms and retrenchments of Earl St. Vincent; and in the army, the exertion of the late Duke of York afford an illustrious example of improvement in all the arrangements upon which the comfort and effectiveness of an army depend. When he took his command, infants used to be colonels of dragoons, and young ladies draw the pay of captains and generals. Promotion was capricious, and infamously prostituted to power or patronage. The officers of the army were as generally a race of unprincipled profligates, the curse of every place where they lighted, as the soldiery a mass of gross and beastly vice, without power to injure any one but their friends and countrymen. It would be very absurd to say, that the army is at the present day a model of perfection in any point of view. There are abundant objections to the present system of promotion; neither are the morals of soldiers or officers at the pitch to which they might be carried nor is it to be expected that they will, while the constitution of the army, and its means of augmentation, remain as they are. But there cannot be a momentary doubt, but that the order, the discipline, the temper, the education, and the happiness and comfort, physically as well as morally speaking, have improved by rapid strides; and further, that much of this improvement is due to the enlightened views, the courage, the perseverance, and the good-nature and benevolence, of the man who has just died. This is high praise; it is so seldom that where much is given much is to be expected, that in addition to a just share of praise for meritorious exertion, we must be grateful that he did not, like others, abuse the high powers with which he was invested.

For the state of a private soldier, we cannot look for better testimony than the writings of one who has himself made his way through the ranks to the highest point of promotion to be expected by a pri-

vate in our army, the dignity of a serjeant. In reviewing "The Eventful Life," we selected some passages illustrative of this subject from that work; and in the present slighter, but still useful and agreeable publication, more is to be found on this interesting topic.

There are two modes of treating the individuals of an army; the one necessarily follows upon considering them as human beings, possessed of reason, feeling, and some portion of cultivation—the other upon holding them as mere brutes, as horses, dogs, &c. According to either system, an army may be made the efficient instrument of destruction, and a most formidable means of attack or defence. On the latter plan you must first catch the creature, in any manner which may be readiest—by force or fraud, by trap, decoy, or ambush, or by running him down; by intoxication of body or mind, or by laying violent hands on his person: in short, by enlistment or impressment. After the animal is caged, he must be broken in—cut off his shaggy locks, wash him at a pump, burn his savage costume, and put him on the orderly trappings of the other creatures with whom he is to pull in concert. Then place him in a press, turn out his toes, toss up his chin, punch in his anterior projections, hang lead weights from his arms, and at the word *march*, give him an impetus in a forward direction, and at the same moment hold up his right leg at an angle of 45° with the horizon; make him perform the same manœuvre with his left, repeat it with his right, and again with his left, until he nearly faints: when his progress grows unsteady, give him a kind of half blow on the side of the head, a push with a cane, and a shake of the whole body, under pretence of setting him in a right line. When you have done, fasten a collar about his neck, which shall cut his chin unless he keeps his eyes off the ground, and then send him to his kennel or stall, to his bread and water, or to wash his linen, brush his harness, or pipeclay his leggings, until the time come round again for the wheel and square, the eyes left, and the spine erect. Forbid the animal to pair, except on certain conditions, with other animals belonging to the sty, kennel, or barracks; consider him without kindred, and that in leaving his native woods, he has left all ties of blood, heart, or soul; teach him that his officer is his God, and that his word is his law; that his body, strength, power, and life, are the property of his keepers; and that when they bid him go into fire or water against a foreign or a domestic enemy, to fire, cut, or thrust, to retreat, fall, or run; that it is his duty to obey. Obedience must be his sole idea. When he and his fellows fall into one body, there is not one mind, but no mind; much memory, and much habit: the whole mass moves with the precision and the irresistible force of a vast machine. An army treated on the other system is a totally different affair. Its impulse is not mechanical; it is enthusiasm, it is a love of glory, or it is a passionate determination to accomplish some object which is deemed useful or desirable; officers and men are comrades, with different duties; and the moment a person in an inferior grade shows qualities which fit him for higher duties, he is removed, and promoted, until he has reached the post which most suits him and the interests of his profession. The service is one of the greatest utility; the highest acquirements and the rarest moral qualities are constantly called into play, and yet the duties are of that nature that abundance

of time is left for the acquisition of information, learning, and science : were the admission into the ranks of an army properly managed, were the time and talents of the individuals who compose it wisely occupied, it would soon become an honour to belong to it, instead of a disgrace; and our defenders, as they are at times the most necessary portion of the community, so they might be the most valuable and cherished classes of society. We forbear to carry the comparison farther; the imaginations of our readers will readily supply the details. We return to the Soldier in Ireland, from whom valuable information as to the feelings of the private soldier is to be had.

The first extract relates to the important subject of recruiting. The "Soldier" shows its evil effects, both on the recruiters and the recruited.

Soon after this, several parties going to Scotland on the recruiting service, I had an offer, if I chose, to go on that duty, but I refused it, as did many others to whom the offer was made. Few soldiers like it, being associated in their minds with something mean and dishonest; and the fact that those men who possess laxity of principle, and are but otherwise indifferent soldiers, are generally the most successful on that duty, strengthens the idea; and it is well known that men so employed, (whatever might have been their previous character,) return to their regiment much worse soldiers than when they left it. It is too often the practice of those so employed, to consider all stratagem fair, and so that they enlist men for the service, they care little whether the means taken are legal or not. Many I know argue that when men are wanted, we should not be too fastidious in the means used to procure them; and they quote the impressment of seamen, (that stain in our constitution which our strenuous efforts to emancipate the West Indian negroes, renders deeper and deeper;) but one bad action can never be vindicated by another, and I cannot see how any cause can be really benefited by duplicity and cunning; on the contrary, it must hurt it, for it raises suspicion where there is no real grounds for any. I am sure it would facilitate the recruiting of the army, to give up all undue means to entrap men by plying them with drink, or telling them lies. I am persuaded that there are thousands to whom a military life would be far preferable to what they are employed at—many of whom would enlist, were it not that a suspicion is excited in their minds, that all is not right, by the finessing and over-anxiety displayed by those employed on the recruiting service. The liberal feeling and good sense which pervades the majority of the officers in the army at present, have rendered the situation of a soldier now, quite another thing to what it was when I first entered it. This has been brought about by the increasing intelligence of the nation, but also in a great degree by the disposition evinced by the Commander-in-Chief. "One tyrant makes many." Of the reverse of this we have a bright example in His Royal Highness the Duke of York. He is in truth the soldier's friend, and the whole army look up to him with confidence.

Our next quotation relates to the topic of corporal punishment. The opinions of our "Soldier" are well worth attention.

While here, two of our sergeants, in a drunken frolic, took it into their head to go and see their sweethearts in W——. When they came thoroughly to their senses, they were far on the journey, and thinking their crime would be the same, they entered the town. Their absence being discovered, a party was sent after them, and they had not been many hours in the place, when they were found, and marched back prisoners to their regiment.

We expected they would have got off, by being reduced from their rank; but the commanding officer seemed to consider their crime of too heinous a nature, to let them escape with an ordinary punishment. They were tried by a General Regimental Court Martial, and sentenced to be reduced to the rank and pay of private, to receive five hundred lashes, to be branded on the side with the letter D, and afterwards to be sent to (what is usually termed) a banished regiment. One of them was an intelligent man, who had been respectably brought up—the other a young man, scarcely twenty years of age—the former did not live to go abroad—he died in Dublin, I believe, of a broken heart, the other went abroad; but I never heard what became of him.

The impression throughout the regiment at the time was, that the sentence was most unreasonably severe, particularly that part of it that awarded the corporal punishment.

Will that disgrace to the country never be done away with? I am perfectly convinced it could be done without; and those who advocate it, must be men who are either wofully ignorant of human nature, or whose passions obscure their reason, and induce them to act contrary to their better judgment: the latter is the most common of the two. I have known commanding officers, who have acted in this respect rationally and wisely, while their personal feelings were not strongly excited; but who, when they were so, committed the most flagrant injustice.

Why should there not be a definite code of military laws for the army? for that abstruse, vague, and indefinable thing called "the mutiny act," surely does not deserve the name. I defy any two persons separately, to make the same commentary on it. In it so much is left to the private opinion of Courts Martial, that the sentences passed by them are often preposterously unequal; for instance, I have known a man tried by one Court Martial, and sentenced to three hundred lashes, and another, for the same crime, without any palliating circumstance in his favour, sentenced to fourteen days solitary confinement. What are we to make of this inconsistency?—It is evident it proceeded from the temper of the individuals composing the court.

If these things appear hard or unjust, why not rectify them, by attaching a definite punishment to every crime, at least as far as circumstances admitted? The business of Courts Martial would then be clear and easy; nor would officers feel themselves in the unpleasant predicament in which they are often placed. Corporal punishment ought to be abolished altogether; I am perfectly convinced it could be done without. In many regiments we have strong proofs of the allegation; and the fact, that where punishment is most frequent, the men are the worst behaved, and *vice versa*, cannot be denied.

It cannot fail to humble a regiment to have one of their number flogged, and it ruins the individual. No man who has prided himself on his character, can look up after it; he bears a humiliating sense of disgrace about him ever after: "a worm that will not sleep and never dies." My character, he will say, is gone, I can never hold up my head among my comrades; all prospect of promotion is lost to me, for should my officers at any future period offer it, how could I, who have been tied up, and my back lacerated before the gaze of the whole regiment, ever feel confidence to command those who have witnessed my disgrace, and to whom I have been an object of pity or scorn, either of which is alike humiliating to a mind not entirely callous.

Many may wonder at my warmth on this subject; but if they had, like me, seen the dreadful extremity to which it was at one time carried, they would cease to be surprised. Who that has ever seen a man stripped before the gaze of a regiment, his limbs bound to the halberts, and the knotted scourge lacerating his flesh, while the surgeon stood by to measure, by the pulse, the amount of human agony which the poor wretch could suffer, would ever wish to see it again?

The first man I saw flogged, received eight hundred lashes, for desertion—it would have been more merciful to have shot him; but men have been known to receive a thousand lashes before they were taken down from the halberts, and on occasions where nature could not bear the punishment awarded at once, they have been brought out again, and again, to have their half-healed backs torn open afresh!—They have been known to faint under their punishment, and again be flogged into life! On other occasions their agony was lengthened out by giving the lash by tap of drum, allowing half a minute to elapse between each tap, and when the mangled back was cut through the skin, and the bare muscle quivered under the scourge, the only mercy extended was to inflict the rest of the punishment on some other part of the body! And yet all this was done under the eyes of people professing Christianity and civilization—who were yearly inundating Parliament with petitions against flogging negroes with a cart whip—yes, while the blood of their countrymen was sprinkling a barrack square, and their cries were ringing in their ears! They saw it not—heard it not—their feelings were too fine for aught but distant misery. The groans of their tortured countrymen were given to the wind—no voice was heard in their behalf—no arm was raised to save.—Yes, there were a few who vindicated the cause of insulted humanity, and they live in the grateful remembrance of the soldier; but their efforts were rendered ineffectual through the opposition of men whom I dare not trust myself to speak about.

How individuals can be found to stand up in the senate of a free and enlightened country, and vindicate this brutal and inhuman mode of punishment, is an anomaly not easy to be accounted for.

Thank God, the times I have described are gone past; men cannot now be treated in that manner without investigation, but still enough remains to make us wish its abolition. Though flogging is now seldom resorted to at home, I am afraid it is still

too prevalent in our colonies abroad, and may in a great degree cause that debasement of mind, and habits of inebriation, which we observe in the generality of those soldiers who have been stationed long in the East or West Indies.

If any crime committed by a soldier in the army deserved corporal punishment, the individual should no longer be a member of it; after such punishment he ought to be discharged, as unworthy to be a soldier. It may be argued that many would then commit crime, when engaged in an unpleasant service, to get their freedom; but those who would say so, know little of human nature. Most men who have any character to uphold, consider disgrace worse than death; and if they had witnessed, as I have done, the reluctance with which soldiers in general left their regiment, when sick, even on the eve of battle, and what anxiety they evinced to join, when restored to health, they would think differently. Many schemers there are in a regiment certainly; but under any circumstances they would be useless characters—there are drones in every hive. To inspire and cherish the manly and honourable spirit I have described, it is only necessary to treat men as if they possessed it. Soldiers have their failings and their prominent vices, it is true; but they generally lie on the surface; and their neighbours in civil life have this advantage of them, that they “have the better art of biding;” but in point of disinterested feeling, and generosity of character, I question much whether the soldier would lose by the comparison.

The besetting sin of the British soldier is drunkenness (the parent of many others), produced, in a great measure, by the leisure time he has in general hanging on his hands. I am sorry the only effectual cure for this has not been pushed to the necessary length—I mean urging the men to improve their minds, and affording them the means, which would not only make them more useful soldiers, but enable them to fill up their spare time with advantage to themselves.

As an instance of this, there were a few of us in the habit, instead of spending our idle time in the public house, of walking down by the river side, carrying our books with us, and alternately reading and conversing; some of our comrades who had been addicted to drink, sometimes joined us for the sake of the walk, and from the pleasure they derived from the conversation, and the new ideas awakened in their minds, they voluntarily gave up their old habits, and became converts to our system. We procured books on the various subjects to which our attention was excited, and although not quite masters of the subject, it would have surprised many people to have heard our disquisitions on Natural Philosophy, History, &c. Music was a favourite amusement also; and by forming small parties, we were never at a loss to pass the time, and when on guard (the most irksome time to others), we found it the most pleasant. Our number was not great, certainly; but a little encouragement and countenance from our officers, might have done much. The detached situation of the regiment often broke up our party, but still we cherished the germ of intellectual improvement; and if I have in any way gained the start of my comrades in this respect, it has been by my application while in the army, for when I first entered it, my education was entirely confined to the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

It should be added, that the late Commander-in-Chief instituted schools among all the squads of recruits, and that their instruction extended not only to shoulder arms and quick march, but to making pot-crooks and learning to spell “march.”

It is not the present system of the army to attend to the private feelings of the men; indeed it would be exceedingly difficult, as it is constituted, to consider them both as separate from, and belonging to, society at the same time. Relative to this topic, we shall select a story from the soldier's experience; the subject is one of his comrades, who is punished for neglecting orders, under circumstances of peculiar hardship.

My leave of absence flew swiftly by, and I had again to bid my friends farewell, and return to my regiment. When I arrived, I found my comrade Dennis along with some others, standing in full marching order, with his arms carried, and his face within a few inches of the barrack wall, in which position he was sentenced to remain during three successive days, from sunrise to sunset, for being absent when the roll was called at tattoo. This was a new invented punishment, intended as a mild substitute for flogging, but in my opinion, more severe and injurious to the health. Our moral physicians seem to consider bodily pain as the grand panacea for all errors of the

mind. It is strange how precedent or prejudice should guide men of information on these points; it proceeds either from indolence, which prevents them thinking at all, or their passions are so much stronger than their reason, that they act contrary to their better judgment. The latter is the most common of the two.

The fault of poor Dennis, had it been enquired into, did not deserve the severe punishment with which it was visited. His sweetheart, Peggy Doyle, had been seized with typhus fever, which was at that time prevalent. The common people in Ireland have a dread of fever almost incredible. The nearest relations of the sick will often refuse to visit them, and many times the suffering individual is almost totally deserted, unless there be some devoted wife, child, or mother, whose affection is stronger than the fear of death. Poor Peggy had caught the infection from a family, one of the girls of whom was her particular friend; the whole of the family, consisting of five individuals, were unfortunately ill at the same time, and Peggy finding that no one would attend them (heedless of all selfish considerations), had given up her place to become their nurse. The father and a little boy died, but the two girls and the mother became convalescent. During this time she had been often assisted by Dennis, who shared cheerfully with her in the labour and danger to which her disinterested benevolence had exposed her. While they were ill she had remained perfectly healthy, but the disease was working in her blood, and her friends were scarcely able to crawl about, when their kind nurse was stretched on the bed from which they had just risen, with every symptom of the disorder more aggravated than that from which they had recovered.

This was a heart-breaking business to poor Dennis; every moment he could spare he was at her bed-side, and the night on which he had been absent from roll-calling, she was so ill, that in his anxiety for her, he had forgot the hour of tattoo, and the reports were given in before he reached the barrack. I exerted the little influence I possessed to get Dennis forgiven, and was successful, and to prevent any misunderstanding, I got leave for myself and him for the night. When this point was gained, I accompanied him to see poor Peggy, but being insensible, she did not know me; she did not rave, but there was a deadly stupor in her eye. Poor Dennis was affected to the heart, but he endeavoured to bear it with fortitude. The girls were still too weak to endure the fatigue, and were in bed; but the mother sat beside us. It was evident that life was now fast ebbing—her eye became more glazed—the livid circle round her mouth became deeper—and her respiration more laborious. We had been sitting in silence for some time, watching the progress of dissolution, when we were startled by the melancholy and lengthened howl of a dog, outside the door. I cannot, need not attempt to describe the effect it had upon us.

“Ah! that’s a sure sign,” said the old woman, when she recovered herself, “the poor child will soon be gone.”

I am not very superstitious, and I strove to dispel the emotion I felt by going to discover the dog. I found him seated on the street opposite the door, with his face turned towards it. He was well-known to the regiment, for he frequented the barrack-square, and whenever the bugles sounded, he emitted the same kind of howl he had done that night. The knowledge of this in a measure quieted my mind, but I could not altogether rid myself of the strange impression created by the incident. Having returned to Peggy’s bedside, I found her much worse; the death-rattle was in her throat, and a long and distressing moan every two or three minutes, told how dreadful was the struggle.

The old woman awakened her daughters—“Rise, my dear girls,” said she, “and pray for the soul of her who is losing her life for your sakes.”

By the time they got up—she was in the agonies of death.

“Fall down on your knees, my childer,” said she, “and pray to God to smooth her way to heaven.”

We sunk down with one accord by the bedside, and while they offered up their fervent prayers, her soul winged its way to a world where her benevolent deeds would be appreciated and rewarded. Poor Dennis had held her hand in his for some time before she died, and he did not relinquish it, until the old woman came over to him and said, “O, Dennis, astore, she is gone.” When he started to his feet, and gazing intensely on the corpse for a few minutes, he stooped down and imprinted a last kiss on her cold and livid lips, which but a few days before had glowed in all the vermillion of health; then turning about, he sat down in a corner of the room without saying a word.

After a pause of an hour, during which they were busily employed in offering up prayers for the soul of the deceased—“Come my dear,” said the mother to the elder

girl, "we may as well get her laid out while she is warm, for I believe she hasn't much to travel.* Boys, you had better go home and try and get some rest."

Dennis was for guard next day, and could not accompany me; but when I returned, I found the old woman and her daughters had not been idle. The bed on which Peggy had lain was removed and burnt, the walls of both apartments white washed with lime, and the floor strewn with mint and lavender. On the room door, which had been unhinged for the purpose, and placed resting on two chairs, was stretched the dead body, covered with a white sheet all but the face (which now wore a composed smile); three candles lighted were placed at her head, ornamented with cut paper. Though the morning had been stormy, the younger girl had gone out and collected such flowers as the season afforded—the snowdrop, the primrose, and the evergreen, and strewn them on the corpse.

The same dread that prevented the neighbours from visiting her in her sickness, restrained them from attending her wake; but it was so much the better—none but true hearts mourned over her—no tears were shed but those of affection—there was no boisterous or disgraceful mirth such as I have witnessed on similar occasions—a few neighbours more friendly than the others, ventured into the outer apartment, and remained during the night, but the old woman and the two girls sat alternately, and sometimes together, at the head of the corpse—and apostrophising the inanimate clay, they ran over every endearing quality that she possessed, adverted to the happy moments they had passed in her company, and with the tears trickling over their cheeks, chaunted the plaintive airs which she was partial to, and had often joined them in singing.

There was something in the scene so impressive and solemn, and in the simple tribute of affection to the remains of their friend, so touching, that it was impossible to witness it without the heart whispering "it is good to be here." Having gone out for a few minutes to warm myself at the fire where the neighbours were sitting, I overheard one of the women repeating an irregular rhyme.

"What is the meaning of that?" said I.

"It is a rhyme," replied she, "that a poor innocent who frequented this used to repeat, and we happened to be talking about her," &c.&c.

After having made the "Soldier" serve our turn as a text for moralizing on the state of the army, we shall, in gratitude, make some extracts for his own peculiar advantage. The description of an Irish hedge school will show his talents for humorous description in a favourable point of view. In reading this, it is not necessary to remember the fact that the writer was and is in the ranks, or at most a serjeant; and that he entered the army at the age of fourteen, with a knowledge merely of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

On reaching the houses, Eugene stopped us in front of one, the roof of which had fallen in.—"This is all that remains of our village school. Here, in his noisy mansion, sat Phil. Sullivan, wielding his birch as if it had been a sceptre, while his little subjects were ranged round on benches formed of sods, that you may still see along the wall. The fire, when any was required, was made in the centre of the apartment, the fuel being furnished by each scholar daily bringing a turf with him. The door was formed of stakes interlaced with *wattles*, a loop of which thrown over a crooked nail, served the purpose of a lock, and a rude table, that the master sat at, was all the desk in the school. As they came in at the door, the urchins were obliged to make their best bow, by drawing back the left leg, catching the tuft of hair that hung over the forehead, and bringing their stiff necks to the precise mathematical curve that constituted politeness; while Phil. sat in the middle, sometimes talking English, sometimes Irish, to suit himself to the comprehension of his pupils. As a specimen of the manner in which he accomplished this, I will give you a journal of my first day at school.

"While the more advanced scholars were conning their tasks, he taught the younger

* It is generally believed among the common people of this part of Ireland, that when the soul leaves its earthly tenement, the first thing it does is to travel over every spot of ground that the body did while living; during which time the tie between it and its mortal remains is not entirely severed, and for that reason they will not touch the body for a certain time after life is extinct.

tyros the alphabet—'Come up here, Pat. Geehan,' said he, to a red-headed boy dressed in a gray frieze coat, which came down to his heels, and a pair of old leather breeches, that, only reaching half way down his thighs, exposed his red measled legs,—'Come, stand up here on the table, and let the boys hear how well you can say your letters.'—Pat mounted with great confidence; but when his phiz, by being raised into the light, became more distinctly seen, 'Ubbaboo tearin' murder!' exclaimed Phil., 'where have been wid that face? why man alive you've been kissing the prata pot, and your hair too stanin' up for a price, like the bristles of a fighting pig.—is there no water in the stream? and it would have been no great trouble to draw your fingers through your hair any how.'—Pat very composedly lifted up the tail of his coat, and spitting upon it, gave his face a wipe that left it streaked like a branded cow—'There now,' said Phil., 'blow your nose and hold up your head like a gentleman; what this *avick*,' said he, pointing to the first letter of the alphabet—Pat scratched his head—'you don't know what it is,—small blame to you, for your mother keeps you running after the cows when you should be at your *larnin'*'; but look up at the couples of the house, and try if you can't remember it.'—'A,' said Pat.—'Well done, what's the name of the next one?' Pat hesitated again—'what do you call the big fly that makes the honey?'—'B.'—'Och you're a *genus* Pat, ready made.' So on he went illustrating in this manner, until he came to the letter O, having tried Pat's *genus* with it two or three ways, to no purpose, Phil. was getting out of patience—'What would you say if I was to hit you a *palthog* on the ear?' (suiting the action to the word,)—'O!' cried Pat, clapping his hand upon the afflicted spot, which rung with the blow—'I knew you would find it,' said Phil.—By the help of this admonition Pat struggled through the rest of the letters—'Well, you may sit down now and send up Mick Moriarty.'—Mick was rather farther on than Pat; he was spelling words; after spelling two or three tolerably well, he came to the word *what*—'Well what does w-h-a-t make?'—Mick was not sure about it,—'w-h-a-t,' said Phil. 'sounds *fat*; but,' (conscious of his own error in the pronunciation) 'when I say *fat*, don't you say *fat*? but do you say *fat* your own way?'"

Some instruction is also to be derived from the book on the nature of the duties which our army is called upon to perform over our Irish fellow-subjects.

In the course of duty, I was one of a detachment sent to a village about twenty miles from head-quarters, where the inhabitants were in a disturbed state. From the accounts given us by the constables when we first went there, we were led to believe that the whole country was in arms, ready, when the word was given, to massacre all opposed to their schemes. But we soon found that their fears or their prejudices had magnified the cause of alarm to a wonderful degree. Before we became acquainted with the true state of affairs, they made us complete hacks, calling us out to their assistance in every drunken squabble which took place, often through their own insolent behaviour.

I remember one night we were turned out in a great hurry by one of the constables, who rode up to our barrack with his horse sweating and his face pale with terror. He laid off a dreadful story of his coming home from the fair of T——, and on the top of a hill, about two miles from the town, he had unexpectedly come upon about two hundred Shanavests in a field, holding one of their nocturnal meetings, who, when they saw him, shouted out and fired half-a-dozen shots at him; that he seeing it no use to face so many, set spurs to his horse and fled, followed by a whole troop of them to the very end of the village.

Having turned out, we set off at a double quick pace towards the scene of action; on reaching the foot of the hill, where he said the boys were assembled, we loaded, fixed our bayonets, and were gallantly led up to the attack by the constable himself.

"Easy, easy boys," said he, "we'll be on them in a jiffy—don't fire till I give you the word, and you'll see we'll surround them and take them all prisoners." So saying, he crept softly on some way in front—the night was very dark, and we could see nothing distinctly, but when within about fifty yards of the top of the hill, we were startled by a tremendous clatter of feet upon the stones of the road, followed by the cry of "murder, murder! fire, fire!" We had not been accustomed to waste our ammunition uselessly, and waited a second or two to see what we had to fire at; but one of our party (a recruit) snapt his musket on the alarm; luckily for the constable it missed fire, for it was directed at him as the only object that could be seen. In less time however than I could relate it, the cause of our alarm rushed past in the shape of a horse that had sprung from the field upon the road, as we advanced. Having reached the spot pointed out by the constable, nothing could be seen but a few heifers.

grazing about, quite unconscious of having disturbed the peace. We certainly did not feel well pleased at being turned out at such an unseasonable hour, to no purpose, and we taxed the constable roundly with imagining the whole story; but he swore by all that was good, that every word of what he told was truth. Next morning, however, we were convinced that our surmises were correct, for on inspecting the field where the Shanavests were said to be assembled, not a single foot-mark could be seen, although the ground was moist from previous rain; besides it was well known that the constable had taken a sup too much at the fair, for when he left it he was scarcely able to sit his horse.

For some time we were regularly called out by these fellows, when they went to distrain a man's goods for rent or tythes, until we were more like the bailiff's body guard than any thing else. But after being made fools of in this way two or three times, our officer remonstrated, and arranged matters so, that we were not obliged to go out without a special order from the magistrate. This relieved us from the petty affairs more immediately under the cognizance of the constable, but still we had enough to do in following the magistrate, who seemed to consider a hunt after his countrymen even more amusing than one after the fox. Had the people been peaceably inclined, his conduct would have goaded them on to outrage. He was continually up to the ears in business—some momentous matter always in hand. Every trifling riot was magnified into a deep-laid rebellion—if a cabin or a hay-stack was set on fire, a whole village was burned—if one man was wounded, a dozen were killed, and so on, always magnifying the event in proportion to the distance. His conduct put me in mind of those amateurs, who when they want to bait a bull, aggravate it to the necessary pitch to create them sufficient sport, and then alledge its madness as a pretext for treating it cruelly.

We shall conclude with an anecdote which will form an appropriate comment upon the last extract.

There is little time allowed in Ireland between sentence and execution, and this he employed in steeling his mind to every feeling. On the morning of his execution his relations from the country were admitted to see him; they had drank whiskey before they came in, to drown their grief, and a scene took place between them and the dying man, which, were I to attempt to draw in the ludicrous light it was presented, would not be credited. The drop was in front of the jail, and his relations accompanied him to the foot of the stairs he had to ascend; as they parted with him, "Here, Murty," said he, shuffling off his shoes, "take them, no hangman rascal shall get my shoes."

His friends now came out to the front of the gaol, and were allowed to remain on the green plot between the soldiers and the drop. When the unfortunate man approached the door from which he was to plunge into another world, he pushed hurriedly forward with the intention of addressing the multitude, but he was drawn back until the rope was placed about his neck, which being done, he advanced boldly to the edge of the platform, and in the face of the clearest evidence of his guilt, and former abandoned course of life, he cried out to the spectators, "I am innocent of the crime for which I suffer."

A murmur burst from the crowd, responsive of their belief in his asseveration, when one of his half-intoxicated relatives cried out—

"Ah poor Andy, and his shoes off too;" and sunk down upon the grass, but immediately rising and raising his arm, he cried out to the unfortunate wretch who was now standing on the fatal drop—"Die hardy, Andy,—Andy, jewel, die like a man."

The next moment Andy spurned the handkerchief indignantly from his hand, and was launched into eternity amid the prayers of the surrounding multitude, who, I have no doubt, considered him a martyr to the vindictive spirit of the laws.

THURSDAY, EIGHTEENTH OF JANUARY.

JOHN BULL is said to be a very conjugal animal, and when contrasted with his Gallic neighbour, his uxorious qualities appear in their fullest bloom. Some slight deduction, however, must be made from this national eulogium, if it be indeed not ironical. We have heard curious stories about selling wives in halters, which must be

admitted to be rather confirmatory of his commercial spirit, than of his connubial virtues. But if we ever had any doubts of the fitness of the character assigned him, of a loving husband, the scene that took place on the day that heads this article, has confirmed them into a positive assurance, that the attachment which Mr. Bull evinces towards Mrs. Bull, is precisely the same as that which has subsisted among men ever since the institution of marriage; in fact, it is the identical feeling which Jupiter entertained towards Juno; Vulcan towards Venus; Agamemnon towards Clytemnestra: the main ingredient of which may be defined, a love to get rid of an incumbrance. Could any but such a feeling explain the presence this day, at the crush near St. James's, of such a number of women, evidently matrons, some of them with children, and others, *proh pudor!* In that state which augured, on their parts, a love of their lords. As *we* went through the compressing process of some thousands of man-power, we can safely say, that, far from being likely to be benefitted by the rotundity of formation, that distinguishes the female from the male of the human species, the least additional fulness or protuberance must have been the cause of inevitable death to us. As it is, our compact proportions of flesh and bone were so bulged in before, behind, and laterally, that the cavity of the lungs was rendered almost too confined to admit of breathing; and that it will take us a month's free air, and good feeding, to inflate us out again. Possibly there is something in the feminine organization which renders pressure an agreeable and salutary exercise, particularly to those who are bearing in their bosoms the embryos of our future heroes. From our sensations, however, and the accidents we witnessed, it appears more probable, that the husbands of our matrons have become imbued with the doctrines of Malthus, and were, with the aid of the dragoons, determined to make trial of them, on the mothers of the people. Never did we see such agitated struggles for existence; never did we think so little of the "social compact," as when we witnessed unpitied agonies, that must be felt, even though unconfessed, for many a week to come. How many English wives were exposed to the horrors of compression and suffocation, to add to the pomp of obsequies which had not even the moral charm of love and deep regret, to recommend the attendance of the multitude? How few dropt tears for his Royal Highness, who were induced, by ill-concerted arrangements, to endanger their lives to gratify excited curiosity! If the cruel practice of collecting crowds be absolutely demanded, by the exigencies of the country, to diminish fecundity—at least we should suggest, that the operation be performed in private; that the shrieks of the stifling female may not ring in the ears of their lords and masters, who are undergoing certain similar attenuating courses. Might not black-holes, like that of Calcutta, in our work-houses and lying-in-hospitals, answer as effectually in suppressing fertility, and save the Lord Chamberlain and the mob, the pain of hearing the agonizing cries of their victims? At least, private mills, and machines for the use of families, might be constructed, for the purpose of fulling, rolling, mangling, and flattening fruitful wives. If a heated and smoking atmosphere be conducive, possibly by the application of steam-engines, a proper degree of

flattening power, and of suffocating vapour, might be obtained; if not, at all events, the combustion of wet horse-litter would very nearly suppeditate the required stench and smoke of human evaporation. Let the economy-faculty look to it. As to the practice of bringing children of a certain age and growth into a crowd, we cannot deny its efficiency, nor refuse our tribute of applause to the heroism of their fathers and mothers, who bring them there to be immolated under their eyes, for the good of the nation. But, good heavens! might they not as well be squeezed to death between two doors, or smothered under bolsters at home, as brought to be trampled under foot in the mob, where their shrill cries cannot but interrupt the solemn feeling which public devotees should have, especially on so mournful an occasion? However, the national morality might require, that the act should be public: expediency might demand it likewise. Many parents might feel compunction to lay violent hands upon their children, who will readily and proudly deliver them up, to be excruciated by a mob of executioners; no one of whom can, separately, be answerable for the crushing of more than a limb, a stomach, a mesentery, or some trifling part of the child's organization. This, I apprehend, must remain as it is; but the poor little fellow should be gagged, before his introduction into the rabble—or an indemnity act should be promised to the Lancers, for sticking him the moment his death-screams begin: no doubt they have mercy enough to do it; and it would be but right in this respect, because we fear that the frequency of such unheeded cries of anguish, tends to harden the hearts of the people, and to prepare them for cruelties not contemplated in Mr. Martin's act. We ourselves heard the shrieks of women and children, more than once echoed by the hoarse laugh of Gogs and Magogs of the populace, who seemed to glory in the quantity of public service they had done, in the exterminating way. And we are confident, that not one of these heroic mactators would have made room to extricate a shrieking victim, though he knew, to a probability, that he had a wife or child among the crowd, whose death-cry it might be. Look to it, ye collectors of mobs! and learn (but ye know it) that the charities of the heart are suppressed in a mob—that in it, there are only two leading passions active, besides the motive that assembles them: the one is, self-preservation; and the other is—the destruction of every thing that impedes their progress!

Having, as it seems to us, corrected the erroneous opinion, which imputes such effeminacy and dastardliness to the English people, as tenderness for their wives and children, when the public good, and loyalty, demand the destruction, immediate or remote, of those subordinate members of the national family—we cannot leave off, without vindicating them from another weakness, equally derogatory to their manliness, and aspersive of that stern, inflexible energy, which has made our armies and navies terrific to the world, and our mobs and meetings formidable to the government. It is said, that gallantry induces John Bull to take his wife or mistress to sights, that he may have the honour of shielding her from harm in a tumult—or of breaking the head of any one who, however inevitably, is obliged to come in contact with the luxuriant beauties of his beloved—to

tread upon her heels—pull down her skirt or petticoat—or in some moment of spasmodic exertion, tear off her gown from her shoulders. Very extraordinary, un-Frenchman-like gallantry indeed, to subject his mistress to such inconveniences! But what is all this, to exposing her delicate limbs and body to lacerations from a hundred iron elbows, and twice as many hob-nailed shoes? I do not deny, that he may have, towards his wife, the same regard which he is said to entertain towards his friend, and beef-steak; loving them all the better for undergoing certain emollient disciplines on his account; but I give him credit for a much more magnanimous sentiment than gallantry, when I see him haul his Sally into a crowd, and set her fortitude in action, to sustain the ordeal through which she will be obliged to pass. Gallantry indeed! I contend that his character is of a masculine or taurine cast, infinitely more addicted to warfare, riot, beef and pudding, than to any vain sentimental delights. He takes his women into a mob, as the sage took his son into a brothel, that he may cure his compatriots of any weak leaning towards the sex. There he exhibits her divested of her native modesty, and feminine attributes—probably of half her habiliments—to the rude scoff, laughter, and disgust of the beholders. Shame upon you, Romans! for your pusillanimous devotion to your matrons! Ye excluded them from public scorn, only to indulge, and waste your manhood, in the soft delights of connubial dotage! This effeminacy lost you Cannæ; and robbed thee, Coriolanus, of the glory of subjugating thy native city! How much better weaned are our youth from all such puling affection, and unmanly veneration for our dames! Every street, and every hour, give fresh evidences of John's contempt for the fairer part of creation; till his estimation has dwindled into this disdainful feeling towards his lady—that she is a mighty good fellow to drink gin with, and help to spend his week's wages on Sundays. No one who witnessed, this day, the scene of denuded necks, heads bewitched with lank, dripping curls, skirts and stockings bedraggled, gowns torn, bonnets crushed; or the side-play of cloaks, petticoats, and handkerchiefs, lifted up on lances or police-staves, for the owners to claim; along with shoes, pattens, and other paraphernalia strewn within the enclosure, can fail to appreciate fully the mockery and derision which such petty female calamities produce; but when the sufferers themselves were dragged, like dead pigs, over the railing, by leg or arm, or any other way in which the constables could grip them, any man who heard the shout and laughter, must have been divested of common sense, to accuse John Bull of gallantry—Gallantry in a mob! with a parcel of women under one's feet, whom it was impossible to rescue, and whose bodies served as a stepping-stone, to enable one to breathe a little freer air! No! Ye wives and mistresses of London, expect it not from your husbands and lovers, in such scenes as those! I wonder who would think of doing the gallant thing, when, by trampling down a woman, he might obtain a little additional space for necessary dilatation—a moment's reprieve from strangling, or disintegration of his own blessed diaphragm, lungs, or ventricles? I saw no one display any of it, for my part, but the dragoons and constables; these, by whacking the men on their heads, to make room for some female to

be dragged out ; and those, by driving in their horses, and crushing half a dozen males, to rescue one female or child. Speaking of the horses, we must observe, that those of the seventeenth dragoons are quite unfit for service : they exhibited a pitiful contrast to the general disregard for human life and limb. It may be said, in their favour, that they wished to show their gratitude for Mr. Martin's humane act towards them ; but humane and grateful animals are not what our troopers want—are they dragoons ? A horse that will neither kick a man's brains out, nor tread him down without mercy, when he is pressing on its flank or rump, or creeping away under its belly, is not fit to be used by our intrepid cavalry ; not, at least, in a mob.

It is evident that there is some one or other in office, to whom the gratitude of the public is due, for thus fleshing the appetite for cruelty, and securing a due number of victims to the insatiate spirit of curiosity and goaded impatience. Had the Lord Chamberlain published, in the fullest manner, his determination to admit persons or tickets by a private way, and thus to choak up the rooms, while the expectant public were only admitted by a few dozens, at intervals of an hour, such anxiety to enter among the concourse would not have existed. Once in the current, it was impossible to retreat, and persons were passively carried onward to the barrier, fully imagining that there was some vent in that quarter, through which they would be delivered from the pangs they were enduring. When arrived there, crushed and fainting by the pressure of the throng in the rear, they had to stand an hour or two, wedged against the bars, till the rooms should be vacated of those who had filled them under the Chamberlain's orders ; and then, and not till then, a partial relief was afforded to the throng, by the admittance of some twenty or thirty into the free space beyond the barrier. Had a regular current, *from one quarter*, through the rooms, been allowed, no extraordinary pressure would have been experienced ; but to dam up the only passage through which the stream could have egress, or to allow it to filter through in single drops, was the infallible way to ensure the entire force of the pressure in one spot—How human beings must have suffered, may be guessed. We have given but a faint sketch of scenes which we actually saw, and horrors which we felt and heard ; with no other sentiment at the time, but that we heard the last scream, and saw the last closing eye of some unfortunate creature, whom it was impossible to assist. It appeared to us, that the days were returned, when the funeral ceremonies of princes and heroes were to be celebrated by the sacrifice of a number of wretches to their *manes*. We hope, however, that fewer lives have been lost than we contemplated ; and that the directors of these arrangements have not to answer for an effusion of blood, that would render the pageantry of a prince's state funeral, as criminal and inhuman as it is expensive and ridiculous.

TWELFTH NIGHT AT ALMACK'S.

CONTRARY to their usual practice, the fashionables agreed to celebrate the ancient holiday of twelfth night in this month, and for once to indulge in a degree of sociable pleasantry, now become the attribute of vulgar festivals. The meeting was to take place *sous la rose*, as their High Mightinesses the Ladies Patronesses promulgated it in circulars to the subscribers; and on this exclusive occasion there was to be a general right of *entree* permitted to all who had become notorious in the late fashionable novels, or the daily prints; and each was to sustain the character there attributed to him or her. A committee of old ladies, among whom was the Chancellor, were to sit upon the pretensions of each candidate, as he or she presented cards and claims to admission; no other embargo was laid upon the right of entrance; as it was justly inferred, that no individual, high or low, would reject the privilege of figuring at Almack's, on the slight grounds of maintaining, for one night, an objectionable, or even infamous part. It was calculated also that the treasury of the society would be seasonably benefitted by the general competition to sustain favourable parts, on which very high penalties were to be levied; while any trifling deodand would be a sufficient imposition upon such as were to appear there in the character of gamesters, seducers, and fashionable delinquents. As, among the indiscriminate *melée*, there would probably be some who had not been trained in the aviary of fashion, to subdue their craws to the tenuity of genteel nutrition, it was agreed for once to indulge in the luxury of sufficiency. A vast number of turkeys' gizzards and drumsticks were to be peppered and broiled, and served up for devils; and Dr. Kitchener was to be invited to superintend the economical preparation of the supper, provided he would appear in the character of Soup-maigre, the French cook, who made a dinner out of nothing. A twelfth cake would be indispensable, and it was agreed to advertise for a cheap one of specific age and dimensions, in *The Times*. Of course, wine would be drunk in profusion; and to obviate any extravagant encroachment on the funds, it was agreed to lay in a stock of Mr. Charles Wright's Champagne, at 5s. 6d. a bottle; and as that gentleman had lately figured much in the annals of polite literature, the committee of supply determined to send him an invitation to attend as croupier, on condition that he would assume the character of Puff, and vaunt the excellencies of his triumphant Champagne: at the same time, the board of control, not quite coinciding in the superior claims of that gentleman to the character which had been selected for him, manifested an intention of superseding him by a favourite of their own, whose claims appeared to them indisputable—and this was no other than the adversary of the far-famed wine-dealer, whose Gazette is read, according to him, in all corners of the habitable globe; and who has lately added five hundred folios to his weekly issue, for the enlightenment of the newly discovered race of Arctic Esquimaux. Finally, however, at the suggestion of the old Lady Patroness above named, a middle course was adopted. It was resolved to invite the critic to accept of the part of Don Pedro Positive de Snatchaway, the physician of Sancho Panza, in his go-

vernment of Baratania. It was calculated with much *finesse* by his advocate, that great economy would result from his touching with his wand many of the articles of popular taste, especially Champagne; and as he had lately surfeited on wine, and sobered into a *custos morum*, it was suggested, that much irregularity would be prevented, by admitting him as a censor of conduct at this novel masquerade, assured that no one would dare to scandalize the purity of the Editor of a Gazette that circulated even in Cappadocia and other equally polite regions.

These arrangements being made, and Mr. Willis having agreed to ornament the rooms with a few sprigs of consecrated laurel from the churches and Horse Guards, the Lady Patronesses appointed the Chancellor, at his own earnest solicitation, chiefly on the grounds of his being a good sitter, to the post of Grand Bum-bailiff, or Examiner of Tickets, as they arrived. On the eventful night therefore, being accommodated with a woolsack, and accoutred in the Bow-street uniform, he sat in the hall, attended by his purse-bearer, catchpoles, sergeants, and other myrmidons, and scrutinized very severely the claims of every candidate, as he presented his character for inspection.

I will now relate how I evaded this judicial investigation, and was enabled to give an authentic report of what took place under my own eyes. It will readily be believed that I had no connexion with fashionable exclusives, which would enable me to procure an admission. I had never once appeared in print as a *celebrated*, consequently was *nobody*. It is true that I had often sported my own name under asterisks, as the hero of a duel, a *crim. con.*, a *bon mot*; but it had no success; nay, though I nearly periled disinheritance, by shocking the eyes of my father with an account of R——d * * * inveigling a young gentleman to play, and fleecing him most unconscionably, the world refused to assign the splendour of the feat to Richard * * *, and gave all the glory of it to one Mr. Raymond Somebodyelse. So many others had thus been enriched by my efforts to procure a little *renommée*, that I gave up inserting paragraphs in the Age, and waited with impatience some real opportunity of challenging a lord, or running away with a married lady, that nothing might cheat me of my well-earned fame, and that I might have the sanction of the Chief Justice for appearing at full length in the papers, under the happiest auspices of being thenceforth a fashionable *roué*, or *mauvais sujet*, accepted in the grand monde. Even *la belle Harriette* frustrated my laudable ambition, by discontinuing her memoirs, though she had received an adequate retainer from her unknown humble servant, R——d * * *, to make honourable mention of me in her ensuing number. On this intended revival of an ancient pastime, in which the fashionable world would lay aside their assumed faces, and shine in the characters attributed to them by the world, my curiosity and eagerness were strung to the highest pitch, and I begged of Asmodeus, who gave me the first inkling of the design, to introduce me in some form or other to the assemblage. He swore by his two sticks that he durst not; for that the enchanter who had *sealed* him up in the bottle, was no other than the Keeper of the Great Seals himself, and that if he or any other poor printer's devil ventured such a trick upon him as smug-

gling a suitor through his hall, without making the said suitor first pay the uttermost farthing of fees to the court, and wash the pavement beneath his feet with the due portion of tears and heart's blood, he, the enchanter, would seal up the whole press, and enforce the law of libel against every devil of them all. You had best, said Asmodeus, get Mr. Wright to enclose you in one of his Champagne bottles; and as you are a bright sparkling fellow, I have no doubt but that he can make you pass for genuine Epernay. This was a likely expedient for a devil upon two sticks to suggest, but his allegorical impship forgot that the world is not to be humbugged now-a-days by a bottle-conjuror. However, I was so perplexed how to obtain admittance, that I was prepared to practise any imposition upon the world, rather than be left out—aye, even to palm myself upon them as neat French wine, if the thing could be managed. The thing was feasible enough, as any one who reads the *recipes* in the Literary Gazette may conceive,* and I had already got my measure taken for a *magnum bonum* of a bottle, to contain me, when the scruples of the Croupier interfered with my project. He would not for *fifty pounds*, he said, expose his wine to such new obloquy, as would be vented against it, should Dr. Snatchaway discover me lying *perdu* in his most magnificent bottle. “Besides,” continued he, “you would run great risk of being knocked down by his official cane, for intruding in such disguise; there would be a chance too of your evaporating in mere fume; and if you escaped all the dangers of wand and screw, still, what pleasure could you take in griping so many honest drinkers, whose stomachs would no doubt be turned by the sight of a little man born and conceived in a bottle, just as if one of the embryos in the Medical Museum came to life again? No, sir! it cannot be done. No one would ever drink my Champagne more.” The man spoke wisely and conscientiously enough; and I admit that nothing but my extreme avidity to procure entrance at Almack's, could for a moment have blinded me to these objections. No fashionable aspirant ever panted more for the honour of footing it there than I did. I wrote memorials, drew up pedigrees, framed histories of myself; it was of no use. The Lady Patronesses would not recognize the claims of Mr. R——d * * *, who was not introduced to them by a lady on their visiting-list. I even descended to the meanness of imposture, and represented myself as the Hermit in London, the Great Unknown, the Author of Vivian Gray, Tremaine, and a number of other undiscovered personages; but all would not do—the general answer returned was, “that twenty other pretenders usurped the same titles; that I must submit my claims to the Lady Patroness *pro tempore* on the wool-sack.”

I was almost in despair; for, to say truth, this was the person of all others before whom I most dreaded to appear. Not that I recoiled from the oath of abjuration, or feared a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, or of bankruptcy, or an inquiry. I was prepared to take

* We enumerate a few of the ingredients of Champagne—vinegar, oyster-shells, chalk, strawberries, cochineal, logwood, beet-root, rhatany, lead, &c.—See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 517, &c.—Why not flesh, blood, bones, &c.?

all oaths of office, and could have stood any investigation. But then I had neither life nor purse long enough to stand the ordeal of his scrutiny. I knew I would come out of it a successful but heart-broken beggar; and even fashion and Almack's were too dear at that price. While I was roving the streets, pondering upon a variety of crude inefficient schemes, accident threw in my way the means of effecting my desire. A coach happened to upset in my view, and I hastened up to tender my assistance. Judge my surprise, when I opened the door, to receive into my arms the very identical Lady Patroness on whom my thoughts had been dwelling. She was almost smothered in the heap of reports and petitions that choked up the interior; and my aid was exceedingly timely, for they seemed animated by a spirit of vengeance against her; and no doubt it was their spiteful ponderosity that broke down the springs of the vehicle. I bore her into an adjoining hotel, and she commended to my care the huge briefs that strewed the street. The opportunity was too favourable to be neglected; I amassed the stubborn folios, but I could not rebuke their rebellion, for, alas! I perceived among them the case of my grand-uncle, who had pined forty years in the Marshalsea, awaiting the decision of the Chancellor, and who had prayed him most pathetically to give judgment before he, the petitioner, died: not that he might enjoy any benefit himself, but that he might know, for a dying consolation, what he had remaining to will among his children. I was not such an ass as to betray any of the spirit of clanship on this occasion, but I conducted myself as any humble suitor in Chancery would have done, and was rewarded by a complacent smile, (all the world knows how sweetly she smiles,) and a kind inquiry, "What my profession was?" I was rather confused; but, quite conscious that I must not be a *littérateur* by any means, so I replied that I was a Nothingarian. "I think," said she, significantly, "however unwilling I am to decide hastily, that, from your mode of handling cases, you would make a rapid progress at the bar." What ecstatic words! What a ravishing compliment! Oh, my ancestors! thought I, you shall yet be revenged; I will soon become a Master in Chancery, and extract as much from law as you have sunk in it. Oh! what a delicious *amende*, to beggar others in my turn! *jurare in verba magistri*, "to be a Master in Chancery," and support litigiousness, doubts, delays, rolls, statutes, and reports, through thick and thin, as Lord Eldon may wish. I bowed low and servilely, half-Master already in imagination; I then waited on her to her carriage, and laid my grand-uncle's case in the mud for her to rest her gouty foot upon. I was at the moment too entranced with my brilliant prospects to think about Almack's; and before I could recover from my ecstasy, the carriage had driven off. I had only cut a caper or two, and picked up the dishonoured case with a view of strewing it in fragments, when the celebration of twelfth night came across my imagination. At once I started off and hallooed after the footman, who called to the coachman to draw up. The Lady-President put her head out of the carriage just as I reached the door, quite out of breath, and unable to utter a word: however, to give some plausible reason for detaining her ladyship, I thrust forward my grand-uncle's bill and answer, and she again honoured me with—

Her best emetic smile,
 Composed of camomile,
 With rhubarb, gall, and manna,
 And ipecacuhana.*

It by no means answered as a restorative ; but she precluded my intended petition by saying emphatically—" Young man, your talents for the bar are of the first order. Enter yourself at Lincoln's Inn immediately ;" and having pronounced her irreversible decree, " Drive on ;" the coach moved forward before I could recover from the new transports into which I was thrown by this propitious oracle. As I returned homewards through Bond-street, meditating upon the huge catalogue of legal authors before me, and the millionth edition of Blackstone, Almack's again came into my thoughts, at the very moment when I stopped opposite Jarrin's, and surveyed the grand display of Twelfth Night cakes in the shop-window. A brilliant thought then seized me—a most novel idea. Oh, those inexhaustible treasures of wit ! Great source of our most convivial brillancies at this festive epoch of the year, Paul Pry ! let me thank thee for the wit thou gavest me on this and sundry other occasions. Thou modern Apollo ! who hast altars raised to thee on every snuff-box and threepenny mug ! and who ere long shalt have consecrated to thee all the ware used even in the most secret Eleusinian rites ! Whom Jarrin has immortalized in brittle pastry ! Whose inspiration is accorded unto all who can afford to buy a one-and-ninepenny umbrella, and who can remember to forget it sometimes ! To thee am I indebted for my admittance to Almack's on that memorable night !

Having purchased the aforesaid one-and-ninepenny talisman and a portentous straw hat, rigged myself in shooting jacket and hessian boots, and otherwise accommodated my head and stern *à la* Paul Pry, taking with me a student's gown, I presented myself at the door as soon as it was opened. The usher of the black rod, and other messengers and officials, treated me very scurvily indeed, denying in my face that I was the real Paul Pry ; and when I appealed to the tribunal in the last resort, stripping me of my *vade mecum*, to which I was indebted for half my eloquence. However, when I was placed at the bar, her ladyship addressed me in terms of recognition, " Master Paul Pry ! " *Hear* that " master ! " What a delightful epithet ! " She was glad that I had already assumed the *toga*, and was sure that I would not be the less becoming of a mastership on account of my grimace and inquisitive turn." I could hear no more ; those blissful sounds threw me into a stupor, from which I was only roused by the officers demanding from me the customary fees. As I had no money, I offered them a bill upon Lord Redesdale, whose security the fellows seemed very unwilling to take, as they were afraid of being paid in whitewash ; but there was no other remedy. I was just stepping into the aristocratical chamber, when who should appear but Mr. Liston himself, habited in the dress of Paul Pry, and hoping, as usual, that he did not intrude—just dropt to inquire after her ladyship's big toe—and to present his certificate and claims to fashionable renown. " Who are you, sir ? " inquired the Patroness.—" I ? why, don't you

* See my forthcoming " Chancery Dispensatory." P

know me?" answered Liston, all amazed. "I am the original Paul Pry, as all here can attest. An't I, eh?" "That will not do, sir," said the Lady President; "that evidence is *extra-judicial*; it does not come properly before the court. Have you filed your bill?" "Yes, to be sure I have," replied Mr. Liston, dragging a number of play-bills from his pocket, and handing one up to her ladyship for inspection. "This bill is not only informal," returned she, "but essentially void, and a fraud upon the face of it, for it is unstamped." Saying which her ladyship wriggled about on the sack, thrust her hands into the loose sleeves of her robe, and shivered visibly, as if from cold. Then putting on a look of disdain, fully expressive of the judgment she would give, and gradually relapsing into indifference, while Liston foamed and blustered away, (for you may be sure that he was not silent,) she permitted him to strut and fret his hour away, while she observed the most determined command of countenance, and the compressed lip of a man resolutely sucking sal-prunella or some other unpleasant matter. At length, upon a pause being made in Mr. Pry's oratory, her ladyship gave me a condescending nod, as much as to say, it is your turn now. Keeping in mind my ambitious hopes, I resolved to distinguish myself by copying the best model of a Chancery barrister in my recollection. Therefore, bending forwards, and assuming a respectful air of submission, I began by speaking low but emphatically, in such a way as to sink what was obscure, and elevate what was complimentary to her ladyship. I was sure, I said, that all who knew me would do me the credit to believe that I had as great a respect for her ladyship's big toe as Mr. Liston had—a toe, than which that of no pope was more venerable, for it was a toe, a toe that—in short it was her ladyship's toe. The histrionic gentleman had come forward with a claim to the exclusive patenteeship of a dramatic character, to which all the world had a right as well as he, for he had evidently usurped it from some living original. The learned histrionic gentleman has as good a right to a number of other *aliases*, but surely the court would not permit him in this informal, unprecedented way, to exclude me from wearing what dress and character I liked, although Mr. Liston might claim a monopoly of the same. He might as well prevent my carrying an umbrella, &c.; therefore I humbly prayed the dismissal of his bill.

I had scarcely finished when her Ladyship arose, and turning towards the fire-place, gave judgment thus—"The case before your Ladyships," (whom he was addressing I know not, but I suppose it was the poker and tongs,) "the case before your Ladyships is a claim to the disputed *peerage* of Pry, brought by the appellant Mr. Liston, and controverted by the respondent. Well! no matter whom. Your Ladyships will observe the informality of these proceedings. Mr. Liston produces a bill, which he claims to have filed for the recovery of his title, and when the bill is inspected it turns out to be an unstamped and most informal paper; for it identifies your Ladyships' house with the house in which Mr. Liston has been engaged. Now, assuming for argument's sake that his bill was properly filed and properly addressed, still it strikes me that there is one point fatal to Mr. Liston's claim, which I shall just mention now to your Ladyships, and subsequently refer to a noble Lady, whom I am in the habit of

consulting upon doubtful and intricate questions, and on whose judgment I have the utmost reliance." I could not see any object to which this could apply, unless the brass shovel on the table. "The point is this,—whether the title in dispute can be held in patent by Mr. Liston, on any other night than a command night, on which occasion he holds his title immediately from the fountain of honour; supposing therefore that the individual before me is Mr. Liston, for your Ladyships have no legal evidence of that fact, but only your own senses, and the informal *vivâ voce* acknowledgment of those present, still there are very great doubts whether his title is not in abeyance, until he is ordered to assume it. If he had produced such an order, his right would have been clearly established; but having failed to do so, I see no reason to disturb the judgment of the court below; and shall therefore humbly move your Ladyships to direct that that judgment do stand good until the respondent shall have amended his bill; and for the present, that he be dismissed with costs. Such of your Ladyships as are of opinion, &c. The ayes have it."

After this the original Paul Pry was turned out, blustering furiously, and appealing to the gentlemen of the press against this judgment. Such as took his part were ordered out of court, and one old lady in ermine and scarlet exerted herself amazingly to ensure the gratitude of the Bow-street fraternity, by breaking the backs of police reporters. I understood her to be one of the duennas of the noble family, whose office was to prevent scandal to the house, by punishing tale-bearers for spreading abroad what they had seen and heard. She and her colleagues were sworn not to give character or protection to the author of any reflections upon the aristocracy. There was another decent-looking matron in black and white, with false hair and powder, who fulminated also against the press. I understood her to be an upper servant or companion in the family, whose duty was to say prayers every morning, and to help to keep up decorous appearances. She sustained, by courtesy, the part of Mother Church, though only a *cadette* of some noble family, and known to be a fat buxom dame, who was, in a quiet way, now and then guilty of the hereditary *faux pas*. I wonder how I escaped her scrutiny, for she put several questions to me before I could gain access to the company of peers and peeresses,—as, What was my name? Who gave me that name? &c., and insisted upon my complying with several solemn ordinances, among which was the production of my last receipt for tithes; after this she *confirmed* me as a candidate elect for the mastership, which I now understood to be some menial situation about the courts of the great, that would give me occasional access to the assemblies of fashion. On this night especially, when there was to be a Saturnalian feast among them, I might at will attend in the hall or the dancing-rooms, in the character which I had drawn, just to see how I liked the situation. I knelt down, and she posed her hand upon my head, and the ceremony of my initiation concluded. To what sudden dignity had I not arisen, from the very plebeian rank, by that lucky upset of my Lady's carriage! Those who were dignified by birth, patronage, fashionable fame, were not subjected to this ordeal. The junior branches, to be sure, were often reduced to look for the places of clerks of the kitchen, grooms of the stole, ladies of the

bed-chamber, and nursery-maids, and then they underwent the orthodox process. Many of them got nominations from the lady on the sack, and after examination, received *orders* of admission from Mistress Church, and then they became members of the household; for after all their pretensions to exclusive eminence, these patricians at Almack's were at best but the domestics of some higher dynasty, and enjoyed their honours in virtue of some office in itself abject or barbarous.

I strolled round the rooms, which had begun to fill during my examination, and was not a little surprised to find among the arrivals, several countenances with which I was familiar, having seen them on the stage. These fair personages having some knowledge of stage-tact, generally supported their characters tolerably well, even though some of them had difficult parts to perform, in reclaiming gambling or dissolute husbands. There was one of them, a widow lady, who reigned paramount, from the influence which unbounded wealth had given her. She had been obliged to content herself with the character of Mrs. Million, though report said that she would more willingly have figured as duchess. The celebrated leaders of the ton arrived in due time; the Hautons, Stavordales, Rocheforts, Wallensteins, Bellamonts, and Plinlimmons; with their protégés, the Dorvilles, Hazlemeres, Fitzallans, and Leaches, whom every body of any pretension to fashionable intercourse must be fully acquainted with. The only difficulty is in distinguishing the features of the various characters; they possessed such an intimate resemblance in the only *traits* that mark them out as distinct *dramatis personæ*; the chief difference appearing to me to consist in the degrees of boldness and recklessness with which they performed the same frivolous, unmeaning part. There was a vast deal of talent wasted in vying who should excel *à ne faire que des riens*. All appeared animated by the same ambition, and to have their energies bent towards the same end. Their passions centered in the same objects; and those objects were precisely those which a heart void of affections would contain. Undoubtedly their pursuits had obliterated all trace of cordial feeling; and the absence of the latter removed those distinctive expressions, which give individuality to character. The greater or less degree of wit or vivacity was all that was discernible to the common spectator; and this was as likely to proceed from fits of humour as from variety of intellectual quality. Such a waste of smiles "upon the desert air" I had never before witnessed; and yet it was evident, from their very *fadeur*, that they were put on like creams and cosmetics, for the mere purpose of beautifying the countenance. Their complexions of mind seemed to resemble each other as closely as their complexions of face did, and both seemed to be the insipid, morbid product of some deceitful art. I watched the ladies of the *haut passage*, whose history I had read in Vivian Grey, Granby, Matilda, Tremaine, and Almack's; but I could discover little of the *bel-air* which those books have assigned to their fashionable heroines. There was the same quantity of importance and ostrich-feathers, of condescension and perfume; but the dignity and modesty combined were the attributes of the author's imagination. Most of them appeared brought in *pour remplir un fauteuil*, a part which a waxen figure might

have done as well ; this was the sum of the elegant insensibility and fashionable *nonchalance*. To give herself a peculiarity that might distinguish her from the rest, one was obliged to lisp, another to talk all manner of *platitudes*, a third to bolt out indecencies, and a fourth to variegate the phraseology with French expressions. No wonder, when distinction was the reigning passion, that many should resort to stranger methods to obtain it, and even consent to adopt the caricature likenesses assigned them by the above authors, rather than not figure among people of the *bon genre*. But what is more odd, several laid claims to the same character, and some maintained that they had a right to two or three. The most contested character among the gentlemen was that of Tremaine. Numbers presented themselves that night as the man of refinement ; melancholy gentlemen, exhausted of ordinary sympathies by the indulgence of aristocratical conceit, whose aspects were set to one expression of contemptuousness for all that was not fine, and who seemed internally to repeat,

Odi vulgum pecus, et arceo.

But they possessed little other affinity to the written Tremaine, being paltry incomplete editions of him. When ordered to prove their reading, it was found that they had but “just sufficient learning to misquote.” As to religion, they there indeed perfectly coincided with him, or else the cheat was too well concealed to be detected. They had no fixed principles, but were willing to adopt the creed in fashion, especially if it procured them mistresses to their hearts’ desire, or even other objects of minor consideration. Georgina Evelyn, the heroine of Tremaine, was not even contended for by any of the votaries of fashion, principally because the country had been fixed upon for the constant residence of that new Eloise, modified to the local habits of English rural life. Her father, however, was there, represented by a number of *soi-disant* proxies, chiefly churchmen, who aimed at the reputation of learning and sentiment. But as well to enlarge the number of subscribers, as to reconcile inconsistencies, it was ultimately decreed, that this character should be done by two persons ; the one a high churchman, enjoying a sumptuous hereditary incumbency ; the advocate of abuses, and the engrafter of tithes upon the apostolic system, in short, a *bon ton* parson,—the other a liberal reformer, a genuine friend of all men, who founded his religion upon simple Deism, and supported it by arguments drawn from the poets ; in short, a retired enthusiast.

The Grey tribe, the Alhambras, the Carabases, and the rest, were all admitted in *propria personâ*, on the testimony of John Bull, and the Key to Vivian Grey ; that testimony being supposed to have been the authentic declaration of the author : but it is to be observed, that many of the characters shuffled through their parts very badly. The hero himself, instead of performing those wonderful feats anticipated by his friends, was satisfied with feeding his ambition on the smiles of some wealthy dowager, from whom he might now and then expect an invitation to a repast. The Granby and Matilda set showed off, to admiration, the characteristics of their class. The gambling scenes in the former were enacted with great spirit by a noble lord and his gang, who had undertaken to instruct young gentlemen in the mysteries of unlimited loo. The young pigeon on this occasion was understood to

be admitted, for the last time, to fashionable society, because he had demurred about paying the conventional price. There were some tables laid out for *écarté* in one room, at which were some of the most respectable-looking, dignified characters in the assembly; who, however, were altogether unknown to all the great from whom I made inquiries. A sly old Bow-street officer at last told me, that they were sharpers *à la mode*, whose persons were incog. and sacred by common consent, that the spirit of gaming might not suffer from the exclusion of its chief supporters. Like the Knights of Malta, they had all the virtues which their order required them to profess. They were sworn to continency, temperance, and unbounded courteousness; they were bound to fight for their order; and even to suffer martyrdom on the scaffold, if required, without betraying their lofty associates. These vows gave an air of religious earnestness to their whole deportment, which very much relieved the mawkish languor and frivolous levity of the rest. Contiguous to these, were a crowd of shabby-looking fellows, resembling the groups that assemble sometimes upon 'Change. I could not imagine that they were any thing better than brokers, and miserly stock-jobbers; but I found out that I was very much mistaken indeed, for there were Honourables and M. P.'s among them. One non-descript party came habited, as they asserted, *à la Grecque*; but every one said, that there was as much of the Turk or Jew in their appearance, as of the Hellenist. Among the *élite* of the nobility who filled the foreground of the picture, I observed several noisy awkward gentlemen in black, whose constrained air, and unsubdued sallies, showed that they had none but borrowed pretensions to be there. These were authors in favour with the fashionable world, introduced, like professional wits, to enliven the dialogue, or to set off a good thing; but the consciousness of being looked up to for amusement, rendered their efforts as clumsy as the jokes of the clown in pantomime: still character required that they should let nothing slip, be it pure *bon mot*, quibble, *double entendre*, or crambo rhyme; and it may be added, that their success in raising a laugh was infinitely less uncertain than the object at which the laugh was directed.

Among the celebrated unknown, of whom there was no small number present, the author of *Waverley* was pre-eminent: for he rendered himself tolerably conspicuous by his attentions to royalty, dancing, all in mourning as he was, with one of the handmaidens of the court, whose fair fame was somewhat suspect, and whom his indiscreet attentions only rendered more publicly the object of severe comment. The *country* dance on this occasion was once more adopted, and was led off, to a martial tune, by the foreign secretary, dancing off with one of the noble family of Guards, decidedly the best dancer in the room, but not at all fitted, poor thing! as it was reported, for the arduous duty which she would be likely to encounter in tending upon one of her mamma's relations in Portugal, whose constitution was impaired by the climate to which she had been sent. Her partner had very great difficulty in gaining admittance, as it was understood that a great party of the aristocracy was ranged against him, and above all, that the Lady Patroness on the woolsack was unfavourable to him: however, by a successful course of fawning and bullyism, he asserted claims to the character of *Bombastes Furioso*, and procured admittance accordingly.

The Duke of Wellington, after having danced off with Mistress Ordinance, and the Governess of the Tower, is said to have offered his hand to the relict of an august Prince, whose tears were still flowing for his loss; but at the time, she could not make up her mind to accept him, especially as her children wept afresh at the thoughts of having such a stepfather. I cannot enumerate the other partners of the fashionables, who were all ladies of splendid incomes, whose connexions conferred respectability on those whom they honoured with their choice. Suffice to say, that I did not propose for any of them; for I saw so many humble *attentives* disappointed, after a long course of crouching and cringing, by being told that the lady was engaged, that I despaired of making myself agreeable. Besides, my prepossession for fashionable intercourse was much abated by the utter insipidity of all its votaries, by the arranged smiles and conceited laughter of its formalists, as well as by the heartlessness which the system seemed fitted to produce; so that I retired, heartily ashamed of the efforts which I had made to procure admission at Almack's.

R—D * * *

TURNER'S REIGN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.*

In order to attain that degree of calmness and impartiality of feeling which is the eternal boast of historians, it has been laid down as a general maxim, that the history of a particular period should not be composed until after such a lapse of time as may allow the conflict of personal animosities and personal interests to subside. Unhappily our prejudices outlive our immediate interests, and create illusions quite as powerful, and quite as detrimental to the cause of truth. There are a thousand circumstances also, which may serve to connect the passions and excitements of the day with the events of periods the most remote; so that, notwithstanding the sobering influence of time, the modern historian of Constantine or Mahomet may be as little exempt from the charge of gross partiality and misrepresentation as the contemporary biographer of George IV. If this remark needed confirmation, Turner's History of the Reign of Henry VIII. would abundantly furnish it.

We need go no farther than Mr. Turner's preface to discover the strong prevailing bias of his mind when he commenced this history, and to estimate the credit to which his opinions and reasoning are entitled. He informs us that he was induced to renew his historical labours in consequence of the recent controversy upon the subject of the Reformation; a controversy which sprang out of the catholic question, although to dispassionate minds it may appear that the two subjects have no real connexion. Thus it is, that for the hundredth time the character of Henry is viewed, not in its natural proportions, but through the delusive medium of religious prepossessions. It is true, that on more than one occasion, Mr. Turner is constrained to admit, that religious considerations had no share in the momentous changes effected by

* The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S.L. London: 1826. 4to. pp. 694.

Henry, and that the monarch himself was an unconscious instrument, co-operating with various other causes, in the great work of Reformation. But it is not the less evident that that very instrumentality, unwitting and involuntary as it was, is the chief circumstance that influences the pen of the author in tracing Henry's character; it is that which converts his revolting atrocities into venial excesses, and gives to his superficial, tinsel qualities, the solidity of virtues. That a passion for originality, and a disinclination to follow in the beaten track of former historians, may have contributed to render Mr. Turner's history such as it is, is not by any means improbable. And it must be confessed that he has the merit of surpassing all those among his predecessors who have been inclined to regard Henry with a favourable eye, in consequence of the fortuitous aid which he gave to the Reformation. Even Mr. Southey, in his *Book of the Church*, only goes so far as to insinuate that Henry "was not the mere monster, which, upon a cursory view, he must needs appear to every young and ingenuous mind." But Mr. Turner represents him as a model of perfection, endowed with every intellectual and moral excellence. The fact is, that modern historians too often resemble modern actors, who think that celebrity is only to be gained by surprising and startling the spectators, and shocking received opinions. What actor of spirit would submit to the drudgery of pausing, and starting, and ranting, and beating his breast, and clasping his hands, where others have paused, and started, and ranted before him? What historian of genius can condescend to praise and censure what others have praised and censured, and to draw the same inferences as others from the same facts? That Mr. Turner is not insensible to the charms of this species of fame is sufficiently evidenced by parts of his earlier historical labours;—the apologist of Richard III. may, with some exertion of courage, well become the eulogist of Henry VIII.

A general outline of the history before us may be given in a few words. In Mr. Turner's conception, Henry was a prince gifted with all those amiable and popular qualities which are calculated to win the esteem and affection of mankind. Warm-hearted, gentle, and affable, in private life; dignified, yet condescending, in public; possessed of chivalrous courage as well as moral resolution; profoundly learned himself, and a liberal patron of learning in others; a lover of peace and the arts of peace; untainted in morals and sincere in religion; respected abroad and beloved at home. Such is the impression which Mr. Turner would wish to convey to his readers of Henry's character and conduct during "nearly three-fourths of his reign;" in which time, to use the historian's sonorous language, "his celebrity shone unchallenged and unclouded, and was accompanied through all Europe with the harmonious voices, from all parts, of unanimous applause." The various unpopular acts of this period, the errors of domestic administration and foreign policy, are all attributed, without scruple, to Cardinal Wolsey and other convenient scape-goats; while every measure from which honour is to be gained is appropriated exclusively to Henry. In the latter years of his reign, it is confessed by Mr. Turner, that "his suavity was displaced by vexation, suspicion, and bursts of anger; and that his cheerful equanimity was, from his disquiets, and their increasing perturbations whenever his personal safety, kingly

dignity, or constitutional rights were endangered, hardened into sternness, rigour, and legal inflexibility." But then we are informed that his most un pitying actions were pardonable, nay, justifiable severities; called for by the necessities of the times, and strictly lawful; and that his censured punishments, as far as they were merciless, were but "the errors and vices of the stern and unfeeling mind of his day."

So pleasing a picture of a kingly nature we feel almost reluctant to mar. Let us, however, examine it in its parts and proportions, as they are presented by Mr. Turner, for we need scarcely travel out of his work in order to satisfy ourselves with respect to the truth of his delineation.

The history ushers in the king with a flourish of trumpets; a collection of testimonies in his favour from celebrated writers of the day, most of them, however, addressed either to himself or to those about him. These are certainly in the highest strain of adulation; and were we to yield our conviction to them, we should have reason to regard Henry as a man-miracle. "Who among private persons is more observant of the laws than yourself?" says Erasmus, in one of his letters to the king. "Who is more incorrupt? Who more tenacious of his promises? who more constant in friendship? who has a greater love of what is equitable and just?" And again—"Who is more dexterous in war than Henry VIII., or more wise in framing laws, or more foreseeing in council? Who is more vigilant in coercing the licentiousness of wickedness; more diligent in choosing magistrates and officers, or more effectual in treaties of conciliation between kings?" We are then informed that he became so early attached to letters that he wrote a Latin letter to Erasmus while a boy, "from his own resources, and in his own hand-writing!" which reminds us of a saying of Swift's.—"Princes," observes he, "in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish; strange so many hopeful princes, and so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue; if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort." This was precisely the case with Henry. If he had died in his youth, he would have been numbered among those blessed few, whose deaths are regarded as national calamities, and whose memories are revered; for, to borrow the words of Lord Bacon, in his slight sketch of Henry's character, "there had scarcely been seen or known in many ages such a rare concurrence of signs and promises of a happy and flourishing reign to come, as were now met in the young king." But the reasons which Bacon gives of this glorious promise are far different from the unmeaning flatteries of ministers and correspondents, collected with so much parade by Mr. Turner. Henry was "the first heir of the white and red rose; so that there was no discontented party now left in the kingdom, but all men's hearts turned towards him; and not only their hearts but their eyes also, for he was the only son of the kingdom." He proceeds to say that the king had no brother, and that there was no queen-mother to divert the public affection, or to embarrass his authority; that the crown was extremely rich: that there was "no war, no dearth, no stop of trade or commerce." With respect to his mental qualities, Bacon merely states, that "though he were given to pleasure, yet he was likewise desirous

of glory; so that *there was a passage open in his mind, by glory, for virtue.*" This is the language of philosophy applied to history; the latter words are peculiarly remarkable, because they at once give us a complete insight into the character of Henry. To that love of glory, and to no sounder or more generous principle, are to be attributed all the commendable actions of his life; to the same source may be traced many of his enormities. When he passed the act for burning those who should deny the real presence, he thought he was as much consulting his own honour, as when he offered a pension to Erasmus.

As to the fulsome compliments, so ostentatiously displayed by Mr. Turner, we would seriously ask him, whether there ever was a monarch yet who did not receive an equal measure of panegyric? Does he forget the base adulation of the Roman senate towards Tiberius, when those who represented all the honour and dignity of the empire, "*certatim exsurgerent,*" as Tacitus expresses it, "*foedaque et nimia censerent?*"—when their nauseating flattery extorted from the clear-sighted tyrant the indignant exclamation—"O homines ad servitutem paratos!" When Mr. Turner quotes the two lines from Sir T. Chaloner's poem in praise of Henry,

*Indulsit genio, admittens quandoque proterva ; **
At non immani veniam superantia facto,

does he forget that a poet, at least as celebrated as Chaloner, wrote, in his *Pharsalia*, that all the miseries and atrocities of the civil wars were amply compensated by the circumstance of Nero's coming to the purple?

—————Scelera ipsa nefasque
Hâc mercede placent.

Mr. Turner lays great stress upon the commendations bestowed by Erasmus on the king. Now, perhaps, it may be almost unfair to criticise these expressions too narrowly. Henry, partly from his own love of letters, but chiefly at the instigation of Wolsey, courted the correspondence of all the distinguished scholars of the day, and offered them his protection. Erasmus was peculiarly marked as the object of the king's condescending kindness; and there are few private individuals, however great their strength of mind, who can resist the flattering advances of a monarch. These encomiums may therefore be merely the exaggerated expressions of gratitude for real or imaginary favours; and, as such, should not be too scrupulously weighed. But if it be contended that they were written in sincerity, we are bound to observe, that the praises of Cardinal Wolsey from the same pen are quite as strong, and quite as frequent, and often mixed up with those of the king. We would particularly direct the attention of Mr. Turner to the letter addressed to the cardinal, (lib. ii. epist. 1.) in which Erasmus ascribes to Wolsey all the salutary reforms in morals and reli-

* Mr. Turner says, somewhere in his history, that "nothing is a greater reproach to the reasoning intellect of any age than a splenetic censoriousness on the manners of our ancestors." The opinions and expressions of our ancestors are perhaps entitled to the same indulgence. We shall therefore content ourselves with remarking upon Chaloner's lines, that it sounds somewhat odd to modern ears to hear the burnings and butcherings of Henry's reign called "*proterva,*" and to be told, though in verse, that to murder two wives was merely "*indulgere genis.*"

gion, the revival of letters, the improved administration of justice, the general prosperity of the British nation, and the peace of Europe. We would also refer him to lib. iii. epist. 31., in which there is a remarkable passage, which must have escaped his observation. "At miramorum tuorum *facilitas omnibus exposita obviaque* sic prorsus invidiam omnem excludit, ut homines *non minus ament naturæ tuæ bonitatem* quem fortunæ magnitudinem suspiciunt." These words are addressed to Wolsey in the zenith of his power; but when he falls into disgrace, a new light comes over the man of letters. The cardinal then is thus described, (lib. xxvi. ep. 55.)—"Metuebatur ab omnibus, amabatur a paucis, ne dicam a nemine." Now, if the first of these two passages was written in truth and honesty, what becomes of Mr. Turner's tirade against the pride, arrogance, and repulsive manner of the cardinal? if it was merely an empty compliment, and the latter passage conveys the real sentiments of Erasmus, what credit is to be given to his sincerity when he eulogizes the king?

Our historian evinces wondrous satisfaction at the circumstance that all writers concur in commending Henry's personal form. This was, of course, a never-failing theme of gratulation with his courtiers. The Venetian ambassador, having probably observed that he was not insensible to flattery upon that head, spoke of him thus in his presence, before all his court—"If we look upon his face, we believe we see an Apollo; and if we contemplate his breast and shoulders, or the other parts of his body, they give us the image of a Mars." It is scarcely conceivable how a rational being could submit to listen to such disgusting nonsense; but Henry had a strong stomach, and could digest as much praise, either of his mind or body, as the praiser chose to feed him with. Cromwell told him, that "*he* was unable, and he believed all men were unable, to describe the unutterable qualities of the royal mind, the sublime virtues of the royal heart;" and Rich said, that "in wisdom he was equal to Solomon, in strength and courage to Sampson, in beauty and address to Absalom." Henry's answer on all these occasions must have been uppermost in the brain of the worthy member of parliament, who gave all the glory of his maiden speech to God; repeating in his hat, as he sat down, *Non nobis Domine*. The king invariably replied, that if he did possess the superior excellence attributed to him, "he referred it to God, from whom every good gift comes."

Mr. Turner gives us very ample details of the pageants, the jousts and tournaments, which constituted Henry's pastime; dwelling on them with much complacency, although he affects to despise the honest chronicler and recorder Hall, from whom he borrows them. After narrating how Henry "fought a stout and tall German with battle-axes;" how he "was assailed by several valiant and strong persons, but displayed so much hardy courage and great strength, that he obtained the chief applause," &c. &c., Mr. Turner bursts out in the following splendid strain:—"Henry was indeed a perfect Amadis; (!) as fond of the personal conflict, and as invincible against every competitor. And yet, although he *resembled the lion-hearted Richard in his martial superiority*, he combined with it all the polished urbanity and chivalrous courtesy of Edward III."!!! It is impossible to witness the simple credulity with which our historian copies Hall's account of the king's

of glory; so that *there was a passage open in his mind, by glory, for virtue.*" This is the language of philosophy applied to history; the latter words are peculiarly remarkable, because they at once give us a complete insight into the character of Henry. To that love of glory, and to no sounder or more generous principle, are to be attributed all the commendable actions of his life; to the same source may be traced many of his enormities. When he passed the act for burning those who should deny the real presence, he thought he was as much consulting his own honour, as when he offered a pension to Erasmus.

As to the fulsome compliments, so ostentatiously displayed by Mr. Turner, we would seriously ask him, whether there ever was a monarch yet who did not receive an equal measure of panegyric? Does he forget the base adulation of the Roman senate towards Tiberius, when those who represented all the honour and dignity of the empire, "*certatim exsurgerent,*" as Tacitus expresses it, "*foedaque et nimia censerent?*"—when their nauseating flattery extorted from the clear-sighted tyrant the indignant exclamation—"O homines ad servitutem paratos!" When Mr. Turner quotes the two lines from Sir T. Chaloner's poem in praise of Henry,

*Indulsit genio, admittens quandoque proterva ; **
At non immani veniam superantia facto,

does he forget that a poet, at least as celebrated as Chaloner, wrote, in his *Pharsalia*, that all the miseries and atrocities of the civil wars were amply compensated by the circumstance of Nero's coming to the purple?

—————Scelera ipsa nefasque
Hâc mercede placent.

Mr. Turner lays great stress upon the commendations bestowed by Erasmus on the king. Now, perhaps, it may be almost unfair to criticise these expressions too narrowly. Henry, partly from his own love of letters, but chiefly at the instigation of Wolsey, courted the correspondence of all the distinguished scholars of the day, and offered them his protection. Erasmus was peculiarly marked as the object of the king's condescending kindness; and there are few private individuals, however great their strength of mind, who can resist the flattering advances of a monarch. These encomiums may therefore be merely the exaggerated expressions of gratitude for real or imaginary favours; and, as such, should not be too scrupulously weighed. But if it be contended that they were written in sincerity, we are bound to observe, that the praises of Cardinal Wolsey from the same pen are quite as strong, and quite as frequent, and often mixed up with those of the king. We would particularly direct the attention of Mr. Turner to the letter addressed to the cardinal, (lib. ii. epist. 1.) in which Erasmus ascribes to Wolsey all the salutary reforms in morals and reli-

* Mr. Turner says, somewhere in his history, that "nothing is a greater reproach to the reasoning intellect of any age than a splenetic censoriousness on the manners of our ancestors." The opinions and expressions of our ancestors are perhaps entitled to the same indulgence. We shall therefore content ourselves with remarking upon Chaloner's lines, that it sounds somewhat odd to modern ears to hear the burnings and butcherings of Henry's reign called "*proterva,*" and to be told, though in verse, that to murder two wives was merely "*indulgere genis.*"

gion, the revival of letters, the improved administration of justice, the general prosperity of the British nation, and the peace of Europe. We would also refer him to lib. iii. epist. 31., in which there is a remarkable passage, which must have escaped his observation. "At miramorum tuorum *facilitas omnibus exposita obviaque* sic prorsus invidiam omnem excludit, ut homines *non minus ament naturæ tuæ bonitatem* quem fortunæ magnitudinem suspiciunt." These words are addressed to Wolsey in the zenith of his power; but when he falls into disgrace, a new light comes over the man of letters. The cardinal then is thus described, (lib. xxvi. ep. 55.)—"Metuebatur ab omnibus, amabatur a paucis, ne dicam a nemine." Now, if the first of these two passages was written in truth and honesty, what becomes of Mr. Turner's tirade against the pride, arrogance, and repulsive manner of the cardinal? if it was merely an empty compliment, and the latter passage conveys the real sentiments of Erasmus, what credit is to be given to his sincerity when he eulogizes the king?

Our historian evinces wondrous satisfaction at the circumstance that all writers concur in commending Henry's personal form. This was, of course, a never-failing theme of gratulation with his courtiers. The Venetian ambassador, having probably observed that he was not insensible to flattery upon that head, spoke of him thus in his presence, before all his court—"If we look upon his face, we believe we see an Apollo; and if we contemplate his breast and shoulders, or the other parts of his body, they give us the image of a Mars." It is scarcely conceivable how a rational being could submit to listen to such disgusting nonsense; but Henry had a strong stomach, and could digest as much praise, either of his mind or body, as the praiser chose to feed him with. Cromwell told him, that "*he* was unable, and he believed all men were unable, to describe the unutterable qualities of the royal mind, the sublime virtues of the royal heart;" and Rich said, that "in wisdom he was equal to Solomon, in strength and courage to Sampson, in beauty and address to Absalom." Henry's answer on all these occasions must have been uppermost in the brain of the worthy member of parliament, who gave all the glory of his maiden speech to God; repeating in his hat, as he sat down, *Non nobis Domine*. The king invariably replied, that if he did possess the superior excellence attributed to him, "he referred it to God, from whom every good gift comes."

Mr. Turner gives us very ample details of the pageants, the jousts and tournaments, which constituted Henry's pastime; dwelling on them with much complacency, although he affects to despise the honest chronicler and recorder Hall, from whom he borrows them. After narrating how Henry "fought a stout and tall German with battle-axes;" how he "was assailed by several valiant and strong persons, but displayed so much hardy courage and great strength, that he obtained the chief applause," &c. &c., Mr. Turner bursts out in the following splendid strain:—"Henry was indeed a perfect Amadis; (!) as fond of the personal conflict, and as invincible against every competitor. And yet, although he *resembled the lion-hearted Richard in his martial superiority*, he combined with it all the polished urbanity and chivalrous courtesy of Edward III."!!! It is impossible to witness the simple credulity with which our historian copies Hall's account of the king's

Such is Mr. Turner's opinion at page 163. But when he comes to discourse of the meeting of the sovereigns at Ardre, with its gaudy pageantry, and ruinous expense, his tone is much altered:—

“ In their days, grand displays of visible sumptuousness operated to *excite those feelings of reverence* which it *is the interest of society* that its official dignities should receive, in order that our civil obedience may be the spontaneous habit of our sympathies (?) rather than an extorted tribute to coercive power. In former times, *pomp created an impression which awed turbulence into respect, and promoted the peace of society, by the admiration which followed the rank and power that could display it.* In Henry's days, parade was *necessary to obtain the reverence, without which the public subordination would have rested only on caprice or calculation*; and therefore showy pomp may have been then as beneficial as it would now be ludicrous.”—pp. 181-2.

We leave to Mr. Turner the task of reconciling these two passages.

On the foreign transactions of Henry's reign we have very few remarks to offer. The policy of Wolsey, which is of course censured by our historian, was, in principle, precisely the same as that which has been pursued by the wisest of our monarchs and statesmen down to the present day. The great political maxim of England—to maintain the balance of Europe—was never more strictly and religiously adhered to than during the cardinal's administration. As to the duplicity and tortuous manœuvres with which Wolsey is charged, they were rendered necessary by the systematic insincerity of those with whom he had to deal. We shall not be guilty of the solemn coxcombry of ascribing extraordinary deceit and hypocrisy to that age, nor declaiming against the mischievous principles of Machiavelli; for we are rather inclined to imagine that the statesmen of that period, Wolsey among the rest, had quite as ample a share of sincerity and good faith as those of the present; although perhaps the experience of ages may have furnished the latter with a more artificial veil for their “ politic handling.”

Mr. Turner takes great credit to himself for what he deems an important discovery relative to the Duke of Bourbon. In his preface, he says, “ It has not been known before to our neighbours any more than to ourselves, as far as the writer has hitherto observed, that this personage, so famed as the Connetable de Bourbon, swore allegiance to Henry the Eighth, and engaged to make him king of France, and invaded it for that purpose.” It is an ungrateful task to destroy so pleasing an illusion; but we are bound to state that Herbert made the discovery long ago. His words (Kennett, v. 2, p. 61,) are, “ Bourbon (*having given oath to acknowledge Henry the Eighth King of France*) advanceth towards Provence, June 24, (on the Emperor's part M. de Beaurain attending him; and on our king's, Richard Pace;”)—and even Hall says, that the duke was sworn to the king of England.” The main fact then appears never to have been a secret. The details of the negotiation Mr. Turner has been enabled to give us from the interesting collection of despatches and correspondence in the British Museum, from which he has drawn largely, and enriched his volume with copious extracts. And in this respect he is entitled to our warmest thanks, for having thus brought to light,

after so long a slumber, documents so extremely valuable. It is here that we recognize the assiduity and searching spirit of the historian of the Anglo-Saxons. The documents in question, it is true, present no new leading facts; but they furnish what is almost more interesting to the philosophic mind, a sort of political memoirs, in which the secret springs of great and small events are displayed to view, and princes and statesmen are exhibited in their natural proportions, and in the midst of their diplomatic machinery. It is much to be desired that the whole of these papers should be published *unmutilated*.

With respect to the chimerical project of gaining the crown of France for Henry, it is perfectly incomprehensible how any one in his senses can suppose, that either Bourbon was sincere when he offered his services to that end, or that the Emperor Charles would have tamely witnessed, much less that he would have assisted in the aggrandizement of the British monarch. Both Bourbon and Charles knew their own interests too well. They knew the vanity of Henry, and held out this lure to him, in order to gain his aid in furthering their ambitious views. Wolsey no doubt saw through their plans, and *therefore* refused them the means of utterly crushing Francis, and raising Charles to undisputed pre-eminence in Europe. For this wise conduct, the cardinal is bitterly reproached by Mr. Turner, as having frustrated the measures which would have raised Henry to the throne of France. And yet, with astonishing inconsistency, the historian afterwards lauds Henry to the skies, for his forbearance towards Francis;—"but that when *his enemy was at his feet*, and his crown offered to him by one whose talents had the power of commanding victory, when sufficiently supported, he *should evince such a self-correcting equanimity* of mind, as to renounce the tempting objects of inviting ambition, and *leave France to its independence and social comforts* unmolested and unenvied, entitles him to our moral applause, and lifts him to a great superiority over the restless spirits, whose lust of conquest and dominion have so often shaken the unoffending world." pp. 332-3. This is by no means an unusual strain with the author, when speaking of the king. In another place (p. 314) he exclaims, "Happily for mankind, Henry *had none of the inhuman qualities*, the fierce spirit and *persevering insensibility* of a great and active conqueror. He took no pleasure in causing or contemplating fields of human slaughter, &c. He had not therefore that stern induration of temper, which must have predominated in an Edward the Third, an Henry the Fifth, a Hannibal, an Alexander, a Cæsar, and a Buonaparte (!!!) In all such persons, the heart could not have had its *due moral sensibility*, nor the spirit any *lasting sympathy for its kind*." God defend us from such sensibilities, and bloodthirsty sympathies, as those of Henry the Eighth.

That Mr. Turner should persuade any rational being to agree with him in his inferences, is not much to be dreaded. That he should have persuaded himself of the truth of what he advances, almost staggers belief. It must, however, be acknowledged, that, even in indifferent matters, his credulity far exceeds the ordinary measure allotted to mankind. In this spirit of gullibility he informs us, (p. 245,) that Rencé undermined the wall of Aronna, and blew it up; "but it *previously* fell down into the very space it had quitted, and

to his surprise and discomfiture *remained standing and solid.*" And at page 678, he gravely states, that " Francis was so affected by the news of Henry's death, as to survive him only two months." The uncharitable world imagines that Francis died of a much less romantic malady than grief.*

Connected with the foreign policy of Henry's reign, the following document is given by Mr. Turner, from the manuscripts in the British Museum. It contains instructions to the new embassy, sent to Francis on his liberation from captivity, to sound the disposition of the French king and his mother, respecting the conditions of the peace of Madrid; and is an admirable specimen of the diplomacy of the times. The ingenious and delicate turn of these minute directions, gives us no small insight into that dexterous handling of Wolsey, which enabled him for so many years to govern the most arbitrary of monarchs, and to influence the destinies of Europe.

" Finding them not to be to the French king's contentment, then to *say of themselves soberly, and in manner of stupefaction and marvel*, that these be great and high conditions, the like whereof have not been heard of, and such as were even here thought were either never agreed to, or *being agreed to, should never be performed.* By the which they shall soon perceive, whether the French king, his mother or council, shall open themselves to them.

" Then to *suggest*, that this be the way to bring him (Charles) to the monarchy of christendom—at which point they shall infer what damage the crown of France may and is likely to stand in, by the said conditions. So always ordering their words, that *the same may seem rather to be a demonstration of their own reason and opinion, chanced in conference*, than spoken of purpose, till such time as they shall assuredly perceive, that the French king, &c. be averse to the said appointment.

" They may recount the great regions, countries, and dominions, the emperor hath. The realms of Naples and Sicily—Milan, Genoa—the country of Este, and others his possessions in Italy, which with his crown, be not unlike to bring unto him the whole monarchy and dominion of Italy; also the whole country of Germany, being the greatest part of christendom; and having on the lower parts Artois, Flanders, Zealand, Holland, Brabant, Hainhault, and other provinces, besides the duchy of Burgundy, now to be given up, and his inherited realms of Castile, Arragon, Granada, Asturia, Perpignan, and Roussillon.

" At which point, not perceiving an express determination in them to observe the said conditions, the ambassadors shall by way of a question, to the French king, or to the lady, say, *Be ye minded: is it your very intent to observe the said condition, or think ye*

* The origin of the malady to which Francis ultimately fell a victim, is thus related by Garnier, in his History of France. " Il étoit devenu amoureux d'une simple bourgeoise de Paris, que les mémoires du tems ne désignent point autrement que sous le nom de la belle Ferronniere. Le maritransporté de jalousie et content d'exposer sa vie, pourvu qu'il parvînt à se venger, alla puiser dans les lieux de prostitution le venin dont il infecta sa femme, et qu'elle ne tarda pas de communiquer à son amant. Le mari se mit sur la champ entre les mains des médecins et guérit: la femme mourut; et le roi, malgré la vigueur de son tempérament, resta long-tems désespéré." Eight years after, the disease broke out afresh, and brought him to the grave.

yourselves, in conscience, honour, law and reason, astringed and bound so to do?

“Whereunto they shall suffer them to make answer; the said Sir Thomas Cheyney *demanding, nevertheless of Dr. Taylor, ‘what he thinketh thereon by such learning as he hath in the law?’*”

“Whereunto the said Dr. Taylor, ensuing the truth, may answer of what final effects in conscience or law, is a promise, bond, or convention, made in captivity, to him to whom he is a prisoner. This, his answer, he shall in good manner extend most to the purpose, enforcing and encouraging thereby the residue present, to show the more openly and frankly their opinion. It shall then appear whether the said French king, or the residue, be minded or not to hear a device upon the ways how they may be delivered of the said conditions.

“In which device, suffering the overtures by these provocations to proceed as much as may be on the French part, and using a temperance and moderation, as though they would rather counsel—they may say, that it is not to be doubted but the Pope’s holiness the Venetians, the Florentines, with other powers of Italy, and semblably the Swyzzers, and divers others, all whom the French king shall utterly lose for ever, if he once bring the emperor unto his height.

“In all and singular the premises, the said ambassadors *must use good circumspection*, so as in anywise in speaking or disclosing things that may sound against the emperor, they be well assured to contain themselves within their limits.

“And first, to know perfectly the intent and disposition of the said king and lady, and others of his court, and how their minds be inclined to an observance of the said conditions, which it is verily supposed they shall be right loth to perform, if they may find any good comfort or refuge for the recovery of the said hostages. And as *they shall perceive the intentions of the French king, so they may, by dexterity, be more open or close, as the case may require. But so that they provoke the French to be more plain with them, and with a better confidence to disclose the secret of their intentions in the premises.* And if they find them fervent and earnest not to perform, they shall proceed the more plainly; *always answering and giving counsel, and not proposing otherwise than by the introductions, and giving occasions as aforesaid.*”

The instruction to Sir Thomas Cheyney to demand of Dr. Taylor, *in the presence of Francis and his mother*, “what he thinketh thereon, by such learning as he has in the law,” is an exquisite stroke.

The tragical fate of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn is an event too prominent in the history of Henry’s reign, to be passed over by Mr. Turner in silence; although we can readily imagine, that he would willingly have suppressed, if possible, the affecting detail of her virtues and her wrongs. The necessity of stating the facts connected with this painful subject, has embarrassed our historian to the last degree; and finding it impossible to extricate himself, he has endeavoured to entangle his readers in the same labyrinth of perplexities. In one place he dwells upon the beauties of Anne’s person and mind, and the strength of that virtue which could for six years resist the seductive importunities of a royal lover. In another, he all but

pronounces her guilty of charges, the absurdity of which can only be equalled by their atrocity; confessing at the same time that there was not one particle of conclusive evidence against her. In others, again, he mystifies the question of guilt and innocence by so many hints and inuendoes, puerile reflections, affected mawkish sentiments, such a throng of cumbrous words, and inflated sentences, that the reader is bewildered in his endeavour to discover the author's real opinion on the subject. The cause of this mystification is to be found in that religious bias, under the influence of which he commenced his history, and which has perverted his judgment from the beginning to the end. Anne Boleyn had been assailed with the most disgusting and rancorous abuse by *the popish writers*; therefore it was necessary that she should be vindicated. But then she was sent to the scaffold by Henry; therefore it was necessary, for the sake of Henry's character, that she should be condemned. Hence the confusion worse confounded of this part of Mr. Turner's history.

We have given below in a note* the most interesting of the letters

* "Mine own sweet heart—This will be to advertise you of the great longness that I find here since your departing; for I assure you, me thinketh the time longer since your departing now last, than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervency of love causeth it, for otherwise I would not have thought it possible that for so little a while it should have grieved me: But now that I am coming towards you methinketh my pains be half relieved; and also I am right well comforted, insomuch that my book maketh substantially for my matter. In toking whereof I have spent above four hours this day, which hath caused me now to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain in my head; wishing myself specially one evening in my sweethearts arms. Written with the hands of him that was is and shall be yours by his will. H. T."

The allusion to astronomy in the next reminds us of the style of his royal successor, James I.

"My mistress and friend—I and my heart place themselves in your hands, praying you let them be recommended to your favor, and that your affection for them may not be diminished by your absence. It would be a great pity to increase their pain because the absence gives them enough, and more than I could have thought. *It brings to my mind this point of astronomy, as the days are longer when the sun is farthest off, and yet its heat is then more fervid, so it is with our love.* We are placed at a distance by your absence and yet it keeps it's fervor at least on my side; I hope that yours resembles it, for I assure you that on my part the weariness from the absence is already too great for me; and when I think of the augmentation of it which I must endure, it becomes intolerable to me, but for the firm hope which I have of your indissoluble affection for me. To call this sometimes to your recollection, and seeing that I cannot be personally in your presence, I send you the nearest thing to it which I am able, my picture set in bracelets, with the device which you already know, wishing to be in their place wherever you shall please. This is from the hand of your loyal servant and friend—H. T."

What a contrast to the rest of his character is presented in the humble expressions of the next letter!

"To my mistress—Because the time seems to me to have been very long since I have heard of your good health and you, my great affection for you persuades me to send to you the bearer of this, to be better assured of your health and wishes. And as since my parting with you, I am told that the opinion in which I left you is entirely changed, and that you will not come to court, neither with my lady your mother nor otherwise: If this report be true I cannot enough wonder at it, as I am certain *that I never committed a fault towards you*, and it is but a small return for the great love I bear you, to keep from me both the conversation and the person of that woman whom I most esteem in the world. If you love me with as good an affection as I hope for, I am sure that the separation of our persons must be a little displeasing to you. Tho, indeed, this belongs not so much *to the mistress as to the servant*. Think truly that your absence exceedingly grieves me, tho I hope it is not your wish that it should

written by Henry to Anne during his protracted courtship. They prove the soothing and humanizing power of virtue combined with

be so, for if I could consider it to be truth that you voluntarily desired it, I could *do nothing but complain of my ill fortune*, and relax by little and little my great folly. For want of time I end my rude letter with praying you to believe what the bearer will say to you from me. Written with the hand of him who is wholly your servant—H. T.”

The following was written by the king upon the receipt of a jewel from his mistress.

“ For a present so charming that nothing in the whole world could be more so, I most cordially thank you, not only for the fine diamond, and the ship in which the solitary damsel is in such distress, but principally for the sweet interpretation, and too humble submission used in the case by your benignity, I know well that it would be very difficult actually to merit this unless I could *be aided by your great humanity and favor*, which I have sought and do seek for ; and I will seek by all the kindnesses that I can shew, to continue that feeling in which my hope has placed its unchangeable intention, saying with the motto, ‘ Either here or no where.’ The demonstrations of your affection are such : The sweet words of your letter are so cordially expressed, as to lay me under an obligation for ever truly to honor, love, and serve you. I entreat you to please to continue in the same firm and constant purpose, assuring you on my part, that I would rather increase it than make it repugnant to the loyalty of a heart which designs to please you. I pray you that if I have in any manner heretofore offended you, you will give me the same absolution which you ask, as henceforward my heart shall be devoted to you alone. I very much desire that my body could be so too. God can do this when he pleases, and once a day I implore him to do so. Hoping that at length my prayer will be heard ; desiring that time to be brief ; thinking it long : adieu till we can meet again. Written with the hand of that secretary who, in heart, body and will, is your loyal and most assured servant. H. T. No other heart than A. B. seeks H. T.”

The following was written during the time that the epidemy, called the sweating sickness, raged in England.

“ My uneasiness, for the doubt of your health, greatly troubles and distracts me. I cannot be tranquil without knowing some certainty about it ; but as you have as yet felt nothing from it, I hope and keep myself assured that it will pass away from you as I trust it has from us. While we were at Waltham, two ushers, two valets de chambre, and your friar Master Jerenere, fell sick, but are now quite well. We have since been at Hunsdon, where no disease occurred. I think if you will retire from Surry, as we did, you will escape the danger. Another thing may comfort you, that, indeed, few or no women have had the disease, and none in our court, and few elsewhere have died of it. Therefore, I entreat, my entirely beloved, to have no alarm ; nor to let our absence displease you ; for wherever I may be, I am yours. We must sometimes give way to these events ; for to struggle on such a point with fortune, is very often to be more injured by it. Therefore cheer yourself, and take courage, and avoid the evil as much as you can. I hope soon to cause you to sing ‘ *le renvoyé*.’ No more from want of time ; but that I wish you were in my arms, to divest you of some of your unreasonable fancies. Written by him who is and always will be, your immoveable. H. T.”

The next alludes to the negotiations for the divorce.

“ Darling ! tho I have scarce leisure, yet remembering my promise, I thought it convenient to certify you briefly in what case our affair stands. As touching a lodging for you, we have gotten one by my lord cardinal’s means ; the like whereof could not have been found hereabout for all causes, as this bearer shall more shew you. As touching our other affairs, I assure you there can be no more done ; nor more diligence used ; nor all manner of dangers better both foreseen and provided for : so that I trust it shall be hereafter to both our comforts, the specialties whereof were both too long to be written, and hardly by messenger to be declared. Wherefore till you repair hither, I keep that thing in store, trusting it shall not be long to ; for, I have caused my lord, your father, to make his provisions with speed. And thus, for sake of time, dear heart ! I make an end of my letter. Written with the hand of him which I would were your’s. H. T.”

“ The cause of my writing at this time, good sweet heart ! is only to understand of your good health and prosperity ; whereof to know I would be as glad as in manner mine own ; praying God, that an it be his pleasure to send us shortly together. For I promise you, I long for it. Howbeit, trust it shall not be long to. And seeing

beauty, over a mind imperious and savage as Henry's was—over one, who, as Wolsey on his death-bed described him to Kingston, (Cavendish 1, 321,) “ would put the loss of one half of his realm in danger, rather than he would either miss or want any part of his will or appetite.” The monstrous charges brought against the hapless Anne, the revolting mockery of her trial, and her judicial butchery, are too generally and too justly the objects of reprobation to render it necessary for us to dwell upon them. But we cannot refrain from noticing the disingenuous cavilling of our author upon the well-known letter, written by Anne to the King from the Tower. It is difficult to pronounce whether his criticisms upon this affecting appeal are most characterized by absurdity or malignity. “ *Ex uno disce omnia* ” —“ Try me, good King,” writes the unfortunate victim,” but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Yea, let me receive an open trial; for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, *or my guilt openly declared.*” The Italics are the author's, and his comment is—“ I do not like this alternative, as an innocent person would not suppose such a possibility.” (p. 630, note.) Oh, just and upright judge! a very Daniel!

The connubial history of Henry may be stated in a few words. He divorced his first wife upon the convenient plea of conscience, in order to marry one younger and handsomer. He murdered the second through satiety and a growing passion for another. He married a third four-and-twenty hours after the execution of the second. She, happy woman! died in a few months. The fourth he divorced because she was not so beautiful as her picture,—“ a great Flanders mare,” as he delicately termed her. The fifth he beheaded on very questionable evidence of infidelity; and the sixth and last he would have burnt at Smithfield as an heretic. Such are the “ moral sensibilities and sympathies ” to Mr. Turner's taste.

In treating the question of the Reformation, our author betrays the same confusion of ideas, the same happy forgetfulness of his own words, that mark the other parts of the volume before us. Thus he says (p. 572)—“ Religion was verbally connected with the discussions and purposes of the pope and Henry, but had really no influence with either, in the objects, conduct, or termination of the contest. Both were strict catholics at its beginning and at its end. Human passions and worldly interests commenced, continued, and decided it.” Nothing can be more true, or more judicious than this observation. Yet, strange to say, only four pages afterwards, he represents Henry as heading the cause of “ human nature, human reason, human freedom, and human happiness.” “ It was an effort,” he continues, “ to rescue England, and consequently mankind, and the mind and worship of

my darling is absent, I can no less do than to send her *some flesh respecting my name, which is hart's flesh for Henry*: prognosticating that hereafter, God willing, you must enjoy some of mine, which I would be pleased were now. As touching your sisters matter, I have caused Walter Welze to write to my lord my mind herein; whereby I trust that we shall not have power to dystave Adam. For surely whatsoever is said, it cannot so stand with his honor, but that he must needs take her, his natural daughter, now in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, mine own darling! but that awhile I would we were together an evening. With the hand of your's. H. T.”

religion itself, (*qu.* where was the consequence?) from sacerdotal despotism, and from the chains and perversions, &c.; to restore the human understanding from imprisonment and servility, &c.; to liberate society from the oppressing and debilitating dominion of dictating and inquisitorial priests, &c.; and to re-establish the primeval connexion and intercourse between the human heart and its Maker, &c."!! We may thank the thunderstorm which, in the midst of the ruin and desolation that it scatters, purifies the atmosphere, and gives new life to vegetation, and thus, through evil, becomes the unconscious instrument of good. In the same sense we may thank Henry for his share in the Reformation. As head of the church, he displayed the same "moral sensibilities" that distinguished him as head of a family. Dearly, indeed, did the English purchase their liberation from the yoke of Rome: The little finger of the king's supremacy was thicker than the loins of papal dominion; and if the pope chastised the faithful with whips, Henry chastised them with scorpions. It must, at the same time, be admitted that the king proceeded in these matters with a most exemplary impartiality; catholics and protestants were on an equal footing. "During the parliament," says Lingard, "Powel, Abel, and Featherstone, had been attainted for denying the supremacy; Barnes, Garret, and Jerome, for maintaining heterodox opinions. They were now coupled, catholic and protestant, on the same hurdle; drawn together from the Tower to Smithfield; and while the former were hanged and quartered as traitors, the latter were consumed in the flames as heretics."

We pass over the judicial murders of More, Fisher, Cromwell, and Margaret, the last of the Plantagenets, with this single remark, that Mr. Turner's insidious and laboured justification of these dark deeds, can only serve to impress every well-regulated mind with a still stronger sense of their barbarous iniquity, and hasten to the historian's concluding opinion of the persecutions of this bloody reign. The following are his words (p. 679,)—"None of these severities were inflicted without *the due legal authority*. The verdicts of juries; the solemn judgment of the peers, or attainders by both houses of parliament, on offences proved to its satisfaction, pronounced all the convictions, and produced the fatal sentence. Every one *was approved and sanctioned by the cabinet council of the government*. The king is responsible only for adopting the harsh system. He punished *no one tyrannically without trial or legal condemnation*. None, therefore, fell by his single act; and we may add, that no one appears to have fallen without the *actual commission of something which came within the application of the existing laws*, and which was then considered *by the first men of the country* to be a guilty deed that merited the punishment." Such sentiments, from any other pen, would be regarded as conclusive proof of the most lamentable depravation of heart; in Mr. Turner we are fortunately enabled to trace them to that powerful prejudice, before alluded to, which has blunted all his moral and intellectual perceptions. We would now ask him whether there ever lived a tyrant who could not adopt the same course of vindication?—whether the enormities of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Domitian, were not lawful—applauded by obsequious senates—by the Flavian and Julian families—by the *first men of the country*? Were the

burnings of "bloody Mary" contrary to law?—was any one guillotined during the French Revolution, except for the *actual commission of something which came within the application of existing laws*? The truth is, that if we had no knowledge of Henry except through the statute-book, his acts would be sufficient to consign him to eternal execration.—"Il n'y a point de plus cruelle tyrannie," says Montesquieu, "que celle que l'on exerce à l'ombre des lois, et avec les couleurs de la justice; lorsqu'on va, pour ainsi dire, noyer les malheureux sur la planche même sur laquelle ils s'étaient sauvés."

Our limits will not allow of our pointing out a tenth part of the inconsistencies and paradoxes of our author. We hasten, therefore, from the substance of the volume to a short examination of its manner. In Mr. Turner's Anglo-Saxon History, his style was plain and unpretending, indulging only occasionally in an ambitious flight. In his "History of England during the Middle Ages," his language became more florid and less meaning. But in the present volume all is fantastic and fine; the homeliest thoughts are decked out in a gala-suit of words, and we can scarcely recognize the most familiar common-place ideas under their load of cumbrous ornaments. A "place" is always a "locality;" to "blacken," is, of course, to "demigrate," &c.; and then comes a host of words entirely new, such as "sensitivity," "abruption," "emane," &c. The author thinks it necessary always to commence a chapter with something brilliant, as, for instance—"The summer approached with its glowing beauties to delight the human taste; but that social peace, which every nation was coveting, *did not advance with a sister-step*." (ch. xv. p. 324.) How sweetly sentimental! It is equally essential that the chapter should close with a religious or moral reflection. But then any one can make a religious or moral reflection, so that it must be something new and striking. Such are the reflections of our historian, when he thinks fit to draw a comparison between the Supreme Being and Cardinal Wolsey. (pp. 142-3.) "In contemplating such an extravagant specimen of human arrogance and vanity as Wolsey, in his mature age, chose to become, it is delightful and consoling to the mind to remember, that the most stupendous Being in nature is peculiarly distinguished by the absence of all pride, and by the perpetual practice of that amenity in himself which he has enjoined to his creatures. *There is nothing ostentatious or supercilious about him*. He expands a mighty creation before our eyes in quiet sublimity, *without projecting himself in personal pomp or dramatic spectacle* before us. *Free from all imposing, conceited, and fastidious pride*, he displays, as his *settled character*, the most *condescending kindness*, &c." The two following conclusions to chapters, though inferior in spirit and inventive genius to the preceding, are not destitute of merit; the grammatical beauty of the one, and the incomprehensible sublimity of the other, are fit subjects of admiration.—"The throne that had for ages *been building up* by accident, ambition, utility, necessity, affection, and piety, was shattered for ever by the soldiers, who took *the great intellectual Babylon* by storm, and who, *divesting* the papacy from all future power in Europe, annihilated its practice of deposing kings, and of ruling kingdoms." p. 414.—"For besides the naturally-disarming agencies of forgiving clemency, it *links us with that potentiality*, whose alliance can im-

part irresistible security." p. 601. That "linking with a potentiality" sounds excellently well, if one could but make out its meaning.

We by no means wish to imply that the beauties of Mr. Turner's thoughts and diction are exhausted by the beginnings and endings of his chapters: although these, being the most prominent situations, are filled with the élite of his sentences. We shall select a few of the less striking passages from other parts of the work. "A royal bosom, which is *the theoretical seat of generous pity*, and the constitutional source of civil mercy." p. 235. "This dreaded commander, who had been *slumbering unwillingly under the iron net of necessities*, which had confined his energies." p. 389. "All that he could persuade them to agree to, was to be ready to move to the points he should fix, *as soon as the stars began to fade from the earthly-gazing eye*." p. 401. The following we strongly recommend to the study of young correspondents, young authors, and all who are at a loss to fill their paper; it is the quintessence of amplification:—"Without distinguishing what is imputable to accidental contingencies, and what was the pernicious emanation from the spontaneous will and permanent character." p. 683. So perfect a master of composition as Mr. Turner would scarcely fail to employ the embellishment of apt similitudes. In all military matters our last war would readily furnish him with as many comparisons as he needed. Accordingly (p. 295,) we find—"Like the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, he ordered his main body to advance spiritedly upon his enemies;" and again, (p. 297,) "but when they reached the river, they found, to their consternation, *as Buonaparte at Leipzig*, the bridge broken down;" and had it not been that the wall of Aronna, when blown into the air, "perversely resumed its old place with unshaken solidity," Renée would probably have been compared to General Picton at Badajoz.

No one understands the value of epithets better than Mr. Turner. He is not satisfied with driving them in pairs, like ordinary writers, but is provided with regular teams for all occasions; sometimes plain adjectives, at others more solid substantives. There is an opinion very prevalent among the public, that it is unlawful for any but the king to drive eight horses; and certainly there ought to be a law to prevent any but his sacred majesty from applying eight substantive or adjective epithets to one subject, or eight nominatives to one verb. Mr. Turner would be but too often amenable to such a law, as a few examples will show. "Hence our intellectual energy is naturally *intolerant, zealous, impatient, and severe*, and even becomes so in proportion to its theoretical philanthropy, unless it associates itself intimately and inseparably with the cultivated feelings of a *softened, softening, impressed, impressible, benevolent, affectionate, benign, and sensitive heart*." p. 687.

Again, in the character of Wolsey, (p. 164,)—"Pride, vengeance, vanity, and dissimulation, diminished him so repeatedly into an *egotist, an actor, an hypocrite, a trickster, a tyrant, an ambidexter, a coxcomb, and a pantomimical puppet, &c.*" These are well enough; but the delineation of Cardinal Pole is furnished with a cortege of epithets probably unexampled in numbers—"An accomplished, inconsistent, gentlemanly, nervous, elegant, cultivated, religious, mild, social, interesting, and yet bitter-minded man." (p. 603.) Such a sentence is

absolutely dangerous to all readers who are not blessed with Mr. Mathews's organization of lungs.

We must now close Mr. Turner's volume. We have perused it with alternate feelings of indignation, derision, and sorrow; but sorrow predominates. We regret that a writer, who has deserved so well of literature, should have been seduced by prejudice to prostitute his pen to the praises of a tyrant, who, to use Heylin's language, "never spared woman in his lust, nor man in his wrath; so that, if all the patterns of a merciless prince had been lost in the world, they might have been found in this king;" and to whose splendid, but sanguinary reign, might be well applied the satire of Ablavius on Constantine—

Saturni aurea sæcula quis requirat?
Sunt hæc gemmea, sed Neroniana.

BIRMAH.*

CONSIDERING the assumed importance of our Indian Empire, it is somewhat surprising that so few persons should be found, who are even tolerably conversant with its management, its interests, or its relations. The public know little of India, and the Indian Government itself appears, on many occasions, to have known little more than the public. It is true that within the last twenty years our Oriental policy has become a subject of study; and some few works have been published, well calculated to inform the general reader of its peculiar character: an honourable proprietor may now make a very tolerable speech at the India-house, and talk fluently of Ryot, Zemidar, Rajahs and Nawaabs, without having swung in a palanquin or sailed on the Ganges; but the materials for forming an Oriental Statesman are yet wanting; and we are still left to chance, court intrigue, or parliamentary influence, for the creation or selection of Governors who are to rule a territory as extended, and more populous, than any in Europe. Sometimes the viceroyalty is entrusted to a soldier—war and conquest become the order of the day; sometimes a politician is preferred—cessions and abdication take place of guns and bayonets: a short interregnum sometimes occurs, during which the rule is confided to a civil servant of the Company—and then, an empire is governed by invoice and ledger;—a laudable attempt was recently made to transport an ex-secretary of state; it failed,—and as cabinets, influenced by intrigue, like individuals governed by passion, are apt to fly from extreme to extreme, a lord of the bedchamber was selected in his place, as Governor General of India. What the character of such a government would be, it was not easy to anticipate, as it would, in all probability, depend on the profession, passion, or prejudice, of the first favourite his Lordship might find upon his landing. In this case, however, as in most others, the ruling passion has prevailed, and the empire has been involved in war on a point of etiquette,—not indeed that any native prince has refused the customary salaams, koo-toos, or prostra-

* Narrative of the Burmese War, containing the Operations of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell's Army, from his landing at Rangoon in May 1824, to the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace at Yandaboo, in February 1826. By Major Snodgrass. London; Murray, 1827.

tions, whether of body or spirit; but that a tribe of semi-barbarians have committed trespass on our territory and refused an apology. The main quarrel—for in this, as in all other national differences, there have been secondary subjects of dispute—arose out of the invasion of the island of Shoporee, a spot scarcely to be discerned on the map, and, if all accounts be true, as barren of product and as destitute of importance, as it is insignificant in point of magnitude; but nations determined upon war seldom want a cause of contest, and it appears that our Indian government had provided an ample source of dispute with their Burmese neighbours, by granting refuge, and that too on the very frontiers, to the Mugs, a predatory tribe which the Birmans had driven from their native territory. This was in all probability a most cruel and tyrannic act, and we are by no means disposed to quarrel with the government which gave refuge to the unfortunate fugitives; that to which we object, was the impolicy of allowing the conquered tribe to remain in immediate contact with their conquerors; perpetual animosities were the necessary consequence; and that we should sooner or later be drawn into the quarrel, ought to have been anticipated, and perhaps was intended. Our government in India has always acted the wolf in the fable,—it has never wanted a pretence for the augmentation of its territory. But whether the matter was or was not concerted in the case of Birmah, it is evident that former Governors General have been unwilling to hazard a rupture. In 1794, the Birmans crossed our frontier with five thousand men, in order to punish the predatory incursions of the pirates and freebooters whom we had permitted to settle on the borders of the river Naaf; but by the prudence of Sir John Shore, the then Governor General, a war was avoided, without any compromise of our national dignity; more recently, the Marquis of Hastings wisely determined rather to wink at some petty aggressions, than to involve the empire in hostilities. Lord Amherst has pursued a different policy, and on the first opportunity rushed into a war.

That the termination of the contest was not as fatal, as its commencement was rash, is to be attributed, not to the wisdom of our Indian government, but to the courage, steadiness, and, above all, to the discipline of our troops and their leaders.

The Narrative of Major Snodgrass, military secretary to the commander of the expedition against the Burmese, professes in its commencement to correct the misrepresentations which had at different times appeared relative to the situation and operations of the army lately serving in Ava, under Major General Sir Archibald Campbell;—it is to this narrative that we shall principally refer, in order to prove our proposition, that the merit of a successful termination is not to be attributed to the civil government.

Considering that Birmah is immediately contiguous to our territory, so near indeed, that one of the Burmese excursions excited no inconsiderable alarm for the safety of Calcutta, we are astonished to find that so little was known of the character of the country or its inhabitants by our Indian rulers. This ignorance however is manifest, even from the narrative of Major Snodgrass; and we cannot impute to a military writer, and still less to a military secretary, that he would speak lightly in condemnation of authorities; we shall therefore take his own words in support of our charge.

It has already been observed, that the army came unprovided with the necessary equipment for advancing either by land or water; indeed it was anticipated, that the capture of Rangoon alone, or at least with that of the enemy's other maritime possessions, would induce the king of Ava to make overtures for peace, and accede to the moderate demands of the Indian government, or, at all events, that the country would afford sufficient water-transport to enable a considerable corps to proceed up the Irrawaddy towards the capital, when little doubt was entertained of a speedy submission to the terms required; nor were the reasons upon which these expectations of aid and assistance from the natives were founded without some weight. It was urged, that they were not Burmese, but Peguers, and a conquered people, living under the tyrannical sway of a government with which they had for centuries, and often successfully, waged war; deprived of their court, and governed by despotic and mercenary chiefs, whom they obeyed from fear alone; they were represented as discontented with their present situation, and ever longing for their former independence; and finally, that they would easily be induced to join the invading force, and to aid it, by every means in their power, in humbling the tyrant, under whose arbitrary rule they had so long suffered every species of degradation. But in these calculations, the well-consolidated power and judicious policy of the government towards its conquered provinces were overlooked, and the warlike and haughty character of the nation was so imperfectly known, that no correct judgment could be formed of our probable reception. With an overgrown opinion of their own prowess and military genius—fostered by frequent victories over all their neighbours, and numerous unchecked conquests during half a century, was it to be wondered at that they should consider the disembarkation of six or seven thousand men upon their coast as a hopeless business, in a country, too, where every man was by profession a soldier, liable at all times to be called upon for military service at the pleasure of the sovereign. The expectation of deriving resources or assistance of any kind, from a nation so constituted, and living under such a form of government, could no longer be indulged; indeed, from the day the troops first landed, it was obvious that we had been deceived by erroneous accounts of the character and sentiments of the people, and that decided hostility from both Burmese and Peguers was all we had to expect.

In a single passage, therefore, we find that the Governor General and his Council were utterly ignorant of the character and opinions of the people whose country they were about to invade; they confounded the warlike and energetic Birman with the soft and languid Hindoo—they calculated on revolutionizing the conquered province of Pega, by offering to the inhabitants their ancient independence; a political trick which has often succeeded in Europe as in Asia; but it has become stale. Norway, Sicily, and Genoa perhaps, had never been heard of in Rangoon, Ava, or Aracan; but the subtle Peguers had probably taken their estimate of British sincerity in such matters from the fate of more neighbouring nations; or if not, their conquerors had left them nothing to desire in change; an enemy had nothing to expect in exciting them to revolution.

The character of the country itself was equally unknown, and its means of transport and subsistence to an enemy equally miscalculated. The troops were landed without equipment, almost without provisions, at the most unhealthy season of the year, in a most unhealthy climate; in a country where they could not advance either by land or water, except under circumstances of almost incredible difficulty—when they were soon to seek their own subsistence, the country being first driven by their provident enemy, and so closed with wood and jungle, that, even if it had not been driven, no ordinary foraging party could have ventured to penetrate it to a sufficient distance for adequate supply.

Deserted, as we found ourselves, by the people of the country, from whom alone we could expect supplies, unprovided with the means of moving either by land or water, and the rainy monsoon just setting in—no prospect remained to us but that of a

long residence in the miserable and dirty hovels of Rangoon, trusting to the transports for provisions, with such partial supplies as our foraging parties might procure, from time to time, by distant and fatiguing marches into the interior of the country.

In the neighbourhood of Rangoon itself, nothing beyond some paddy, or rice in the husk, was found: the careful policy of the Burmese authorities had removed far beyond our reach everything that was likely to be of use to an invading army; and it will appear hereafter with how much vigilance and care they followed up the only system which could have rendered the situation and prospects of the invaders seriously embarrassing, or have afforded to themselves a hope of ultimate success.

* * * * *

For many days after the disembarkation of the troops, a hope was entertained that the inhabitants, confiding in the invitations and promises of protection that were circulated about the country, would return to their homes, and afford some prospect of local supplies during the time we were obviously doomed to remain stationary; but the removal of the people from their houses was only the preliminary to a concerted plan of laying waste the country in our front, in the hope that starvation would speedily force the army to leave their shores—a system long steadily persevered in, with a skill and unrelenting indifference to the sufferings of the poor inhabitants, that too clearly marked to what extremes a Burmese government and its chiefs were capable of proceeding, in defence of their country. Every day's experience only increased our disappointment, and proved how little was known of the character of the nation we had to deal with.

The very writer who thus condemns the cruelty of the Burmese government, would no doubt applaud to the skies the similar policy of the Emperor of Russia, and, amid the deplored depopulation of Rangoon, praise the heroic policy of the burning of Moscow. Thus is our judgment eternally misled by our interests, our passions, and our prejudices. The rainy season of Ava is, perhaps, the longest, and certainly the severest, that is experienced in any part of India; the commencement of this season was the period chosen for landing on the swampy banks of a great river, covered with wood and reeds: even in Europe such a situation would be in the highest degree dangerous to the troops employed in it. We have not now to learn that all alluvial soils are unhealthy, and that a bed of earth, fortified by decayed vegetable matter, is the nidus of disease. But as Castlereagh was thanked by both Houses for sacrificing his thousands at Walcheren, why should Lord Amherst be censured for devoting a few hundreds at Rangoon? especially when success in the one case, and failure in the other, have marked his superiority in good luck, though it may not have added to his reputation for good judgment.

The effect on our troops did not long remain problematical; in three months one half of the army were dead, or in the hospitals.

The rains continued during the whole month of September, and sickness had arrived at an alarming height. An epidemic fever, which prevailed all over India, made its appearance among the troops, which, although in few instances of a fatal tendency, left all those whom it attacked in a deplorable state of weakness and debility, accompanied by cramps and pains in the limbs: men discharged from the hospitals were long in repairing their strength; and too frequently indulged in pine-apples, limes, and other fruit with which the woods about Rangoon abound, bringing on dysentery, which, in their exhausted state, generally terminated in death.

The incessant rains, with severe and indispensable duty, no doubt added to the sickness; and although the climate is perhaps as favourable to Europeans as that of any part of our eastern possessions, they, in particular, suffered most severely, dying in great numbers daily.

Our situation at this time was, indeed, truly melancholy; even those who still continued to do their duty, emaciated and reduced, could with difficulty crawl about. The hospitals crowded, and with all the care and attention of a numerous and experienced medical staff, the sick for many months continued to increase, until scarcely three

thousand duty-soldiers were left to guard the lines. Floating hospitals were established at the mouth of the river, bread was furnished in sufficient quantities, but nothing except change of season, or of climate, seemed likely to restore the sufferers to health.

* * * * *

By the end of October the rains had ceased ; and the return of the cold season, at all times so ardently hailed with pleasure in warm climates, could not fail to receive a double welcome from men who had for five months experienced so much misery and inconvenience. It however proved, as it generally does, in countries subject to periodical rains, that the most unhealthy period is that which immediately follows their termination ; when the unwholesome exhalations from the ground, and noxious vapours from sheets of stagnant water, are pregnant with disease and death. This was felt to be particularly the case at Rangoon ; and in October, the sickness and number of deaths were greater than in any previous month.

Nor were the detached corps of the army more fortunate than the main body.

From Arracan we had reason to expect that the force under Brigadier-general Morrison, which had subdued that province, would be able to co-operate with the forces on the Irrawaddy, by crossing the mountains and descending into Ava by the pass of Sembeughewn, either forming a junction with Sir Archibald Campbell, or advancing on the capital by the left bank of the river, as circumstances might render most expedient : local difficulties, however, and the unhealthy state of the Arracan army, prevented this movement from taking place ; and Colonel Pepper, with his utmost exertions, was unable to obtain sufficient means of transport, for carrying his orders into effect. In Assam, the corps of Colonel Richards, after driving the enemy from the province, was prevented from pushing his successes farther on that side, by the insalubrious and desert regions, which still separated him from Upper Ava : unprovided with adequate stores or means of carriage, his troops, in any attempt to enter the Burmese territories, would have been exposed to the risk of sickness and starvation, with scarcely a prospect of accomplishing any object, even that of a diversion in favour of the main attack.

This exceeding insalubrity of the climate could not have been practically unknown to our Indian government, even if its probability had escaped their penetration ; for it appears that “on the return of the sickly season in March and April,” (thus we have two sickly seasons in the year,) “our troops were compelled to withdraw from the lower part of the district, leaving at Ramoo, a post about sixty miles to the southward of Chittagong, only a small force, consisting of eight weak companies of Sepoys of the line, a provincial battalion, and a levy of five or six hundred armed Mugs.”

We should not perhaps have dwelt so long on this subject, had we not observed, both in our Indian and European history, too constant a disregard of this most important point. The quantity of blood to be spilt in any expedition, may have been a subject of calculation with our rulers ; but death by disease makes no figure in the Gazette, and forms no part of our politico-military computations. Major Snodgrass estimates the cost of every white man lost in the Burmese war, at 200*l.* ; if our humanity is not excited by his narrative, our economy, at least, ought to be alarmed by his calculations.

Having thus discussed the demerits of the civil administration, a more pleasing task remains. In the purely military conduct of the expedition, we only find matter of commendation. It is possible that errors may have been committed ; and the preface of the Major's Narrative implies that there had been misrepresentations respecting the operations of the army. As no charge has reached us in an authentic form, we will not seek for subjects of accusation, when we find so many opportunities for praise ; we will rather believe that the same since-

city which had induced our author to expose (unwillingly, no doubt) the inefficacy and ignorance of the civil government, would have prevented the concealment of material military errors, if such had existed. We do not indeed expect a censor in a secretary, but we confide in the veracity of a gentleman. Taking, therefore, the Narrative as our authority, we do not hesitate to say that no British army ever distinguished itself more conspicuously for courage, discipline, and perseverance, under circumstances of most peculiar difficulty and depression; little honour to be gained, for they were fighting, in a scarcely known corner of Asia, against a nation of savages; much danger to be encountered, for disease, famine, and fatigue, are enemies more dreaded than the sword. There was little of the pride, pomp, and panoply of glorious war; but there was that which a soldier detests, an unseen enemy; a crowded hospital and an inglorious grave. The sepoys, on this and many other occasions, appear to have deserved a full participation in the honours of their European comrades. We have great reason to be proud of them; but while we thus vaunt the effects of our discipline, let us remember that the same course which has made a steady soldier of the peaceful and effeminate Hindoo, may have an equal or superior effect on the hardy and robust Birman. They have already principles and habits of warfare which could not have been expected in them; they are evidently an acute, enterprising, and imitative people: let us beware, that too frequent contact does not give them an experience of our tactics which they may turn to our discomfort. There is a power in the north of Asia which may not be slow in affording them assistance, should the golden-footed monarch change the system of his empire, and instead of raw levies, adopt the European fashion of a standing army. The Birmans then will become dangerous enemies; peace, therefore, is our obvious policy; we may derive great commercial advantages from our extended opportunities of amicable intercourse with this people. Major Snodgrass states, that their demand for our manufactures is constantly increasing; while their produce, and more especially their timber for ship-building, will afford ample subjects for barter.

Though drawn into this digression by our wish for peace, we must not pass too lightly over the merits of those who obtained it; nor should we do justice to our author, if we did not give the reader some specimen of the manly and spirited style in which he describes the achievements of his gallant associates.

On the morning of the 4th, a detachment, consisting of part of the forty-first regiment, the Company's Madras European regiment, and twelfth Madras native infantry, under Brigadier Smelt, was embarked in the flotilla for that purpose, proceeding to Syriam with the first of the tide. On landing, and penetrating a short distance through the brushwood, the old fort became visible, scarped, cleared, and prepared for our reception; the old wall, wherever it had given way, either renewed or covered by stockading; and huge beams of wood were suspended from the parapet, intended to be cut away, for the purpose of crushing both the scaling-ladders and those who might have the hardihood to attempt to place them.

Other obstacles had, however, to be overcome, before the troops could come in contact with the enemy; a deep and impassable creek arresting their progress, when within musket-shot of the place. A party of sailors from his Majesty's ship *Larne*, under Captain Marryat, who accompanied the column, with the characteristic coolness and activity of British seamen, soon remedied the defect, and in a very short space of time a bridge was prepared, which enabled the column to push on to the point of attack;

but neither the enemy's numerical superiority, nor their formidable preparations, had confirmed them in their purpose of steady resistance. While the troops were marching forward, a constant fire of artillery and musketry was indeed kept up; but no sooner had they gained the ramparts, than all resistance ceased, and the place, with eight guns, and a considerable quantity of ammunition, was quietly taken possession of.

Upon quitting the fort, the enemy retired upon the Pagoda of Syriam, pursued by a part of the detachment, along the narrow winding footpaths of the forest. On reaching the Pagoda, it was also found strongly occupied, with cannon pointing down every approach towards it from the jungle; and, like most buildings of the same description, standing on a hill, surrounded by a wall, and accessible only by the regular flights of stairs which lead to the interior: these also were strongly barricaded and otherwise defended. The column marched directly forward to the stairs, and had even partly ascended them before a shot was fired, the Burmese standing at their guns, coolly awaiting the approach; but when at length the firing did commence, the soldiers, pushing briskly forward, soon closed upon the enemy, who, probably disheartened by the presence of their comrades, who had fled from the lower fort, showed less anxiety to defend their post, than to save themselves from actual collision with a force, represented, no doubt, as irresistible, by those whose ill success and precipitation required an apology, and whose fears magnified the numbers of their enemy to an alarming degree.

Similar attacks were made with equal success upon different posts occupied by the enemy in the course of the month; one, in particular, upon a succession of stockades, situated on the Dalla river, cost us a considerable number of brave men; but, as scarcely a week elapsed in which detachments of the army were not employed upon this harassing and indispensable war of posts, varying little in circumstances from those already described, it would be tedious and superfluous to give a minute detail of each affair as they successively occurred.

The following very animated description will convey to the military reader a sufficient idea of Burmese warfare; to the soldier it will afford ample grounds of meditation, for he will find in it evidence of no insignificant acquirement in the art of war, in a people who could scarcely have been suspected of so much proficiency.

In the course of the forenoon Burmese columns were observed on the west side of the river, marching across the plain of Dalla, towards Rangoon. They were formed in five or six different divisions, and moved with great regularity, led by numerous chiefs on horseback—their gilt umbrellas glittering in the rays of the sun, with a sufficiently formidable and imposing effect, at a distance that prevented our perceiving anything motley or mobbish, which might have been found in a closer inspection of these warlike legions.

On reaching the bank of the river opposite to Rangoon, the men of the leading division, laying aside their arms, commenced entrenching and throwing up batteries for the destruction of the shipping, while the main body disappeared in a jungle in the rear, where they began stockading and establishing their camp, gradually reinforcing the front line as the increasing extent of the batteries and entrenchments permitted.

Later in the day, several heavy columns were observed issuing from the forest, about a mile in front of the east face of the Great Pagoda, with flags and banners flying in profusion. Their march was directed along a gently-sloping woody ridge towards Rangoon: the different corps successively taking up their ground along the ridge, soon assumed the appearance of a complete line, extending from the forest in front of the Pagoda, to within long gun-shot distance of the town, and resting on the river at Puzendown, which was strongly occupied by cavalry and infantry; these formed the left wing of the Burmese army. The centre, or the continuation of the line, from the Great Pagoda up to Kemmendine, where it again rested on the river, was posted in so thick a forest, as to defy all conjecture as to its strength or situation; but we were well aware that the principal force occupied the jungle in the immediate vicinity of the pagoda, which was naturally considered as the key to our position, and upon which the great effort would accordingly be made. In the course of a few hours we thus found ourselves completely surrounded, with the narrow channel of the Rangoon river alone unoccupied in our rear, and with only the limited space within our lines that we could still call our own. The line of circumvallation taken up by the enemy, obviously extended a very considerable distance, and divided as it was by the river, injudiciously weakened his means of assailing us on any particular point; but as far as celerity, order, and regularity are concerned, the style in which the different

corps took up their stations in the line, reflected much credit on the arrangement of the Burmese commander. When this singular and presumptuous formation was completed, the soldiers of the left columns, also laying aside their spears and muskets, commenced operations with their entrenching tools, with such activity and good will, that in the course of a couple of hours their line had wholly disappeared, and could not be traced by a parapet of new earth gradually increasing in height, and assuming such forms as the skill and science of the engineer suggested.

The moving masses, which had so very lately attracted our anxious attention, had sunk into the ground; and to any one who had not witnessed the whole scene, the existence of these subterranean legions would not have been credited: the occasional movement of a chief, with his gilt chattah (umbrella), from place to place, superintending the progress of their labour, was the only thing that now attracted notice. By a distant observer, the hills, covered with mounds of earth, would have been taken for anything rather than the approaches of an attacking army; but to us who had watched the whole strange proceeding, it seemed the work of magic or enchantment.

In the afternoon his Majesty's thirteenth regiment and the eighteenth Madras Native Infantry, under Major Sale, were ordered to move rapidly forward upon the busily-employed and too-confident enemy; and, as was suspected, they were found wholly unprepared for such a visit,* or for our acting in any way, against such numerous opponents, on the offensive. They had scarcely perceived the approach of our troops before they were upon them, and the fire which they at last commenced proved wholly inadequate to checking their advance. Having forced a passage through the entrenchments, and taken the enemy in flank, the British detachment drove the whole line from their cover with considerable loss; and having destroyed as many of their arms and tools as they could find, retired unmolested before the numerous bodies which were now forming on every side around them.

The trenches were found to be a succession of holes, capable of containing two men each, and excavated, so as to afford shelter, both from the weather and the fire of an enemy; even a shell lighting in the trench could at most but kill two men. As it is not the Burmese system to relieve their troops in making these approaches, each hole contained a sufficient supply of rice, water, and even fuel for its inmates; and under the excavated bank, a bed of straw or brushwood was prepared, in which one man could sleep while his comrade watched. When one line of trench is completed, its occupiers, taking advantage of the night, push forward to where the second line is to be opened, their place being immediately taken up by fresh troops from the rear, and so on progressively,—the number of trenches occupied varying according to the force of the besiegers, to the plans of the general, or to the nature of the ground. The Burmese, in the course of the evening, re-occupied their trenches, and recommenced their labours, as if nothing had occurred; their commander, however, took the precaution of bringing forward a strong corps of reserve to the verge of the forest, from which his left wing had issued, to protect it from any future interruption in its operations.

The Burmese have great faith in astrology, and it appears that a considerable corps of bigots or impostors accompany their army. The Invulnerables form another and singular portion of their troops: these men, excited by opium, and emboldened by superstition, show a marked contempt of danger; some of them exhibited a war-dance of defiance, upon the most exposed parts of the defences, even during the heat of action. To this corps was confided the dangerous task of driving our troops from their post in the great temple near Rangoon.

* This was owing to a defect in Burman tactics, or some barbarous prejudice by which they are induced to regard the posting of videttes and sentinels as a sign of fear. Thus the Gooro write to the King of Ava: "Before the English march, more than twenty horse go five or six miles, to look right and left on the road, and place marks; then the army marches after. These English are very much afraid of his high Majesty's army coming by night quietly, and creeping in upon them by surprise; they like to fight at a distance, and with their great guns' force upon you; this gives them courage. If they fight you hand to hand, they cannot—they are too much afraid."—Appendix, 313.

At midnight, on the 30th, the attempt was accordingly made, the Invulnerables, armed with swords and muskets, rushing in a compact body from the jungle under the Pagoda; a small piquet, thrown out in our front, retiring in slow and steady order, skirmishing with the head of the advancing column, until it reached the stairs leading up to the Pagoda, at the summit of which the troops were drawn out, silently awaiting the approach of the Invulnerables, whose numbers in the darkness of the night (the moon having set previous to the commencement of the attack) could only be guessed at, by the noise and clamour of their threats and imprecations upon the impious strangers, if they did not immediately evacuate the sacred temple, as, guided by a few glimmering lanterns in their front, they boldly and rapidly advanced in a dense multitude along the narrow pathway leading to the northern gateway. At length vivid flashes, followed by the cannon's thundering peals, broke from the silent ramparts of the British post, stilling the tumult of the advancing mass, while showers of grape and successive volleys of musketry fell with dreadful havoc among their crowded ranks, against which the imaginary shield of self-deceit and imposition was found of no avail, leaving the unfortunate Invulnerables scarcely a chance between destruction and inglorious flight. Nor did they hesitate long upon the alternative; a few devoted enthusiasts may have despised to fly, but as they all belonged to the same high-favoured caste, and had brought none of their less-favoured countrymen to witness their disgrace, the great body of them soon sought for safety in the jungle, where they, no doubt, invented a plausible account of their night's adventure, which, however effectual it may have proved in saving their credit, had also the good effect to us of preventing them in future from volunteering upon such desperate services, and contributed, in some degree, to protect the troops from being so frequently deprived of their night's rest.

A more singular enemy awaited us near Prome.

The corps of Maha Nemiow had for some days remained stationary within a morning's walk of Prome, assiduously occupied in strengthening their hidden position in the jungles of Simbike and Kyalaz, on the Nawine river, maintaining so close and vigilant a watch, and conducting matters with so much secrecy, as to prevent us from gaining the slightest information either as to the extent or nature of their defences, or the intention of their leader, when finished. Eight thousand men of his corps d'armée were Shans, who had not yet come in contact with our troops, and were expected to fight with more spirit and resolution than those who had a more intimate acquaintance with their enemy. In addition to a numerous list of Chobwas and petty princes, these levies were accompanied by three young and handsome women of high rank, who were believed, by their superstitious countrymen, to be endowed not only with the gift of prophecy and foreknowledge, but to possess the miraculous power of turning aside the balls of the English, rendering them wholly innocent and harmless. These Amazons, drest in warlike costume, rode constantly among the troops, inspiring them with courage and ardent wishes for an early meeting with their foe, as yet only known to them by the deceitful accounts of their Burmese masters.

On the 30th of November arrangements were made for attacking the enemy on the following morning, beginning with the left, and taking the three corps d'armée rapidly in detail, which their insulated situation afforded every facility for doing. Commodore Sir James Brisbane, with the flotilla, was to commence a cannonade upon the enemy's post, upon both banks of the Irrawaddy, at daylight, and a body of Native infantry was at the same time to advance along the margin of the river, upon the Kee Whongee's position at Napadee, and to drive in his advanced posts upon the main body, drawing the enemy's whole attention to his right and centre, while the columns were marching out for the real attack upon the left, at Simbike. Leaving four regiments of Native infantry in garrison, at daylight, on the morning of the 1st of December, the rest of the force was assembled, and formed in two columns of attack at a short distance in front of Prome; one, under Brigadier-general Cotton, marched by the straight road leading to Simbike, while the other, accompanied by the commander of the forces, crossed the Nawine river, moving along its right bank, for the purpose of attacking the enemy in the rear, and cutting off his retreat upon the Kee Wongee's division. The columns had scarcely moved off, when a furious cannonade upon our left announced the commencement of operations on the river, and so completely deceived the enemy, that we found the piquets of his left withdrawn, and the position at Simbike exposed to a sudden and unexpected attack. Brigadier-general Cotton's column first reached the enemy's line, consisting of a succession of stockades erected across an open space in the centre of the jungle, where the villages of Simbike and Kyalaz had stood, having the Nawine river in the rear, a thick wood on either flank, and assailable only by the open space in front, defended by cross fires from the zigzagging formation of the works.

The Brigadier-general having quickly made his dispositions, the troops, consisting of His Majesty's forty-first in front, and the flank companies of His Majesty's Royal and eighty-ninth regiments, with the eighteenth Madras Native infantry in flank, moved forward with their usual intrepidity: the Shans, encouraged by the presence of their veteran commander, who, unable to walk, was carried from point to point, in a handsomely-gilded litter; and cheered by the example, and earnest exhortations to fight bravely, of the fearless Amazons, offered a brave resistance to the assailants; but no sooner was a lodgment made in the interior of their crowded works, than confusion ensued, and they were unable longer to contend with, or check the progress of, the rapidly-increasing line which formed upon their ramparts, and from whose destructive volleys there was no escaping: the strongly-built inclosures, of their own construction, everywhere preventing flight, dead and dying blocked up the few and narrow outlets from the work. Horses and men ran in wild confusion from side to side, trying to avoid the fatal fire; groups were employed in breaking down, and trying to force a passage through the defences, while the brave, who disdained to fly, still offered a feeble and ineffectual opposition to the advancing troops. The gray-headed Chobwas of the Shans, in particular, showed a noble example to their men, sword in hand, singly maintaining the unequal contest, nor could signs or gestures of good treatment induce them to forbearance—attacking all who offered to approach them with humane or friendly feelings, they only sought the death which too many of them found. Maha Nemiow himself fell while bravely urging his men to stand their ground, and his faithful attendants being likewise killed by the promiscuous fire while in the act of carrying him off, his body, with his sword, Whongee's chain, and other insignia of office, were found among the dead. One of the fair Amazons also received a fatal bullet in the breast, but the moment she was seen, and her sex was recognized, the soldiers bore her from the scene of death to a cottage in the rear, where she soon expired.

While this was passing in the interior of the stockades, Sir Archibald Campbell's column, pushing rapidly forward to their rear, met the defeated and panic-struck fugitives in the act of emerging from the jungle, and crossing the Nawine river: the horse-artillery was instantly unlimbered, and opened a heavy fire upon the crowded fort. Another of the Shan ladies was here observed flying on horseback with the defeated remnant of her people; but before she could gain the opposite bank of the river, where a friendly forest promised safety and protection, a shrapnel exploded above her head, and she fell from her horse into the water; but whether killed, or only frightened, could not be ascertained, as she was immediately borne off by her attendants.

Pressed as we are for space, we cannot omit another extract.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the fire commenced from our batteries, and continued without intermission, and with great effect, for nearly two hours, by which time the troops intended for the assault were embarked in boats, under the superintendence of Captain Chads, senior naval officer, at some distance above the place, to ensure their not being carried past it by the force of the stream. The first Bengal brigade, consisting of his Majesty's thirteenth and thirty-eighth regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sale, was directed to land below the stockade, and attack it by the south-west angle, while three brigades were ordered to land above the place, and after carrying some outworks, to attack it by the northern face. Notwithstanding every previous arrangement, and the utmost exertion of every one employed, the current, together with a strong northerly wind, carried the first brigade, under all the fire of the place, to its destined point of attack, before the other brigades could reach the opposite shore, and being soon formed under the partial cover of a shelving bank, without waiting a moment for the co-operation of the other troops, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Frith, (Lieutenant-Colonel Sale having been wounded in the boats,) moved forward to the assault with a steadiness and regularity that must have struck awe into the minds of their opponents; and in a very short time, entered by escalade, and established themselves in the interior of the works.

A prouder or more gratifying sight has seldom, perhaps, been witnessed, than this mere handful of gallant fellows driving a dense multitude of from ten to fifteen thousand armed men before them, from works of such strength, that even Memiaboo, contrary to all custom, did not think it necessary to leave them until the troops were in the act of carrying them. The other brigades cutting in upon the enemy's retreat, completed their defeat; they were driven, with severe loss, from all their stockades, leaving the whole of their artillery and military stores in our possession.

But these examples were not sufficient to overcome the obstinate courage of the Burmans; they tried another action, were again

defeated, and the proud court of Ava sued for peace to an army of little more than three thousand men, advancing on its capital. The conclusion is well known. Ava was probably saved, and the soldiers were most grievously disappointed, for they had formed high expectation of the riches of the golden-footed monarch, and looked to the plunder of his capital as the reward of all their toils.

To the military reader, and especially to those who have served in India, this work cannot fail to be acceptable; it is a soldier's journal, and, in the early parts more especially, written as a soldier's journal ought to be—in a manly and unpretending style. There is one defect, however, which we must notice, and that more particularly as the information withheld must have been within the author's reach; there are no official returns of killed and wounded, nor of the losses by sickness; these are material points, and ought not to have been overlooked.

The general reader may perhaps be disappointed in finding so little of individual anecdote of our own troops, and so imperfect an account of the manners and habits of the people of the country; it is probable that he will be amply supplied from other sources, and that to the account of Colonel Symes, Colonel Francklin, Mrs. Judson, Dr. Buchanan, and Mr. Hough, will soon be added other sources of information as to this curious race of half-civilized savages. Our own impression, indeed, is highly in their favour; they no doubt have vices, but they are the vices of their state; to compensate these, they are hardy, brave, patient, enterprising, gay and witty. Our gallant author, indeed, does not appear to relish the style of Burmese oratory, and is even so unjust as to withhold his approbation of their wit. The following concise exposé excites the major's anger; to us it appears to contain the very essence of political wisdom.

“On the evening of the 31st, a Burmese came out of the fort, with a piece of dirty canvass, containing the following laconic epistle from the Bandoola:—‘In war we find each other's force; the two countries are at war for nothing, and we know not each other's minds.’” As to the dirty canvass, we will say nothing in its justification; gilt vellum, hot-pressed and wirewove, would have been infinitely more genteel and diplomatic; but we doubt whether all the collective wisdom of all the European congresses, would have contrived so true, so comprehensive, or so philosophical a note. Perhaps there may have been a little jealousy in the case; for in the next example which we shall quote, the gallant secretary, who no doubt prided himself on the delicate finesse of his disatch is thrown completely into the back ground by the witty answer of his barbarous adversary. At the taking of Melloone, cash to the amount of from thirty to forty thousand rupees was found in the house of Prince Memiaboo; “but what was of still more consequence, as affording undeniable proof of the treacherous and perfidious conduct of the prince, Wongees, and their government, during the late proceedings, both the English and Burmese copies of the treaty were also found in the house, just in the same state as when signed and sealed at the meeting of the 3d.”

Memiaboo and his beaten army retired from the scene of their disasters with all possible haste, and the British commander prepared to follow him up without delay; before, however, commencing his march, he despatched a messenger with the unratified

treaty, to the Kee Wōngee, as well to show the Burmese chiefs that their perfidy was discovered, as to give them the means of still performing their engagements; but merely telling the latter, in his note, that in the hurry of departure from Melloone, he had forgotten a document which he might now find more useful and acceptable to his government, than they had a few days previously considered it. The Wōngee and his colleague politely returned their best thanks for the paper, but observed that the same hurry which had caused the loss of the treaty, had compelled them to leave behind a large sum of money, which they also much regretted, and which they were sure the British general only waited an opportunity of returning.

We will quote a third example from a different authority. "They [the Burmans] are slaves of the Emperor, and it is viewed as a mark of treason to dissent in this respect (religion) from his will. Thus, when the keen reasoners and disputants among their doctors could not gainsay the zeal, talents, and Christian doctrine of Mr. Judson, and applied to the liberal-minded Maywoon Mia-day-mim to interfere, and send him away, asserting that, by means of Mōung-shway-quong, a convert, every endeavour was making 'to turn the priests' rice-pot bottom upward,' he calmly replied, 'What consequence? Let the priests turn it back again.'" Happy had it been for mankind, for Europe in all ages, for France and Ireland in the present, if all rulers had been as wise as Maywoon Mia-day-mim, and had left the clergy to take care of their own provision, which no doubt they would have done without the aid of the civil or military arm. Let us add one short maxim to the wisdom of the Burmese Viceroy: "Rice-pots are never so apt to turn bottom upwards as when they are over-full and flowing over." We only give the text, the Church of Ireland must supply the commentary: but before we quit the subject, we must take the occasion of doing the Indian government the justice to say, that with all their mismanagement, they have had the prudence to leave the rice-pots to themselves in spite of the Evangelicals, who would fain dip their fingers in the pan, though they should throw an empire into hot water by overturning it. Our settlements in Ava will afford tempting occasion to these gentry; the people, by all account, hold their religious opinions by as slight a tenure as the clergy, who in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, changed their religion at the will of the sovereign, then not much less despotic than the golden-footed monarch. It was not in Birman only, that to dissent from the opinions of the Prince was viewed as a mark of treason, or that "then he is worthy of death," was the appropriate sentence of an unauthorised convert from the existing, or an obstinate adherent to the late established, religion: before we condemn the indifference of the semi-barbarous Burmese, let us re-peruse a page or two of our own history. In another point Ava will suit the missionaries well—the inhabitants are accustomed to a begging priesthood. How they will like the law, that the Rhahan must make no noise when he comes for his offering,* is a different question.

* "The Rhahans are allowed to eat every thing they receive as a present, provided it be ready dressed; for they never kindle a fire, for fear of destroying some insect. On professing, the phongie, or novice, is told, that his first duty consists in eating that food only which is procured by the labour and motion of the muscles of the feet. What is meant is this: Every morning, as soon as they can distinguish the veins on their hands, the Rhahans issue from their convents, and spread themselves all over the neighbouring streets and villages; as they pass along, they stop at different doors, but without saying a word. If the people of the house are disposed to be charitable, or

We are obliged to conclude somewhat abruptly, leaving many interesting points untouched; on some of these the reader will find incidental information in the Narrative of Major Snodgrass; a connected account of the Burmese empire is, however, still a desideratum. Should it ever appear, it is more than probable that we shall return to the subject, and make amends for our present omissions.

THE BLUE MAN.

AND why should not there be a blue man as well as a blue woman? If there be a blue stocking in one sex, why should there not be a blue gaiter in the other? *Blue* is an epithet hitherto always applied to women; but when did nature ever confine a species to one sex? if there be a female blue, of course there must be a male blue, and they generally herd together, and are always to be found together; and every body is acquainted with a *blue man*, though no one as yet has known him by that name. When I say there are men blues, of course I do not mean a great he-guardsman, who never wrote a book in his life, or even contributed to an album. Still less do I mean a real literary man, who *has* written a readable book, and may contribute to some magazine. The man I mean is something above a mere collector of autographs for ladies, though, of course, he possesses a collection; and beyond a mere copier of Lord Byron's poetry into an album, though he undoubtedly contributes his "original stanzas," or impromptu sonnet. A female blue can hardly exist without a male blue, to whom she looks up for her daily bread of flattery; and admires *his* talents in proportion as he exaggerates *hers*. But if a female blue cannot exist without a male blue, certainly there could be no male blue without a female blue, because from her, and from no other, does he derive his very existence, name, and fame. He is completely out of the pale of any other society, being much too shallow for men of talent and thought, too deep for those who have none. He has no pursuit or conversation in common with the generality of young men, who either think him a bore or a coxcomb (I think him both); his element, then, is the drawing-room of a literary lady. There you may see him about the hour of nine in the evening, (he is not often asked at, the more valued hour of seven,) before the gentlemen have come up from the dining-room, and about a quarter of an hour after the ladies have left it, stationed with his back against the mantel-piece, his general position, either playing with the chimney ornaments, or the pages of a magazine, or with a new book, or a scrap of poetized paper he is going

have not already given away all that have been prepared for the purpose, a person, generally the mistress of the house, comes out, puts the ready-dressed provisions into the subiet, and the Rhahan goes on in silence, without returning thanks, nor does he ever solicit for any thing, should it not be convenient or agreeable for the family to bestow alms: but after standing for a few minutes, proceeds on his rounds. So nice are they in this particular, that it is deemed sinful for a Rhahan, on such occasions, to cough, or make any signal by which he might be supposed to put the laity in mind of their duty."

to read from, but generally beating emphatic time to his words with a mother-of-pearl paper-cutter. There he stands, with a levee of ladies clustering about him, like the Pleiades, the object to which each languishing or eager eye is turned ; that is, when it is not turned *upwards*, in eloquent admiration of his “ beautiful sentiments.” He talks to them like an encyclopædia, (which book, by the bye, is a very favourite and convenient study of his,) but for the most part disdaining the common everyday topic of “ the beautiful character of so and so in Scott’s last novel ;” takes his stand on the reviews, as common a position certainly, but a higher one in the sphere of ladies’ literary conversation. It is a received rule with blue men to get up the Reviews, for there they are always safe ; they are an easy abstract of the literature of the day ; a short cut to knowledge, and always afford a ready subject for conversation. However the Blue Man at the mantel-piece, whenever I have strayed into the drawing-room and observed him, does not always give his fair auditory a dissertation on this and that article, or a refutation of this or that argument ; that might be very dull to them, and very unsatisfactory to himself. He may, perhaps, eulogize a sentiment, or refer to a “ beautiful passage,” or repeat a good thing of Sydney Smith’s, which he has got up, but chiefly does he tell to his inquiring and admiring crowd who *wrote* this and who *wrote* that ; what are the numbers, and the names, and the talent, in the new dynasty of the Quarterly ; or, perhaps, the alterations he suggested to young Macaulay in his “ really very tolerable article ” in the Edinburgh. Being fond of great names, which give him the semblance of a great man, he opens yet wider the starry eyes of his constellation of listeners, making them fixed stars, as he tells them how his friend Southey called on him at breakfast the other day, and hurried him off without his second cup of tea to ———, in order to look over a manuscript of ———’s. He tells them how often and how vainly Colburn, and, indeed, Campbell himself, had begged he would give them another article for the New Monthly ; but indeed he had no time now. He hints that a man may pick up a good deal, and with very little trouble, by contributing to “ these magazines.” *He* used to do so when he first came to town, but now other and higher matters (he must not say what just at present) prevented him thinking of these things. Sinner and slave that he is, not one penny of any body’s money did he ever touch. Not one line of his ever appeared in print, save in “ poet’s corner,” or a letter to the editor of some newspaper ; but in his drawers, if any body would take the trouble to look, they would find sundry rolls of MS., tied up with tape ; and in his desk would be found (if he has not burnt them, but kept them as autographs of celebrated editors and publishers,) various notes, which run in the following easy, unformal, and friendly style :—

“ The Editor of the ——— presents his compliments to Mr. ———, and is obliged by his polite offer of the accompanying article. There are objections, however, as regards its suiting the pages of the ——— so well as some others which have preceded it, and of which an abundant stock remains on hand. It is, therefore, returned with acknowledgments.” This letter is no fiction, but a real verbatim copy of one, which a blue cousin of mine showed me with a little degree of pride, at what he deemed the attention and politeness of the editor of one of the magazines, to whom he was about to offer another ar-

ticle, which he was sure, from the civility of that note, would be favourably received.

It will be seen, from what has been said, that the Blue Man must be an accomplished liar, and that's a pity, because, as to his profession, he is generally a popular preacher; sometimes, indeed, a young barrister. But I am inclined to think there are more blue popular preachers than blue barristers; the former are more in the habit of living upon ladies' smiles, sometimes, indeed, upon their tears. The complexion of a Blue Man is generally fair, blue eyes, of course, and light hair; though I have known them dark, with dark hair, and then they are generally very sallow, and the cast of their countenance melancholy, that is, interesting.

Perhaps a history of the early education, habits, and manners of a Blue Man may not be uninteresting to the philosophic reader. I can give it partly; yet perhaps it will be thought I take too much upon myself, and write too fluently on a subject I am not acquainted with: but I *am* acquainted with it, and know all about the matter. I have been behind the scenes; I will tell you how. I have a cousin, of whom I hinted somewhat, who is a decided Blue Man, and a very fine and fair specimen of the species in question. I was at the same school with him when he was about ten, and I a year and a half older. He was a pale, rather sickly and sallow boy; with that hasty, peevish expression of countenance, and mistrustful, unsociable manner, which made me and other boys always long to lick him; and so we did, though he was my cousin. He had the character of muzzing a good deal; but after all, it was not at his lessons; there we did him wrong; but I found out afterwards it was at those abominable efforts of juvenile genius which mothers delight in so much. Copies of bad verses; most heroic essays about Jupiter, Hannibal, or the Trojan war; and sometimes a play, according to his notions of one. As to his mother, it was the old story over again. She showed this nonsense to her friends in the boy's presence, gave him sweetmeats for his precocious compositions, and paid him a penny a line for his poetry. Thus encouraged, all these proofs of genius accumulated in his brain and on his paper, so much as, in a great measure, to push Latin and Greek from their stools. I lost sight of him after the space of two years, being taken away from school, where I left him to his literature and lollipops.

The next time I fell in with him was at College, where he contributed to the Cambridge Chronicle; drank nearly a dozen of white wine during his three years; consumed a great deal of tea; read magazines, and wrote for them without success; filled albums with rhymes and beautiful extracts in prose; visited a banker's family, with whose daughter he commenced a literary flirtation, and taught her the principles of Spurzheim; gave literary tea-parties, with wax candles and lemonade; got up speeches for the Union, and shirked the replies; wrote a five-act tragedy, consequently complained of the stupidity of managers; wore out a great many caps and gowns, for he seldom sported beaver; wrote for all the prizes, and wrote to all his friends to come and hear him recite them—always, unfortunately, was *very near* getting them; was joint editor of a wretched weekly pamphlet, which died a miserable death three weeks after its birth; took a poor degree, took his leave, and, finally, took orders.

I next saw him at a large country-house of an uncle of ours, in which a large winter party was congregated; and then his great ambition was to be thought a reading and a knowing, and what is generally called a remarkably clever young man; for which purpose there were always a great many books missing from the library, which he carried up into his bedroom; and took care the people in the house should hear him taking out his fire at two o'clock in the morning. The housemaid no doubt saw his tomes, and wondered at his learning and late hours; probably told it in the servants' hall, and privately it came to the ears of the guests. I can't conceive how he contrived to procure such a large correspondence as he had. Every morning at breakfast the servant brought him such a pile of letters, as made every body think him a very happy man, perhaps a great man; certainly a man of some consequence. These letters he used to receive with an air of concern; look over their directions and post marks; then gravely, but ostentatiously, (for he always put the franks uppermost,) lay them down by the side of his plate, till breakfast was over, when he would again look at their directions and post marks, thrust them into his pocket, and march into the library to read his probable nothings. He never rode out with us, for he could not ride, the wretch! he never went out shooting, for he said it was cruel, and some ladies smiled approbation at his tenderness; he never played billiards, and the only game he condescended to play was chess. Scene the fourth and last of this strange eventful history is laid in London. Thither he went, sent by his anxious mother, who was convinced he would make a great display in the metropolis. He took lodgings, after ample instructions from his careful parent, to look after his tea and sugar; to lock up the one, and take care the mice did not soil the other; to have an eye on the lodging-house maid, that she might not pilfer his pens or sealing-wax; to buy his own candles, to take care his linen was well aired, and to write home a long letter once a week.

By an introduction to Murray and a subscription to Colburn's; by a plausibility of manner, and a volubility of tongue; by some little talent, and a great deal of assurance, he contrived to pick up much literary gossip. He knew what publications were coming out; found out the writers of different articles in reviews and magazines; twice walked down Bond-street in company with Moore, "Tommy Moore," as he always called him in company; breakfasted once with ———, and was asked to a tea party at Mrs. B.'s; and thus furnished with literary news, with topics to enlarge upon, and matter for boasting, he became the kind of mantel-piece Blue Man, I endeavoured, in the first instance, to describe; a sort of literary pedlar, who was ever surrounded by a host of female customers, eager and anxious for his wares; or, to speak more sublimely, like Saturn with a luminous coronet of circling beauties, shining and shone upon.

The most extraordinary thing to me was the glibness and facility with which he used to bring out, twenty in a minute, the names of all who ever figured in modern print, or were given credit for a grain of talent; his nature, however, always made him give the preference to female genius. He was intimate with Miss Edgeworth, and had danced (I mean he said so) with all her younger sisters. L. E. L. had

often shown him her poems before publication ; and the secret of her love he was well acquainted with ; and that put me in mind that he once, but once only, hinted he was the cause of the Ennuyée's melancholy and wanderings. At Hampstead he had dined with Miss Benger and drank tea with Miss Baillie, where he met Miss Aikin, who introduced him to somebody else. His library was full of presentation copies. Mrs. H. Moore had given him her " Practical Piety," and Mrs. Opie her " Lying in all its Branches." I never saw the effect of the first in his conduct ; and his picture would make a good illustrative frontispiece to the latter. But let me leave him to his mantel-piece, his lady lectures, and his seven cups of tea, which he drinks in imitation of Dr. Johnson. I will say no more. My blue cousin would look black enough if he thought I had been taking his likeness—only my great safety is, that his vanity would never allow him to recognise himself as the original of the picture, and I am content he should not—Requiescat in pace.

L. L.

SUMMARY OF THE

NATIONAL LAMENT FOR JANUARY, 1827.

The year commenced with signs of grief—
 The Duke of York beyond relief !
 The Guards and *Tenth* sent off to fight,
 Lament their own and Prince's plight—
 The nation, too, the thoughts abhor
 Of plunging in another war ;
 And grieve to think that Canning's speech
 May be the cause of Europe's breach—
 The Premier 'self regrets his slips,
 Erases words, and dams his lips.
 The army weeps the Royal Marshal,
 And dreads a patron far more partial—
 The City, too, is plunged in woe,
 " His Highness and the funds so low "—
 The gamblers in high life are sad,
 " His Highness and their case so bad."
 The *fifth* his Royal Highness died,
 And not a single eye was *dried*—
 The *sixth*, the Times and other papers
 Exposed the Prince's former capers ;
 And then they donn'd the sable borders,
 To pass their sentence, like Recorders—
 Same day, old Christmas' feast was kept,
 And those who could not keep it, wept.
 No bounds assuage the nation's grief !
 Full fourteen pence a pound is beef.
 They weep at once the price of pork,
 And death of Frederick, Duke of York.

The Theatres were closed two nights,
And all the actors grieved, poor wights !
Othello then was play'd by Kean,
And numbers wept the strangling scene.
Oh ! will our sorrows know no end ?
All classes weep the *General* friend ;
'Tis said, too, that we're bound to wear
A six weeks' mourning for our care.
Our tailors, too, enhance these woes,
By charging double for black clothes.—
The *fourteenth* came a hurricane,
That did much damage on the main.
Two hundred feet of London Dock
Fell in, and caused a mighty shock.—
The *fifteenth* day, a sad report
O'erwhelm'd with grief the Chancery Court.
In cause *Lucena versus Crawford*,
The Counsel 'self refused to jaw for't.
So long ago he'd done his part,
That nought had been retain'd by *Hart*—
From t'other's brain the case was worn,
And nought could be more dim than *Horne*.
Sixteenth, Long Wellesley's case came on,
He weeps his Prince and children *gone*.
Same day, in mourning for his Prince,
Whose loss these general woes evince,
Our grave Recorder donn'd his cap,
And doom'd to death an eight-year chap ;
And twenty others, who bemoan
The death of Frederick—and their own.
Ah me ! what woe and troubles wait
Upon a Prince's funeral state !
'Twere vain to tell the pangs endured
By thousands in the mob immured ;
The shoes and pockets lost or pick'd,
The women trampled on or kick'd—
All, too, to testify our grief
For him, our late Commanding Chief !
What numbers crowded to his bier,
And graced his burial with—good cheer !
And spent along the road such sums !
And mourn'd—the want of muffled drums !
The King himself is gone to Brighton—
Excuse me—but I cannot write on.
The dire calamity absorbs
All thoughts, and steeps in tears these orbs.

EHEU !

NEWLY DISCOVERED DISINFECTANTS.*

M. LABARRAQUE, a chemist in Paris, has discovered a new application of certain chemical substances, which is likely to prove one of the greatest blessings that science has as yet conferred upon humanity. If the promises, which the present state of the experiments hold out, are fulfilled, the name of the philanthropical discoverer must take its place by the side of that of Jenner.

In the year 1819, the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry in France, declared as a subject for competition, the means of destroying the insalubrity attendant upon what is called, in French, *l'art du boyaudier*, which is, in fact, the art of preparing the intestines of animals for the use of the musical instrument-maker, and the other purposes for which catgut and strings of the same kind are employed. The object was proposed in the following terms: "*To find a chemical or mechanical process to remove the mucous membranes of the intestines used in the manufacture of gut strings, without employing maceration, and in such a manner as to prevent putrefaction.*" This prize appears to have been suggested by the Prefect of the Police, to whom the charge of guarding the salubrity of the French metropolis is committed. Some partial trials had already led to the belief, that a skilful use of alkaline lixivia and acid baths, might afford the solution of the problem.

The prize of 1,500 francs was adjudged to M. Labarraque, on the 30th October, 1822. His memoir remained six months in the hands of the Council of the Society, who could not find out the disinfecting process, until they had witnessed its effects on more than a thousand ox intestines in full putrefaction.

The process was next applied to the disinfecting of corpses; which, by the application of M. Labarraque's method, are immediately deprived of their offensive odour, and their putrescency checked. The Council of Health at Paris adopted the plan; and the Prefect of Police caused all the bodies deposited at the Morgue, to be conserved by the application of M. Labarraque's disinfectants.

The process was next applied to the purification of lazarettos, merchandize in quarantine, and the persons of soldiers, sailors, and passengers of ships. It was found to prevent the propagation of disease by infection.

The method of M. Labarraque excited considerable attention among the scientific men of France, who unanimously acknowledged its efficacy in the cases already alluded to. Its extensive and still more useful application to the cure of disease in all cases of disorganization in the living being, was as yet only the subject of experiment. For the obligations, however, which it was already certain the world

* An Essay on the Use of Chlorurets of Oxide of Sodium and of Lime, as powerful Disinfecting Agents, and of the Chloruret of Oxide of Sodium, more especially as a Remedy of considerable Efficacy in the Treatment of Hospital Gangrene; Phagedenic, Syphilitic, and ill-conditioned Ulcers; Mortifications, and various other Diseases. Dedicated, by Permission, to the Right Honourable Robert Peel. By Thomas Alcock, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London; Member of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, &c. &c. London. 1827. 8vo.

owed to the ingenuity and the philanthropy of M. Labarraque, in 1825 the Royal Institute of France decreed to the *author of the discovery of the disinfecting properties of the chlorurets*, a prize of three thousand francs, which he received on the 20th June, amidst the acclamations of that learned body.

M. Labarraque, in speaking of the extended application of his discoveries, observes that "It was doubtless a very happy circumstance to have arrested animal decomposition, and to have annihilated, as it were, several causes of death: for who is not aware of the fatal influence of putrefied animal emanations diffused in the air which we breathe, and carrying with them the germ of mortal diseases? But there remained something still more fortunate: it was that of finding the possibility of arresting decomposition in the living body. I have had the happiness to observe this prodigy performed by the application of the chloruret of oxide of sodium to wounds."

The term *chloruret* is the English form of the French word, *chlorure*. The *chloruret* of the oxide of sodium may also be designated as the *chloruret* of soda, or the *chloride* of soda. The chloruret of lime, formerly called the oxymuriate of lime, is sometimes also termed the *chloride* of lime. The instructions for the preparation of these substances, according to the different uses for which they are intended, shall be given towards the end of this article. We shall now proceed to detail from Mr. Alcock's publication, which is a collection of all that is known on the subject, the more remarkable instances and cases of the application of these chlorurets as disinfectants.

The following is an example of the effects of a solution of chloruret of lime, on a corpse in a high state of putrefaction; and which, after being interred for a month, was taken up for the purpose of judicial examination. Mr. Alcock has translated the official report, which gives a clear account of the case.

The following is a translation of the authorised statement of this remarkable case.

"Report of an examination of a dead body, made at the request of the Attorney of the King, the 1st August, 1823, by Messrs. Orfila, Hennelle, Gerdy, and Leseur. Drawn up by M. Hennelle.

"The 1st August 1823, at the request of the King's Attorney, professor Orfila and Messrs. Lesueur, Gerdy, and myself, met at the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, there to make the examination of the body of the said Bourcier, who died a month since. At half-past seven in the morning the exhumation of the corpse was proceeded with: it exhaled an infectious odour; it remained till half-past ten o'clock upon the ground and out of its coffin, the persons who were to prove its identity not having yet arrived. The temperature was from 17 to 12 degrees of the centigrade thermometer (= about 63° or 64° Fahr.) Then the body was carried to a large and well-aired place, that the examination might be made as conveniently and salubriously as possible. The odour became still more insupportable; the corpse had become swollen in a very manifest degree since it was taken out of the ground; it would therefore be important, in a similar case, to make the examination as speedily as possible. We began by making aspersions upon the subject with chloruret of lime dissolved in water: this liquor, which had been proposed by M. Labarraque, apothecary (see the 1st volume of the *Archives*,) produced a marvellous effect; for scarcely had a few aspersions been made, before the infected odour was instantaneously destroyed, and it became possible to begin the operation."

The presence of white oxide of arsenic in the intestines was ascertained beyond a doubt. The man's wife and her paramour, a Greek, were suspected of having poisoned him. The woman was tried and

acquitted through defect of evidence—the Greek had made his escape.

We shall now give M. Labarraque's directions for proceeding to disinfect a putrefying corpse.

“ Before approaching a corpse in putrefaction, a tub should be procured in which may be put a load of water (24 litres, about 49 pints); pour into this flagon half a kilogramme (\equiv 1 lb. 1 oz. 10½ dr. avoirdupois) of the chloruret of lime, and stir the mixture.

“ Dip a sheet in the water contained in the tub, and unfold it so as to be able to withdraw it with facility, and particularly so as to be enabled to extend it very quickly over the corpse.

“ To effect this, let two persons open the sheet and place it in the liquid, holding the ends upon the edges of the tub: let this be carried to the side of the body in putrefaction, and at the same instant let the wet sheet be drawn out of the tub and laid over the body.

“ Soon afterwards the putrid odour ceases.

“ If blood or any other fluid proceeding from the dead body have flowed upon the ground, pour upon this liquid one or two glassfuls of the chlorureted water; stir with a broom,—and the putrid odour will disappear.

“ This operation, however, ought not to be thus performed whenever the liquids spilled upon the ground may become the subject of a chemical analysis: in this case the greatest quantity possible should be carefully collected; and it is when this has been effected that the disinfection of the ground should be performed in the manner above mentioned.

“ If the infection have spread in the neighbouring places, in the corridors, stairs, &c. the infected places are to be sprinkled with one or two glasses of liquid chloruret of lime, and the fetid odour will cease.

“ Care must be taken to moisten frequently with the liquid contained in the tub, the sheet which covers the corpse: the reproduction of the putrid odour will be thus prevented.

“ As soon as the body has been removed, the sheet which has served for the disinfection should be washed in large quantities of water, dried and folded.”

It is evident that the process may be applied in cases where it is required to preserve a corpse from putrefaction, either for the purposes of lying in state, or remaining for the inspection of relatives. The body of the late King of France, Louis XVIII. was presented to the public, to use the French phrase, without odour. M. Labarraque was present at the embalming, and this may be considered as the triumph of his art. There are objects, however, of much greater importance than the mockery of funeral pomp, or the useless gratification of morbid feelings of affection, to which the chlorurets may be successfully applied. The most severe cases of typhus are found amongst students of anatomy, who thus fall a sacrifice to their love of science. Dwelling over a putrid mass of animal substance for days and weeks, and constantly inspiring an atmosphere loaded with the pernicious exhalations which it throws out, the student sickens, and rapidly falls the victim of an irresistible malady. A judicious application of the solution of the chlorurets, when joined with the usual precautions of cleanliness, may be shown to divest the dissecting-room of all its noxious qualities.

The floor should be washed with chlorureted water, and afterwards with plain water when necessary. With these general precautions, the prevention of putrefaction is not difficult; the aspersion of the solution of chloruret of lime or of soda over the subject each time before beginning to dissect, removing with a sponge all superfluous moisture, and renewing the sprinkling should it be required during the work, will be sufficient to counteract putrefaction, and the odour resulting from it. When the dissection is discontinued, the covering of the subject with a coarse cloth or cloths moistened in the solution of the chloruret, should not be omitted; and the moistening

of the cloths should be renewed night and morning. The proportions for this purpose, may be from twenty-five to thirty, or even forty parts of water to one of the chloruret.

In hospitals, manufactories, and all other places where persons are exposed to the contaminating effects of an atmosphere impregnated with pernicious exhalations, M. Labarraque's method has been used with the most triumphant success.

M. Labarraque relates experiments made during two nights at the Bicêtre in eight wards, inhabited and very infected. These wards, to the great satisfaction of the patients and of the physician who attended them, (Dr. Pariset, general secretary to the Royal Academy of Medicine, &c.) have been purified by means of sprinklings made with one bottle of the concentrated chloruret diluted with thirty parts of water. The remainder of the liquor served to disinfect the tubs placed outside the wards and the privies of the lunatic patients.

Ships may be thus purified from the effects of a number of individuals living crowded together; and the water, which frequently becomes putrid at sea, may likewise be rendered perfectly sweet by the same process.

"The chloruret of lime is previously dissolved in water, and added gradually, stirring the vessel of putrid water till the disinfection be complete. If the chloruret predominate, it is sufficient to expose the chlorureted water for some moments to the air, and to filtrate it or leave it to settle, in order that it may become drinkable.

"We may readily conceive of what utility this process may be, whether at sea, or in marshy countries where the water is insalubrious, or even where persons are obliged to drink the water of cisterns, which is often corrupted."

One of the most striking examples of the efficacy of M. Labarraque's disinfectants, occurs in the cleansing of one of the horrid sewers of Paris. The subject may not be considered as one of the most delicate—our regard, however, for the important interests of health, and the prevention of misery, leads us to despise that which may, in the present instance, be considered a false delicacy. Without hesitation, therefore, we shall record M. Labarraque's own account of the purification of the Egout Amelot.

M. Paulin, manager of the general administration of the drain of St. Martin, came to me the 11th August, 1825, to solicit, on the part of M. Berard, vice-president of the Council of Health, some chloruret of lime, with the manner of using it to disinfect a portion of the drain or sewer, Egout Amelot, where several workmen had fallen into a state of suspended animation the preceding day. I offered my assistance in the projected operation. The nightmen were ordered for the cleansing of a portion of the sewer, from about twelve to fourteen feet, which was to be effected the next day at eight o'clock. The slime and filth to be raised were four feet and a half deep.

I caused to be placed, not far from the sewer, a tub containing about sixty litres (about fifteen gallons) of water, with one pound of the chloruret of lime well diffused in this liquid. A pailful of this liquor was placed by the side of the workmen occupied in demolishing the wall; and these workmen, at the moment of raising the demolitions, washed their hands and arms, and moistened their nostrils with the chlorureted water. The nightmen took the same precaution in carrying away the soil, which, thrown some feet above their heads and mine, was watered with the solution of the chloruret, then projected by a workman on the surface of the ground; this slime, by means of a renewed sprinkling, was further disinfected. The operation lasted more than four hours, and without any accident occurring. Whether through deference to me, or, perhaps, because I had impressed upon them my conviction of the efficacy of the disinfectant employed, these workmen were obedient to my advice. The security in which they witnessed me during the whole of their dangerous and unpleasant work,—merely holding a smelling-bottle of chloruret in my hand, and sometimes under my nostrils, may have also contributed to that effect. Nevertheless we were in a sewer infected and impracticable for more than forty years,* and in which eight

* See the interesting work of M. Parent-Duchatelet, entitled, "Essais sur les Cloaques ou Egouts de la Ville de Paris."

workmen were seized with asphyxia a short time after having penetrated into it. This unhappy event, which occurred in 1782, was the subject of an essay by M. Cadet de Vaux, which gave rise to the splendid researches of the celebrated professor Halle, and may more recently have contributed to those of Messrs. Thenard, Dupuytren, Barruel, &c.

It may be seen that the Egout Amelot, left to itself on account of the just dread which it inspired in the workmen and the authorities, contained a considerable augmentation of filth, which augmenting daily, would in the end have entirely obstructed it. Will it not be possible to effect the emptying or cleansing of it without having to deplore these fatal accidents?—such was the question which I proposed to myself whilst I was surrounded by deadly emanations,—a question which I believed myself able to answer in the affirmative : but to attain this end it would be necessary to combine the wind furnace of Darcet, (one of the most useful applications I am aware of,) with the abundant use of the chloruret, and with many other precautionary means relating to health which should be indicated by localities.

As I was preparing to descend into the sewer, a woman in tears came to solicit assistance from the chief of the workmen. Her husband was one of those struck with asphyxia, and who had been attacked in the severest form ; he had lost all recollection during a long time, since he had been carried to No. 48, rue des Tournelles, without having recovered his senses. A vomit was administered : the physician, considering the frightful misery of the patient, advised him to be carried to an hospital, and believed his advice had been followed. The patient nevertheless wished to remain at home : he had been vomiting for forty-eight hours the weak tea which had been given him, and several times within this period he had lost his recollection. I directed some remedies : acidulated water, &c.

The emptying of the sewer being almost finished, I desired to be conducted to the patient. The vomiting had ceased after the first cup of acidulated gum-water. This man, aged forty-one years, had the appearance of decrepitude. Pierre Aimé lay upon a pallet ; his pulse was miserable ; he complained of severe pains in his head, and of great weight ; he said he had great difficulty in breathing, and that he was tormented above all by the bad taste which he had constantly in his mouth, and which he said was that of the stench (plomb) which had made him lose his recollection : his voice was almost extinct, and he believed that he had but a few moments to live. I raised the spirits of this unfortunate man, by assuring him that he should speedily be cured, and that his wages should be paid the same as if he had been at work : at the same time I made him respire the vapour of some concentrated chloruret, which he seemed to suck in with delight ; his features appeared less shrunk. Pierre Aimé assured me that he breathed more freely, and that he had no longer the bad odour in his mouth. The next day I learned that the patient had slept five hours ; he called for the water which had relieved him from so great a weight and pain in his head ; I sprinkled diluted chloruret in his chamber. The 14th August Pierre Aimé was cured ; he had been able to get up and go out. I informed myself of the circumstances of his accident : “ A building stone,” said he, “ having fallen among the filth of the sewer, and having stuck there, I raised it a little with my pickaxe ; and stooping, my two hands before me, to lay hold of it and raise it, I fell without recollection, and as if struck with death.”

The effect of the chloruret will perhaps appear surprising in this instance, considering the time which had elapsed since the asphyxia (forty-eight hours). However, persons who have respired the gas which is disengaged from animal substances in putrefaction, must have remarked that they are pursued for a long time by the fetid odour, and that even their excretions are partly impregnated with it. It therefore appears to me rational to make the patients respire the chloruret of oxide of sodium or of lime, in all cases of asphyxia arising from sewers or privies, however long after the event the patients may have been under the influence of the deleterious gas.

It is scarcely possible that any doubt can remain in the mind of the most sceptical, of the powerful agency of these preparations. Should this, however, be the case, it will surely be removed by the following case of asphyxia. It occurred in August, 1824.

A workman of a vermicelli maker was exposed to a current of deleterious gas, which proceeded from an accumulation of filth and rubbish heaped together from a pit of night-soil which was undergoing repair. He fell without consciousness. M. Labarraque was called to the patient soon after the accident ;—the symptoms were, pulse strong, but fugitive on pressure, excessive rigidity of the limbs ; arms stretched, stiff

and almost cold; head thrown backwards; veins of the neck turgid; face violet coloured, also the lips, which were much swollen; eyes closed, dull and insensible; respiration appeared extinct; the danger seemed imminent. The physician did not arrive; vinegar, æther, and strong ammonia, placed under the patient's nostrils, produced no effect. The sensibility could not be recalled. M. Labarraque details the train of reasoning which led him to adopt immediately the concentrated solution of the chloruret of oxide of sodium. A napkin moistened in the solution was placed under the patient's nostrils, and in less than one minute he uttered an acute and plaintive cry or groan: the rigidity ceased; his eyes opened to shut again in a few seconds: the tetanic rigidity had reappeared with its frightful train. I (Mr. L.) had withdrawn the chloruret too soon. The usual stimulants again tried produced no effect. The chloruret was reapplied: in less than a minute the rigidity of the limbs ceased, and the patient sent forth a piercing cry, which was stopped by the linen impregnated with the chloruret. A full inspiration took place; the air necessarily passing through the moistened linen, was therefore charged with chloruret, saturated with water. The disinfection of the gas contained in the chest, was no doubt complete, since the symptoms ceased. He was made to walk into the street, keeping the chloruret under his nostrils. His countenance regained its natural appearance. Two spoonfuls of an æthereal potion were administered, and he was soon in a condition to resume his work; but this was not deemed prudent after so severe a shock. Repose and the open air were prescribed.

The patient's name was Jean Deliau. He recovered his health as perfectly as before the accident.

The Commission of Health at Marseilles, charged with making experiments on the use of the chlorurets of soda and of lime, in the lazaretto, have made a report confirmatory of their utility, and have added many useful directions for their application. The report is dated in December, 1825, and was communicated by the Member of the Interior to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, at its sitting on the 3d February, 1825.

The following are extracts from the experiments recommended by the commission, to be made in the hospitals for persons labouring under the plague.

1. Washings and aspersions with the chlorureted water to be made in the wards several times every day.
2. Tubs containing chlorureted water are to be placed in the same wards, so as to keep up a continual evaporation of the chlorurets.
3. The physicians, almoners, servants, and all those who take care of the sick, before approaching them, and in quitting them, to wash their hands in chlorureted water.
4. The same persons to make use of smelling bottles filled with chlorurets, and to moisten the openings of the nostrils therewith.
5. Applications of the chlorureted water to be made to the buboes, the carbuncles, and the gangrenes of persons labouring under the plague.
6. Smelling bottles or sponges imbibed with the chlorurets are to be frequently brought near to the nostrils of the same patients.
7. Water containing half a dram or one dram of the concentrated chloruret of oxide of sodium to each pint, to be given to the patients afflicted with plague, as their common drink.
8. The baggage, apparel, &c. of pestiferous patients, and of those suspected to conceal some contagious principle, to be exposed to the evaporation of chlorureted water, which is to be heated to give it greater activity.
9. The apparel which is not likely to be deteriorated by the chlorurets to be washed in these solutions.

In concluding the first part of this account of the properties of these chlorurets, viz. their usefulness in checking the decomposition of animal substances without life, it will be advisable to give M. Labarraque's view of the comparative properties of the two great agents.

These two chlorurets are equally proper to arrest putrefaction: but nevertheless they have not the same secondary properties. He explains: in the act of the disinfection of a putrid animal substance, the chloruret passes into the state of hydro-chlorate, and the hydro-chlorate of lime having the property of absorbing humidity from the air,

fixes it upon the disinfected body. Now, one of the conditions of putrefaction being humidity, it follows, that once the disinfection performed, the chloruret, after a long or shorter time according to its quantity, has changed its state, and furnishes one of the conditions fit to reproduce the putrefactive odour. The chloruret of oxide of sodium, on the contrary, in passing into the state of hydro-chlorate, gives place to the formation of a very dry salt, which acts as a preservative by coagulating the principle which commences putrefaction. This is what he calls a secondary property. Thus the chloruret of oxide of sodium will suit whenever we wish to disinfect a body, and prevent the renewal of putrefaction; it will be fitted above all for applications to wounds of a bad character, by the property which it possesses of detaching the portion of the tissue already disorganized from that which retains its vital properties: whilst the chloruret of lime, *if it be well saturated*, for by keeping, the *disinfecting* and bleaching property of the chloruret of lime is weakened, can only serve for a simple disinfection, that is, for the exhumation of a corpse which is to be immediately examined; it is also fitted for the disinfection of the dead bodies deposited at the Morgue, because the sprinklings with chlorureted water are renewed several times daily if it be necessary.

The use of the chlorurets in the healing of wounds, mollifying ulcers, and otherwise checking decomposition, has not been so much the study of M. Labarraque as the other branch of their influence. His ideas have, however, been taken up by several medical men of ability, and the results are of the most satisfactory kind. Mr. Alcock has here had a more extended field from which to make his collection. Hitherto he has been entirely indebted to M. Labarraque; but for this object has gathered from the different medical journals and reports, the experience of his friends, and his own researches, all that has been done or is to be known relative to the subject. It would be impossible in this slight review of the history of the application of the chlorurets, to give more than a very few of the cases which Mr. Alcock has collected: it is, moreover, in a miscellaneous work like the present, which goes into hands of every description, to detail the particulars of some of the cases. Such extracts as we can make will sufficiently show the further efficacy of the disinfectants, and at any rate excite curiosity, and perhaps promote experiment.

M. Jules Cloquet, adjoint surgeon in chief of the Hospital Saint Louis, has used the chloruret of oxide of sodium successfully to gangrenous ulcers: in several of these extremely severe diseases this able surgeon has caused the mortified limb to be bathed in the chloruret diluted with ten or fifteen parts of water, and has given inwardly from twenty-five to thirty drops of the chloruret of oxide of sodium in a pint of ptisan. His observations will be published.

Professor Marjolin, surgeon in chief of the Hospital Beaujon, has used the same chloruret to gangrenous affections, whether this state occurred after the amputation of a limb, or from any other cause; he observed that the eschar became quickly detached, and that the disease was limited in the greatest number of instances.

The following is an English case:—

The chloruret of oxide of sodium, was used with very good effects in the ulceration resulting from gangrene of the cheek, in a boy aged about nine years, a patient of Mr. Ollier, Surgeon to the Western Dispensary. The boy had laboured under fever, and the destruction of the cheek had taken place, before he came under Mr. Ollier's care. The dead parts had separated, leaving a great part of the lower jaw perfectly denuded; there was a copious and offensive discharge, which evidently, by the fetid odour of the breath, must have tainted the air respired by the patient. A solution of the chloruret, in the proportion of one part to six of water, was applied to the ulcerated surfaces, and the dressings moistened with the same solution from time to time: the putrid odour immediately disappeared; the necessary attention was paid to the general health, which was extremely disordered, the patient laboured under excessive diarrhæa, (a circumstance far from unusual, when the system is under the influence of putrid emanations,) and was in a state of extreme danger. The condition of the ulcerated surfaces rapidly

improved, the diarrhoea ceased, and the strength of the sufferer gradually increased: the solution of the chloruret, there being no longer any putrid odour and the surfaces granulating kindly, was changed for the black wash, and when I last saw the patient, he was in a fair way of recovery.

The testimony of M. Lisfranc is decided: he alludes to the horrid disorder called hospital gangrene, which, when it has settled in a wound, generally proves fatal to every patient suffering from wounds. No operation can be performed, for no incision will heal.

M. Lisfranc, Surgeon in Chief of La Pitié, has had the good fortune to preserve the limbs of several patients, which were about to be amputated, by applications of the chloruret of oxide of sodium, and he has been enabled to say with truth to his pupils; henceforward, there will be no longer any gangrene (*pourriture*) in Hospitals, thanks to M. Labarraque.

The following is M. Alcock's testimony of his own experience in cases of ulcer.

The author has used both the chloruret of lime and that of soda as well in the treatment of common ulcers as in those of long standing, and has found the healing process to advance with greater certainty than under the use of the usual applications. When there is much inflammation the use of the chlorurets produces too much irritation to be proper. Sometimes the solution of the chloruret has been combined with the use of cataplasms; but more generally with common dressings, varying the support afforded to the limb according to circumstances.

However desirable in some cases it may be for the patients to afford an ulcerated leg complete rest, yet the inconveniences of such a mode of treatment are very great, and by careful dressing, a very considerable degree of exercise may be permitted without injury. In some of the cases in which I have employed the chlorurets, the patients have been so circumstanced as to be obliged to walk from five to six miles daily, and the healing process has gone on favourably under this disadvantage.

Sometimes in old ulcers the surface is foul, the discharge is thin, acrid, and extremely offensive: in such cases I have observed a decided improvement, even during the first week, under the use of the chloruret of oxide of sodium.

The strength of the application should be regulated so as to avoid giving any considerable pain. From three to six proportions of distilled water to one of the concentrated solution, will suffice for ordinary use; but sometimes its immediate application undiluted when the surface is very foul, may be made not only without injury, but with decided benefit. I have witnessed on several occasions the change from a foul grey surface to a clean florid appearance in twenty-four hours, and the relief to the patient's feelings correspond with the alteration in the appearance; but it is not any sudden improvement, which can supersede the necessity of strict and persevering attention: I have known patients inflict upon themselves by a single awkward application of the roller a degree of injury, which has not been recovered from in the course of a month.

I have at this time under my care a gentleman labouring under ulcer of the leg, who informs me that previously to his coming to town his leg had thrice from a tolerably healthy condition of sore, taken on the sloughing process, and each time after an attempt to expedite the cure by means of pressure. He was confined to his bed for many weeks, and months elapsed before he was enabled to leave his room.

In a case of ulcers of the leg, nearly surrounding it between the ankle and the calf, and which had not been healed during the ten preceding years, the discharge was copious, acrid, and so offensive as to be a great cause of distress to the patient—she was a female, beyond the middle period of life, and had undergone the operation of tying a varicose vein of the diseased leg more than twenty years ago, since when she has seldom been free from ulcers. She was in humble circumstances, and obliged to labour for her subsistence. Under the use of the chloruret of oxide of sodium and careful dressing, with attention to her general health, which was very imperfect, the ulcers soon assumed a healthy appearance, and she was relieved from the pain which she had long suffered: in little more than two months the larger ulcers were reduced to less than half their original size, and the smaller ones were healed. As long as she was dressed daily she continued to improve, but she lived so far off as to render her attendance every day extremely inconvenient; she begged to be allowed to dress it herself, but with the most careful assistance in pointing out to her the mode of performing the dressing, she did not succeed very well in her endeavours. From this

time little progress was made ; she occasionally attends to show that her leg has not become worse, and is extremely thankful that she no longer suffers the pain as formerly, and that she is perfectly free from the noisome smell which used to distress her.

There are various other instances of disease in which the use of chlorurets has been found beneficial.

Cancer has been disinfected, and experiments are continued on this frightful malady as also on corroding tetters. (Dartres.) Cases of the cure of scald-head have equally been communicated to the Royal Academy of Medicine.

Herpes. Dr. Biett, Physician to the Hospital Saint Louis, has made numerous applications of the chloruret of oxide of sodium to herpetic complaints.

M. Sanson, Surgeon in Ordinary at the Hotel Dieu, has disinfected *ulcerations of the mouth*, with caries of the bones of the vault of the palate, and has suspended during some time, the ravages of this frightful malady.

Dr. Lagneau has made use of the chloruret in injections for the *softening of the gums, with ulcerations* exhaling a great degree of fœtor. The condition of the patient has been ameliorated, and after each injection, the odour has been destroyed.

M. Reynard, dentist, has wished to employ the chloruret of oxide of sodium, to arrest the caries of teeth, and to destroy the odour of the mouth ; but he has observed, that this remedy disagreeably excites the salivary glands ; and on that account, he thinks it cannot be employed for the toilet of the mouth.

Dr. Chantourelle has long since employed the chloruret of oxide of sodium, diluted with ten parts of water, in two cases of putrid sore throat, (*angina gangrenosa*,) and all fetid odour, so dangerous to the assistants and to the physician, disappeared : these two cases have been communicated to the Society of Medicine of Paris. Very recently also, he has derived great advantage from the use of the chloruret taken into the stomach, in the dose of twenty-five drops in a glass of water, to destroy the disengagement of sulphureous gas, which very greatly troubled a person poisoned by the hydrosulphuret of potash, already expelled by vomiting.

In *Ptyalism*, and *ulcers of the mouth*, the author has employed the solution of the chloruret of oxide of sodium, with decided benefit ; also in *simple and syphilitic ulcers of the throat* ; in the more severe affections of these parts in that form of angina, commonly called putrid sore throat, the relief has been almost immediate.

This account of the chlorurets would be very incomplete, unless we gave Mr. Alcock's translation of the methods used by Labarraque in preparing them.

M. Labarraque, in a note read to the Society of Medical Chemistry, the 13th March, 1826, observes :

“ When a therapeutic agent comes into general use, it is indispensable to regulate its mode of preparation, that the substance may be identical every where. He desires that these formulæ may produce this effect. The first (the chloruret of oxide of sodium, — *chlorure d'oxide de sodium*,) is especially employed in topical and external application to wounds and ulcers affected with hospital gangrene, or of which the character is gangrenous ; the other (the chloruret of oxide of calcium, — *chlorure d'oxide de calcium*, or simply expressed, chloruret of lime), serves for the disinfection of amphitheatres, of sick wards, and of all places become unhealthy by the presence of putrefied animal matters.

Chloruret of Oxide of Sodium.

Pure carbonate of soda * 2½ kilogrammes
Distilled water 10 kil.

Mix, and assure yourself, that the liquor marks twelve degrees by the areometer (pèse-sel) of Baumé. If the liquor be too concentrated, which might happen if the salt have effloresced, add the necessary quantity of water to bring it to the degree indicated. If, on the contrary, the solution be too weak, a sufficient quantity of the carbonate of soda must be added.

If the carbonate of soda constantly retained the same quantity of water, it would only be necessary to fix the precise doses ; but this salt is far from being at all times identical.

The liquor is put into a vessel of sufficient capacity that about one fourth may remain empty.

* The sub-carbonate of the London Pharmacopœia.

We dispose upon a sand bath, a glass balloon of four pints, with long neck and wide mouth, into which the following mixture is to be introduced.

Hydrochlorate of soda (common salt) 576 grammes
Peroxide of manganese, in powder * 448 grammes

To the opening of the balloon, is luted a large bent tube, and an S tube, for the introduction of the diluted acid. The first tube dips into a vessel containing a small quantity of water, and from this same vessel, a large bent tube proceeds to, and dips into the flagon or vessel containing the saline solution.

The apparatus being conveniently disposed and the lutes well dried, the diluted acid, cold and mixed some hours previously with the water, is poured through the S tube, in the following proportions :

Concentrated sulphuric acid 576 grammes
Water 448 grammes

The fire is applied under the sand bath, and is directed gradually, till the disengagement of the chlorine ceases.

The operation terminated, the apparatus is unluted, and the discolouring or bleaching power of the product is examined.† For this purpose one part of the chloruret is introduced into the *barthollimeter* ‡ and a solution of indigo is poured upon it, prepared as follows :

Bengal indigo powdered 1 part
Concentrated sulphuric acid 6 parts

Apply heat, and afterwards dilute with 993 parts of distilled water.

The chloruret ought to discharge eighteen parts of sulphate of indigo. It is essential to make two or three proofs of discoloration.

After the first, which is made by feeling one's way, the second ought to be made briskly, by adding at once the whole quantity of the solution of sulphate of indigo, which the preceding proof had required to arrive at a deep green. In acting promptly the discoloration is more decided (as observed by M. M. Gay-Lussac and Welter :) which obliges us to make a third proof, after having added some parts of the sulphate of indigo to the second, to arrive at the green colour, and in keeping account of this addition in the last experiment, which is the most conclusive.

If the solution of carbonate of soda be not sufficiently saturated with chlorine, a current of this gas should be again passed through it, to bring it to the fixed point.

M. Labarraque adds, that he has here entered into superfluous details for the instructed apothecary, but although minute for practised chemists, these details have appeared to M. L. indispensable in the preparation of a medicament, which till very lately had not been employed in medicine. He recommends that the preceding process should be followed to the letter, so as to obtain always an identical product, and thereby the same beneficial results ; for it is known that in the preparation of certain medicaments, the mode of preparing them modifies their external characters and even their virtues.§

* The quantity of peroxide of manganese, would be too considerable, if this substance were always found of the first quality in commerce. Its excess does not in any case seem to be hurtful.

† It might save much inconvenience either to have a stop cock at the bottom of the vessel, or to withdraw, by a tube passed through the safety tube, a portion of the solution for the purpose of examination, before the apparatus be unluted. If the tube conveying the chlorine do not pass sufficiently near to the bottom of the alkaline solution, the upper part may be fully impregnated, whilst the lower portion of the liquid may not be of the required strength. This remark has been verified by Mr. Morson, who has paid considerable attention to the preparation of this chloruret : his apparatus is furnished with stopcocks, by which a portion of the preparation may be withdrawn for examination at any period during the process.—Ed.

‡ A simple graduated tube or measure will answer the purpose.—Ed.

§ Mr. L. further adds, " I hope to be pardoned for this solicitude, when it is with this product as it is with all the produce of the hands of men, nothing is perfect. Very clever chemists, thinking perhaps that advantageous modifications might be made in this process, have made chlorurets which have not produced the same effects as those which I have caused to be tried. Nevertheless, I have not made any mystery respecting it, I have described the process with all the care of which I am capable ;

*Chloruret of Oxide of Calcium.**(Chloruret of Lime.)*

The process by which M. Labarraque makes this preparation is as follows :

Caustic lime is sprinkled with a small quantity of water, and allowed to slake completely. This damp powder is mixed with one twentieth part of hydro-chlorate of soda, and put into vessels of earthen ware of an elongated form, into which the chlorine arrives. This gas is disengaged from a mixture similar to that employed to prepare the chloruret of oxide of sodium. Several apparatus are placed by the side of each other, according to need, always being careful that the chlorine arrives slowly into each of them, so that the combination may be made successively. This condition is essential to the success of the operation.

The hydrated lime, being sufficiently charged with chlorine, becomes moist, and on this phenomenon we are aware that the operation draws near to a close.

To essay its point of saturation, one part of this chloruret is diffused in one hundred and thirty parts of water, and this solution ought to destroy the colour of four parts and a half of sulphate of indigo.

Mr. L. observes, the chlorometer of the celebrated Gay-Lussac (described in another part of this work) is much more exact; and it is of this instrument that we ought to avail ourselves to examine this chloruret, if we wish to employ it for degenerated burns, as M. Lisfranc has done with success.

For disinfections, the essential point is to saturate the mixture with chlorine, and the purity of the bases is less necessary for chloruret for this purpose than for that which is employed upon living beings.

In considerable establishments, such as hospitals, &c. where daily disinfections may be required, we may make liquid chloruret of lime, and the following is the process :

Put into forty litres of water half a kilogramme of hydro-chlorate of soda, and one and a half kilogramme of slaked *quick* lime; a tube must be conducted to within a few inches of the bottom of this liquid (which must be stirred with a wooden spatula), to conduct the chlorine disengaged from a mixture which may be one half less considerable than that which has been indicated to obtain the chloruret of oxide of sodium : the discolouring property of this liquid chloruret must be tested; it will be too strong for the disinfection of the wards and of putrid animal substances; it must be diluted with a sufficient quantity of water, and may be used for sprinklings.

The public is much indebted to Mr. Alcock for bringing this subject before it, and at the same time, for presenting practitioners in a compact form with all the information necessary for applying the discovery. The praise of industry is certainly due to him—to the merit of originality he has about the same claim that we have ourselves, who have learned all we know about the matter from his little book. A little book, may, however, afford matter for a very long article—and a long article may be, in many respects, better than either a long or a short book. For satisfaction on a great number of points, we must, however, refer to Mr. Alcock; in one respect we have the advantage over him—we are not given to prosing—we do not deal in truisms—we indulge not in pompous nothings: the critical knife of a dexterous literary surgeon would amputate a very considerable part of the essay before us. We would advise Mr. Alcock first of all to attend to his logic; next to his language, when he is translating from the French; but above all, let him guard against *cant*. If he is at

but it is impossible that this description should supply the habit of making it on a large scale, and of often performing the same operation."

The author deems it simply an act of justice to M. Labarraque to state that he has found the chlorurets, obtained from Mr. L. at different times, very uniform in strength, and possessing the same medicinal properties.

a loss to understand our meaning, let him peruse the following extract from the essay:—

This example might almost supersede any remarks on what the use of the chloruret can not effect: neither that nor any other remedy can supply elementary knowledge, nor the habit of tracing cause and effect, without which the best applications may be so injudiciously employed as to produce evil where good only is intended.

The use of the chlorurets cannot confer manual dexterity, which in surgery is essential to carry into effect the dictates of a clear judgment: what avails it, for instance, in the treatment of an irritable and painful ulcer, that a judicious surgeon should observe, that to the use of a local remedy, ought to be joined a certain degree of external support, by bandage or other means, to a limb in which the preternatural distension of the blood-vessels, is one of the causes of the protraction of the disease? The use of the chlorurets will neither confer that tact which shall render the application of a bandage soothing and beneficial in proportion as it is equally and properly applied; nor can it prevent the ridges and furrows, the uneasiness and increase of pain, which often characterize the awkward and injurious use of the bandage.

The adaptation of the means to the end in the treatment of disease requires constant vigilance, and a greater regard for the welfare of the patient than for any preconceived opinions; remedies which may be the most appropriate at one period, often prove detrimental under other circumstances; and no remedy can be so universally applicable as to preclude the exercise of a scientific discretion, and what is of still higher value—common-sense.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF COUNT DE BENYOWSKY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN—The public attention having been lately attracted by a drama to an episode in the life of the celebrated Count Benyowsky, your readers may perhaps be interested in an authentic, indeed an official detail of the last moments of a man whose adventures more resembled those of the hero of a melodrame, than of an actor in real life, and who, had he been born under a happier star, might have transmitted his name to posterity as the founder of an empire. I became possessed of this valuable document, a translation of which I annex, from having been so fortunate as to render some services to one of the keepers of the archives of the French marine, who allowed me to extract this and a few more curious articles from the mass of official rubbish under which they had been buried for nearly forty years; for so long it is since a bullet from a nameless hand deprived Africa of one whose powerful mind, directed exclusively to the advancement of his infant colony, might have done more towards the civilization of that hapless quarter of the globe, than all the petty commercial establishments of the *Grand Monarque*, or even than all the more liberal, though luckless, expeditions undertaken in our own days. Fate however decreed it should be otherwise; the interesting colony was crushed in its birth, and all must sympathize with me at seeing the senseless natives crowding around the dead lion, whom, when alive, they crouched before. In a few hours they demolished the fort and town, from whence the rays of knowledge and humanity were to have diffused themselves, whilst the powerful hand that should

have repelled them lay cold in death, and the French commander sate by, enjoying the destruction of which he had been the cause. At all events, though strict justice obliges us to acknowledge that he had founded his colony on an act of piracy, it is impossible to refuse a sigh to the fate of the noble-minded, the enterprizing, the gallant Benyowsky.

I am, Gentlemen, your's, &c. R. E. S.

Journal of the Expedition undertaken against M. de Benyowsky, sent to M. le Vicomte de Souillac, Governor General of the French Colonies beyond the Cape of Good Hope, by M. L'Archer, Captain and Adjutant of the Regiment of Pondicherry, commanding a Detachment of Sixty Men sent for that purpose.

Foulpoint, Isle of Madagascar, July 13, 1786.

General—I hasten to have the honour of giving you an account of the expedition undertaken by your orders to Angoutzy, by the detachment from the regiment of Pondicherry which I command; I request you to allow me to address to you the following detailed account of it.

Setting sail from the Isle of France the 9th of May, in the *Louisa*, we dropped anchor in the French establishment of Foulpoint on the 17th, at nine at night.

You had ordered us to stop here to obtain more recent information on the new establishment formed at Angoutzy by M. de Benyowsky, who had seized on the flag and the property belonging to his most Christian Majesty at that place.

M. le Mayeur, the negotiating agent at Foulpoint, being there to join the detachment under my orders, to act as counsellor, interpreter, and guide, could not embark until two days after, on the evening of the 19th.

On the 20th, at half-past two in the morning, the *Louisa* weighed anchor, sailed from Foulpoint Roads, and directed her course to the Isle of Saint Marie. The object of this second delay was to procure from the principal inhabitants of this isle still more certain intelligence than what M. le Mayeur could have collected for us at Foulpoint. We there learned that M. de Benyowsky had sent two white men, and several blacks, to the upper end of the Bay of Antongil, not far from Manaar, to explore a silver mine, but that he himself remained near Angoutzy; that he had built a village there which he called the “town of the Mauritanique God,” and in which he had assembled a great number of the natives. I could not however acquire any certain intimation of the position of this village, of its distance from the sea, of the road we should follow to penetrate to it, nor of the fortifications or strength of M. de Benyowsky.

M. Lequenue had told me at Foulpoint that he had fifteen or sixteen whites, and nearly two hundred armed blacks; but neither fortifications nor artillery; but in this he was mistaken. On the 21st,

at eleven in the forenoon, the *Louisa* again set sail, and on the 23d, at four in the afternoon, cast anchor in the Bay of Cape L'Est. At the upper end of this bay is a magazine, in which the French, who carried on negotiations for his most Christian Majesty, enclosed their property and provisions. M. de Benyowsky had seized on it at his arrival, and with the European merchandize paid the blacks who built his town. We could perceive near this magazine many persons who were observing our motions, but we could not ascertain their colour.

When we had dropt anchor, I had the long-boat and the yawl lowered, and made preparations for embarking my forces in them. The night was drawing near; we lowered into the long-boat our ammunition, our two pieces of artillery, and I embarked with Messrs. De Kavadek, De Valliere, Le Mayeur, and forty men. The remainder, commanded by M. Rondelet, my lieutenant, were to follow in the yawl. I gave the word to bear off from the ship, but we had scarcely done so when I perceived that we were overloaded. The currents are so rapid in this bay, that we were driving rapidly towards reefs that lay at no great distance. The danger was imminent, and I shouted to the ship to send quickly the yawl to tow us back to her; notwithstanding this assistance, it was with considerable difficulty we conquered the current, and regained the ship. The night fell very dark; no person on board knew either the anchorage or the landing-place. I had just experienced the violence of the currents; a nocturnal disembarkation would have neither expedited nor facilitated our operations. Having neither maps nor guides, I should have been obliged to wait for daylight on the strand, that I might then endeavour to discover some path through the thick woods that came down to the very water edge. All these considerations determined me to put my men on board the *Louisa* again, and to wait there for the rising of the moon, and the approach of day.

On the 24th, at four in the morning, I re-embarked in the long-boat my ammunition, my artillery, Messrs. De Valliere and Le Mayeur, with only twenty-four men, of whom I took the command. I ordered M. Rondelet to embark in the yawl, and to follow me with his men. M. de Kavadek was to remain on board with twenty men. I ordered him to wait for the return of the long-boat, and then to join me on the shore. This successive disembarkation, which I was not prepared for, (as I was led to expect, from the assertions of the captain, that his two boats would contain the entire of my detachment,) might have been dangerous, if we had been attacked whilst landing. The great number of men I had seen the night before, gave me reason to suppose this might be the case; but it was necessary to make a descent, and I had no choice as to the means.

I had the long-boat steered above the magazine, that I might have time to unite my detachment before an attack could be made on it; then, having gained the shore, we all disembarked in the most profound silence.

The skirt of a thick wood was twenty paces distant from us in front, and I had just placed sentinels on it, when two muskets were discharged at us from the magazine; I made my men take close order,

loaded my guns, lighted my matches, and kept myself equally in readiness to repel an attack, and to cover the landing of the rest of my detachment, which the boats had returned to the ship for.

Five or six musket-shots, pretty well aimed, came from the same direction as the first. I would not allow my men to return the fire; at last, the remainder of my people arrived, landed, and joined me, after having had some musket-shots directed against them also.

The day, which now began to break, showed us shortly after a group of men near the spot from whence the muskets had been fired; I distinguished amongst them two whites, and many armed blacks; their number seemed augmenting every moment. I had a cannon fired against them, on which they took shelter in the wood; and I lost sight of them. Then I proposed to M. le Mayeur to go in search of M. de Benyowsky with a flag of truce, and to carry our propositions to him as his private instructions indicated; to which he made answer,—“I shall take good care to do no such thing, for he would hang me; but arm me with one of your pistols only, and I will follow wherever you choose to lead me.”

Having formed my men, and discovered the enemy, we marched forward. The advanced guard, headed by M. de Kavadek, preceded the artillery; a corporal and four men searched the skirt of the wood in front and to the left of the advanced guard; I followed my two pieces closely, with the rest of my men. I expected to meet with resistance at the magazine we were approaching; I placed my guns so as to favour an attack, and we continued our march prepared for every event. The magazine had, however, been abandoned; we found a fire still burning in it: those who had fired on us appeared to have passed the night in it. We had now nothing in sight but the woods; no person came near us, and we could discover neither road nor even path. M. le Mayeur had no idea of Benyowsky's position; I could not tell at what point to enter the forest, having, as I said before, neither a map nor guides. I had the wood carefully searched at the entrance of the magazine, that I might discover the path which led to the interior; at last we perceived some footsteps of oxen and men, which led us to a narrow path, cut but very lately through the forest. We conjectured that this should lead to the town of M. de Benyowsky; in this expectation I determined to follow it, leaving in the magazine a corporal and four men to guard our military stores, and to keep up a communication with the ship. I also left here the surgeon. It was near two in the afternoon when we entered into the path that had been cut through these thick woods; when we had advanced about fifty paces into the forest, we came to a marshy stream, which could be crossed only by means of a large tree that was placed over it. I thought my passage might be opposed, and took every possible precaution for the protection of my guns, which we were obliged to dismount, and have them carried on men's shoulders.

Five streams, or broad marshy rivulets, which successively crossed our path in the space of half a league, presented the same or even greater difficulties; we at last arrived at the bank of a deep, muddy river, but over which there was fortunately a crazy bridge, which the

rapidity of our march had not left time to destroy. It is probable, too, that M. de Benyowsky, persuaded that we should not have found this path, or that it would have been impassable for such a number of men, had not expected us from that side. What leads me to believe this is, that if we had followed the line of the sea-shore, we should have discovered a more open road, both shorter and less marshy, but of which we had not the least idea. On this road he had posted a sentinel, and thrown up some entrenchments, which proved that it was from that quarter he expected us.

There is no doubt but he had made preparations against an attack; he had said that morning, "I shall have a skirmish to-day with the Foulpoint agents; they have spared us the trouble of going in search of them."

The bridge we had reached was, however, too weak to risk the passage over it of our guns on their carriages, though they were very light. I had them, consequently, dismounted, and at the opposite bank remounted them again; I then drew up my men in order, for we now drew near to the town of Mauritania. I could already hear the noise of the workmen, who seemed to be striking down stakes or palisadoes. I concluded from thence that the enemy was entrenching himself. After another quarter hour's march, my patrol in advance gave notice that we had reached the extremity of the wood, where the path was terminated by a wooden barrier, from which the town was visible. I advanced myself to reconnoitre the position that M. de Benyowsky had taken up. I then saw, at about three hundred fathoms from the wood we had just penetrated through, a town, which appeared to me of considerable extent; at the end of the principal street appeared a house much larger and more elevated than the rest; I judged that this was the abode of M. de Benyowsky. A tuft of trees as yet concealed the fort from me; and, relying on the intelligence of M. Lequenue, I did not expect that there was one. I could only perceive above the tops of the trees two flags, one yellow and blue, with crescents and stars on a blue field; the other red. M. Le Mayeur informed me that in this country the red flag was the signal for battle, and for calling together all their allies. After reconnoitring thus, I fell back to my men, inspected my guns, my cartouche boxes, and my small arms, to ascertain whether they had received any damp, and completed my arrangements. My artillery followed my advanced guard, and the rear was brought up by my little column of forty men. Thus prepared for every thing, and seeing no one advancing to meet us, though I had perceived much commotion in the town, we *debouched* from the forest.

M. de Benyowsky, who was at the door of his house, perceived us, and running to his fort, cried out to all his people to be prepared:—"The first who makes one step backwards," added he, "I will cleave his skull." This we heard from one of our prisoners.

We then perceived on an eminence of about one hundred and fifty feet in height, a fort, surrounded with palisadoes of nine feet in height, and in the centre, on a commanding platform, two four-pounders and four carronades, which were levelled at us. Nearly ninety men, blacks and whites, armed with muskets, were around the guns, on the battery;

and within the palisadoes. Observing their motions, we advanced in good order, without precipitation, and reserving our fire. When within two hundred and fifty fathoms of the fort, we saw M. de Benyowsky himself firing a cannon against us, the ball from which passed over our heads. At an hundred and fifty fathoms distance, another was fired, loaded with grape shot; at sixty fathoms, a third, the ball from which carried away the hat of one soldier, and broke the musket of another; the four carronades were fired then at once, and the musketry kept up an equally brisk fire. We accelerated our march, that we might place ourselves under the shelter of the great house at the foot of the eminence on which the fort was constructed. All my soldiers, in obedience to my commands, had as yet reserved their fire. When under cover of the house, we formed into two platoons for the attack, and I ordered them to commence firing at each side of it.

At that moment I perceived that M. de Benyowsky had just applied the match to one of his guns, which did not go off; we were then so near that that shot would certainly have killed or wounded the greatest part of my detachment. I then thought the decisive moment was come. I ordered the assault, and we rushed to it. I was yet a few paces from the exterior palisadoes, when I saw M. de Benyowsky, armed with a musket, fire it off, let it drop, place his left hand on his breast, and stretch forward his right hand towards us, then take some steps to descend from his battery, and fall heavily against the outward stake that strengthened the palisadoes. We sprung over them, and mounting to the battery, I passed close to M. de Benyowsky, who seemed endeavouring to pronounce some inarticulate words. I had orders to give, and could not at that moment delay; in two minutes I returned; he had just expired; a ball had passed through his breast from the right to the left side. The blacks escaped over the palisadoes; the whites asked quarter, and were all made prisoners. Michel alone received, before the attack, a musket-shot in the right arm. I had not a man killed. I must here do justice to the humanity of my soldiers, after an assault in which they proved both their valour and their discipline.

At nine in the evening we were masters of the fort; it was necessary to assure ourselves of the town also. Some blacks had made a sortie from it before the assault, and fired on our flank; M. Le Mayeur had repelled them with those under his command. I caused the neighbouring parts of the wood, and all the houses to be searched, and found but one sick Frenchman, who had refused to bear arms against the king, (M. Brossart, Chevalier of the order of Cincinnatus;) our remaining white prisoners amounted to eight, whom we placed under a strong guard. When these precautions were taken, and that we had interred M. de Benyowsky, I ordered food to be sought for and got ready; it was now near midnight, and it was nearly twenty hours since my men had any refreshment.

This account, given with the most scrupulous exactness, will I trust suffice, general, to prove to you the excellent conduct of Messieurs Rondelet, Kavadek, and Valliere, without its being necessary for me to bestow on them the praise they so well deserve. As their commander, I issued the orders, but it is to them I owe a complete success.

I must here add, that M. le Mayeur conducted himself all along like a brave man, and a worthy citizen. Five Dutch sailors belonging to the *Louisa*, who carried our ammunition, were also highly useful to us.

On the twenty-fifth in the morning, I allowed the neighbouring blacks who had crowded round the fort, to demolish it, and to take the nails and the iron-work employed in its construction. It was entirely destroyed when we quitted it at three in the afternoon, after having set fire to the town.

On the same morning Madame la Baronne de la Delsein, wife of M. de Benyowsky's prime counsellor, or second in command, and a Portuguese lady of Rio Janeiro (Dona Maria Anna) were delivered into our hands by the blacks; when all the arrangements were completed, and we had returned to the magazine, I embarked my prisoners, and thirty-seven men of my detachment to guard them, and I remained on shore with the rest to procure provisions for the ship, which was in total want of them.

On the 26th, at seven in the morning, the Chief of Anguougue bay, and of the entire tract of country lying between it and the bay of Antongil, came to request our friendship, and to assure us of his entire devotion to the French interests; I received him well, pretending to be quite unconscious that, but the second day before, he had sworn to M. de Benyowsky to die beside him, and that his son and his subjects had fought against us in the fort.

The entire of this day passed in *cabas*, or national meetings; the chief swore to be henceforth the friend of the French alone, and to favour no commercial treaties but theirs. He procured food for us, and presented us with four oxen.

On the 27th we embarked the provisions we were in want of, and returned on board. The night of the 27th was very dangerous; towards ten o'clock we dragged our anchors, and our danger increased every instant; carried away by the force of the current, we were on the point of being dashed against the reefs, from which we were now distant but half a cable's length. We could only hope for safety by casting out a third anchor; the bad state of the long boat, and the high sea that ran, made this attempt dangerous. We tried, however, and most fortunately were successful. The rising tide enabled the long boat to tow the ship against the current, until she had gained a distance from the reefs, when the third anchor held. Towards morning the wind fell, and we repaired whatever damage we had suffered.

The 28th in the morning we weighed anchor, to return to Foulpoint, where we did not arrive until yesterday, the 12th July, the state of the weather obliging us to pass the intermediate time at the Island of Sainte Marie. We found the *Subtile* anchored in Foulpoint Roads, which is to bring us back to the Isle of France; we are not to embark until the 18th.

This day, the 13th of July, King Hyavi came to the French palisades with all his suite, and was saluted with fifteen guns. We held a grand *cabas*, in which the profound respect he testified for the French nation (since the recent success of their arms) makes me think he will grant whatever we shall think fit to ask of him. Messrs. the Agents of Negociation, entrusted with your orders, will give you a

detail of all that passes in this council. To-morrow I shall bring to a public sale the trifling property found in the fort and the town; I don't think the entire will bring more than two hundred piastres, which I shall distribute amongst the soldiers. On the person of M. de Benyowsky there was found but a demi-piastre: he had but few valuables, and but little ammunition. We took possession of the two cannon and the four carronades; as to his papers, they are all contained in a large portfolio, which I shall have the honour of presenting to you myself, with the minutes of his soi-disant council.

Thus, general, has our expedition terminated. M. de Benyowsky alone was killed; I wished to have saved him, but his ferocity did not allow me to do it. With this intent, I made my men reserve their fire until it was not possible to do so, without being completely exposed to the enemy's fire. His design was, clearly, never to capitulate, and never to be taken alive; what proves this, is his obstinacy in the combat, and that he might have sent us a flag of truce three times, whom we should have respected; the first time, was the morning we made the descent, which he showed he was aware of by the musket-shots fired against us by his orders; the second, at the barrier, that terminated the path through the forest; the third, behind his own house, where we halted sufficiently long to have received one.

As to myself, judging of his disposition from the reasons that induced M. Le Mayeur to refuse risking his person, of which I already have spoken, I dared not endanger so evidently the life either of an officer or a soldier. A second most important objection to my having sent him a flag was, that it would have allowed him time to escape, and the capture of the fort, without that of his person, would not have completed our purpose. He would have been unceasingly raising up enemies against us, and perhaps ultimately have destroyed our establishment at Foulpoint, which he intended in a short time to have at least attempted; for on the 28th of this month, he was to have assembled all the neighbouring nations, and led them to attack Hyavi, our ally, at Foulpoint, which would probably have been carried by assault.

The greatest part of his effects was, as I am informed, at Cape d'Ambre, the spot where he first landed, on the western coast, at the distance of a hundred leagues from this place.

Condescend, general, to accept the assurances of the profound respect with which I am, &c.

L'ARCHER,

Captain and Adjutant of the regiment of Pondicherry.

MAGAZINIANA.

GERMAN ROMANCES.—Mr. Carlisle, the translator of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, has published four volumes of tales, selected from the more celebrated writers of Germany. Various other works of the same kind have preceded this; but they have been (at least two of them) merely bookseller's speculations, and were executed without either spirit, skill, or judgment. Mr. Carlisle has a love for German literature; his heart is in it, and he approaches his task with delight. The selection he has made is as good as the circumstances would allow: the translation is forcible and characteristic of the originals; and the biographical sketches, which are prefixed to the extracts from each other, are highly creditable to his critical acuteness, taste, and information. From the works of that singular genius, Jean Paul Richter, there are two pieces which occupy a volume. The one entitled, *Army-Chaplain Schmelzle's Journey to Flætz*, is a curious specimen of elaborate humour. It is a journal of a silly and pompous fellow, who being an inordinate coward, writes a description of his travels to a neighbouring market town, to prove that he is not afraid of any thing. The character of the man and the piece may be judged of from one sentence: "I proceeded to the Tiger Inn," says the Chaplain, "and dined at the table d'hôte, being at no time shy of encountering men." A waiter handed him a plate, on which had been scratched a lampoon on the commandant of Flætz. The Chaplain immediately held up the plate to the company, saying, that he had just, as they saw, got this lampoon cover presented to him, and must request them to bear witness, that he had nothing to do with the matter. An officer coolly changed plates with him. But the most singular part of the *Journey to Flætz*, is a *Running Commentary* on it, by the author, which has no more reference to the text, than to any other book whatever. This is a freak of the ingenious Jean Paul. It consists of maxims, opinions, and observations, preceded with such figures as usually designate reference, but which have no corresponding mark, either in Schmelzle's journal or elsewhere. These notes are placed at the foot of the page in small type; they are very good, and have an independent value. As they are not at all likely to be seen and read where they are, it is our intention to extract them here. Some of them are well worth remembering.

103. Good princes easily obtain good subjects; not so easily good subjects good princes: thus Adam, in the state of innocence, ruled over animals all tame and gentle, till simply through his means they fell and grew savage.

5. For a good physician saves, if not always from the disease, at least from a bad physician.

100. In books lie the Phoenix-ashes of a past Millennium and Paradise; but war blows, and much ashes are scattered away.

102. Dear political or religious Inquisitor ! Art thou aware that Turin tapers never rightly begin shining, till thou breakest them, and then they take fire !

86. Very true ! In youth we love and enjoy the most ill-assorted friends, perhaps more than, in old age, the best-assorted.

128. In love there are Summer holidays ; but in marriage also there are Winter holidays, I hope.

143. Women have weekly at least one active and passive day of glory, the holy day, the Sunday. The higher ranks alone have more Sundays than work-days ; as in great towns, you can celebrate your Sunday on Friday with the Turks, on Saturday with the Jews, and on Sunday with yourself.

21. Schiller and Klopstock are poetic mirrors held up to the Sun-god ; the mirrors reflect the Sun, with such dazzling brightness, that you cannot find the picture of the world imaged forth in them.

34. Women are like precious carved works of ivory ; nothing is whiter and smoother, and nothing sooner grows *yellow*.

72. The half-learned is adored by the quarter-learned ; the latter by the sixteenth-part-learned ; and so on ; but not the whole-learned by the half-learned.

35. *Bien écouter c'est presque répondre*, says Marivaux justly of social circles : but I extend it to round councillor-tables and cabinet-tables, where reports are made, and the Prince listens.

17. The bed of honour, since so frequently whole regiments lie on it, and receive their last unction, and last honour but one, really ought from time to time to be new filled, beaten, and sunned.

120. Many a one becomes a free-spoken Diogenes, not when he dwells in the cask, but when the cask dwells in him.

3. Culture makes whole lands, for instance, Germany, Gaul, and others, physically warmer, but spiritually colder.

1. The more weakness the more lying : force goes straight : any cannon-ball with holes or cavities in it goes crooked.

38. Epictetus advises us to travel, because our old acquaintances by the influence of shame, impede our transition to higher virtues ; as a bashful man will rather lay aside his provincial accent in some foreign quarter, and then return wholly purified to his own countrymen : in our days, people of rank and virtue follow this advice, but inversely ; and travel because their old acquaintances, by the influence of shame, would too much deter them from new sins.

32. Our age (by some called the paper age, as if it were made from the rags of some better dressed one) is improving in so far, as it now tears its rags rather into bandages than into papers ; although, or because, the rag-hacker (the Devil as they call it) will not altogether be at rest. Meanwhile, if learned heads transform themselves into books, crowned heads transform and coin themselves into government-paper : in Norway, according to the *Universal Indicator*, the people have even paper-houses ; and in many good German States,

the Exchequer Collegium (to say nothing of the Justice Collegium) keeps its own paper-mills, to furnish wrappage enough for the meal of its wind-mills. I could wish, however, that our Collegiums would take pattern from that glass-manufactory at Madrid, in which, (according to Baumgärtner) there were indeed nineteen clerks stationed, but also eleven workmen.

2. In his prince, a soldier reverences and obeys at once his prince and his generalissimo; a citizen only his prince.

45. Our present writers shrug their shoulders most at those on whose shoulders they stand; and exalt those most, who crawl up along them.

103. The great perhaps take as good charge of their posterity as the ants: the eggs once laid, the male and female ants fly about their business, and confide them to the trusty *working-ants*.

10. And does life offer us, in regard to our ideal hopes and purposes, any thing but a prosaic, unrhymed, unmetrical translation?

78. Our German frame of government, cased in its harness, had much difficulty in moving, for the same reason why beetles cannot fly, when their *wings* have *wing-shells*, of very sufficient strength, and—grown together.

8. Constitutions of government are like highways: on a new and quite untrodden one, where every carriage helps in the process of bruising and smoothing, you are as much jolted and pitched, as on an old worn-out one, full of holes. What is to be done then? Travel on.

3. In criminal courts, murdered children are often represented as still-born; in anticritics, still-born as murdered.

101. Not only were the Rhodians, from their Colossus, called Colossians; but also innumerable Germans are, from their Luther, called Lutherans.

88. Hitherto I have always regarded the polemical writings of our present philosophic and æsthetic idealist logic-buffers,—in which, certainly, a few contumelies, and misconceptions, and misconclusions do make their appearance,—rather on the fair side; observing in it merely an imitation of classical antiquity, in particular of the ancient Athletes, who (according to Schöttgen) besmeared their bodies with *mud*, that they might not be laid hold of; and filled their hands with *sand*, that they might lay hold of their antagonists.

103. Or all the mosques, episcopal-churches, pagodas, chapels of ease, tabernacles, and pantheons, any thing else than the ethnic fore-court of the invisible temple and its holy of holies?

40. The common man is copious only in narration, not in reasoning; the cultivated man is brief only in the former, not in the latter: because the common man's reasons are a sort of sensations, which, as well as things visible, he merely *looks at*; by the cultivated man, again, both reasons and things visible are rather *thought* than looked at.

9. In any national calamity, the ancient Egyptians took revenge on the god Typhon, whom they blamed for it, by hurling his favourites, the asses, down over rocks. In similar wise, have countries of a different religion now and then taken their revenge.

70. Let poetry veil itself in philosophy, but only as the latter does in the former. Philosophy in poetized prose resembles those tavern drinking-glasses, encircled with party-coloured wreaths of figures, which disturb your enjoyment both of the drink, and (often awkwardly eclipsing and covering each other) of the carving also.

158. Governments should not too often change the penny-trumps and child's drums of the poets for the regimental trumpet and fire-drum: on the other hand, good subjects should regard many a princely drum-tendency simply as a disease, in which the patient, by air insinuating under the skin, has got dreadfully swollen.

89. In great towns, a stranger, for the first day or two after his arrival, lives purely at his own expense in an inn; afterwards, in the houses of his friends, without expense: on the other hand, if you arrive at the earth, as for instance I have done, you are courteously maintained, precisely for the first few years, free of charges; but in the next and longer series—for you often stay sixty—you are actually obliged (I have the documents in my hands) to pay for every drop and morsel, as if you were in the great Earth Inn, which indeed you are.

107. Germany is a long lofty mountain—under the sea.

144. The reviewer does not in reality employ his pen for writing; but he burns it, to awaken weak people from their swoons, with the smell; he tickles with it the throat of the plagiarist, to make him render back; and he picks with it his own teeth. He is the only individual in the whole learned lexicon that can never exhaust himself, never write himself out, let him sit before the ink-glass for centuries or tens of centuries. For while the scholar, the philosopher, and the poet, produce their new book solely from new materials and growth, the reviewer merely lays his old gage of taste and knowledge on a thousand new works; and his light, in the ever-passing, ever-differently-cut glass-world, which he *elucidates*, is still refracted into new colours.

71. The youth is singular from caprice, and takes pleasure in it; the man is so from constraint, unintentionally, and feels pain in it.

198. The populace and cattle grow giddy on the edge of no abyss; with the man it is otherwise.

11. The golden calf of self-love soon waxes to be a burning Phalaris' bull, which reduces its father and adorer to ashes.

103. The male beau-crop which surrounds the female roses and lilies, must (if I rightly comprehend its flatteries) most probably presuppose in the fair the manners of the Spaniards and Italians, who offer any valuable, by way of present, to the man who praises it excessively.

199. But not many existing governments, I believe, do behead under pretext of trepanning; or sew (in a more choice allegory) the people's lips together, under pretence of sewing the harelips in them.

67. Hospitable entertainer, wouldst thou search into thy guest? Accompany him to another entertainer, and listen to him. Just so; Wouldst thou become better acquainted with mistress in an hour, than by living with her for a month? Accompany her among her female friends and female enemies (if that is no pleonasm), and look at her!

80. In the Summer of life, men keep digging and filling ice-pits as well as circumstances will admit; that so, in their Winter, they may have something in store to give them coolness.

28. It is impossible for me, amid the tendril-forest of allusions (even this again is a tendril-twigg), to state and declare on the spot whether all the courts or heights, the (Bougouer) *snow-line* of Europe, have ever been mentioned in my writings or not; but I could wish for information on the subject, that if not, I may try to do it still.

36. And so I should like, in all cases, to be the first, especially in begging. The first prisoner of war, the first cripple, the first man ruined by burning (like him who brings the first fire-engine) gains the head subscription and the heart; the next comer finds nothing but duty to address; and at last, in this melodious *mancando* of sympathy, matters sink so far, that the last (if the last but one may at least have retired laden with a rich "God help you!") obtains from the benignant hand nothing more than its fist. And as in begging the first so in giving I should like to be the last: one obliterates the other, especially the last the first. So, however, is the world ordered.

136. If you mount too high above your time, your ears (on the side of Fame) are little better off than if you sink too deep below it; in truth, Charles up in his Balloon, and Halley down in his Diving-bell, felt equally the same strange pain in their ears.

25. In youth, like a blind man just couched, (and what is birth but a couching of the sight?) you take the distant for the near, the starry heaven for tangible room-furniture, pictures for objects; and, to the young man, the whole world is sitting on his very nose, till repeated bandaging and unbandaging have at last taught him, like the blind patient, to estimate *Distance* and *Appearance*.

125. In the long run, out of mere fear and necessity, we shall become the warmest cosmopolites I know of; so rapidly do ships shoot to and fro, and, like shuttles, weave Islands and Quarters of the World together. For let but the political weatherglass fall to-day in South America; to-morrow we in Europe have storm and thunder.

19. It is easier, they say, to climb a hill when you ascend back foremost. This, perhaps, might admit of application to political eminences; if you still turned towards them that part of the body on which you sit, and kept your face directed down to the people; all the while, however, removing and mounting.

26. Few German writers are not original, if we may ascribe originality (as is at least the conversational practice of all people) to a man, who merely dishes out his own thoughts without foreign admixture. For as, between their Memory, where their reading or foreign matter dwells, and their Imagination or Productive Power, where their writing or own peculiar matter originates, a sufficient space intervenes, and the boundary-stones are fixed in so conscientiously and firmly that nothing foreign may pass over into their own, or inversely, so that they may really read a hundred works without losing their own primitive flavour, or even altering it,—their individuality may, I believe, be considered as secured: and their spiritual nourishment, their pan-cakes, loaves, fritters, caviare, and meat-balls, are not assimilated to their system, but given back pure and unaltered. Often in my own mind, I figure such writers as living but thousandfold more artificial Ducklings from Vaucasson's Artificial Duck of Wood. For in fact they are not less cunningly put together, than this timber Duck, which will gobble meat and apparently void it again, under show of having digested it, and derived from it blood and juices; though the secret of the business is, the artist has merely introduced an ingenious compound ejective matter behind, with which concoction and nourishment have nothing to do, but which the Duck illusorily gives forth and publishes to the world.

15. After the manner of the fine polished English folding-knives, there are now also folding-war-swords, or in other words—treaties of peace.

13. *Omnibus una salis sanctis, sed gloria dispar*: that is to say (as divines once taught) according to St. Paul, we have all the same beatitude in heaven, but different degrees of honour. Here, on earth, we find a shadow of this in the writing world; for the beatitude of authors once beatified by criticism, whether they be genial, good, mediocre, or poor, is the same throughout; they all obtain the same pecuniary felicity, the same slender profit. But, heavens! in regard to the degrees of fame, again, how far (in spite of the sane emolument and sale) will a dunce, even in his lifetime, be put below a genius! Is not a shallow writer frequently forgotten in a single fair, while a deep writer, or even a writer of genius, will blossom through fifty fairs, and so may celebrate his twenty-five years' Jubilee, before, late forgotten, he is lowered into the German temple of fame; a temple imitating the peculiarity of the *Padri Lucchesi* churches in Naples, which (according to Volkmann) permit *burials* under their roofs, but no *tombstone*.

79. Weak and wrong heads are the hardest to change; and their inward man acquires a scanty covering; thus capons never moult.

89. In times of misfortune, the ancients supported themselves with philosophy or christianity; the moderns again (for example in the reign of terror) take to pleasure; as the wounded buffalo, for bandage and salve, rolls himself in the mire.

181. God be thanked that we live nowhere for ever except in hell or heaven; on earth otherwise we should grow to be the veriest rascals, and the world a house of incurables, for want of the dog-doctor

(the hangman), and the issue-cord (on the gallows), and the sulphur and chalybeate medicines (on battle-fields). So that we too find our gigantic moral force dependent on the *Debt of Nature* which we have to pay, exactly as your politicians (for example, the Author of the *New Leviathan*) demonstrate that the English have their *National Debt* to thank for their superiority.

63. To apprehend danger from the education of the people, is like fearing lest the thunderbolt strike into the house because it has *windows*; whereas the lightning never comes through these, but through their *lead* framing, or down by the *smoke* of the chimney.

76. Your economical, preaching poetry, apparently supposes that a surgical stone-cutter is an artistical one; and a pulpit or a Sinai a hill of the muses.

115. According to Smith, the universal measure of economical value is *labour*. This fact, at least in regard to spiritual and poetical value, we Germans had discovered before Smith; and to my knowledge, we have always preferred the learned poet to the poet of genius, and the heavy book full of labour, to the light one full of sport.

4. The hypocrite does not imitate the old practice, of cutting fruit by a knife poisoned only on the one side, and giving the poisoned side to the victim, the cutter eating the sound side himself; on the contrary, he so disinterestedly inverts this practice, that to others he shows and gives the sound moral half, or side, and retains for himself the poisoned one. Heavens! compared with such a man, how wicked does the devil seem!

67. Individual minds, nay, political bodies, are like organic bodies: extract the *interior* air from them, the atmosphere crushes them together; pump off under the bell the *exterior* resisting air, the interior inflates and bursts them. Therefore, let every state keep up its internal and its external resistance both at once.

8. In great saloons, the real stove is masked into a pretty ornamented sham stove; so, likewise, it is fit and pretty that a virgin *Love* should always hide itself in an interesting virgin *Friendship*.

12. Nations—unlike rivers, which precipitate their impurities in level places, and when at rest—drop their baseness just whilst in the most violent motion; and become the dirtier the farther they flow along through lazy flats.

28. When Nature takes the huge old earth-round, the earth-loaf, and kneads it up again for the purpose of introducing under this pie-crust, new stuffing and dwarfs—she then, for most part, as a mother when baking will do to her daughters, gives in jest a little fraction of the dough (two or three thousand square leagues of such dough are enough for a child) to some poetical, or philosophical, or legislative polisher, that so the little elf may have something to be shaping and manufacturing beside its mother. And when the other young ones get a taste of sisterkin's baking, they all clap hands, and cry: "Aha, mother! canst bake like *Suky* here?"

BAYLE.—The Abridgment of Bayle's Biographical Dictionary, lately published, has concluded with a volume of Bayl-iana. It is a most curious and instructive miscellany, and rivals in excellence the best collections of Table Talk. For curious research, sound remark, or acute reasoning, there is no more abundant source than the Dictionary of Bayle. The impurities, the elaborate frivolities, and the obsolete discussions which weigh down the original—at least as far as regards the general reader—are abstracted in the Abridgment. From the omitted parts, the gleanings which form the fourth volume are gathered. We will give a few specimens.

Nicius Erythens quotes a proverb importing, that there are three sorts of men who make almost no use of the laws they prescribe to others. Nobody swerves more from the law in practice than a lawyer; nobody observes the regimen of health less than a physician; nobody fears the remorse of conscience less than a divine. You will find in the original the exception which the author has made. He does not relate the thing as jesters commonly do. They say, that the lawyers who advise others so much to go to law, seldom go to law themselves; that physicians who prescribe so much physic to their patients, take but little themselves; and that divines who set down so many articles of faith for others, believe but few themselves.—*Art. Boccalini.—Bayle's Hist. Dict.*

It is evident, that an author who employs the authority of the civil magistrate, for the prohibition of books written against him, manifestly betrays his defeat and inability to answer, while he increases the curiosity of the public after those very books. Why then do so many authors recur to this method, when they have interest enough to make it effectual? Is it a very agreeable thing, to declare to all the world that they are not able to resist an author who is their adversary? Can self-love find its account in raising a desire to read those books in several people, who would otherwise never hear of them, and who buy them on no other account than because they are informed that those books are prohibited? Can self-love, I say, which is so angry at the contents of them, and so eager to stifle the memory of them, find its account in putting the public upon enquiring more curiously into the particulars contained in them? What charm can there be in publishing a sentence of prohibition of certain books in the Gazettes? Is not this the way to proclaim to all Europe the shameful necessity a man lies under of imploring that assistance of the civil magistrate which he ought only to seek from his pen?—*Art. Thomas.—Bayle's Hist. Dict.*

Peiresc dining at London with several learned men, could by no means be excused from drinking a health which Dr. Thorius drank to him. The glass was of a monstrous size, for which reason Pieresc excused himself a long while, and alleged a thousand reasons; but he was forced to drink it. Before he did it, he made this bargain, that Thorius should drink a health to be proposed by him in his turn. After he had drank the wine, he filled the same glass with water, and took it off, first naming the health to the doctor. Thorius had like to have sunk, as if he had been struck with thunder; but finding no way to avoid it, he fetched several profound sighs, he put his mouth a thousand times to the brim of the glass, and as often withdrew it. He called to his assistance all the fine sayings of the Greek and Latin poets, and was almost the whole day in emptying, by repeated trials, this accursed cup.—*Art. Thorius.—Bayle's Hist. Dict.*

The dispute between Denys and Brissot raised a kind of civil war among the Portuguese physicians. The business was brought before the tribunal of the university of Salamanca, where it was thoroughly discussed by the faculty of physic; but whilst they were examining the reasons pro and con, the partisans of Denys had recourse to an expedient which seldom fails those that are the strongest; they oppressed the others by the authority of the secular power, and obtained a decree, forbidding physicians to bleed in the same side that the pleurisy should be in. At last, the university of Salamanca gave their judgment, importing that the opinion ascribed to Brissot was the true doctrine of Hippocrates and Galen. The followers of Denys appealed to Cæsar about the year 1529. They thought themselves superior, both in authority and number, so that the matter was brought before Charles V. They were not contented to call the doctrine of their adversaries false, but they said, moreover, that it was impious and mortal, and as pernicious to the body as Luther's schism to the soul. They did

not only blacken their adversaries' reputation by private arts, but they did also openly accuse them of ignorance and rashness, of tampering with religion, and of being downright Lutherans in physic. It fell out unluckily for them that Charles III, duke of Savoy, happened to die of a pleurisy, having been bled according to the practice which Brissot had opposed. Had it not been for this, the emperor, as it is thought, would have granted every thing that Brissot's antagonists desired of him: but though that accident should have made the good cause triumph, no other good resulted from it, but that the thing remained undecided.—*Art. Brissot.—Bayle's Hist. Dict.*

Comenius said that the reign of a thousand years was to begin in the year 1672, or in the year 1673. So that there is scarcely any body but believes he died very seasonably, since he avoided the confusion of seeing the vanity of his prophecies. I am persuaded that he did not gain much by it. He was so used to such disappointments, and minded so little what people would say of it, that he could have borne this last check without any trouble. This class of gentlemen are of an admirable constitution; nothing puts them out of countenance: they appear as boldly in company after the expiration of the time as before; they fear neither raileries, nor the most serious complaints: they are always ready to begin again: in a word, they are proof against the justest mortifications. We must not altogether lay the fault of it on the particular turn of their wit, and of their inclination; the public is more to be blamed for it than they are, because of its prodigious indulgence. It is a common saying, that God forgives every thing, and that men forgive nothing: but that maxim is false, with respect to the commentators on the revelation: it is very probable that God has not the same indulgence, as the public, for the boldness wherewith they handle his oracles, and expose them to the contempt of infidels. A learned divine observes, that Comenius lost nothing of his credit, though he had deceived the people a hundred times by his visions; he always passed for a great prophet; so true it is that men are pleased to be deceived in some things.—*Art. Comenius.—Bayle's Hist. Dict.*

Beauty without the charms of wit and language, is of no great force; and if it make any conquests, it is after the manner of those brave generals, who quickly subdue a province, but know not how to keep it: the empire of the fair is at least as much maintained by the charms of wit, as by those of the face. These are two sorts of graces that stand in need of one another, and mutually perform good offices to each other. Some insipid and ridiculous discourses would be extremely distasteful, if the beauty of the person did not lend to them I know not what charms to adorn them: and some beauties of the body would make no impression, if they did not borrow charms from the graces of the mind.—*Art. Estampes.—Bayle's Hist. Dict.*

A MORAVIAN ESTABLISHMENT.—I went to visit a Moravian establishment in the town of Sarapta. Opposite the inn formerly stood a house containing eighty bachelors, and near it one containing eighty spinsters. The house of the former has been burnt down; that of the latter has escaped. The females divide their own dwelling with the men, till theirs is rebuilt. When a bachelor is tired of a life of celibacy, he goes next door, chooses one out of the eighty spinsters, and makes her his wife. The pair become members of the general community, and keep a house for themselves. The vacancies are filled up by the children of those who had once been inmates of these mansions of single blessedness. I was highly gratified with my visit to this human hive. Every thing was in the neatest order; the sisters, as they are called, with their little caps, and uniform dress, reminded me of our fair Quakers. The female children were reading and writing; the young women were engaged in domestic employments. The old maids, for there were a few, were occupied in knitting and needle-work. All were busy at the occupation best adapted to their peculiar habits and talents. Nor were the brothers idle; here were shoemakers, tailors, weavers, printers, and book-binders. I was shown a fine collection of the serpents and other reptiles of Southern Russia. I saw also a large collection of antiquities found in the neighbourhood, which proves the former existence of an ancient city on this spot.—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

DIFFICULTY OF NURSING A PRINCE.—The Duke of Brittany has changed his nurse, because the first had got a cold; he is also very well, but there is everything to fear for princes, with whom so much pains are taken that they often kill them; besides, the continued agitation their nurses are in, which prevents them from having good milk.—*Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon with the Princess des Ursins.*

POINT OF HONOUR.—One morning, while we were in Paris, our lacquey *de place* did not appear as usual. Breakfast passed, the carriage drove to the door, still no lacquey, and Colonel Cleveland, in a passion, had sent to engage another, when, panting with exertion, the gentleman appeared. “He was very sorry—he begged ten thousand pardons—he had hoped to have got ‘his little affairs over sooner.’” “Your affairs, you scoundrel, what are your affairs to us? Do you think we are to sit waiting here, while you are running after your own affairs?” “*Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur,*” said the lacquey with a low bow, and laying his hand upon his heart, “but it was an affair of honour!” and the man had actually been fighting a duel with swords, with another lacquey, in consequence of some quarrel while waiting for us at the French Opera, the night before! On inquiry, we found this was by no means extraordinary, and that two shoe-blacks have been known to fight a regular duel, with the punctilios of men of fashion.—*Continental Adventures.*

CURIOUS EXHIBITION.—On entering *Mœana*, we were witnesses to rather a curious exhibition. I should first mention, that the Persians are in the habit of sleeping on the flat roofs of their houses, during the summer months. Day was just breaking when we arrived. As the houses of the poorer classes are generally not more than eight feet high, we had a full view of nearly the whole population in bed: many were asleep; some few had awoken; others were getting out of bed, to make their morning toilettes. The scene was highly entertaining, and brought to mind the story of *Le Diable Boiteux*, unroofing the houses for the gratification of Don Cleofas.—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

BUONAPARTE AS A LEGISLATOR.—The First Consul presided at almost all the sittings of the Council of State upon the project of the civil code, and took a very active part in the discussion. He provoked, sustained, directed, and, when it flagged, reanimated the discussion. Unlike certain orators of the council, he did not seek to shine by rounded phrases, chosen expressions, and elaborate delivery. He spoke naturally without embarrassment or pretension, and in that free and unaffected conversational tone, that became animated only according as the subject makes the force of opposing argument, or the matured stage of the discussion required. He was on no occasion inferior to any member of the Council, and he was sometimes on a par with the most skilful amongst them by the facility with which he seized the knotty points of a question, by the justness of his ideas, and the force of his reasoning. He surprised them frequently by the originality of his thoughts, and the energetic character of his expressions. Many persons, both in France and other parts of Europe, have affected to believe, and others have really believed, that Buonaparte's opinions upon these occasions were arranged *après coup*, and dressed up for the public by his flatterers. This, however, is an egregious error. *Locre*, the secretary of the Council of State, made a report of the deliberations in a measured, grave, cold, and uniform style; and so far from Buonaparte's language or opinions gaining by this process, they were, on the contrary, almost invariably divested, by passing through the official mind of the secretary, of all that freedom and boldness of thought, and originality and force of expression, which distinguished them. The truth of this assertion will be fully proved by comparing the opinions of Buonaparte upon some articles of the code, taken accurately down by a person present, with the official report of the same, by the secretary *Locre*.

Amongst the results of civil death was proposed the dissolution of the marriage-contract. The First Consul, who was hostile to this consequence, said—

Exact Words of the First Consul.

“What! when a criminal has been transported, are not justice and public vengeance sufficiently satisfied? If not, better put him to death. Then his wife may raise an altar of turf in her garden, and retire there to weep. The wife may sometimes be the cause of the husband's crime. It is her duty to console him. Would you not esteem the woman who should follow him?”

Proces Verbal.

“Society is sufficiently avenged by the condemnation, when the criminal is deprived of his property, when he finds himself separated from his friends and his usual habitudes. Why should the punishment be extended to his wife? Why violently break asunder a union that identifies her existence with that of her husband? She might say to you—‘It would be better to take away his life. Then at least I should be permitted to cherish his memory; but you command him to live, and yet you are unwilling that I should console him.’”

Upon the question at what age marriage should be permitted.

Exact words of the First Consul.

"Is it to be desired that marriage should take place at thirteen and fifteen years of age?"

"The answer is, no: and the periods proposed are eighteen years for men, and fourteen for women.

"Why make so great difference between men and women? Is it to obviate a few accidents? But the interest of the state is of greater importance. I should think there would be less inconvenience in fixing the age of men at fifteen years, than at thirteen, for women; *car que peut il sortir d'une fille de cet âge qui a neuf mois de grossesse à supporter.* The Jews have been quoted. At Jerusalem a girl is marriageable at ten, old at sixteen, and not touchable at twenty years of age.

"You do not give to children of fifteen the power of making the most ordinary contracts; how then can you permit them at the same age to enter into the most solemn of contracts? It is to be desired that men should not have the power of marrying before the age of twenty, nor women before eighteen, without that we shall not have a good race."

But the most singular instance of the emasculation which the First Consul's many original ideas and language underwent at the hands of the Secretary is the following.

Upon the nullity of marriage on account of a mistake in the person.

Exact words of the First Consul.

"The error cannot be as to the physical person, but can only relate to the rank of the individual. A contract founded upon error or fraud is null, and cannot be rendered valid. I wish to marry my cousin, who arrives from India, and an adventurer is passed off on me: I have children by her; I discover that she is not my cousin; is such a marriage valid? Does not public morals require that it should be so? There has been an interchange of soul, of *transpiration*. There is in marriage something besides the union of names and properties. Should the legislature admit that persons marry principally for those things, or for physical forms, moral qualities, and all that give birth to sentiment and *l'amitié animale*? If these last qualities be the foundation of marriage, would it not be shocking to annul it, because it was afterwards discovered that the woman had not the accessory qualities?"

Proces Verbal.

"Since it would not be advantageous that a whole generation should marry at thirteen and fourteen years of age, it therefore should not be authorized to do so by a general law. It would be preferable to make a law conformable to public interest, and to permit only by an exception, of which the public authorities should be judges, peculiar cases of private interest.

"That would be a strange law which should permit individuals to marry before the age when they can be called upon as witnesses, or punished for crimes, from their want of complete discernment. The wisest system would probably be that which would not authorize men to marry before twenty-one, or women before fifteen."

Proces Verbal.

"The name and civil rank are the result of social ideas; but there is something more real in moral qualities, such as propriety of conduct, mildness, love of industry, &c. If these qualities ought to influence a man in the choice of his wife, how can the husband be said to be deceived who finds them in the woman that is united to him, though there may be some mistake in the mere accessories?"

Thibadeau's Memoires sur le Consulat.

MODE OF DISPERSING LOCUSTS.—We traversed the grand steppe or desert of Astrakhan for two days. On the evening of the 1st of August, we arrived at a Russian village, which was surrounded by a considerable tract of well-cultivated land. While changing horses, I witnessed what was to me a very curious sight—a vast flight of locusts, extending fifteen miles, suddenly made their appearance from the east, and came in a huge phalanx to attack the crops. In an instant every villager was on the road to his own field. Some took dogs, others were on horseback, and others ran shouting

and clapping their hands all the way, the inhabitants finding from experience that the locusts very much dislike noise. My fellow-traveller told me, that in the colony of Karass, when the locusts come in sight, not only all the inhabitants, but the military turn out, and endeavour to drive them off, by drums and fifes, and a perpetual discharge of musketry. The enemy, thus repulsed, make a speedy retreat, and commit their depredations on the land of those who are less on the alert to resist them.—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

GOETHE.—But Goethe's culture as a writer is perhaps less remarkable than his culture as a man. He has learned, not in head only, but also in heart; not from art and literature, but also by action and passion in the rugged school of experience. If asked what was the grand characteristic of his writings, we should not say knowledge, but wisdom. A mind that has seen and suffered, and done, speaks to us of what it has tried and conquered. A gay delineation will give us notice of dark and toilsome experiences, of business done in the great deep of the spirit; a maxim, trivial to the careless eye, will rise with light and solution over long perplexed periods of our own history. It is thus that heart speaks to heart; that the life of one man becomes a possession to all. Here is a mind of the most subtle and tumultuous elements; but it is governed in peaceful diligence, and its impetuous and ethereal faculties work softly together for good and noble ends. Goethe may be called a philosopher; for he loves and has practised as a man the wisdom which, as a poet, he inculcates. Composure and cheerful seriousness seem to breathe over all his character. There is no whining over human woes: it is understood that we must simply all strive to alleviate or remove them. There is no noisy battling for opinions; but a persevering effort to make truth lovely, and recommend her, by a thousand avenues, to the hearts of all men. Of his personal manners, we can easily believe the universal report, as often given in the way of censure as of praise, that he is a man of consummate breeding and the stateliest presence: for an air of polished tolerance, of courtly, we might say majestic repose, and serene humanity, is visible throughout his works. In no line of them does he speak with asperity of any man; scarcely ever even of a thing. He knows the good, and loves it; he knows the bad and hateful, and rejects it; but in neither case with violence: his love is calm and active; his rejection is implied rather than pronounced; meek and gentle, though we see that it is thorough, and never to be revoked. The noblest and the basest he not only seems to comprehend, but to personate and body forth in their most secret lineaments: hence actions and opinions appear to him as they are, with all the circumstances which extenuate or endear them to the hearts where they originated and are entertained. This also is the spirit of our Shakspeare, and perhaps of every great dramatic poet. Shakspeare is no sectarian: to all he deals with equity and mercy; because he knows all, and his heart is wide enough for all. In his mind the world is a whole; he figures it as Providence governs it; and to him it is not strange that the sun should be caused to shine on the evil and the good, and the rain to fall on the just and the unjust.—*Carlisle's German Romances.*

A RUSSIAN AMAZON.—On dismounting at a village near Darkee, my stirrup was held by a fair and handsome-looking person, who proved to be a female. Admiration of a military life had induced her to deprive herself of her fair tresses, and to wear the dress of a man, preparatory, as she said, to offering her services to the Emperor as a soldier. Hearing I was on the way, she told me that, if she had been a little older, she would have accompanied me. I told her that she would be rejected, from her feminine appearance; but she said she would cut off her breasts, whenever they were too large for concealment. On taking leave of this little amazon, I gave her an old aiguillette, which she accepted with great delight, and strutted off with it on her shoulder, to the no small amazement of the villagers.—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

SPANISH PRIDE AND ECONOMY.—The following is what Mr. Orry has related to me during the visits he has made here, when expecting to go to Spain:—Having heard that the duke d'Alba had sent to sell plate to the amount of ten thousand crowns, he called on him, and said that he did not offer him any of the money he was taking to the king of Spain, that prince being too much in want of it; but that he begged the duke would at once accept a thousand louis d'ors, and afterwards the forty thousand crowns, which he knew how to get back from his catholic majesty. The duke replied, that he would be very sorry to ask the king his master for money, at a time like the present; and that he would most willingly give him some, if he had it: that at all events, he felt hurt at the offer of Mr. Orry; for, as his wife had still some jewels left, when these were gone, they could live on chocolate, of which they had a stock for two years.—*Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon with the Princess des Ursing.*

INFORMATION OF THE ITALIAN NOBILITY.—The intelligence and intellectual cultivation of the party, did not seem great. Of this I observed several notable instances, but one will probably suffice. Mrs. Cleveland happened to ask, "Who was Pylades?" merely meaning what performer played the part; but the Marchesa thinking her question referred to the character of Pylades in the piece, in reply asked the Count Orsini, her favourite cavalier, if he could tell who Pylades was, and if ever there was such a man? "No, never!" said the Count, with great sang froid, taking a pinch of snuff. "I thought there had been in France," rejoined the Marchesa, "surely I have heard the name somewhere, long ago." "I beg your pardon, Count," rejoined a little man, "the Marchesa is right, only he was not a Frenchman. Pylades was a famous old Roman." "Was he not a Grecian?" said Mrs. Cleveland, with laudable innocence and gravity. "Perdoni, Signora," said the little Marquis, "he was not a Greek, but he had something to do with the Greeks. But there was once a famous Greek, called Pilacles," ("Who?" interrupted I) "Pilacles," he repeated, very distinctly—(probably Pericles might be running in his head)—"and the Signora has possibly confounded Pilacles with Pylades." "So then Pylades was a Roman?" said I. "He was," replied the little Marquis; "he was a great Roman philosopher; that Pylades was, in reality; but they have made a great fool of him in the Opera, with his nonsense about Orestes. They should study history more." "Did you say we should study history more?" I asked, maliciously. "O, no, Signora, no; these ignorant poets and opera people." "People who attend the opera?" I persisted. "No, Signora; these ignorant people who write the operas, I meant." "Why they seem to understand history well enough for the generality of people who attend operas. For instance, I am sure I never knew till to night, that Pylades was a great Roman philosopher." The little Marquis bowed with a self-satisfied air, and expressed his happiness that he could afford me any information.—*Continental Adventures.*

JOSEPHINE THE EX-EMPRESS OF FRANCE.—After leaving the first consul, the councillor of state, N——, met Madame Buonaparte, who, as soon as she saw him, quitted Bourienne, with whom she was talking, and joined N——. She led him into a retired alley in the park, and after carefully looking about on every side, to see that nobody was within hearing, she said, after first enjoining him to secrecy, "You do not know what is passing. Lucien comes here very frequently, and has long conferences with Buonaparte. Yesterday he was four hours alone with him. He insists upon his making his power hereditary. He is working for that object, in conjunction with Roederer, Talleyrand, Regnault, and Fontanes." On quitting Buonaparte, Lucien said to me, "You are going to a watering place—you must get with child." "How can you make such a proposal to the wife of your brother?" "Yes, it must be so, since you cannot have one by him. If you cannot, nor will not, Buonaparte must have one by another woman, and you must adopt it. It is for his interest, as well as your own and others, that his power should be made hereditary." "I should sooner earn my bread by the work of my hands, than consent to so infamous an action. Besides, do you suppose that the nation would submit to that, and let itself be governed by a bastard? You can certainly have but little respect for the nation; and as for your brother, you are urging him to his ruin." Lucien, after insisting upon his proposal, retired.* I am sure that Talleyrand has given to Buonaparte the plan of a new constitution, containing a clause for rendering his power hereditary. This morning I had a long conversation with Buonaparte on the subject. He confessed to me that Lucien had made him the same proposals. I then said to him, "But how can you place any confidence in Lucien? Have you not yourself told me that you saw a letter that he wrote to your uncle, (Abbé Fesch,) in which he menaced your life? Have you not told me that he never should be any thing as long as you were first consul? And yet you listen to his counsels. Buonaparte acknowledged all this, and said, "I know well the characters of these personages, and all their intrigues." "Yes, but if you continue to listen to them, they will drag you into their snares." "Mind your spinning." (*Mele toi de filer.*)—"Yes, but when I see that they wish to ruin you, I shall not remain silent. They may plot whatever they wish against me, but when it regards you, I shall always inform you of their manœuvres."—*Thibadeau's Memoires sur le Consulat.*

* Las Cases makes Napoleon say, that when Josephine gave up all hope of having issue, she often hinted to him the possibility of playing off a great political *supercherie*; and that she at length proposed it to him in direct terms. (Tom. iii. p. 354.)

It appears, by this conversation of Josephine, that this *supercherie* was, on the contrary, proposed to her, and that she indignantly repelled the idea.—Ed.

FRENCH FEMALE EDUCATION.—A smart little French girl of sixteen, returning with her father and mother, after finishing her education at a Paris pension, to her home in Provence, chattered away to me. I made many inquiries into the nature and extent of their studies, and found she had studied—orthography, (upon this she laid great stress,)—and geography, (of which she had certainly a most original, but somewhat confused notion,)—that she had, moreover, acquired a smattering of grammar, a considerable experience of dancing—a very little music—a good deal of embroidery—and a most complete critical and ardent taste for dress;—and in this last accomplishment her soul and mind, thoughts and observation, seemed absorbed. “But what did you read at school—what books?” “Oh, pour les livres!”—she read her lessons and school-books.—“Mais par exemple,”—I inquired what they were about: were they history? “Ah, l’histoire! mon Dieu! oui.” She declared she had read three gros volumes of history nearly all through—“and what history?” “What history?” she did not exactly know. “But what was it about?”—“It was about some kings and battles;”—but what kings and battles she really could not say. Did she happen to remember the author?—did not think it had—but she said, with great simplicity, that she had all the books she had learnt locked up in her trunk, and she would go and fetch them for me to look at.—*Continental Adventures.*

BLUE-STOCKINGS.—A tendency in young ladies to write verse, is certainly not one which, for many reasons, we should wish to encourage. Where peculiar circumstances have nurtured this very natural disposition, or where powerful feelings and a teeming imagination have burst through all restraints, the sex, the youth, and perhaps the personal charms of the poetess, conspire to make her a bard to which we should most of all wish to do homage. Perhaps we are caught in “some softened mood,” perhaps.

——“Tender memory, sadden’d thought,
On the world’s harsher cares have wrought.”

However this may be, there is no object that assumes a more interesting shape to our fancy than the busy pen, and busier brain, of a young girl, travelling in her solitary chamber for all the world. At a time when her equals are puzzling over a French verb, or battering out the last set of quadrilles, her mind is running over all history and romance; her imagination is combining and recombining all the forms of character that study or experience affords her; she is ransacking the secrets of her own heart, and weighing and examining the nature and force of all she has ever felt; her fancy is weaving stories, and her invention is creating incidents; the felicity of her progress at one moment fills her mind with enthusiasm—and at another, some fluctuation of temperament, or perhaps some apprehension of coldness or censure, stops the current of inspiration, and all is sadness and gloom. Were such occupations to interfere with the duties of life—were they even to check the acquirement of ordinary accomplishments, or divert attention from that most pleasing and most important of tasks, the finishing and adorning the beauty which nature has bestowed in some form on all—we might be inclined to weigh more scrupulously the value of such employment as we have described. But most probably she whose dreams abound in poetry, she whose stolen hours are busy in storing the material or in pouring forth the treasures of verse, is the most exact in the performance of those duties, which it is a prejudice to suppose are inconsistent with intellectual occupation—she, too, may attract as potently by the charms of person, as by those of verse. She may be as light in the dance, as gay in the circle, and as faithful and kind in the closer relations of life, as the most innocent of poetical thoughts. These merits, sometimes deemed inconsistent with literary industry, in reality are not the least so; and were it even true that the combination is difficult, to genius all things are possible—and it is only to such cases where real genius, real enthusiasm, real mind exist, that our observation applies. We are informed that Miss Landon is very young—we are sure that she has genius; no one can read the *Golden Violet* and deny it.—*Atlas.*

THE JEWEL-CHAMBER OF THE KREMLIN.—The jewel chamber contains a number of gold and silver vases, goblets, and other vessels, of which I have neither time nor inclination to make particular mention. Round the walls are the thrones of different monarchs, and, standing on separate pedestals, are numerous crowns, including those of Kazan, Astrakhan, Siberia, Georgia, and Poland, the sight of which brought to mind the gradual increase of this vast empire. We were shewn the large boots of Peter the Great, and the coronation coat of the Emperor Alexander. This last is of a green colour, perfectly plain, and the cloth of as coarse a texture as that worn by serjeants of our army.—*Keppel’s Journey from India to England.*

THE THREE REVIEWS.—It seems to be now acknowledged that the Reviews are three—Quarterly, Edinburgh, and Westminster. The circulation, the age, the party of these works, do not differ more decidedly than their general character and conduct. It is easy to sketch the leading traits of each. It is rare to hear of the *writers* of the Quarterly Review—a particular article seldom makes a sensation, and the public never cares to trace the author through his work. The reason of this is, that Mr. Murray's writers are article-makers—good workmen—industrious, experienced, and acquainted with the taste of the town. Materials are either found by them or for them; they cut up, sew up and trim, the work is sent home, and the order is despatched. These gentlemen having had the advantage generally of a University education, possess that portion of information which prevents them from falling into blunders; living in tolerably good society, they naturally acquire its tone; and being well paid, and otherwise unemployed—except, perhaps, some of them by occasional sermons and parochial duties—they bestow labour on their work, and ultimately turn out a workman-like production. True wit, true eloquence, sound judgment, or deep philosophy, are seldom seen in the Quarterly; but though you have emptiness of idea, there is fulness of phrase—though there is no originality, there is little absurdity and no glaring mistake—if the writer does not go to the bottom of his subject, he skims over it—though his paper is not deep, it is tolerably clear—and should you object to its leaving the subject where it found it, the reader must confess that he has been led a very regular and methodical, well-arranged roundabout. It is easy to fancy a book-seller at the head of such a corps—it is easy to imagine him with his well-disciplined troops drawn up before him, and he giving in a loud voice the authoritative word of command. Reviewers!—Attention! eyes left! Rear rank take open order—Face about! Wheel! March—halt! The idea we have of the Edinburgh is anything but that of a well-drilled regiment. In the first place, the men are of all sizes; and instead of the uniform drab of the Quarterly, and in spite of their own blue turned up with yellow, they look a motley crew. We have here the tartan, and there the red coat—here the heavy dragoon, and there the lancer—the grenadier shoulders the drummer, and though they move to the charge with some impetuosity and plenty of courage, they often tumble over one another—they frequently create more confusion than they do mischief. There are, however, some brave veterans among them—some who can push the bayonet, wield the broad sword, or tilt an adversary out of his saddle with certainty and dexterity; and these are led on by a courageous little Colonel, sword in hand, who fights his own battles, and often forgets his regiment. The Quarterly acts corporately, the Edinburgh individually. In the former case, the *mass* is powerfully efficient—in the latter, the result depends upon acts of separate courage; here we have an Ajax, there a Thersites, here a Ulysses or an Agamemnon. We shall not keep up the figure in speaking of the Westminster—tropes would be entirely out of place. We have in the Westminster even a greater degree of uniformity than in the Quarterly; but it is not *drab*, it is a *stone colour*. The writers in the Westminster are men of clear ideas, powerful language, and with a considerable portion of disputatious bitterness and tenacity. They possess peculiar opinions; and by their consistency and skill in maintaining the tenets derived from the premises with which they set out, they are formidable adversaries. The grand distinction between the Westminster Reviewers and the Edinburgh, is that the former have a system—good or bad—they have a system, complete in all its parts, and divided, subdivided, and derived according to the most rigorous logic. The Edinburgh has only maxims—old well-received maxims; some wise, some foolish, some shallow, some ingenious. These maxims are, however, defended often with enthusiasm, dressed up with fancy, urged with eloquence, and painted with wit. The Edinburgh Reviewers have in short, as a class, imagination; the Westminster Reviewers are destitute of it, but they are acute, logical, and energetic. The strong writers support their system, while the system makes the feeble among them strong. An Edinburgh Reviewer has no such prop; he must rely on his own ingenuity, or his tenet is held to be untenable. If the Westminster were conducted with more adaptation of its matter to the public taste—if its articles were more broken up or softened down—if the wisdom were more sparingly administered, or more carefully disguised—the influence of the Westminster, in the present state of public opinion and public inquiry, is calculated to become very considerable.—*Atlas*.

A PERSIAN'S NOTION OF DIFFERENCE IN RELIGIONS.—Sunday, divine service was performed; as soon as it was over, I went up to the Syyud, who had been watching our motions, and to observe his reply, asked him why he had not said his prayers this morning? His answer was very laconic—Huftee mun, ~~poze~~ shuma—"Daily I, weekly you."—*Keppel's Journey from India to England*.

SCENE AT COURT.—It is very just to thank the God of Battles for that which he has enabled us to gain; and you have so well conceived the joy of the king and that of the royal family, that I cannot refrain from communicating to you the particulars. You know Marly, and my apartment; the king was alone in my little room, and I was sitting down to table in my closet, through which it was necessary to pass; an officer of the guards cried out at the door, "Here is M. de Chamillard." The king answered, "What he himself!" because he was not expected to come. I threw down my napkin with emotion, on which M. de Chamillard said, "That's right!" and entered immediately, followed by M. de Silly, whom I did not know: you may well imagine that I also entered. I then heard of the defeat of the enemy's army, and returned to sup in very good humour. The dauphin, who was playing or looking on in the saloon, soon joined the king, and the Duke of Burgundy entered with a billiard-mace in his hand. Madame, to whom a message had been dispatched with the news that the Duke of Orleans had gained a battle, arrived soon after. I told her that he was not there, at which she was very angry, and I understood that she said, "I shall soon hear that my son has hanged himself."—*Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon with the Princess des Ursing.*

COMPLIMENT TO THE ENGLISH FROM A PERSIAN SYYUD.—The principal person of Prince Futteh Ali Khan's establishment, was a Persian Syyud, a man of some information, and not deficient in honour. As I could speak Persian with tolerable fluency, I used frequently to amuse myself by asking his opinion respecting the improvement of our nation in different branches of science. Amongst other subjects, I tried to explain to him the properties of a steam-boat lately established in Calcutta, which, from its power of stemming wind, tide, and current, had been called by the Indians "Sheitaun koo noo," the Devil's boat. Wishing to pay a compliment to our nation, the Syyud replied, "When arts were in their infancy, it was natural to give the Devil credit for any new invention; but now, so advanced are the English in every kind of improvement, that they are more than a match for the Devil himself."—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

ARAB HORSE-RACING.—We went this afternoon into the Desert to a horse-race; an amusement, of which the natives of Bussorah are as fond as our own countrymen; though I fear, if an English jockey had been here, he would have thought the profession disgraced by the exhibition. For our own parts, we were more amused, than if the business had been conducted according to the strictest rules of the turf. The spot selected was the Great Desert, which commences immediately outside the town; a circular furrow of two miles marked the course; and the stakes consisted of a small subscription raised from amongst our European party. The five candidates who started for the prize, were well suited to the general character of the scene. Instead of being decked in all the colours of the rainbow, a coarse loose shirt comprised all the clothing of the Arab jockey; and the powerful bit of the country was the only article of equipment of the horse he bestrode. Thus simply accoutred, at a signal given, these half-naked savages set off at full speed, each giving a shout to animate his horse. They arrived like a team at the goal; the prize was adjudged to an Ethiopian slave. The scene was highly animated and interesting, though we had neither splendid equipages, nor fair ladies to grace our sports; but what we lost in splendour and beauty, we gained in novelty; and though, when occasionally gazing on some wearer of gaudy silks, the bright smile of woman did not repay our curiosity, we almost forgot the disappointment in beholding the animated countenance of a turbaned Turk, who, bearded to the eyes, would be seen scampering past us with jereed in hand, to challenge a comrade to the contest; and spurred on by his favourite amusement, would lay aside the gravity of the Divan, in the all exhilarating air of the Desert.—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

A RUSSIAN CARRIAGE.—At four o'clock in the afternoon, my new equipage came to the door, driven by a Kalmuck Tartar. The vehicle was an open four-wheeled carriage, without springs, called an *arba*. It was five feet five inches long, three feet broad, and perhaps three deep, resembling a beer-barrel sawed in half. To this wretched conveyance were attached three half-starved ponies abreast. The collars were of wood, and the reins and traces of rope. Over the collar of the centre horse were suspended three bells. Not a moment was lost in packing the baggage; a little straw was placed at the bottom, the mattress was spread on it, and the clothes-bags served as pillows. We were no sooner seated, than off we went, full gallop, to the jingling of the bells; our party consisting of the master, a Christian; the valet, a Jew; and the coachman, a worshipper of the Grand Lama.—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

CAPTAIN KEPPEL'S FAME AS A PHYSICIAN AT SHEPHERA.—One of my host's brothers, whose inordinate addiction to eating and drinking had brought on a violent fit of indigestion, had applied to an Armenian doctor, who had recommended a double allowance of the strong bitter brandy he had been taking, and which was, no doubt, the original cause of his complaint. This prescription, as might be supposed, had only added fuel to the flame, and the poor fellow gradually becoming worse, was at last in a burning fever. In this dilemma, as Englishmen and doctors are synonymous terms, he applied to me for assistance, which I gave, by administering calomel, with the reckless profusion of an Indian operator. The dose was fortunately attended with most complete success; and so grateful was my patient for the relief I had occasioned, that, instead of a fee, he presented me with a Georgian silk handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a curiously wrought purse. This cure soon spread my fame through the town, and brought numerous applicants for professional assistance. Defects of sight and hearing, and various other difficult cases, were laid before me, in the full confidence of obtaining instant relief. Amongst those willing to become my patients was a handsome young married woman, who began stating her ailments with such minuteness, that had I not interrupted her detail, I should soon have acquired more professional information from her than I could have had the opportunity of communicating in return.—*Keppel's Journey from India to England.*

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton	100	150	Albion	500	50
Birmingham	17 10	265	Alliance	100	10
Coventry	100	1100	Ditto Marine	100	5
Ellesmere and Chester	133	100	Atlas	50	5
Grand Junction	100	287 10	Globe	100	140
Huddersfield	57	19	Guardian	100	18
Kennet and Avon	40	25	Hope	50	5
Lancaster	47	38	Imperial	500	50
Leeds and Liverpool	100	380	Ditto Life	100	10
Oxford	100	680	London	25	17 10
Regent's	40	32 10	Protector	20	2
Rochdale	85	85	Rock	20	2
Stafford and Worcester	140	750	Royal Exchange	100	240
Trent and Mersey	100	1850			
Warwick and Birmingham	100	355			
Worcester ditto	78	43			
DOCKS.			MINES.		
Commercial	100	70	Anglo-Mexican	100	80
East India	100	82 10	Ditto Chili	100	9
London	100	83	Bolton	400	275
St. Catherine's	100	40	Brazilian	100	20
West India	100	195	Columbian	100	15
WATER WORKS.			Mexican	100	18
East London	100	121	Real Del Monte	400	400
Grand Junction	50	64	United Mexican	40	30
Kent	100	28			
South London	100	90			
West Middlesex	60	63			
GAS COMPANIES.			MISCELLANEOUS.		
City of London	100	90	Australian Agricultural Comp.	100	8
Ditto, New	100	50	British Iron Ditto	100	37 10
Phoenix	50	30	Canada Agricultural Ditto	100	10
Imperial	50	25	Columbian Ditto	100	5
United General	50	20	General Steam Navigation	100	13
Westminster	50	50	Irish Provincial Bank	100	20
			Rio de la Plata Comp.	100	10
			Van Diemen's Land Ditto	100	2 10
			Reversionary Interest Society	100	65
			Thames Tunnel Company	50	32

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Ude (late steward to His Royal Highness the Duke of York) has in the press a new edition of his French Cook, to which he has added upwards of two hundred valuable receipts.

National Tales. By Thomas Hood, Author of Whims and Oddities. With illustrations, by Thomas Dighton.

Orlando Furioso, in English prose, from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto; with notes by Christopher Johnson. Post 8vo, 9s. The first volume containing Cantos I. to XII. Vol. II. is in the press.

Mr. Allen's History of Lambeth, the major part of which is printed, will be finished the latter end of this month; it will form one volume of near five hundred pages, closely printed, with upwards of one hundred engravings of curious objects connected with the Parish.

Part I. of the History and Description of the ancient and highly interesting Parish of Clerkenwell. The work will be completed in 2 vols., demy 8vo, and 12mo, and illustrated with about sixty copper-plate engravings, executed by Messrs. Storer.

Colonel Trench purposes publishing a Collection of Papers, illustrated by explanatory Plates, relating to the Thames Quay, with Hints for some further Improvements in the Metropolis.

Mr. Strutt is employed on a work illustrative of some of the finest Forest Scenes in the country. It is to be entitled, *Delicæ Sylvarum*, and is intended as a companion to the *Sylva Britannica*.

The first number of a Naval and Military Magazine, to be published Quarterly, 5s. 6d; instituted for the purpose of supporting the interests of the Army and Navy.

The author of *London in the Olden Time*, is engaged on a second volume, consisting of Tales, illustrative of the Manners, Habits, and Superstitions of its Inhabitants, from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century. The work will appear early in the Spring.

American Sketches. In the course of the present Month, a volume of American Sketches, by a Native of that Country.

Travels from India to England, by way of the Burman Empire, Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, &c. in the years 1825-1826. By James Edward Alexander, Esq., H.P. Quarto.

Shigurf Namah-i-Valaët, or excellent Intelligence concerning Europe; being the Travels of Shaikh Itesa Moodeen, Moonshee, in Great Britain and France. Translated from the original Persian Manuscript into Hindoostanee; with an English Version and Notes. By James Edward Alexander, Esq., H.P. With a portrait of the Moonshee. 8vo.

Hamel, the Obeah Man. 2 vols. post 8vo, 18s.

Elizabeth Evanshaw, being a Sequel to the Novel of Truth. 3 vols.

X. Y. Z., a Farce. By George Colman, Esq. 6d.

Life of Augustus von Kotzebue, including the Flight to Paris, and Exile to Siberia, forming Vols. IX. and X. of Autobiography. 7s., with a Portrait.

Illustrations of the Passion of Love. To be published in Parts, 2s. 6d. each, three Parts forming a volume, with an elegant vignette title-page.

Hamiltonian System of Education; Voltaire's Charles XII.; Cicero's Treatises, De Senectute, and De Amicitia, with the literal, as well as the free Translation, according to the plan recommended in the Edinburgh Review. The De Senectute is now ready, and may be had separately.

Selections from the German, Italian, and Spanish, are also preparing for publication.

 WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Bagster's Comprehensive Bible; with a large and clear Type, being the only edition of the Holy Scriptures, which contains, in One Volume, the Authorised Version, with the essentials required for Pulpit, or Study, or Family Use.

A Political History of the Extraordinary Events which led to the Burmese War, illustrated with a Map of the British Frontier. By Captain W. White. 8vo, 10s.

Truckleborough-Hall, a Novel. 3 vols. 8vo, 1l. 8s. 6d.

The Hon. George Keppel's Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bus-sorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Curdistan, the Court of Persia, the Western Shore of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, Nishney Novogorod, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, in the year 1824. 1 vol. 4to, with coloured Plates.

The Natchez: an Indian Tale. By the Viscount de Chateaubriand. 3 vols. small 8vo, 1l. 1s.; French, 18s.

Memoirs of Count Segur, Ambassador from France at the Court of Russia. Volume the Third, comprising an Account of the Journey of the Empress Catherine to the Crimea.

Confessions of an Old Bachelor. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

The Third Volume of Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. With additions to Volume the First. By Dugald Stewart, F.R.S. 4to. 2l. 2s.

The Late War in Spain and Portugal. The Second Volume. By Robert Southey. 4to, 2l. 2s.

Three Months in Ireland. By an English Protestant. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

The Life of Grotius, and a succinct Account of the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of the Netherlands. By Charles Butler, of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Appendix to Captain Parry's Second Voyage of Discovery, containing the Natural History, &c. 4to, 2l. 2s.

Voyages of Discovery, undertaken to complete the Survey of the Western Coast of New Holland, between the years 1817 and 1822. By Philip Parker King, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo, 1l. 16s.

The Annual Biography, an Obituary for the year 1827. Containing Memoirs of celebrated Persons who died in 1825-1826. 8vo, 15s. Also may be had, the preceding Ten Volumes, 15s. each.

Select Views in Greece. Part VII. Engraved in the best Line Manner, from Drawings by H. W. Williams, Esq., Edinburgh. Containing the following Views:—I. Eleusis—II. Temple of Theseus—III. Chæronea—IV. View on the Gulf of Corinth—V. Mountain of Sopra Canina. Imperial 8vo, 12s.—Proof on India Paper, royal 4to, 1l. 1s. A few Impressions taken off on India Paper, before the Descriptive Writing, 1l. 11s. 6d.

Paul Jones: a Romance. By Allan Cunningham. 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.

Transalpine Memoirs; or, Anecdotes and Observations, showing the actual State of Italy and the Italians. By an English Catholic. 2 vols. 12mo, 15s.

Observations on the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Derangement of the Mind. Founded on an extensive Moral and Medical Practice in the Treatment of Lunatics. By P. S. Knight, M.D. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Yorkshire Scenery; or, Excursions in Yorkshire: with Delineations of some of the most interesting Objects, engraved by G. Cooke, Esq., and other eminent Artists, from Drawings made for the Purpose, by T. C. Hoffland, Esq., W. Cowen, &c. &c. By E. Rhodes. Royal 8vo, 18s.—small 4to, 1l. 4s.

Peak Scenery; or, the Derbyshire Tourist. By the same Author. 8vo, 14s.

The Poetical Souvenir. By Kennett and George Read Dixon, Esqrs. In crown 8vo, 10s. 6d., ornamented with an elegantly engraved Title, and 43 beautifully designed Wood-cuts.

Elements of Theoretical Mechanics; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures on Statics and Dynamics. By Thomas Jackson, LL.D. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Recollections of Egypt. By the Baroness von Minutoli. Post 8vo, with a coloured Portrait of Mahomet Ali Pac' a, 9s.

Europe in Miniature; a Geographical Amusement. In a handsome Gilt and ornamental Box, with Fifteen coloured Maps, and Fifty-six Explanatory Cards, 15s.

Notes made during a Tour in Denmark, Holstein, Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, Pomerania, the Isle of Rugen, Prussia, Poland, Saxony, Brunswick, Hanover, the Hanseatic Territories, Oldenburg, Friesland, Holland, Brabant, the Rhine Country, and France. Interspersed with some Observations on the Foreign Corn Trade. To which are annexed the latest Prices of Corn at all the Shipping Ports on the Continent. By R. Smith, Esq. F.R.S.L. 1 vol. 8vo, 12s.

A General Index to Dodsley's Annual Register, from its Commencement in 1758 to the year 1819, inclusive (from which Period each Volume has its respective Index). 8vo, 1l. 4s.

Part XI., with Eighteen Engravings, chiefly from Living Subjects, of the Animal Kingdom, described and arranged in conformity with its Organization. By the Baron Cuvier, &c. With additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed, and other Original Matter. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S. and Others. Demy, 8vo, 12s.—royal 8vo, 8s.—ditto, coloured, 11l. 4s.—demy 4to, India Proofs, 1l. 4s.

The Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursings ; from the original MSS. in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul ; containing a more interesting Account of the secret Transactions and Intrigues of the Court of Louis XIV, than any other hitherto published. 3 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, 1l. 16s.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From December 24, 1826, to January 24, 1827.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	202 $\frac{1}{4}$	199	902
3 per Cent. Consols.....	79 $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Reduced	80 $\frac{1}{8}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced.....	87	84 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$
New 4 per Cents.	99 $\frac{1}{8}$	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$
Long Annuities, expire 1860	19 $\frac{1}{8}$	18 $\frac{1}{8}$	18 $\frac{1}{8}$
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	236 $\frac{1}{4}$	232 $\frac{1}{2}$	233 $\frac{1}{2}$
India Bonds, 4 per Cent.	48s. pm.....	36s. pm.....	45s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day	28s. pm.....	17s. pm.....	25s. pm.
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	89	88 $\frac{1}{4}$	88 $\frac{1}{4}$
Brazil ditto, ditto	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	58	60 $\frac{1}{2}$
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	60	54	55
Chilian ditto, ditto	38	35	36
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	32	27	29
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	35 $\frac{1}{4}$	30	32
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent.	59 $\frac{3}{4}$	56	59
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.....	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	99
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cent.	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{3}{4}$
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent.	17	13 $\frac{3}{4}$	15
Mexican ditto	55	47	52
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent.	66 $\frac{1}{4}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	63
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	30	30 $\frac{1}{2}$
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.....	76	70	74
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	93 $\frac{3}{4}$	89 $\frac{1}{4}$	92 $\frac{3}{4}$
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	95	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	94
Russian ditto, ditto	86 $\frac{1}{4}$	84	86 $\frac{1}{4}$
Spanish ditto, ditto	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	12 $\frac{1}{4}$

ROBERT W. MOORE, *Broker*,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

NEW SERIES. No. XXVII.

CONTENTS OF THE
LONDON MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH 1, 1827.

	Page
A COCKNEY'S JOURNEY TO IRELAND	289
CRANBOURN CHACE	309
PAROCHIAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL QUERIES	313
CURIOUS RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE CHIEF CHAPLAIN OF THE GRAND SIGNIOR, AND PANAIOTTI NICUSSIO, INTERPRETER TO THE GRAND VIZIER KIOPRULI, IN THE YEAR 1662	325
CALAMITIES OF LONDON	333
TROUBADOUR POEMS, FROM ORIGINAL MSS..	335
SELF INTRODUCTION	341
THE GONDOLA	354
JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY	360
KING'S AUSTRALIA	377
TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL	389
DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND RED RIVER	401
DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY	406
DR. LINGARD AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW	421
ROYAL INSTITUTION	430
ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY	431
MAGAZINIANA.—Recipe for the Composition of a Tory History of England ; Sagacity of Irish Potatoes ; College Wit ; Prince Eugene and Marshal Boufflers ; a curious Species of Mud-fish ; a Scene at College ; Novel kind of Discovery by Captain King ; Account of Public Libraries ; Com- merci at Hersan	432—437
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, &c.	438
Literary Intelligence	438
Works lately published	439
Prices of the English and Foreign Funds	440

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1, 1827.

A COCKNEY'S JOURNEY TO IRELAND.

Mid-Winter.—Frigid Zone.

MY DEAR JACK,—I sit down to write these sad reminiscences of your unhappy friend. Heaven knows whether they will ever come to hand! It may never be my fate to see Bow-church, or my sweet Nancy, again; but my heart is with them! Oh! the dear girl! I suffer a dreadful martyrdom for her sake; and still continue to obey all her wishes, except that of washing in Eau de Cologne; for, alas! there is no such thing to be had *here*. Here I am, Jack; but where that is, I declare I cannot say—somewhere, I should think, among the mohocks and savages of North America—for here are large lakes, or internal seas; and I am sure the one now in sight is lake Erie; or, as it is misspelt in their Yankee papers, Erne; which is evidently the same word. When I asked my host, who is the only man in these parts that can speak indifferent English, when the “Erne Packet,”* (which I had seen advertised,) was to sail; he made some unintelligible reply, about its being *printed* on market days—A packet printed? but this is the way that all my hopes of getting back to London are frustrated. I have strayed among a people who know nothing of the English language, but what they pick up from sailors and watermen: and I see it is vain to explore my way out of these inhospitable regions, until I have made myself master of their jargon—*packet* is their corruption, it seems, of *pamphlet*. In like manner, when I inquired if there were any *stages* in that place, he shook his head; and on my repeating the word in the precisest way, *stages*, a ray of light seemed to strike him, and he ran out, and brought me in an old *tea-chest*, asking me, if that was what I wanted. I succeeded no better in trying to convey my meaning, by asking for *vans* and *flys*. In the first case, he brought me a boy, with a large *wen* upon his neck; and in the next,

* A northern paper.

he presented me with a book full of hooks, covered with silk and feathers, swearing that they were the best killing *flies* in the world. On my word, Jack, I could almost, in that moment, have swallowed a dozen of them, on his recommendation; so sick was I of life, and so dispirited at the solitary and unsocial state to which I have been reduced, by my not comprehending the inhabitants of this country, nor they me. Had I known that it would have been my fate to be thrown among these savage Canadians, I would have set about learning the Illinois, or Esquimaux, on Mr. Hamilton's system, before I left London; or, at least, have provided myself with dictionaries and grammars, at Boosey's—only think, Jack, they never heard of him, or of *The Literary Gazette*, in these parts—but, in truth, it was impossible for me to conceive that I should have been so soon ferried over the Atlantic. I am yet in some perplexity, how those villains of cads and water-jacks, at Liverpool, could have managed to put me into an American steam-boat, instead of one of the Dublin packets. But I will commence the sad history of my travels and adventures, not that I have the smallest hope of their ever reaching you, but because it will be a melancholy consolation to me, and a means of keeping up my English, which is likely to be all forgotten, should I be doomed to another month of such unusual silence and seclusion.

Jack, you remember how Nancy taunted me one night, at Vauxhall, with never having been in the country, nor, indeed, out of the hearing of Bow-bells. It was her delightful prattle about haymaking, nutting, picking blackberries, and the pleasures of *rurial* life, that made me resolve to take, unknown to you all, a trip into the country; that I might come back a finished traveller, and be able to cut out Joe, my rival, in his flowery nonsense about daisies, buttercups, and primroses. Oh! that I had been content with the posies of Covent-garden, and the rustic scenery of Kensington park: and as for hay, and nuts, and berries, I vow that I have seen nothing yet to come up to the cart-loads of hay in the Haymarket, and the walnuts and cranberries of our fruiterers.

But to proceed methodically: when I had formed this plan, the difficulty was to select a part to go to, and become thoroughly countrified in the space of a few weeks. I had some idea of Kent, from its being, as I had heard, a hop *country*; but then, if that was all for which it was remarkable, it would be much cheaper for me to become a subscriber at Willis's Caledonian *hops* for a season, than encounter the expense of a voyage into Kent, which I understood to be the nearest part of England to the continent, and, of course, a distant country.

As for Scotland, though a fashionable summer drive, I knew that it would not do for me; for I never yet drank their whiskey without qualms in the stomach; and could not bear the thoughts of eating nothing but oats, according to Dr. Johnson, during my stay there; and of coming home eaten up, like a leper, with the itch. At length I determined on taking the trip mentioned in the *London Magazine*, under the head of "Sporting Excursion," in August last.

It is not my intention to accuse the writer of that article with a design of misleading unfortunate tourists: I have no doubt that every thing which he states is true; but, at least, the editor might have

added, in a note, that there was a *new* Dublin, and a *new* Enniskillen, as well as a New York, and a New England; and have cautioned his readers to inquire for the right place, that they might not run the risk of being shipped over to America, as I have been, when their intention was only to visit the north-west of Ireland; where people speak the English language, and where eatables and drinkables might be had to suit the palate of a Londoner. If ever this should come to your hand, dear Jack, pray send the editor an account of the woful plight to which I am reduced, by having followed too literally his directions. Some shipwrecked mariner, or hardy adventurer, may face the horrors of these bogs and wastes, to seek again his native land; and through him I may remit these sad memorials of your once lively friend, Bob Trimmings. Then it will be some small comfort to me to think, that others may be deterred, in future, from falling into the same error, which has led to my expatriation; and from the consequences of which it may be years before I can extricate myself. Oh! Jack, Jack! if ever I get upon the flags of London again, no florid description shall ever tempt me more to rusticate—no; not even to Hampstead, or Paddington—or Gretna Green, with Nancy!

Having thus settled the weighty point of my destination, and obtained leave to go and spend the Christmas in the country, I packed up my whole luggage, consisting of a very small stock of linen, and a single change of clothes; for I thought that nothing would be easier than to send for any thing I wanted, and have it down in a day or two by the coach. As for perfume, soaps, &c. I would not overburden myself with any quantity, as I fancied that those necessaries could be had any where upon the road. Ah, Jack! had I foreseen the misfortune of being cast away, and left desolate in an uncivilized waste, I would have rigged myself out, like an India cadet, in our shop, and should not now be obliged to mourn over my poor kit, of three shirts, two collars, and single pot of bear's grease.

But, in fact, my guide, in his "Sporting Excursion," recommended travelling light; for which reason I packed up none but the lightest articles—silk stockings, kid gloves, and dress shoes, that are of no more use to me, in this marshy country, than so much spider's web. I took neither gun nor fishing-rod, but a good silk umbrella, which answer my purpose much better—that is, exploring the country, occasionally, on the top of the coach; and occasionally on foot, or on horseback—and had I known as much as I do now, I would have brought twenty of them; for I am sure they would have been a very good *spec*, in a country like this, where not a day passes without frequent showers, and where the inhabitants appear perfectly unacquainted with that convenient article. Well, Jack! having bid good bye to you all, and slipt one of Nancy's small tortoiseshell combs, and sweet little artificial ringlets, into my bosom, I hurried off to the Swan with Two Necks, my valise under my arm, to secure a place, inside, for the night. I wanted to know what the fare was by the hour, as that appeared to me the most correct way of doing the thing, but the clerks would not listen to any such proposal; and when I inquired how we were to settle, whenever I might detain the coach for an *extra* half-hour or so, they smiled, and told me, that I should post it. I answered them sharply, that it was their business to *post* it, as they

were paid for *posting* their master's accounts. At this the saucy fellows laughed; but one of them, more civil than the rest, inquired, "How many hours' drive would do me in the Tally-ho?" I answered, that "I did not care if I drove all night, as I could sleep in the coach, provided I were set down in the morning at some good eating-house, where I might have the means of diverting myself for the rest of the day, and resuming my journey by night; because I thought it time lost to be sitting in a coach, and rattling over the pavement all day long." The book-keeper entered into my design at once, and said, that, "as I was travelling for information, and to visit different houses, and transact matters during the day time, he would undertake to book me all the way, as an inside, to Liverpool, by different night coaches." This offer I accepted, and the guard was commissioned to see it executed.

Before we started, I very considerably purchased two maps, to be a check upon the guard, should he attempt to mislead me. The first was a large map of London, and the second a small chart of the world; for I knew that, with these, I would be able to direct my course all over the globe; but, alas! Jack, I forgot to observe that the date of the London plan was so far back as 1824, and that many of the improvements could not have been inserted at that time. This inattention led, in part, as you shall hear, to my being inveigled into a trip across the Atlantic.

About four in the afternoon we set off, driving towards the west end, through Piccadilly, Brompton, Kensington, Brentford, Hounslow—by the bye, why it should be called west *end*, is to me quite unintelligible; I am sure that we met no termination, but continued all night long in sight of the lamps; and whenever the coach stopped, I found myself in a fine paved street, which, they told me, invariably, was High-street. I observed, indeed, some trees and hedges here and there, which, I suppose, belong to parks and squares; but I knew that all was right; for on every blank wall I read, in legible characters, the names of Hunt, Warren, Larnder, and others, recommending you to buy blacking at Blackwall, in Holborn, and the Strand: so long, therefore, as these met my eye, I was quite satisfied that there could be no danger of my losing my way; for if I chose to leave the coach, any body could direct me back to Blackwall, Holborn, or the Strand. I once or twice inquired of the waiting-maids, how far we were from the *country*. Some asked me what country I meant? others thought that I was joking with them; and not a few reddened, and made some sharp retort, as if I had offended them. Poor ignorant things! thought I; they have been bred up all their lives in the heart of the city, and do not even know what the *country* means. I determined to put no more such puzzling questions to them, but to refer myself to my maps next day. And now I fully comprehend the reason, why the fashionables make so much fuss about going into the country, and usually require four horses to carry them out of town; nor did I any longer wonder at the stay they make, since it might probably take them a length of time, merely to get off the stones of London.

I was awakened next morning by the stopping of the coach, about nine o'clock, at the door of a fine club-house, with a swan painted over the door, and informed by the guard, that this was the place

where I was to stop; and that I would be called for at five in the afternoon. After breakfast, I made my toilet, spruced myself up in perfect Adonis style, and walked out to see this part of the *town*. I observed, by the board at the first turning, that I was still in High-street—a very fine street, Jack, not unlike Bishopsgate-street!—a great deal of business seemed to be doing there, in the hardware and crockery lines. I lounged about most part of the day, stared at by the shopkeepers, as if I were a monstrosity; by which I concluded, that this was not the fashionable promenade; still I would not expose my ignorance, by asking for *the* park, or street, where people of the ton usually paraded. It is true, that I put several side-wind questions to a young woman in a cake-shop; but she told me of so many *parks* in the neighbourhood, with confounded crankey names, and so many King and Queen streets, all which I knew to be puddling little places, that I saw immediately, that she knew nothing of high life, and the habits of the west end. I once strayed a considerable distance from High-street, and found so much difficulty in getting back again, though I followed the streets by name, which, in the map of London, ran into High-street, that I determined to saunter up and down, in sight of the club-house, till dinner time. The waiter was the stupidest animal I ever met; he knew nothing of Hyde-park, Regent-street, or New Bond-street; and all his acquaintance with the *city* itself, did not extend beyond some few of its churches; St. George's, or St. Bride's, or St. Paul's. It was now, for the first time, I perceived the error that I had committed, in not selecting the last published plan of London; for in that of 1824, there was no such long street as High-street, which must have been all built since that time. As for Mercator's chart, I hunted in vain for any thing like a street in it, though London was there, plain enough: it must be, that the map was too minute, to afford space for the printer to insert the word *street*, so many times; though, I am sure, it would be much more explanatory to the travellers, if he had left out such insignificant places as Birmingham and Manchester, and merely mentioned the streets through which one passes, in coaching it from Lad-lane to Liverpool quay. If ever you drive that way, Jack, do not put up at the Swan club-house; only think of their charging me three shillings for a steak, when every one knows that the best rump-steak may be had in the city for one shilling and sixpence, pickled onion included. At five I was summoned to proceed on my journey, and the jolting of the coach soon set me asleep; once or twice during the night, I was disturbed by the sudden drawing up of the stage, and found myself, as usual, in a populous, well-lit street, and at the door of another club-house, at which some of the passengers alighted, and made room for new comers; but few of them came inside, and such as did, spoke with a nasty Lancashire twang, that was half unintelligible to me. I preferred ruminating on the surprise which my excursion would give my pretty Nancy, to listening to their silly conversation about wools and cottons; and found an invincible charm in holding to my lips her little curl, over which I usually fell fast asleep in a few minutes. Next day I woke at rather a late hour, and found that we were rolling along a very grand, busy place; and upon inquiring the name of the street, I learnt that we were still traversing the interminable High-street. When we

stopped, a number of cads and sailor-like fellows besieged the door of the coach, demanding, very obstreperously, where we were going? I observed the guard pointing me out slyly, to one of these fellows, who came up and told me, that if I was for Dublin, I had not a moment to spare, as the steam-boat was starting. Whom was I to refer to but the guard? who told me, the traitor! that all was right; and then made his cringe for perquisites. Oh! that I had listened to the warning voices of the other cads and porters, who desired me not to go with *that* fellow, who had already charged himself with my valise and umbrella, and whom I followed mechanically to Liverpool quay.

This, Jack, is a place like Blackwall; where the shipping lie as thick as at the Custom-house. It is the other end of the river Thames, and I could plainly see the Surrey hills on the farther shore. To the west lay Ireland, as some one told me; and I thought I could distinguish the smoke and steeples of Dublin; and the steward told me we should be over in a few hours. I thought he was exaggerating the time, in order to make his charge appear more reasonable, for he had the conscience to ask one guinea for transporting me across the channel; but this is the way with all new inventions, thought I; it would be better for me to take a wherry to myself, and get skulled over, than go by their enormous steam vessel! Oh! Jack, that I had but followed this wise suggestion!—but then I was reluctant to withdraw my luggage, once it was aboard, and so I paid the fellow, determined, in my own mind, to summon him at the other side, for the overcharge.

I had not much time for further reflexion, for the sailors set up a *yohoying* song, and began pulling ropes till they set the machinery in action, and made it difficult for me to keep my feet. I was so annoyed with their confounded unmusical humdrum, the meaning of which I could not understand, for undoubtedly it was a Yankee-doodle-do farewell, that I gladly took the steward's hint, to go down, and look after a birth for myself; but not until I saw, that if we continued to go at that rate, we must reach Dublin in less than an hour. And so we would, Jack, but for the treacherous smuggler of a captain, who had no sooner got out of sight of the custom-house officers, and the water-bailiffs, than he hoisted sail, and leaving Ireland on his right, made directly for North America, kidnapping all who were on board, with a view of taking us out to colonize some of the back settlements.

But, to relate things in their order: I had been about an hour below, diverting myself with the books and apparatus of the grand cabin, when I began to feel a little queerish for the want of breakfast, so I called the waiter loudly, when presently a sailor-boy presents himself, with a hand-bason, and begs my pardon for not bringing it sooner. I told the fellow to go about his business; that I did not want him, nor his empty bason, but the waiter, that I might inquire after breakfast. The lad immediately retreated, and sent in a rough Jack-tar, with a fur cap upon his head, who told me, that breakfast would be served up in a few minutes. "How do you know that?" demanded I. "Because it is my business to order it," replied he. "Pray what would you choose to have—ham or eggs?" I now

thought to myself, that they had communicated by telegraph with some of the inns in Dublin, and fancied, that it would be a rare thing to bespeak a choice breakfast in this way; I therefore ordered some fresh Dublin-bay herrings, and Waterford sprats, to be got ready immediately. The fellow, whom I found out to be the steward, informed me, that "they had none on board." "On board?" said I; "I do not mean to eat until I get on shore." "At that rate," rejoined he, "you will fast till ten o'clock to-night; for it will be the finest passage we have ever had, if we reach Kingstown by that hour." He then left me to attend to some female passengers, whom, no doubt, this discovery shocked as much as it did me, for I never heard such tones of lamentation as those in which it was responded: but having a tolerable share of presence of mind, I did not suffer myself to be overwhelmed at once by this information. Recurring to the map of the world, I traced from Liverpool westward, until I alighted upon Kingston in the United States: it was evident, therefore, that the captain had shot southward a considerable way, in order to avoid the coast of Ireland; and it was very likely, judging by the steward's account of the time, that we were now upon Vancouver's, or Captain Cook's first track, and entering the immense Atlantic Ocean, between Capes Clear and Finisterre. I shall not attempt to picture my sensations at this discovery. A cold shivering seized me, in consequence of agitation; and I felt a deadly sickness prevailing all over my inside. This was not a little augmented, by the hysterical fits into which some of the female passengers were thrown, and by the sighs and groans of all the poor abducted victims. In this general dejection, I felt it incumbent on me to muster all my fortitude, and contrive some scheme to effect the deliverance of myself and my companions in misery. I did not doubt that we might fall in with some fishing-smack, or packet-boat, on its way home to Westminster-stairs, and that I would be able to write a line to the foreign secretary, upon this violation of the law of nations; instigating him to accept the *message* of the president of congress, and not suffer the glory of Old England to be tarnished, by refusing so repeatedly the challenges of the American champion, who had now added a violent act of provocation in our abduction. By the help of such suggestions, and good smelling-salts, I was enabled to appear, with tolerable equanimity, at the breakfast table, where I resolved to divert my anguish, by a hearty meal. But, alas! Jack, the expedient that had so often soothed my troubles, was unequal to perform its natural office, on this greatest of all my calamities. The very idea of eating seemed to choak me with internal surges; and—and—in short, I spoiled my own and others breakfast. They advised me to go and lie down, saying, that I was sea-sick; but that could not be, for deuce a drop of sea-water had I touched: still I would not own to these unfeeling catchpoles, that I was only home-sick; for which reason I told them, it was nothing but the wind. "How can that be?" said the chief of these pirates, detaining a huge gobbet of fat pork on his fork, while he spoke. "The wind is south-east by east, and could not be in a more favourable point." With this insult over my misfortunes, the barbarian thrust the sixpenny worth of pig down his throat, and threw me into convulsions at his savage inhumanity.

I was now carried off to bed, that is to say, to a cupboard-shelf

with bedclothes on it; and this, Jack, with a rude wash-hand stand in it, was all the furnished lodging they allowed me for my money. But what can prisoners expect? In my agony I frequently begged to be put on shore, no matter whether on the Surrey or London side; that I would excuse their refunding any part of the fare, and even pay a handsome gratuity, if they would set me out at the first stairs or wharf that they came to. But they only answered with rude laughter, that added to the spasms of my heart. I now first comprehended what the poets and tragedians mean by grief: every thing that I have felt before, was mere sentiment and imaginary woe; but now I experienced the real pangs and yearnings of distress, and became conscious of possessing bowels of compassion for the sufferings of the poor moaning captives around me. Yes, Jack, I have discovered how tender-hearted I am.

How long I lay in these mortal heavings, praying that the crisis of death might relieve me, I know not, for my watch had gone down; but I am sure it must have been an incalculable number of hours before the twilight came on: because, as we were travelling westward in a boat, impelled by American steam, (so much superior to ours,) it stands to reason, that we were going with the sun, and of course should not miss the daylight until we had left him a considerable way behind us; this must be plain to anyone that knows what Aphelion and Perihelion mean, or to be more explicit, Apogee and Perigee. Well then, about the time when my stomach could hold out no longer with fasting such a space of time, this long polar day came to a conclusion, and I determined to rise and prowling about in the dusk for something to eat; for hunger, you know, will break through stone walls; and why should it not through wooden ones? besides, I heard the steward say we were near the *light* ship, which I did not doubt was some light, fast-sailing skiff, that would probably undertake to drop a letter for me in the two-penny post. So, I pencilled a few lines to Mr. Canning at Downing-street, and slipped, as well as I could, out of my confined apartment; but sorrow had so completely upset me, that I could not keep my legs, and staggered about like a drunken man. At last I bobbed against the steward, in the dusk, and thought that all was over with me, as he would naturally suspect my intention to escape, and have me searched with the damnatory note about me. Recollecting how despatches had been treated on similar occasions, I clapped the paper into my mouth, and by a desperate gulp or two, sent it down to be digested by the gastric juice. It operated better than any other prescription could have done, for in a moment I felt considerably relieved; which shows what a length of time I must have fasted, when my stomach could put up with a mouthful of paper. Compassion, or fear of losing by my death, induced the steward, instead of ordering me to be stripped, to invite me to take some dinner, and even to persuade me to walk upon deck to get an appetite. I heard him make the same proposal to many more of his victims; thus, even slave merchants, for the sake of lucre, will take pity upon their suffocating cargo. His assistant-jailor enveloped me in a dread-nought, that must have been wire-wove, it felt so bristly: its weight too was such, as effectually to preclude my escape by leaping overboard and swimming to the shore. These precautions being taken, I was hoisted upon

deck by the *companion*, as they called him, and a couple of green ropes; I never desire such another companion, nor his worsted twists, again. After taking me to the *wind ward*, as he called the place where a few other wretched captives were brought up to get a little air; he held out two ropes, asking me, would I be lashed to the larboard. I saw it was folly to resist, and merely took the precaution of selecting the slightest of the two, with which he bound me, a free-born Englishman, to the railing of the vessel. When his back was turned, I managed, unperceived, to raise one of the cumbrous arms and cape of the iron mantle in which he had shrouded me; then, to force the stiff collar a little on one side, and to push the weighty brass hat a little above my eye-brows, that I might just get room enough to breathe freely, and observe what was going on. I looked in vain for the *light ship*, which I expected; but on our right lay a large heavy vessel moored in the midst of the Atlantic. At first I thought it on fire at the mast-heads, as though it had been struck by lightning; but on coming alongside, I found that it was lit by three large gas-lamps: I guessed, therefore, that she belonged to the Gas Company, and was stationed here, to supply the government mails with portable gas, to enable them to see their way across the ocean by night. Indeed, she served as an artificial sun in some respects, as she enabled me in the absence of the sun and moon to see, though with a faint twilight radiance, an immeasurable expanse of waters before us. On our left, and behind us, I could just observe, by screwing my head round with much difficulty, that we were still in sight of the lamps along the *river*; and I overheard two of my fellow prisoners (planning no doubt their escape,) point out to each other, the Conway, and the Beaumaris, and Skerries *lights*, as they called them, that is, I supposed, *light* post-coaches, for I never saw anything travel so quickly along as they did. Oh! Jack, that I had but been on the roof of one of them! I would have been, ere long, in London; for, to my great delight, I just then heard St. Paul's strike five—there is no deceiving me on the tone and time of that clock, Jack; I would know it even here in Upper Canada, where the sound of a bell has never been heard—but guess my surprise and trouble, when the big bell on board, instead of five, struck one. Explain that, Jack, if you can, by the tables for the equation of time, or the precession of the equinoxes—here were we, evidently after sunset, in the middle of winter, and yet the mean time was one, *post meridiem*, while it was about six o'clock by London, carrying one for the time of the sound travelling to us.

At that moment the steward came to loosen us, and to say that dinner was ready. I followed below, dispensing with the companion; and missing a step of the ladder, rolled headlong upon the black cook, who was just below me, descending with two turkeys and a monstrous round of beef, all on one dish. I had no doubt on earth but that I would be cut to pieces with carving knives, before ever I could regain my feet, so I scrambled away under the table, as far as I could, till I found my nose in contact with something so hot and moist, that I feared it was the steam-boiler: it turned out to be one of the turkeys, which, it seems, I had shoved on before me. I immediately conveyed it under my great sieve-cloak, knowing that it would sustain life for

a space, should our oppressor attempt to famish us out again during the voyage. At last a joyous prospect unfolded itself to me; I found that by creeping backwards, I might manage to escape from my woollen prison; which I accordingly did, without incurring notice; for the floor was strewed with dead and dying men, among whom I groped my way with my prize, till I came opposite my nook, and then stood bolt upright, jerking the turkey in before me, and intending to smuggle myself in after it; but the watchful steward apprehended me, inquiring if I "had not intended to dine? would not a leg or wing, with oyster sauce, do me good? he would help me to some." I suffered myself to be led back, persuaded that he connived at my theft, and was willing to give me an opportunity of adding sauce to my turkey.

On reaching the table, what a lamentable contrast presented itself, to the numbers who had assembled there to breakfast? At least one half had perished in the long interval, for want of food and air: not a single female had outlived this period of total inanition!!

My uneasiness was great, when I heard the piratical captain bellowing with oaths for the other turkey, and swearing to rip the cook open, if he did not produce it. The cook looked very hard at me; but either he did not know me perfectly when out of my strange travestie, or the steward had given him the wink to carry on one of their sea-jokes against the company, for he answered intrepidly, that "the t'other there bird had been capsized by the sick lubber, into the swash bucket; but if any body wished, he would fish it out, and serve it up again." Every one exclaimed against its reproduction, and it remained seething in its own steam between my blankets.

Somehow, the palsy of my diaphragm, proceeding from grief, did not permit me to dine so heartily as might have been expected from my long abstinence; the conversation too was not at all calculated for an anodyne. It was all about the extremities to which these cannibals had been reduced, to satisfy their hunger, in shipwrecks, and on barren rocks: broiled whale and blubber soup were among the most inviting dishes which they enumerated. One fat porpoise of a fellow, who had sold his wife and children to these kidnappers, gloried in having eaten a portion of Calipash and Calipee, an Indian chieftain and his squaw, (as I concluded,) whom his crew had taken prisoners on Turtle Island, in St. Lawrence river. No wonder that these stories disgusted me, and inspired me with the apprehension of a similar fate, should our voyage be protracted during many more diurnal revolutions. At last the steward, who kept a keen eye upon me, Heaven knows with what diabolical intentions! asked me, with affected commiseration, if I would walk upon deck. To this I assented; upon which he gave me liberty to take any cloak that was convenient to me, and to mount the *companion*. I chose, you may be sure, the lightest, but dispensed with riding upon the shoulders of his companion, as he wanted me. My wonder at this unrestricted permission ceased the moment I had gained the deck, whence I saw the impossibility of escape. Ah! Jack, the elements were at war with one another; and evil spirits of the storm were whistling among the cordage overhead. The waves on fire, were leaping up to lash the firmament with their finny tails; not a vestige of land was to be seen separating the water from the sky in our front: the moon, now

risen, enabled me to see the verge of the sea ; and I thought that ere long we should be upon its brink, and drop off like the stars, into the concave heavens. In the first instants of my stupor, I remembered the storm in *The Pilot*, and likened myself to poor Long Tom ; but alas ! Jack, my situation was infinitely more alarming than his ; for when I turned round to look for the pit and boxes, behold you ! they had vanished ; there was not a single spectator, then, in my native land, to weep for me ! nay, the land itself had sunk, or the waters had risen, and, for aught I knew, all my friends and countrymen had been ingulphed in the ocean. Oh ! my friend, conceive—here was I for the first time, fairly beyond the lamps, off the stones, as I may say, of London ; and though I now comprehend fully, that it was nothing but the mountain-billows that intercepted my view of the coast of the city, still the idea of your being submerged was at the time the only explication of this new phenomenon. I had ample scope on deck to study the stars, which were a thousand times more numerous than ever I had seen them, even from the attics in Cheapside : one in particular, attracted a mariner's attention, and he measured its right ascension and declination with a telescope. I heard him say that it was a revolving light, upon which I drew out my opera glass, and found that it was an amazing large planet, that disappeared and reappeared at intervals of a few seconds,—fact, I assure you, Jack, and only to be accounted for, by supposing that it has a luminous and an opaque disk, and revolves round its axis in periods of about two degrees, making day and night there about twenty-six thousand times shorter than ours. How much information rewards travellers for all their perils ! I felt gratified to have made this accession to my scientific knowledge ; and would almost have been consoled altogether, had I been able to discover any of the mountains or volcanos which astronomers describe and measure so accurately in the planets ; but my glass was better calculated for examining faces than mountains, and as it could detect none of the former, it is very supposable, that the planet is not inhabited by human beings.

Nothing remarkable attracted my observation till we came close upon the Line, which I saw as plain as a pike-staff, lying flat upon the brim of the water just before us. You know, Jack, that day and night are here equal, and can guess what a long period of darkness we had yet to encounter, before the day returned to us ; which will amply explain our passage across the Atlantic before the next day-break. I did not wait to see how they managed to cross the equinoctial line, because I suddenly grew as cold as an icicle, and was already thinking of withdrawing to my cell, when I heard some one mention, that there was a *nice brig* sailing past us. I had no doubt he meant an *ice-berg*, which I soon ascertained to be the fact, for it appeared on our right, rising out of the water in huge white pyramids, and shot across our course with inconceivable swiftness. Some of the pirates imagined they discovered human beings on the floe, and a fellow with a loud stentorian voice was commissioned to address them in English, as the language most commonly spoken in the empire of the seas, which, you know, Jack, is ours. This fellow took the precaution of applying an immense red-hot extinguisher to his lips, to

prevent his words from being frozen ere they reached the berg, and I heard him distinctly demand, "Whence come you? what have you got? whither bound?" To which the unfortunate cast-away, whom I distinguished for a countryman, as well by his accent, as his recklessness of a horrible death, answered clearly, "From Whitehaven, heavy *colds**—to *Jericho*." * Thus you see, a British tar will crack his joke to the last; he no doubt saw the impossibility of our yielding him any assistance, and heroically assumed a language of unconcern and intrepidity towards the rivals of his country, whose right of challenging or searching on the seas he sneered at, by giving manifestly false ports and cargo, and then contemptuously smoking his pipe, as, no doubt, the light I perceived proceeded from that instrument, now his sole remaining comfort.

The chill of the air and agitation of the water produced by this floating mass, and the shuddering that came over me for the fate of this poor wretch, soon affected me with a renewal of the heart-ache, which determined me to steal down to my lair, and try if I could not compose my stomach with one of the drumsticks of my turkey. Luckily I crept into my stall without being heeded, for the steward and boy were at that moment hurrying to and fro, administering physic (tartar-emetic, I should think,) to the few surviving victims on whose sale they had speculated, and had no time to look after me. I have ever found *eating* a capital specific against sorrow, both because it diverts at the time, and composes immediately after. I exerted myself so well on my bird, with no other tools than a penknife and my Susan's comb, that I could not fail of shortly falling into a sound sleep. How long I continued in that state is utterly unknown to me; but I was awakened by the boy looking into my ward, and exclaiming out, at seeing the bones and fragments, "Lord, how sick he must have been; I never seed the likes before." I continued listening, that I might learn what was said of my purloin, but happily no farther comment was made; I overheard, however, a whispering between two of the crew, and just comprehended that the captain had altered his mind, about landing at Kingstown; and was now running up the river, having crossed the bar at high water, with a view of landing at the Custom-house Quay.

This intelligence roused me anew to hopes of escape. It struck me that I might manage to evade their watchfulness during the dark; and eventually to escape into the country by giving myself out for an emigrant; or, if taken, by passing myself for a Jacobite rebel, who had fled from his country for high-treason; and then the best they could do for me, imagining the worst, would be to send me home again under their Alien Act. I did accordingly grope my way upon deck once more, and saw to my surprise that we were in a lighted land again. The bar of the river, which separated it from the sea, lay, like a broad stone wall, on our left; and innumerable lamps in lines gleamed before us. I durst not expose myself too openly; wherefore I lay lurking under the tarpaulin that covered the baggage, from which I had the good fortune to extricate my valise and umbrella; keeping them in readiness for any favourable opportunity that might

* Possibly a mistake for *coals* and *Kerry coast*.—ED.

occur. You may imagine, Jack, my anxiety at that time. At length, after winding past some ships of war, stationed at anchor for the defence of the river, I began to comprehend, by the bustle aboard, and the cessation of the rumbling noise of the machinery, that we were coming to a standstill. We were within a few yards of the quay, when, unable to endure my suspense any longer, I retreated a few steps, and then with a run, (thanks to my gymnastics,) fairly cleared the interval, and landed on my hands and knees. At that instant, a general hollo was raised on deck; and a fellow on shore, who was handling a rope, ran towards me, and attempted to seize me by the collar; but I had started on my feet, and flung away so impetuously from him, as to leave nothing in his hand but a false shirt-breast, and Nancy's lock and comb. "Shiver my sails," cried he, "but it's a female woman in gaskins; if here be'ent her false colours and boarding pikes." I heard all this very clearly; for alas! I had run against some whole timber, and fallen over, dreading every moment recaption and a cruel death: but a volley of oaths now proceeded from on board, directed to my pursuer for letting go the rope; and I heard them order him to let the ——— — — —, *that is*, a most uncourteous imprecation against the sex, which I hope there is no sin, nor any profanation, in conveying even in this obscure way to your apprehension.

For heaven's sake, don't allow Nancy to read of the sacrilege committed on her appendages! but if she should insist upon seeing this part of my memoirs, keep from her the meaning of those black lines applied to the supposed owner of these relics; and excuse me, Jack, as well as you can, for not dying chivalrously for their recovery: call to her mind, that there was no watch within hearing to support me, and that I should have had to face a whole crew of bloodthirsty pirates; who were only deterred from pursuing, or sweeping me off the face of the earth with a broadside of grape-shot, by the misapprehension of my being a woman in disguise.

I did not wait long listening to their rude jests upon their trophies, as they handed them to the steward in recompence for his treatment of me; but crawled forward with my baggage in the direction of the row of lamps, betaking myself to a run, as soon as I gained a short distance. I then struck down a dark road, and following several gloomy turns, arrived at length in a well-lit but deserted street; along which I bent my steps, quaking at the very sound they made, lest it should wake the sleeping inhabitants. I had not gone on far, when I heard a loud snoring proceed from a box, which I rightly guessed to belong to a watchman; and made up my mind how to behave in case of his challenging me. In effect he roared out in Yankee-English, for me to *stap*, which I did, knowing the futility of escape. He then advanced, and showed me what a fierce savage I had to cope with. He was clothed in a great grey bear-skin, and had on a close helmet, tied under his chin with a red handkerchief. In his hand he bore a frightful long Indian pike with a recurved hook, that made my blood run cold but to look at. He wanted apparently to know, what I had got in my bundle, and where I was going; but he interlarded his discourse with so many Indian words, among which I caught *honi*, *trautht*, *arrah*, *ushscraw*, and

ma vourgneen, that I found it difficult to comprehend, that he only wanted a trifling bribe for my release. I kept assuring him that I had landed from the packet, and was looking out for an hotel to spend the night in; offering him, at last, half-a-crown if he would conduct me to one. The silver had a wondrous effect upon his organs of language, for he began to enumerate several; asking first, would I go to the Waterford hotel—but that, Jack, was too near the *water-side*; and might again bring me in contact with the pirates—then, would I go to the Hibernian? I answered eagerly, yes—but then he explained, that he could go no further than the river, for that the Hibernian was a great way over the water. I now found out what the joker meant; but was no way disposed for another sea-voyage to Hibernia just then. I despaired of getting much out of him; and contented myself with asking by signs and words the name of the street before us. He said it was Great Britain-street, and may be it was the Enniskillen hotel I was looking for. I almost imagined him gifted with second sight, on his utterance of these two names; and though I no more thought it probable that such an hotel was to be found in these parts, than that I was then in King George's dominions; still I resolved to avail myself of a guide endowed with so much instinct, and signified my wish to follow him. He seized my port-manteau, and led the way, telling me that he came from the north himself—no doubt! from the North Pole, or thereabouts, I should think; and that there were not a finer set of men than the *Englis-killers*,* who were orange-men every *murtherous son** of them, and were the only people to keep down the *Papishes* and *Crappie-savishes*. I found him getting eloquent in praise of this Mohican tribe of red men, in whose bloody feats he took so barbarous a delight; and would have given him the slip, had it not been for my valise. On crossing over a long street, I read distinctly over the door of a house, "Enniskillen Hotel," which threw me into no small perplexity. Where the deuce could I be? in the States, or Great Britain, or Enniskillen, or Dublin? And yet under the peculiar circumstances in which I had arrived, it was impossible for me to inquire, without subjecting myself to the cruellest treatment as a run-away—a spy—an informer—should my predominant impressions, that is, the evidence of my senses, be verified. I therefore quietly followed my guide into the passage; determined to express no suspicious curiosity, but to be regulated by what I might happen to hear. My conductor explained to the American waiter, that I was a great British jontleman, who wanted a place in the Firmonach coach; and that he had brought me there from the packet-office. The waiter bowed and scraped as soon as he heard that I was a great gentleman, and exchanging some foreign words with my guide, took charge of my luggage, requesting to know whether I would go by the *Killingshamdrag* † coach, or by the mail. I answered, by the latter; and gave him the fare to book me in the morning; he told me I could have supper and a bed there, and plenty of time to rest myself, if I was weary after my voyage, as the mail would not start till eight the following evening. I coincided

* Probably Enniskilleners and mother's son.—Ed.

† Killeshandragh.—Ed.

in every thing he proposed ; and even mustered resolution enough to ask, in an apparently indifferent manner, what o'clock it was? he answered, about one. This was rather startling to a man who had heard one o'clock after sunset so many long hours ago at sea, and never seen the day break since: however, I acquiesced in returning to sleep, as he suggested, so soon as I should have *supped*—breakfasted, he should have said. I ordered tea, with rump-steak and oyster sauce—but he knew of no such steak; he had very fine oysters indeed, if I would have any. For fear of exposing my further ignorance of their cookery, I assented to the oysters, especially if he had any of the *native*. He brought up some as large as saucers; and on my asking him for the *native*, he gave me to understand that the stuff in the decanter was the real *native*. I could scarce conceal my astonishment; but anxious to conciliate the good feeling of this patriot, who spoke warmly in praise of his native mountain dew, I poured out a goblet of clear crystal water, as I thought, and applying it to my lips, emptied a stout glass-full into my throat, before I was aware of its fiery nature. I really felt as if my whole inside were suddenly scalded, and my lungs melted in the caustic menstruum: as soon as I could, I roared out that I was poisoned; but the waiter said, it was nothing at all, but the goodness of the *crater*, (what perversion of terms!) no doubt he meant the burning lava from some volcanic *crater* in his native mountains.

After breakfast I really felt inclined for a doze, and telling the waiter not to call me till dinner-time, which I supposed would be about three o'clock, retired to my bed, where, for the first time since leaving London, I enjoyed the comfort of getting into bed without my clothes on. You may imagine I slept most luxuriously after my fatigues.

The waiter rapped at my door about half past two, and told me it was within a short time of dinner, as I had bespoke it. I dressed in good style, Jack, taking the precaution of changing my suit, and mounting a pair of *moustaches*, in which even the waiter scarce recognized me; for he asked, was I the young gentleman who had come last night, and ordered dinner at three; I told him I was; but he was not satisfied till he had inquired of the chambermaid, to whom I overheard him say, that he was sure I was a foreigner, and that he had never seen any one's beard grow so fast as mine did.

After dinner I strolled out to reconnoitre the public buildings, and to try and gain some information of the place where I was, without putting so ridiculous, if not dangerous a question in plump terms to any body. The first place of note I saw, was their Newgate; I thence found my way to one of their bridges, and kept along a fine terrace raised over the river, till I came to a magnificent building, which I was told was the custom-house. Not a single vessel lay abreast of its quay, nor did any bustle appear there, more than in another place. At first I imputed this to the want of trade, but I soon amended that supposition, when I reflected upon the nature and use of duties, and the American principle of a free trade. Their custom-house is a mere ornament to the state, that imposes no import duties. Similarly their superb docks and basons, as large as the India Company's, were merely constructed to show off their blocks of fine granite, and to amuse boys with sailing little boats in; not for the detention of bonded

cousignments. I saw large flocks of water-pigeons sailing in them. A little lower down the river, I perceived some business going on, and approaching, found that it was a vessel shipping pigs and cattle; and by a board hung at her ladders, I learned that she was going to set sail for Bristol. Here then was an opportunity of probably returning to Old England; but the fear of being asked for a passport, as well as the length of a voyage, that required such a stock of beef and pork as I saw hoisted on board, determined me to wait at least the opportunity of a steamer, and in the mean time to finish the adventure, by visiting this Enniskillen, to which I had so unaccountably been directed.

I was not quite satisfied with the observant looks of many fellows in this quarter, and began to imagine that my person had already been advertised as an eloper from the packet, and that many were on the look out to secure the reward. As I passed along, I listened, with ears cocked to both sides of the street; and though I heard many words familiar to me, yet such was the medley produced by the variety of tongues and languages, with which I knew the United States to abound, that I could not gather the sense of a single sentence, except that perpetual one of the beggars, who swarm the streets, "*A cush lo mo cree*,"—"Give me a ha'penny;" and this only because they took care to repeat it in as many languages as they could, that no one might misunderstand their meaning. Of course, I opened my lips as seldom as I could, for fear of being betrayed by my Cockney accent; but one fellow, who pestered me in tolerable English, I drew under an archway, and presenting him a shilling, demanded, in an under tone, if he was really an United man, hoping to find in him a countryman. He looked most insidiously at me, and replied, "Well! since your honour" (taking me for a magistrate) "pays so well for telling, I don't care if I confess, that I was an *United* man once; but am now thinking of turning my *quoat*, and reading my *cantation*." Whether he meant turning a penny by begging cant, I know not; but it was now clear to me, that I was in the *United* States. This fellow dodged me for a long time, and pointed me out to several importunate spies, who did all they could to provoke me to speak, which I prudently refrained from, merely handing them a few pence, by way of bribe to forbearance: at length their number increased to a mob of some twenty, which alarmed me so much, that I ventured at last to open my mouth, and call over a thing like a hackney-coach and pair—but whether of horses or bonasses I vow I do not know. Their driver was a singularly deformed beggar, with a face blue as indigo; but he understood my direction to the Enniskillen hotel, and freed me from my persecutors. As we drove on, I tried to gather some elucidation from the inscriptions over the shops; but they were generally such uncouth appellations as Martoch O'Donohoo; Eneas Macgillicuddy; coupled to certain ambitious designations of trade, such as Pantecknice, and Phusitecknicon, that I could gather but little notion of the country of the artist, or nature of his art. It had become quite dark, before I began to suspect the coachman of practising upon my ignorance. On pulling his check, and asking him whither he was driving—"To Enniskerry, to be sure," replied he; "where else?" I could see the villain affected misprision of my terms. However, there was no

remedy but ordering him back; so that it was near seven before I reached my hotel.

It was not long before the mail-coach appeared at the door, on which I read, in gilt letters, "Enniskillen." Every thing determined me on prosecuting my journey—there was a possibility that it might be the very place to which I had originally intended to go, though not in this roundabout way. The waiter had told me, that it was on an island—that might be Ireland—and my fare be only to the sea-port where we were to embark. But supposing we were only advancing into the interior, to New Enniskillen, and that I was now in New Dublin, the capital of Nova Hibernia, as I began to surmise; yet how could I withdraw from proceeding, without awakening mistrust? And would it be safe for me to remain in a place where I had already excited so much notice, and where every hour threatened to discover my retreat to my abductors? Could I depend upon the watchman's honour? and might not informations at this moment be lodging against me by the rascally coachman and mendicants? These considerations, Jack, were those that influenced my advance—and though I am thereby brought into the wilds of Canada, yet who knows but that it may be all for the best? If detected in New Dublin, I might have been hung, or sent to the hulks: here, after a time, I may effect my escape to Montreal, or Quebec; and there claim, from the British Consul, to be sent back again to my native country.

We drove to the post-office, which is a sumptuous palace, in the court of which the mails assemble; but I saw nothing worth noting, except that they drive four-in-hand, like ourselves, and have their guards and coachmen tricked out in scarlet, as we have ours. I was the sole inside passenger, and the night was dark as pitch; so that as we proceeded through the streets, I could remark nothing but the lamps, growing gradually fainter, and more distant, till at last they ceased entirely; and it was impossible to distinguish more than the ground in advance of the horses, lighted as it was by the coach-lamps. Whether the houses on each side were brick, stone, or wood, I must leave to future peregrinations to determine—but it is a monstrous shame for the apothecaries to shut up shop so soon—one would think there was a curfew law among them, for during half the night I saw no spark of light, but at the inns where we changed horses. This monotony of gloom threw me into a sound sleep, that lasted till the coachman roused me to breakfast. "Where are we now?" exclaimed I, starting up. "In Cavan," returned he. "What! is this New Cavan?" said I, searchingly. "Aye! its the new Cavan, sure enough," answered he. On stepping out I discerned, in the mist of the morning, the difference between a new and old town. You will be surprised, Jack, to hear, that a church, a gaol, a barrack, a hospital, and an inn, constituted the whole of this *new* town. This reminded me of the Spaniards taking possession of South America, by erecting a cross for a church, and a gibbet for a jail; and then christening the infant settlement Ciudad, by some adjunct of the old continent. But I had no idea that the United States were so newly colonized as this paucity of buildings would imply. The breakfast was a miserable makeshift of a half-starved country; and though I had it all to myself, in truth, there was no superfluity. As we advanced, I felt every

moment the dreariness increasing, which a man, who has been bred all his life in a populous city, must experience, on being, as it were, dropt out of a balloon into a desert. Sometimes for a mile together not a house or a human creature met the eye; nothing but mountains, heaths, downs, moors, and wilds, such as we read of in the primitive days of our Saxon ancestors. The marshes and swamps seemed fresh from chaos, and the valleys were yet undrained of the waters left by the deluge. All seemed to me one intraversable jungle. When we approached a wood, or plantation, the trees were quite dissimilar from those in our parks; they all appeared to be of the cocoa-nut or yew tribe, such as I have seen in pictures—no wonder it should be called the new world!

About eleven o'clock we crossed a bridge, and drove up a dirty street, in which the coach stopt, as I thought, to change horses. I saw my luggage taken out, and the coach emptied, without saying a word that might betray my being a stranger in the land. At length, after waiting half an hour at the office, gazed at and gazing, I inquired from a fellow in a frieze coat, whose eye had been for some time following all my motions, how soon the coach would return? "Is your honour" (very civil for a republican) "going back?" demanded he, in reply. "No," answered I; though without knowing any thing precise on that head. "Becaze there is no quotch, but *she*, thaf goes back to Cawan, laves this the day. Myself has been thinking," continued he, after marking my stupefaction, "thaf your honour may be the strange gentleman as is expeck there below at the seay; and af so, I'll whip your honour, in a crack, to Bundoron, for I've as sweet a bit o'blood, and as nate prutty a jauntie-car, as any in the world." Here then was I again liable to be perplexed with that confounded identity of names in the New and Old World. These Yankee plagiarists have copied, *verbatim*, whole patches of the map of Great Britain; and I do not doubt, that if I looked for a new London, or Richmond, or Thames, I should find them in some part of New England. It became evident to me, by this man's naming the very place which was to have been the extent of my trip, that Jonathan had taken equally unwarrantable liberties with the map of Ireland, without any tenderness to copyright, or the convenience of travellers. Some of our old cross-road signs, or decayed mile-stones, would be an invaluable acquisition here. I did not place much stress upon this fellow's *bundoran*; but the temptation of getting to the sea, was sufficient to induce me to give up my seat in the coach, and to gain the coast at all hazards. I now state my surmise, that the only sea which he intended to designate, was one of their extensive lakes, in sight of which I every day roam; but no sail, no steam-boat, no British man of war, ever greets my eye; a few insignificant canoes, or *cots* as they are called, alone darken its expanse.

But to proceed—this self-offered guide promised to drive me in such a short time, and for so reasonable a sum, to the sea-side, that I agreed to trust myself to him, if he could but get my valise and umbrella out of the coach-office. This he did with amazing dexterity; and no wonder! for I found him to be a Cherokee, or *Jer. O'Keefe*, as it was written on the shaft of his car. This car was nothing more than a hurdle, on which we sat back to back, cantering through this

street of odd-looking houses, some of which were slated, others covered with greenish and brown artificial moss. Most of them were white, striped with green, irregularly; and not a few seemed to have nothing but the roof and upper story above ground; the other floors being, no doubt, below the street, and apparent only in the rear.

We soon crossed the bridge, at the other end of this American village; and then I caught a clear view of two of the principal lakes, divided by a narrow isthmus, defended by forts and batteries raised in the middle of the strait; or, as these defences are termed in the Canadian dialect of my guide, *eelweirs* and *cahaults*.

The houses became rarer as we proceeded; and in a short time none but those of the back-settlers could be descried, at a considerable distance inward from the road; these were well defended by prickly hedges, and moats drawn in regular lines of circumvallation, to prevent the incursions of the Indians. On the side where they were most liable to attack, the settlers had invariably raised huge mounds of hay or straw, or piles of black bricks, called, in Canadian, *turf-stacks*, by means of which they appeared impregnable to an enemy armed only with the bow and javelin.

My anxiety increased rapidly as we penetrated into the mountains, riding directly over their ridges, and sweeping down their precipices. At length my guide, having slackened the pace of his horse, began in the veriest depth of this solitude to indulge his loquacity, by telling me tales of bloodshed and murder; one half of which I did not understand; though I grinned intelligence, and joined in his savage exultation of countenance. I would not disgust him, by showing less of the barbarian in my nature than he exhibited in his. But conceive, Jack, the effect of his dimly gathered narratives, when he pointed to a rock, on which Bow parish might be built; and told me, that the Maherabuee men had been *smashed* all to pieces there, by the Cleenish boys, who had not left a head whole in the party, "*fur* that he himself had *kilt* no less than three, and flattened the faces of as many more, no longer ago than last week."!!!

He was still gloating upon feats, which clearly evinced him a savage of the worst description; when five or six hulking fellows were seen crossing a field at some distance, and making swiftly towards us. As soon as I had pointed them out, he exclaimed, in alarm, "By jingo! it's the Macherabuees and Monea-savishes!—they'll be for murtherin us. Hould fast, your honour, and here goes!" At which words he stood up, like an ancient charioteer, and lashed his *garron* to a full speed. He had not gone far, when the wheel on my side came violently in contact with a large stone, and I was tilted off. "God save us!" said he, leaping off without stopping his horse, "but we'll be *mashacred*! Up! as fast as you're able, and let's overtake the horse!" But I was unfit to move, and just upon the point of fainting, with the pain of my contusions—"Och! by Japers!" cried he, in the most doleful whimpering, "I'll be flayed alive, if I stay anoder minute; it's a bad job I've taken! I must e'en part with your honor; and drap your baggage on the road, where you'll find it when you come to life agin. Never fear! they'll not be for murthering you *cruelly*, when they have no spite agen you." He then scoured off, at a rate that bid defiance to his pursuers, and left me with no con-

solation, but that of a mitigated death from beings whose spite I had not provoked; but as they advanced, even this hope vanished, for I observed in their hands huge war-clubs, and broad scalping-irons, which I have since learnt they call *loys*,* and use indiscriminately in battle and in husbandry.

When they reached the spot where I was, they stood still, speaking some rapid unknown language among themselves; while I used all the signs of anguish and supplication in my power, to awaken their pity. After feeling and pulling all my limbs, one of them at last spoke a few words of broken English, demanding if I had nothing to say for myself. Finding that there was a chance of being understood, I glibly recounted my meeting with their enemy, and implored them to let me go. They evidently understood but little that I said; but the elder savage inquired, "Where I would be for going to?" and when I answered, "Enniskillen," he pointed behind with his hand thrice, intimating that I had left it a long way in the rear, and that the *villian* had misled me. I then offered them plenty of tobacco and spirits, which I thought would be most agreeable to their savage natures, if they would carry me to the nearest town where English is spoken. They exchanged looks with one another, and words in their native dialect; and the result of their consultation was, to raise me between four of them, on their shoulders, and to bear me along; but whether in compliance with my prayer, or as a prisoner, I knew not. My presence of mind suggested to me the means which my luggage would furnish, of tempting the cupidity of the king, or chief, before whom they might bear me; and I endeavoured to explain to them my driver's last words; on which a boy was sent along the road for the articles.

We were not long before we came to a place which they said was the town—an assemblage of wigwams, called Derrygonnellee, not to be found in the map of the world—an Indian town, very like; but unlike any thing of the name I had ever imagined. Here I was borne into the only hut that had any appearance of a human habitation, being a whitewashed house, with door, and glass windows, in one of which last were displayed the strange symbols of two pipes, forming a cross, a sheet of pins, and a pound of wire-drawn candles. In another, a white jug, and inverted glass. The owner of it, a person of authority, received me, and took charge of my goods. A boy had preceded us, and given him an account of their capture; and he greeted me with true Indian hospitality. I flung some silver among the slaves who had carried me, for which they seemed very grateful, and——— but here I must break off suddenly, for my host has just announced a piece of news, which is highly inspiring. He says, there is a caravan going to the annual fair, which will take my letters to the post-office. I begged permission to go along with them, but he swore I *should* not—I *must* not—he *would* not suffer such a thing—that I was forced to acquiesce in his rude hospitality. Possibly, after all, I am but a prisoner reserved for some special purpose; most likely marriage with his daughter—a fine, brown, sparkling-eyed, naked-footed beauty, who seems as coy as the nymphs and shepherdesses of old. Be it as it

* A sort of narrow spade, easily separated from the shaft.

may, I shall remain here, at least, until the rainy season is over, and I have acquired words enough to pursue my route. In the mean time, I send this by the annual pilgrims, who are going to some post-office or other; and I hope it will not be detained by any of their officials, as being treasonable to the government; but it is worth while risking, since I am now out of the power of the United States. If it should reach you before the middle of next April, endeavour, Jack, to persuade Captain Parry to touch here somewhere, and to carry out some warm clothing for a deserted countryman. There must be some opening to the sea in these parts, for every one talks familiarly of it; and it would be worth while to explore the north-west passage in this direction. When I inquired of my host concerning it, he seemed to understand all about the north-west *circuit*, as he called it. If you should prevail with the above navigator, or any of the north-whalers, to make their appearance in these creeks, I will have another parcel in readiness, which my host will remit, should I have left this. At all events, I will, as soon as the rain permits, cork up letters in bottles, and throw them into the lakes, that they may find their passage to the sea, and be picked up by British mariners. A long, long farewell to you all!

BOB TRIMMINGS.

CRANBOURN CHACE.

THE last annual buck hunt at Tollard Royal in the Chace, is thus spoken of in one of the journals of the day:—

“ This immense right of chace, the greatest ever possessed even by any monarch of this country, extending over no less than five hundred thousand acres of land, is the sole property of George, Lord Rivers, who has repeatedly refused offers of purchase, made by other noblemen, but has recently proposed to the land-owners to disfranchise it, on their binding themselves to a payment to his lordship and his heirs of 1,800*l.* per annum.

“ The gentlemen at the hunt expressed themselves rather desirous that the stock of deer should be reduced from ten thousand or twelve thousand, to about five thousand, than that this ancient and splendid right should be given up entirely.”

The following account of Cranbourn Chace, from memoranda made by me in the year 1823, may not be unworthy of a place in the London Magazine:—

I visited Fonthill Abbey in August, 1823, to which all the world appeared flocking; and although the place was magnificent, it did not reach my expectation. The interior of the building was fitted up with taste, but was unfinished; and the collection therein exhibited to the public seemed to me more extraordinary and extensive, than any exhibition of any single mansion I had before seen. The visitors expressed wonder on viewing the grounds belonging to the abbey, for no other reason that I could discover, than that the plantations

were made by its former proprietor upon a naked and almost barren down, which most of the persons in the neighbourhood thought could not be brought to its present state of cultivation.

From Fonthill Abbey I proceeded to Wardour Castle, and visited its ruins, in which I fancied I saw the Lady Blanche defending its towers against the powerful Cromwell. I climbed in every direction I possibly could, and believed at last I was waiting her ladyship's commands to hurl from its battlements the first roundhead that dared profane the place.

I felt all that melancholy which runs through a person upon entering a deserted parish church, where "lie interred the mighty dead." I passed on to see the new castle, (which an Irish friend of mine would say is no castle at all,) an oblong, modern-built, handsome stone mansion, the nakedness and poverty of which within could not but be contrasted with the fulness of Fonthill Abbey. There was in one of the rooms at Wardour a picture by Cooper, who gives his horses such good breathing and action, that they are sure to carry him down to posterity.

The picture was on the easel, and represented one of the Earls of Arundel, with his standard-bearer, Bowles, at a battle in Hungary. The Reverend Mr. Bowles, well known for his sonnets, and "such small gear," is a descendant of the said standard-bearer.

The present Earl of Arundel is much respected in the country; but his father's excessive bounty reduced the family estates very much, owing to his lordship supporting many of the Roman Catholic priesthood who were refugees, who seem, in visiting the mansion, and in partaking of its hospitality, to have destroyed its splendor.

The chapel is very handsome, but was undergoing repair, the altar-piece of which is composed of splendid marble, of various colours. The noble lord has presented the handsome pulpit of his lordship's chapel to the Roman Catholics for their chapel in Moorfields, London, which, as you may know, is a stately building, fitted up in an imposing style, with a bishop's throne, equal in grandeur to his Majesty's in the House of Peers.

I started by break of day on the first Monday in September, for Cranbourn Chace, in company with a friend from Shaftesbury. We breakfasted; and, while the horses were led about, waiting for us to mount them, the morning took an opportunity of showing its face—

"Night wanes; the mist around the mountain curl'd,
Melts into morn, and light awakes the world."

We were soon on horseback, and the town was thrown behind us. The hill we ascended leading to Cranbourn Chace, which is situated south-west of Salisbury, containing upwards of thirty thousand acres of pastures, coppices, and cultivated lands, liable, more or less, to feed or damage from the deer of the chace; the Saxon kings of England having appropriated to themselves the deer in their own demesnes, and William I. having claimed the game in waste and other lands. Magna Charta contained sundry provisions respecting forests, formed into a Charta de Foresta under Henry III., and Cranbourn Chace is also mentioned in a writ of the seventeenth of King John. In later times, the Chace has been twice sold; first, with the manor of Berwick, to Lord

Ashley, for 5,300*l.*; and afterwards, without the manor, to Thomas Freke, Esq., from whom it descended to the late Lord Rivers.

I felt the correctness of the observation of Captain Basil Hall, in his Journal written on the Coast of South America, that "there is a genial influence in the country, in all climates, under which the frost of etiquette melts away, the natural character comes into view, and many amiable qualities, heretofore unobserved, are discovered and acknowledged." My heart danced within me, as I passed Ashgrove, an estate where my ancestors dwelt; and I knew from the description given by my father, although I was then a stranger, the situation of every place I passed.

We hurried on to Cranbourn Lodge, the residence of one of the keepers, where the steward of Lord Rivers opened the court leet.

Stalls for the sale of goods were erected, and a complete country fair arose in the forest. The gentlemen, while the court was opening, were flirting with those ladies who had risen early to view the buck hunt, and who were blushing like the morning on hearing their praises, some of them, perhaps, for the first time, whispered in their ears. The court has opened; the dogs are laid on; the welkin rings; the buck flies; the whoop is sent forth from hundreds of voices in all directions, and shouts become general; he breaks cover, and dashes in fine style across the waste land; the cries are increased; the hounds give tongue; he hurries to the copse to escape pursuit, and runs himself blind; the leading hound but touches him, he drops through fear, is caught and dies. The buck is now placed by the keepers on one of their horses, and they take him in triumph to the lodge. Those persons who have for the first time attended the hunt, are made free of it by the huntsman's giving a loud whoop, and a louder laugh, as he smears their faces, and proclaims their freedom, for which, when it is rightly understood, they each readily pay half-a-crown. It is now seven o'clock, and the keepers cut up the buck, whose shoulders, after the skin is loosened with a knife, are not cut, but drawn out, which is extremely curious; and if you have not discovered that you are a young huntsman before, you then betray yourself, and find your face red with blood and blushes.

Bucks are called bear bucks at a year, prickets at two years, sorels at three years, sores at four years old; bucks of one year's head at five years, and full-grown bucks at six years of age. It is curious that they are so alarmed when hunted, that they do not make way for anything, but will run against or over whatever they meet.

The sportsmen, after killing the first buck, retire to Cranbourn Lodge, where the keeper provides a breakfast, rich with venison and venison pasties, &c., for which they leave a trifling sum for the keeper.

The ladies, who were lately in the field, have now retired to the adjacent villages to re-dress themselves, that they may vie with those fair ones who are now arriving from all quarters to see the hounds pursue the second buck. All now seem jocose, flushed with pleasure, and full of expectation. The hills are once more covered with maiden flowers, which make the country appear like a garden.

The hounds, which have been collected from various stations in the

forest, are uncoupled the second time; and the huntsman appears to say—

“ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells;
 Each under each. A cry more tunable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.”

Sportsmen, foot and horse, and ladies, too, on horseback, now enter the wood; the whoop is again heard, and re-echoed; and a number of ladies are waiting with their *knights* on the surrounding hills, anxious for the buck's breaking away. He steals out, and dashes on the vale. Trees crack in all directions, and then issue forth the hounds and horsemen, who scour down the side of one hill, while the buck bounds up the opposite. He is turned back into cover by some young sportsman riding at his head; and after trying to fly from his pursuers,

“ Tears run down his cheeks in piteous chace.”

The two bucks having been divided, are now hung up: and the steward the next day presents the several parts to those gentlemen with whom he is acquainted, who may have honoured the hunt with their presence.

Lord Rivers has become popular, from the liberality of his present steward; whenever any of the yeomen, who are contiguous to the Chace; and who must necessarily be injured by the deer, apply for venison, it is granted to them.

I was invited to the venison feast. We dined, after the court leet was closed, in a hunting box, formerly belonging to King John, which is nearly in the same state as when that king was there as Earl of Moreton. It is now a farm-house, situated at Tollard Royal, near to the foot of Rushmore, a modern-built seat of Lord Rivers, which stands on a hill. Sixteen gentlemen sat down to dine at two o'clock in the room in which I was entertained, and enjoyed such hospitality as we believe to have taken place in former days. Nothing was wanting to fill the cup of mirth to the brim, and we were all clamorous. In the next room, the farmers, keepers, and upper servants of Lord Rivers were regaling themselves, who were supplied with wine as it was wanted, and they were uproarious; and beyond that room, a mixed multitude were enjoying themselves with venison and ale until they became “glorious;” for the servant, who was ordered to prepare our horses while we were taking coffee, I perceived, on entering the stable, was bridling my horse's tail. One of the gentlemen who formerly attended this hunt, and with whom I am acquainted, was so full of wine and whooping, that his horse ran off with him, and passed over the turnpike gate leading into Shaftesbury without losing his rider, since which an iron bar has been placed upon the top of the gate, with a view, I suppose, to kill the next gentleman who shall be rash enough to attempt leaping it.

I will close this sketch of an ancient practice, with an ancient legend of the Chace. It is said, or sung, that “once upon a day,” King John, being equipped for hunting, issued forth, with all the

pageantry and state of his day. There were dames mounted upon high-bred steeds, that were champing and foaming on the bit, and whose prancing shook the ground; and knights whose plumes were dancing in the wind, while carried by fiery chargers, swift as the deer they followed; the yeomen were all dressed in green, with girdles round their waists; and to add to the brilliancy of the scene, the morning was as clear from clouds as the good-humoured faces of the party.

King John appeared overjoyed, and during the time all heads were uncovered as he rode along, his majesty overheard a gallant youth address a lady in nearly these words—

“ We will, fair queen, up to the mountain’s top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.”

At that period horses being the only carriages, the happy couple left the hunting box at Tollard Royal on horseback. As they took leave of his majesty, the moon was sinking below the horizon. The king had observed before they left,

“ This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler; ’tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid; ”

but they rode on, too happy to remember that the moon would soon leave them.

They were lost for several days, until the king, while hunting with his courtiers, found their remains. It appeared that when the moon descended, the faithful pair must have mistaken their road, and had fallen into a hideous pit, where both were killed, as was likewise the knight’s horse, close beside them. The lady’s horse, a dapple grey, was running wild as the mountain deer; he soon was caught, and became the king’s, who rode him as a charger.

Ερημος.

PAROCHIAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL QUERIES.

COULD a collection be made of all the insulated and floating facts connected with the various branches of topographical knowledge, it is obvious that an invaluable body of information might be amassed, providing a rich and ample store of materials of the utmost importance to the traveller, the antiquarian, and the man of science. For it will be readily admitted, that few, if any, exist, so utterly destitute of observation and curiosity, as to exclude the possibility of deriving advantage from the situation in which they are placed; and we are convinced, that many who now allow this casual knowledge to filter through the mind till it evaporates, and is lost for ever, would feel an increasing interest in giving permanency to their thoughts and observations, were they provided with hints for the arrangement and classification of their transitory materials. Impressed with this conviction, the following queries are thrown into form, under such subdivisions as may enable each to insert his own remarks respecting

those subjects most applicable to his pursuits, or congenial with his taste. They were originally drawn up as hints for the parochial clergy; but we hope, by inserting them in our columns, we may be the means of giving them a wider circulation; and inducing others who are resident in secluded parts of the country, to commence a regular series of inquiries, in a well digested and connected channel.

The Church.

1. When was it built; stating the different periods at which it may have been altered; and by whom?
2. Of what materials? If of stone, of what quality, and from whence procured; and whether it is durable?
3. Are there any peculiarities in its form, structure, or style of architecture?
4. Are there any monuments, inscriptions, plates, or other antiquities in it worthy of notice?
5. Are there any interesting benefactions on record.
6. For what number of persons does it afford accommodation?
7. Is the service well attended; and is the congregation most numerous in the morning or evening: if there is a difference, what is the cause?
8. Are there any peculiar rites, ceremonies, or customs, occasionally performed?
9. Has it suffered from any causes, accidental or intentional?
10. Has any thing occurred in it worthy of note, within the recollection of man?
11. Its dimensions, height of tower, &c.?
12. Are there any vaults or burying places, ancient or modern?
13. What number of bells; with their weight, and dates, and cost?

The Church-yard.

14. What is its extent?
15. Of what nature is the soil?
16. From your observation does it appear that the decay of coffins and human remains is rapid or slow?
17. What is the annual average of funerals?
18. Are there any peculiar customs observed at funerals, or subsequently, respecting the dead?
19. Are there any curious monuments or epitaphs?
20. Have any coins, ancient coffins, weapons, or other antiquities, been discovered in making graves?
21. Has any thing worthy of observation occurred in opening old graves, or in removing decayed coffins, &c.?

Ecclesiastical Establishment.

22. Under this head, state the different cures of souls, dividing them into rectories, vicarages, endowed or other curacies, with their respective values.
23. From whence do these emoluments arise; from glebe, great or small tithes? and if so, in what proportions are they gathered?
24. Is any tythable produce covered by a modus, or subject to any peculiar mode of payment?

25. Are there any dissenting chapels in the district ; if so, how many ; of what persuasion ; and what number is each supposed to be capable of containing ?
26. Mention the dates when these chapels were built ?
27. Are their ministers permanently resident, or merely occasional and temporary ?
28. How are they paid ; and what the amount of their stipends ?
29. Name the incumbents of the livings, chaplains, &c. from the earliest to the present times, pointing out such as may have distinguished themselves in any particular way, either by talents, conduct, &c.?
30. In whose gift are the different church preferments ?
31. What quantity of glebe is annexed to the livings ; have any changes or additions been made ; have they been maintained by Queen Anne's bounty, or other sources ?

State of Religion, &c.

32. Name the various religious sects ?
33. Which is the most numerous ?
34. What proportion do they collectively bear to the established church ?
35. What is the general character of each sect ?
36. Are they, generally speaking, hostile or friendly to the established church ?
37. Have any of their ministers distinguished themselves as men of learning or talent ?

Schools and Charitable Institutions.

38. What number of schools are there in connexion with the church of England ?
39. Are they endowed ; or what other way supported ?
40. What number of scholars attend, of boys and girls, in the day schools ?
41. Are there any instances of extraordinary talent developed in consequence of the increased facility of acquiring instruction ?
42. In any given average has the number increased or decreased, when compared with the numbers of a preceding given average ?
43. Is there a decided improvement in the conduct of morals, since the increased facility of education ?
44. What number of boys and girls attend the Sunday schools ?
45. Taking the number of children of any given age, say from seven to fifteen years of age, what proportion does the number of each sex, attending the day or Sunday schools, bear to the non-attendants ?
46. The same queries may be applied to the dissenting schools seriatim.
47. To what extent is education carried in any of these schools ?
48. Is there any particular subject or study in which the scholars are remarkable for excelling ?
49. Are there any alms houses in the parish or district : if so, when were they built ; by whom ; and for whom ?
50. How are they supported ?

51. Are there any hospitals, or other benevolent institutions?
52. Are there any friendly societies: if so, are they enrolled according to act of parliament; or under the entire control of the members?
53. Do they produce any visible advantage, by promoting industry, exciting a proper spirit of independence, &c.?
54. Are there any saving banks: if so, when established?
55. State the sums invested in each successive year, drawing a comparison with the sums withdrawn?
56. By what class and professions are the investments generally made; and what numerical proportion is observable between male and female depositors?

History of the Parish or District.

57. Who has written the best account of it; whether in MS. or print?
58. Its length and breadth?
59. Number of square miles and acreage in statute measure?
60. Number of acres in tillage?
61. Number of acres uncultivated, in common, heath, &c.?
62. Number of acres in pasturage or meadow?
63. Number of acres in woods, plantations, &c.?
64. Number of acres in lakes, meres, &c.?
65. What historical events have occurred?
66. Have any other of minor interest occurred?
67. What circumstances worthy of note have taken place within the memory of man?
68. Name its townships, hamlets, chapelries, or other subdivisions?
69. What is its ancient name and supposed derivation?
70. Has it any market town; if not, state the names and bearings and distance of the nearest?
71. By what parishes, hamlets, townships, &c. is it surrounded?
72. What manors are there in it, and who are the lords?
73. Name the chief landowners and occupiers?
74. Are there any peculiar manorial rights, customs, privileges, tenures, or courts of judicature?
75. Are there any good maps, plans, or surveys, of the parish or district, published or unpublished?
76. Have any celebrated characters been born in it, or connected themselves with its history?

Traditions or Singular Customs.

77. What traditions are there respecting historical events?
78. Are there any connected with minor local events?
79. Enumerate any customs or amusements occurring on certain days in the year, with their original causes—such as wakes, perambulations, rush bearings, &c.?
80. Are there any fairs: if so, when; and for what purposes?
81. Any remarkable mode of hiring servants; with usual wages given for men and women in the common branches of husbandry or domestic employments?
82. Are there any superstitious practices still observed?
83. Any rewards given or payments made for duties performed?

Amusements—Games.

84. Enumerate the usual popular games and amusements of the district?
85. Are they peculiar in that particular part of the country?
86. Are the peasantry partial to their accustomed games?

Population.

87. What is the earliest date to which reference can be made for ascertaining the number of inhabitants?
88. Give the particulars of the census taken at the different periods under the directions of the acts of parliament?
89. State the increase or decrease on comparing the results at the termination of each of the above periods?
90. What is the number of births, deaths, and marriages, in each year, from the earliest records, with any remarkable entries in the register?
91. What proportion does the number of illegitimate children bear to the legitimate?
92. Can an approximation to the population of former times be made by comparing the births, &c. of those times with the entries since the exact population has been ascertained by parliamentary census?
93. What number of houses, with a comparative statement of increase or decrease, from authentic documents, if such exist; if not, from the best information?

Health, Disorders, &c.

94. What disorders are most prevalent?
95. Are there any general or particular causes to which they can be attributed?
96. Is the district or parish on the whole healthy?
97. What is the proportion of births to funerals?
98. Within a given time, a year for instance, enumerate the causes of death in the persons buried?
99. What is the proportion of funerals, per cent. on the population?
100. What instances are there of longevity?
101. Are any disorders more prevalent at one season of the year than another; if so, mention the probable causes?
102. Is the number of insane persons considerable, and (if not from birth) to what causes may their cases be attributed?
103. Mention any unusual effect or defect occurring in individuals from particular disorders or accidents?

Idiom, Dialect, Phraseology, Character.

104. Are there many words or phrases peculiar to the people of the district or parish?
105. What is the characteristic of the common dialect?
106. Does it differ materially from the common language spoken in the adjacent parts of the country?
107. From education or other causes may any change in the colloquial language be anticipated?

Dress, State of Dwellings, Habits of Life.

- 108. Is there any peculiarity in the style and manner of dress?
- 109. Is any part of it, and what, manufactured by themselves?
- 110. Are their habits cleanly or otherwise?
- 111. Of what materials are their cottages and farmhouses usually built?
- 112. In what state are they kept; in good order or otherwise?
- 113. What is their ordinary food—at breakfast, dinner, &c; at what hours, and of how many meals do they partake per day?

Manufactures and Occupations.

- 114. Enumerate the different manufactures, with the numbers employed in each?
- 115. Is there any peculiarity in the mode of carrying them on?
- 116. Are they generally of a nature to afford a fair remuneration and support to those engaged in them?
- 117. What effect do they produce on the health, morals, &c?
- 118. If connected with weaving, how many yards, per day of twelve hours, can a good labourer produce?*
- 119. How many days per week, and hours per day, do they usually work?

Parochial Economy, Tables, Calculations, &c.

- 120. What is the amount of poor rates per pound?
- 121. What number of persons receive relief, resident and non-resident?
- 122. What is the usual weekly sum granted to man, woman, and child, when necessity requires that a whole family should be provided for?
- 123. Is there a workhouse or poorhouse in the parish; if so, how many is it calculated to contain, and how many does it usually contain?
- 124. What is the usual employment of the inmates?
- 125. What is the expense per head; per week, month, or year?
- 126. Is it under good regulations?
- 127. What are the rules; and are they strictly observed?
- 128. What is the common employment of the pauper population?
- 129. Have the poor rates increased or diminished within given times? state the probable causes of the increase or decrease?
- 130. To what pursuits and occupations are the peasantry addicted?
- 131. What is the usual daily amount of wages for men, women, and children?
- 132. What is the average rent of a labourer's cottage?
- 133. Generally speaking, do they cultivate gardens, rear poultry, bees, pigs, or attend to any other particular branch of domestic economy, whereby their incomes may be improved?
- 134. How are the poor laws administered: whether by special vestry, monthly meetings, or otherwise?

* This query is applicable to any other produce or measurement, and is interesting in its application to other branches of manufacture, when the quantity of production can be ascertained.

135. Is there an evident inclination amongst the peasantry to avail themselves of parochial relief; or do they consider it as degrading?
136. The following Forms may afford much useful information, when carefully filled up under the separate items. The first, upon population and expenditure, is supposed to apply to a parish subdivided into three townships, or hamlets, A, B, and C:—

	Population.	Property assessed.	Poor Expenditure to Easter, 1826.	Incidental Expenditure.	County.	Surplus.	Total levied.	Rates per Head on whole Population.	Cost of Management per Head.	Proportion of current Payment to Property assessed.
A.										
B.										
C.										
Total										

Of this Table it is necessary to remark whether the assessment on property is at its full, or fractional value; and whether the proportion in the last column is calculated on the gross amount levied, or on the sum actually paid on account of the poor, and cost of management.

137. The following is filled up; being the mean result of repeated inquiries amongst the agricultural labourers in a northern county.

Receipt and Expenditure of a Labourer's Family, consisting of Father, Mother, and three Children, the latter earning nothing.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Wages of the husband, at 12s. per week.....	31	4	0
Ditto, wife, 3s.	7	16	0
Garden produce by potatoes, 24 bushels, at 2s. per bushel	6	0	0
Ditto other produce, vegetables, and fruit	2	0	0
Pig, parts disposed of	1	0	0
Sundries, about	2	0	0
	£ 50	0	0

138. Expenditure of the same family:—

	£	s.	d.
Potatoes, about 12 load, or 36 bushels, at 6s.			
per load say per year	3	12	0
Salt, about 56 lb. or 1 bushel per an.....do.	0	17	0
Cheese, about 2 lb. per week, at 6d. per lb...do.	2	12	0
Meal, bread, and flour, about 4s. per week...do.	12	0	0
Butter, about 1 lb. per week.....do.	2	10	0
Sugar, about 1 lb. per week.....do.	1	10	0
Treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per weekdo.	0	9	0
Candles, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per weekdo.	1	0	0
Tobacco, 1 oz. per week.....do.	1	0	0
Bacon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per weekdo.	2	10	0
Pepper and spices, 2d. per week..... do.	0	10	0
Soap, 1 lb. per weekdo.	1	0	0
Tea, 6d. per weekdo.	1	5	0
Clothing, including bedding and shoes, &c.			
for man and his wifedo.	3	0	0
Ditto for childrendo.	2	10	0
Rentdo.	6	0	0
Milk.....do.	2	0	0
Sundries, including savings, medicines, (coals, &c. at the rate of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ cwt. per week) do.	5	15	0
	£ 50	0	0

Turnpike and other Roads; and Canal Railways.

139. What is the total length of turnpike roads in the parish?
140. What is the total length of private roads?
141. What is the mode of repair adopted in each?
142. With what places do the turnpike and other private roads communicate?
143. What is the expence per mile for the turnpike roads?
144. What tolls are collected on them?
145. What are the prices given for materials, such as gravel, paving stones, per ton?
146. What is the expence per ton for breaking large stones for roads?
147. What public carriages travel on the roads?
148. Is the traffic and communication in a state of increase or decrease?
149. What is the mode adopted by the trustees of the turnpike roads for keeping them in repair; whether by general surveyors and inspectors, or minor overlookers, working by contract, or otherwise?
150. What is the general character of the by-parochial roads?

151. Is there any peculiarity respecting the management of the bye roads, either in the mode of superintendence, or provision for their repair?
152. Are there any canals; if so, mention their points of communication, and levels above the sea?
153. When were they made?
154. Are there any rail-roads, or other modes of conveyance?
155. When were they made, and for what purpose?

Agriculture.

156. What proportion does the arable bear to the pasture land?
157. What is the usual course of tillage?
158. What grain or vegetable production is chiefly cultivated?
159. Is there any experimental agriculture, or other crop of an unusual description?
160. What quantity of wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, turnips, hay, &c. is usually produced on a statute acre as a fair average crop?
161. Mention any well attested instances of extraordinary production from a given quantity of land?
162. Are the crops consumed at home, or exported?
163. To what markets are they usually sent?
164. By what weights and measures are various agricultural productions sold?
165. What is the manure usually applied, and in what proportions, to the statute acre? and what are the respective prices of these different manures per load, ton, &c., and from whence are they led?
166. Is the population sufficient for the operations of agriculture?
167. Are there extensive forests or plantations? To which species of timber does the soil appear most congenial, and state the nature of the soil where the largest trees are flourishing?
168. Are there any fine specimens of timber-trees; if so, name their ages, height, and girth; and, if possible, the number of feet of timber ascertained to have been produced in any tree?
169. What species of cattle and sheep are preferred?
170. What is the average daily produce of milk from a good cow?
171. What is the usual mode of treatment; whether stall fed?
172. If cheese is made, what is the average produce from a farm, say of one hundred statute acres, or given number of cows?
173. What is the usual rate of hiring per day for carts, with one, two, or three horses?
174. Is there a general spirit of improvement visible? Are the lands drained, or cultivated according to new or improved methods?
175. Are there any meetings or societies for the encouragement of agriculture, horticulture, or other branches of domestic economy?
176. What is the usual fuel, and price of?
177. Is there much waste land left uninclosed? State the dates and extent of the principal inclosures, and what was the mode adopted for effecting them?
178. What is the average price of land per statute acre? Mention

the particulars of any remarkable sales of land, as a criterion to judge of the value and price ?

179. Has land risen or depreciated in price ?
180. Is there any peculiarity in the measurement of land ? If so, state the difference between the local and statute acre ?
181. Is there any thing remarkable in the form or management of agricultural instruments or machines in common use ?
182. What is the usual mode of ploughing, and what is the average quantity of land a team can plough in a day ?
183. What is the usual price given for cattle in leys for the season, beginning and terminating on certain specified days ?
184. What is the usual price given per square or running foot, for the various species of timber ; or by what measure, and at what price, are other lots of wood sold ?

Minerals, Quarries, Mineral Waters.

185. What minerals are found ?
186. State the particular circumstances of situation in which they are found ?
187. If there are mines, state the mode in which they are worked, with any particulars observable in the mode of extracting or purifying the ores ?
188. Describe the position, whether horizontal, vertical, &c. of the different veins, and their thickness, depth, &c. ?
189. What proportion of pure metal is extracted from a given weight of ore ?
190. What wages do the miners receive ?
191. What is the price per cent. on the ore for procuring metal pure from the matrix ?
192. Does the health of the miners suffer, and in what way ?
193. Is there any thing new or remarkable in the machinery used for working or draining the mines ?
194. Is there any thing remarkable in the character of the miners, which can, directly or indirectly, be attributed to the nature of their employment ?
195. What is the character of the stone quarries on level, high, or low ground ?
196. Are they nodules of rock or strata passing through the country ?
197. What is the expense per ton, or pod, or yard, for getting stones ?
198. For what purpose is the stone usually used ?
199. What is the general character of the springs ?
200. Are they deep, numerous, &c. ?
201. If there are mineral springs, have they been analysed ; if so, state the result ?
202. To what purposes or disorders are the waters applied ?
203. Do the wells or streams often overflow ; and if so, is there any thing remarkable or unusual in the cause ?

Geological Remarks, and Face of the Country.

204. Are there gravel pits ; and if so, what is the general character of the pebbles ? Are they clean, or mixed with clay or earth ? Are

they large or small, and of what predominant quality does the mass appear to be, a stratified deposit, or a heterogeneous and sudden disordered accumulation? If paving stones are found imbedded, what is their qualities; distinguishing the character of the granite, slate, &c.; and ascertaining, if possible, the nearest point where masses of similar rock exist?

205. Have any large, insulated masses of rock been found resting upon the surface, or buried in the soil; if so, state the probable weight and quality, and whether they appear to have been smoothed down by friction, or may be considered as rugged shattered remnants, torn from rocks, and deposited, without much appearance of friction, by rolling from a distance?
206. Are there any commanding views or eminences; if so, state the leading and most interesting objects within the range of vision, and the height, whether by barometrical or mathematical measurement?
207. Do these eminences or headlands terminate abruptly, or otherwise?
208. To what point of the compass do they project?
209. If stratified, is the inclination of the dip considerable, and in what direction?
210. What is the nature of the soil, stating proportions of sand, clay, chalk, gravel, marl, lime, &c.?
211. State whether the clay, sand, marl, &c. are found in nodula or strata, and the depth and character of the different strata?
212. Have any petrifications, fossils, or crystals, or living animals, been found imbedded in rocks or stones; and if so, in what strata, and where now preserved?

Climate—Meteorology.

213. Is there any remarkable change of temperature observable at different times in the wells, rivers, and lakes of the district, not absolutely attributable to the usual change of seasons?
214. Ascertain the temperature on the surface, and at different depths of water, and the soil at different times of the year?
215. What is the annual average of rain on the low grounds, and what on the higher? *
216. What the mean temperature for each month? What the mean barometrical pressure for each month? Have any atmospheric or other phenomena been observed?
217. What are the general properties of the air; moist or dry, clear or foggy, healthy or the reverse?
218. Have any phenomena been observed, connected with electricity or other natural causes, such as lightning, storms, meteoric explosions, &c.
219. State any extraordinary effects produced by storms, lightning, &c.

* It is not generally known that rain gages on higher and lower levels, for instance, the top of a steeple and a field near the base, will often give different results.

Natural History.

220. What animals have been observed, with the reasons why some species are more abundant than others?
221. Are any particular species of undomesticated animals beneficial or injurious in any way?
222. What birds have been discovered?
223. Mention the time of year, with the precise days, if possible, when particular species have appeared or disappeared?
224. What birds of the rarer sort have been known to breed? describe their nests and place of building?
225. State any particulars you may have observed, or collected from others, respecting the habits, &c. of birds?
226. Is any superstitious attention paid to any species of animal, bird, or insect?
227. Does any local prejudice exist in their favour, or the reverse?
228. Is any particular mode adopted for catching them?
229. What fish frequent the rivers, lakes, &c.
230. To what size have any species been known to grow, and has their age been ascertained in any instance?
231. Observe the precise times when particular fish come up rivers, brooks, &c., for spawning, and when they return?
232. Is there any thing remarkable in the mode of dressing or using them for food?
233. What insects have been observed?
234. Have any new species appeared of late years injurious to vegetation, fruit trees, &c.
235. If so, what means have been used for their destruction?
236. Have any been observed more abundant in certain seasons or years than others?
237. If so, ascertain the nature of the previous winter or summer, or state of weather about the time of their appearance?
238. Are any of these insects used for food, or any other purpose?
239. Enumerate such plants as may be considered at all rare or uncommon in other parts?
240. Mention the soil in which particular plants grow more abundantly?
241. Are any plants used for medicine, culinary, or other purposes connected with art or science?
242. Are the fruit or timber trees subject to any remarkable blight, or disease?
243. Name such insects as may have been observed feeding on or partial to any particular plant?
244. What trees thrive best, or are most common, and to what purposes are particular woods applied in the neighbourhood?

CURIOUS RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE CHIEF CHAPLAIN OF THE GRAND SIGNIOR, AND PANAIOTTI NICUSSIO, INTERPRETER TO THE GRAND VIZIER KIOPRULI, IN THE YEAR 1662.

Translated from an Italian Manuscript, dated 1665, hitherto unpublished.

THIS valuable piece of polemics is contained in a small volume, written in a fair Italian hand, and bound in a style, that shows how highly the original proprietor valued it. It was procured at the sale of what remained of a library that had been valuable before the French Revolution, but which the proprietor, when he returned from a long emigration, was forced to sell, as the trifling income arising from his dilapidated estates was not sufficient to satisfy debts he had contracted in this country, and which a feeling of gratitude that did him honour, made him so impatient to discharge, that he disposed, at a public sale, of the last remains of that splendid collection, which in his youth had been his delight, and which he had hoped would have been the solace of his age.

R. E. S.

Conference of Panaiotti Nicussio, Interpreter of Hamet Kiopruli, Grand Vizier, with Vanni Effendi, Chaplain in Ordinary to Sultan Mahomet the Fourth, Ottoman Emperor, on the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, and other points of the Christian Religion, thrown into a Dialogue, 1665.

The festival of Meulond * being held in high consideration by the Turks, they observe it with the greatest regularity; and because it is the commemoration of the birth of Mahomet, who affected, during his whole life, an apparent simplicity and poverty, the Turks, to show how zealously they mean to follow his example, affect, on that day, much simplicity and modesty in their external appearance, and in all their actions.

The grand signior, accompanied by the mufti, the grand vizier, the kaimakam, and his ordinary suite, all clothed in the simplest manner, goes without any pomp to the mosque of Eyup Sultan, † at one extremity of Constantinople, adjacent to the upper end of the harbour, to repeat his prayers, and hear the panegyric of the virtues and the miracles of this false prophet, which is made by the preacher in ordinary of his highness; after which, he returns with the same humility to the seraglio, accompanied only by his domestic officers.

This festival, which is moveable like that of the Baivam, on account of reckoning by lunar months, occurred in the year 1662, in the month of July; and, on account of the excessive heat, the grand vizier determined, at the conclusion of the ceremony, to repose himself at the seraglio of Abu Suhut Effendi, the situation of which is very agreeable, having the harbour and scutais in full view, and in which there is a considerable library collected, partly by Abu Suhut himself, and partly inherited from his father, and his more remote ancestors, who had been preceptors to several of the emperors, and which consisted of

* Meulond, festival of the nativity of Mahomet.

† This mosque is named Eyup Sultan, because the grand signior, at his inauguration, goes there in state to gird on the sword deposited there.

more than ten thousand manuscript volumes, in the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic languages.*

The intention of the grand vizier was not, however, so much to repose himself here, as to endeavour to draw over Panaiotti (whom he loved, and who was indispensably necessary to him on account both of his fidelity and his capacity) to the mahometan religion, that he might attach him closer to his interests, though he had already given strong proofs of his devotion to his person.†

In order to this, he had privately asked thither to dine with him, the two Kadileskers of Anatolia and Romelia, the Stamboul Effendi or judge of Constantinople, and Vanni Effendi, preacher in ordinary to the sultan, that they might be witnesses of the abjuration of faith which he hoped to induce Panaiotti to make, whom he had ordered to attend under pretence of business.

This meal was extremely frugal, on account of the hypocritical affectation of simplicity practised during this festival; so, as soon as the table was cleared, the servants withdrew, leaving with the grand vizier only those who had eaten with him, and Panaiotti; and then, instead of passing his hours of recreation in vague or indifferent conversation, he arose, and went to examine the library.

There were in this apartment a sphere and a globe, to which the grand vizier paid more attention than any thing else; and asked several questions relative to them, which, though they were answered with tolerable precision by Abu Suhut, did not quite satisfy the minister, who, wishing to engage Panaiotti in conversation (who had hitherto been silent through respect, and because he wished to avoid a religious dispute), asked, for this purpose, the Turkish names of the circles, the meridians, the poles, and the situation of several considerable kingdoms and cities, which, notwithstanding, he was by no means ignorant of; but as they were in Latin, Abu Suhut told him, that none but Panaiotti could satisfy his excellency's curiosity.

Panaiotti, thus forced to speak, discoursed most eloquently on astronomy and geography, upon which the entire company declared, as with one voice, that it was a heinous sin such a learned man should shut his eyes on the only true faith.

His master, who really loved him, and did not wish to put the least constraint on his inclinations, now presented him with a large sum in sequins, and promised he would advance him to rank and riches, if he would forsake the Christian religion, and embrace that of Mahomet.

But this interpreter, neither dazzled by presents or promises, answered him, though with much respect, that he was born a Christian; that he would die in this religion, which he had sucked in with his mother's milk; and that he should no longer deserve his excellency's confidence, if, through avarice or ambition, he should change his opinions. Upon which Vanni Effendi undertook the task of converting him.

* The Turks do not arrange their books on shelves, they merely pile together all those volumes which treat on the one subject.

† Panaiotti knew several languages thoroughly, and had an intimate knowledge of the interests of all the princes of Europe. It was through his agency the Emperor Leopold made peace after the battle of Raab, by which means he saved both the honour and life of the grand vizier.

Kiopruli, who had already made trial of his interpreter's promises, said to this Mahometan doctor, that this conversion was not quite so easy as he imagined, for that his father and himself had made several useless attempts, and even employed threats, without in the least abating his obstinacy.

Vanni replied, that he could ask him such pressing questions, that if he would but answer him with candour, it was impossible he should not yield to the force of his arguments, and to his invincible demonstrations.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN VANNIS EFFENDI AND PANAIOTTI NICUSSIO.

Vanni. What is your opinion of Jesus? Is he God, or but a prophet?

Panaiotti. I think he is God.

This bold assertion struck the entire company with consternation, as if they had heard some horrible blasphemy.

Vanni. You are certainly then a Nestorian or a Jacobite?

Panaiotti. I detest the faith of those two men, and deem them heretics.

Vanni. I wish, however, without speaking disrespectfully of Jesus, or in the slightest degree lessening the esteem and the reverence our law obliges us to show him, to demonstrate to you that he is not God, from the incontrovertible history our prophet gives of his incarnation in the chaste body of the Virgin Mary, in these terms:—

* “ Mary, a pure virgin, having walked a little beyond the gates of Nazareth with some of her kinsfolk, to purify herself according to the custom of the Jewish women, retired into a secret place to bathe, where none could see her; an angel appeared to her, and said, ‘ Hail, Mary! full of grace.’ †

“ This simple and innocent maiden was astonished and alarmed at the visit and salutation of the angel; who, to reassure her, proceeded to say, ‘ Fear nothing, Mary; I am the angel of the Lord, who sends me to announce to you, that you shall conceive, and bring forth a son, who shall be called Jesus, and he shall be a great prophet.’ Then said Mary, ‘ How can your words be fulfilled, since I am a virgin, and know no man?’ To which the angel replied, ‘ The power of God and his holy spirit shall descend on you, and you shall be fulfilled with it, and it shall cover you.’ On which Mary answered, ‘ When my kinsfolk shall see me thus, what will they say, and how shall I answer them?’ To which the angel replied, ‘ It is the custom of the Jews, during the present fast, to keep strict silence; so you may speak to them only by signs, showing them the child, who shall speak for you.’

“ After thus speaking, the angel disappeared. Mary conceived, and at the same moment brought forth Jesus, whom she wrapt up as well as it was in her power, and taking him in her arms, returned to her kinsfolk. When they saw with her this new-born child, they accused her of guilt, and reproached her cruelly, telling her that, as a daughter of Joachim and of Anna, the descendants of David, she had dishonoured the most illustrious tribe of the Jewish nation.

* These are the opinions of the Turks on the incarnation.

† The Turks profess a high respect for the Virgin Mary.

“ But Mary, obeying the orders of the angel, answered them only by signs, pointing to the child, as one that could answer their questions.

“ The Jews, whom the clamour of Mary’s kinsfolk had collected around, wished to stone her, saying, ‘ Is it possible that a new-born child can speak, and declare who is his father? ’

“ Upon which Jesus opening his lips, said to the Jews, ‘ I am not what you think I am. I am called Jesus. I am not begotten by men ; I proceed from the breath of the Holy Spirit, and from the power of God, whose servant and prophet I am, and who has sent me to instruct you in the true law.’

“ This strange occurrence amazed the Jews so much, that they remained overwhelmed and confounded, more especially as they beheld it confirmed by the miracle of a palm-tree, which though long withered, that instant sprouted forth in leaves, and became loaded with ripe fruit.

“ Jesus afterwards, grown to manhood, performed many miracles, brought the dead to life, cured the sick, gave sight to the blind, made the palsied walk ; and during his entire life was a wanderer on the earth, without a habitation, living in poverty, and like a true prophet, teaching the law both by his precepts and his example.*

“ But being surprised one night in the open country, by a dreadful storm, and finding no shelter, he retired into a narrow cavern, where he found a lion had taken shelter before him, who instantly drew aside to make room for him, and with whom he passed the night. On this he complained to God, that even beasts had places in which they could shelter from the inclemency of the air, but that he, who was his servant, had never found a dwelling place on earth. This complaint obliged God to withdraw him from the world, and seat him in heaven, where he promised him, that he should celebrate his wedding feast on the day of judgment, which is to take place at the expiration of eight thousand years.”†

Our prophet adds, that, “ there lived amongst the Jews another man named also Jesus, whom God had created in the image and resemblance of the prophet Jesus, to deceive the Jews, who crucified him, and put him to death,‡ thinking him the true one, whom God drew up to himself, to preserve him from the wicked plots of that accursed people.”§ From this you may perceive we honour him as one of the greatest of prophets ; but that he is not God.

Panaiotti. The truth of our faith is founded on these words of the Gospel : “ In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God ; the same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him ; and without him was not any thing made that was made.” “ And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth.”

These mysterious words of the Gospel (which are confirmed by the

* Such are the idea of the Turks on the life of Jesus Christ.

† The Turks think the day of judgment will arrive at the end of eight thousand years.

‡ This is the Turkish belief on the death of Jesus Christ.

§ The Turks hate the Jews.

testimony of his precursor, John the Baptist, who said to the Jews in the desert, "he that cometh after me, is preferred before me, for he was before me; prepare ye the way of the Lord;") oblige us to believe that he is God, without beginning, without end, equal to the father, conceived without human generation, in the chaste womb of the immaculate Virgin Mary, of whom he was born after nine months, she still remaining a pure virgin, and suffering no pangs in child-birth. That when he arrived at manhood, he exhorted the Jews, performed many miracles, chose disciples, whom he instructed in the mysteries of the true religion; and that finally the Jews, jealous of his virtues and his miracles, crucified him; that he died on the cross, was buried, rose again the third day, ascended to heaven forty days after his resurrection, in the presence of his mother and his disciples, with the same body he clothed himself with in the womb of the virgin; and that he is now seated at the right hand of the Father.

Vanni. You are very unfortunate to believe in such direct opposition to the truth. Who is he that wrote such hideous blasphemies?

Panaiotti. It is the blessed disciple, Saint John, who wrote these words, which were the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; and for the most part dictated by Jesus, who loved him tenderly.

Vanni. Was he the only disciple who wrote the Gospel?

Panaiotti. There were three others, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, who agree in all points, and substantially repeat the same things.

Vanni. Do none of these evangelists speak of our prophet?

Panaiotti. They do not say one word of him.

Vanni. They must have spoken of him, but you will not acknowledge it?

Panaiotti. We are so much attached to the truths of the Gospel, that we are persuaded it would be but deceiving ourselves to conceal the smallest circumstance it relates; thus if it spoke of Mahomet as a prophet, we would revere him as such.

Vanni. It is your lying doctors and priests who conceal this truth from you.

Panaiotti. Our Gospel is printed, and literally explained to us, without augmentation or diminution, by many learned doctors, who allow us to read it.

Vanni. But who then is he that your Gospel calls the Paraclete?

Panaiotti. Jesus, instructing his disciples some days before his death, of the mysterious effects it would cause, which were incomprehensible to the human mind, said to them, "When I shall have ascended to my Father, I will send you my Holy Spirit, which is called the Comforter, (or Paraclete,) by whom you shall be filled, and instructed in the truth of all these mysteries, and of my Godhead, that you may preach it through the world."

Vanni. What is the exact meaning of the word Paraclete?

Panaiotti. It means Comforter, or Mediator; and when Jesus Christ was on the eve of ascending to heaven, he commanded his disciples to wait at Jerusalem, for the descent of him he had promised to send them.

Vanni. And did he come?

Panaiotti. Ten days after the ascent of Jesus to heaven, it descended in the form of a flame of fire, which resting on the heads of

the apostles, filled their souls, inspired them with languages and sciences, and animated and strengthened them in the knowledge that Jesus Christ was the true God.

This truth, supported with such boldness, again disturbed Vanni, and the rest of the company, who began to spit,* as if they had heard the most horrible blasphemies that could be uttered against the Deity.

Vanni. It is you who are the author and inventor of all those lies ; and the Paraclete or Comforter of whom your gospel speaks, is no other than our prophet, the blessed Mahomet.

Panaiotti. I cannot refute your opinion better, than by comparing our dates with your own epochas. The paraclete that Jesus promised to his disciples, descended upon them ten days after his ascent into Heaven, and your prophet Mahomet did not appear 'till several centuries after Jesus Christ.

Vanni. In what tongue did John write his gospel ?

Panaiotti. He wrote it in Greek.

Vanni. But these words, " Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani," are not Greek ?

Panaiotti. They are not ; but as they were the last words pronounced by Jesus Christ when he expired, the Evangelist would not translate them ; but was satisfied with giving us the meaning immediately after them.

Vanni. And what is the exact meaning of them ?

Panaiotti. " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?"

Vanni. An American priest, who has become a Mahometan, told me that those words are Syriac, and mean, " My God, my God, send thy prophet to save the world."

Panaiotti. These words are Hebrew ; and nothing can be more contrary to the truth than that signification, as you may see by referring to any Jewish rabbi. But since your prophet was to have come for the salvation of the world, is it not wonderful that Moses, who said of Jesus, " that there should come another prophet after him to establish a new law, of which his was but the type," never made mention of him ? Or that God himself did not bestow this knowledge on us, that we might believe in him as we do in Jesus Christ ?

Vanni. God reserved that secret for your punishment and your ruin.

Panaiotti. Has then God, who desires the conversion and salvation of all men, sent Jesus Christ and the gospel to cast into perdition all those who believe in him ?

Vanni. Are you then so ignorant as to doubt the omnipotence of God, who disposes of all mankind as it seems fitting to him ?

Panaiotti. We do not doubt the omnipotence of God, but we believe in Jesus Christ ; because we see that every thing the prophets predicted several ages before his birth, of his coming, his life, his miracles, his death and passion, and his resurrection, has been literally fulfilled : we believe also, that since several idolatrous nations have received his gospel, and believed in him, that God could not be so

* It is the custom of the Turks to spit when any thing shocks or displeases them.

unjust as to doom so many millions of souls to perdition, by reserving a mysterious secret, that Mahometans alone might be saved.

Vanni. But since you are so much attached to the doctrine and the miracles of Jesus, why do you not believe the doctrine of our prophet, who came to bring the law to perfection; and why not give credence to his miracles, which are more astonishing and more recent than those of Jesus?

Panaiotti. It is because he never brought the dead to life, gave sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, that he never made the palsied walk, nor, in short, ever performed any of the miracles wrought by Jesus Christ.

Vanni. If our prophet did not perform such miracles as those, he wrought others not less admirable;* amongst others, his enemies, resolving his destruction, poisoned the flesh of a lamb that was served up at his table; but the angel of God, who always accompanied him, having revealed to him this wicked attempt, instead of eating this lamb, he restored it to life,† although it was cooked, by being roasted at the fire: is not that a greater miracle than to resuscitate a man in whom the vital spirits were not, perhaps, extinct, but merely benumbed and enveloped in a lethargic sleep?

Panaiotti. Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, of whom the gospel speaks, had been dead three days, and was already putrid.

Vanni. I will tell you another and much more surprising miracle. The moon being at the full, our prophet cut it through the middle,‡ and the two halves of this star having passed through the sleeves of his gown, united again; and the moon returned again to her place in heaven, and gave light to the world as before.

Panaiotti. This miracle was certainly known to none but Mahometans; for if the moon, whose every motion, and whose least eclipse, have been closely observed since the beginning of the world, had been divided into two parts as you say, it is not possible that such a great number of astronomers, who pass every night in examining the heavens, would not have remarked such an extraordinary occurrence, which would have caused a strange revolution in heaven; deranged the course of the inferior stars, that have a relation to it, and a combination with it; and deranged the whole astronomical system; which, however, was unconscious of this accident, since no author of the past time or the present have made any mention of it.

Vanni. Since those two miracles have failed to convince you, I shall relate a third, wrought on an inanimate thing. As the prophet was preaching, a plaintive voice was heard that astonished the entire congregation, who did not know from whence it came, which obliged the prophet to cease his sermon, and to say to his auditors, "the voice you hear is not human, it comes from a piece of wood." Then turning towards a wooden pillar, he asked it why it complained; "Because," it replied, "you have hitherto leaned your chair against me, but have deprived me of that honour to-day." The prophet replied, "Since

* These ridiculous miracles are believed even by rational Musselmén.

† The resuscitation of the lamb is not mentioned in the koran.

‡ Nor the division of the moon.

your affection for me is so great, make choice whether to be a tree planted on earth, always covered with green leaves and ripe fruits until the end of the world ; or that I should intreat God to transplant you into paradise, where your fruit shall be food for the blessed." The wooden pillar chose to be in paradise, because it should last there through all eternity ; upon which it disappeared. Is not that a wonderful and mighty miracle ?

Here Panaiotti, who wished to interrupt the recital of these tiresome reveries, answered, that Jesus had said there should come after him many false prophets, who should even work miracles, whom we should beware of following, or of giving faith to their doctrine.

Then Vanni asked Panaiotti another question, in a contemptuous manner, as to what quarter of the horizon the Christians turned their temples.

Panaiotti. We usually turn our churches towards the east, if the site of the building allows it ; but this custom is not indispensable.

Vanni. He then that built the mosque of Sophia must have been a Mahometan, since instead of turning it eastward, according to your custom, he has placed it facing the south, which, when we pray, we always turn to, that we may look towards Mecca.

Panaiotti. As the emperor Constantine, who was the first founder of this church, had an extreme reverence for Jerusalem ; where all the miracles and mysteries of which I have spoken, were manifested, and which lay to the south ; he wished that this temple, which he dedicated to the eternal wisdom, should look towards that part of the world.

Vanni. You are unacquainted with both the true end, and the reason why Sophia is turned towards the south. It is a proof of the wisdom of God, who, foreseeing that Constantinople was to fall into the power of the Ottomans, caused the finest temple of this city to be turned to the south ; that is, to Mecca and Medina, that it might not be spoiled as the other churches were, which we destroyed ; and that it might be used in the only true worship.

The grand vizier, who began to be wearied with the length of the dispute, asked them if they had no stronger arguments to bring forward ; and then, without waiting for an answer, said, with a smiling countenance, to Panaiotti, "I requested this company to meet here to witness your abjuration of Christianity ; let me have that satisfaction, and I shall take on myself the care of your fortune."

Panaiotti. My Lord, I was born under the law of Jesus, and under it I will die.

This answer closed the grand vizier's lips, finished the conversation, and delivered Panaiotti from the frequent solicitations of the Turks, who from thenceforth never more proposed to him to renounce his religion.

PINO, *Script.*

CALAMITIES OF LONDON.

No doubt there are plenty of them, enough to make a most lugubrious article for a heavy magazine, or a serious periodical. "Yesterday morning, as Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, with their youngest child, were proceeding in their gig towards Clapton, just as they were," &c.—"Last night an alarming fire broke out in the premises of—" "On Monday, about ten o'clock in the morning, the scaffolding erected in front of Mr. Iturke's house, Oxford-street, gave way, when shocking to relate—" Such are the melancholy paragraphs which meet our eyes every morning at the breakfast-table, interspersed with "fashionable intelligence," jocose police reports, Lord Norbury's juries, and the sparkling effusions of Charles Wright's poets. But these are not the calamities which are the present subject of complaint; neither are they the endurance of London in September, or one of its fogs in November; nor the want of an invitation to dinner, nor of a hackney-coach to go to one in a shower of rain; nor the losing your snuff-box at a crowded theatre; or your pocket-handkerchief after taking a pinch, which is just as bad: though these, indeed, may be calamities to excite Mr. Testy's irritation or Mr. Sensitive's spleen. The calamities now to be complained of are of a more serious kind, but they are all out-of-door calamities, and will be immediately recognised as vexing evils, besetting all in every street of town, only to be remedied by the immediate and the vigorous interference of the law's strong arm. It certainly may not be pleasant to be thrown from a gig, or be burnt to death by a fire; but is it a lesser evil, (certainly it is more harassing and soul-distracting,) to have one's walk intercepted, and one's thoughts interrupted, anywhere within a quarter of a mile of either of the theatres, and about the hours of five, six, or seven in the afternoon, by a set of ragged boys and shirtless Irishmen, who press upon you, bore you, importune you, follow you the whole length of the street, screaming in your ears the reiterated, unquellable request, to "buy a bill of the play." 'Tis vain to say you are not going; vain to tell a lie, and say you have got one; equally vain to kick, strike, or swear at them; push one away, and another succeeds, like the heads of the hydra. Conceiving that prudential and economical motives alone prevent your purchasing their damp and dirty scraps, they enforce their thirty-times urged request, by the assurance that it is *only a penny*. With quickened pace, and sickened visage, and hand constantly feeling to see if your pocket-handkerchief is safe, you at last escape from the galling *running* fire of this scuffling crew. You find yourself now perhaps in the Strand, and wish to cross over to the other side; the street is filthily muddy, but you dare not take advantage of the cleanly-swept crossing which seems to invite your footsteps, for the passage is guarded by a grisly black, with a red night-cap and stunted broom, who clamorously demands you to spare a halfpenny; follows you the whole length of the crossing, and from his muttered curses of disappointment when he does leave you, makes you begin to think it is almost a crime to come out with a copperless pocket. Talking of street-sweepers, who that has lived six months in London, and has six grains of bile in his composition, that has not execrated in his heart him whom

I come to describe. Emerging from the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, through the narrow courts, into Coventry-street, midway between the shop of Hamlet, the jeweller, and that of Hawley, of the same craft, there is a short crossing, (made by Rupert-street, I think,) which is guarded by a great he-sailor-looking fellow, with broom in one hand, and hat in the other. In the winter he occasionally puts both into one, and by way of pretending to keep himself warm, slaps the unoccupied hand vigorously against his left side, which has become so worn with such repeated applications, that the garment below the arm has been patched with a strong piece of leather, and that being now thickly encrusted with grease, defies the application of his ponderous palm. In summer he cuts off the toes of his shoes, and letting his worsted stocking protrude into the mud, pretends to have bad feet; but, summer or winter, he is ever at his post, save at his visits to the neighbouring gin-shop, and has one unvarying whine, which never alters or ceases from nine o'clock in the morning till dusk—"Now do, sir;" "God bless you, sir!" "Spare a halfpenny."

Having passed this abomination of besomers, this prince of pests, and encountered a few more, not quite so interesting as he of Coventry-street, you recollect, perhaps, that you want to call on a friend in Berkeley-street, or beyond it. Well, we'll grant you get safe along a great part of Piccadilly, with nothing to ruffle your temper, or disturb your thoughts, but a few new tunes upon some old organs, such as "Scots wha hae," "We're a' noddin'," "Home, sweet home," the "100th Psalm," and "Pray, Goody;" or perhaps a good-natured man in the streets, with a wife and three following children, favour you with some *really* new compositions, and sing "Cherry ripe," and "I've been roaming," at the top of their voices; or perhaps another, equally good-natured, will not only offer you these very songs for sale, but actually three or *four yards* of such novelties, which he unrolls and displays for your inspection. Well, notwithstanding these little interruptions, you pursue your walk in comparative peace, till you come near the White Horse cellar, to that comitatus of coachmen and cads, that synagogue let loose, that emporium of oranges, and that multitude of persons of all sexes, who, to my astonishment, are always wanting to "go down the road," as the coachmen have it. There you are regularly in for it; hustled by boys, beseeching you to buy their penknives and pencils, lemons, pocket-books, sealing-wax, and sword-canes. While you stand for a moment, pitying a poor woman, whom two merciless cads are forcing into a wrong coach, a third runs up, and insists upon it you want to go to Putney; and the worst of it is, he does not seem the least abashed at your contemptuous look in return, but seems to think it quite a natural thing that a well-dressed gentleman (such as you flatter yourself to be) should want to go "down the road." Escaped from this, and tired with your walk, you, perhaps, wish to take a coach to the next part of the town you are going to. With some little bawling, the coachman is awakened, with some difficulty the machine is put in motion, and with some rattling the step is let down at the curb-stone. Now the calamity to be complained of is this,—when comfortably seated in the coach, having told the man where to drive, the waterman still keeps the door open, and, with a rapid touch of his hat, hopes you will remember him. Now, though this may

appear a small evil to some who would quietly d—n him, and say, “Drive on,” yet to others it is an intolerable nuisance to be asked for any thing which you are either unwilling to give, or obliged to refuse ; at all events, it is an evil, when you state to the man that you have no coppers, or, without any such statement, desire him to shut the door—to have that door slammed with such energy of disappointment, as if you had grossly insulted the fellow by your reasonable non-compliance.

So much for some pedestrian calamities, to which he who ventures forth into our streets is subject. The concluding one, for the present, shall be equestrian. There is no one who ever rode through a street in town, that is not as conversant as disgusted with the calamity of little boys or blackguard men running after you, and following you, street after street, exclaiming at regular intervals, and in the same tone, “Shall I old your orse, sir? Want your orse eld, sir?” Nor imprecations, or cutting at them with your whip, avail ; and equally vain is it to try and escape them by putting your horse into a trot on the pavement, and endangering his knees ; when you think you have fairly got out of their reach and the sound of their spleen-inspiring voice, you look round, and behold with dismay the same face, with a nasty sort of knowing grin upon it, and hear with disgust the eternal, tormenting, never-to-be-escaped, “Want your orse eld, sir?” This may appear a trifle, but trifles sometimes raise our wrath. I do not think I am oversensitive, yet I own my bile is very severely excited by this evil. Here leave we off, under the conviction, that unless some steps are taken to check these attacks on the comfort and the nerves of the civilized part of the population, however they may build and rebuild, and beautify and macadamize the streets, there will very soon be none to walk on them.

L. L.

TROUBADOUR POEMS, FROM ORIGINAL MSS.

THE poems of the troubadours may be divided into four classes ; the amatory, the historic, the satiric, and the didactic. The poets themselves followed another arrangement, or rather nomenclature, terming them *lais*, or songs ; *sirventes*, or satires ; *tensous*, or dialogues ; *pastourelles* and *novelles*, or tales.

The *lais*, which turned almost entirely on ladies and on love, formed, as we might have justly conjectured, the chief part of those poems. But whoever expects to find in these songs that passion painted by a delicate hand, will be much disappointed. Even though history had not given evidence of the disorderly licentiousness that then prevailed, the works of the troubadours would have afforded a thousand indisputable proofs of it ; for one example of a warm yet pure attachment, submitting to the curb of modesty and duty, we find an hundred traits of libertinism, of the predomination of mere appetite instead of sentiment ; of conjugal faith shamelessly violated ; of morals outraged with a cynical indecency : in a word, of the same vices as are practised at the present day, without even the thin veil that decorum casts over them.

Yet at times a trait of feeling may be found in these *lais* that would seem delicate even at present ; for instance, in the following couplets, addressed by Azalaïs de Porcairague to Rambaut, Prince d'Orange. We are told that this lady was of a noble family of Montpellier, and that she wrote about the year 1177. Attracted by a taste similar to her own, she had the misfortune to fix her affections on one who thought himself doubly privileged, as a prince and a poet, to be inconstant, and who, in the works we yet have of his, acknowledges, and even boasts, of his vices. Here I may observe, *en passant*, that an antiquary, on a small scale, would observe that this is perhaps the earliest notice extant of the antiquity of scent bottles ; whilst one who took a more extended view would say, that the idea of each gift of a lover having a covert meaning, was brought from the east by the first crusaders.

To love's keen glance each gift betrays
 More than a careless eye can see ;
 Why, then, didst thou this crystal vase,
 With essence fraught, bestow on me ?

For now my soul is wrapt in gloom,
 Whilst thus it bodes thy love will pass,
 Transient and sweet as that perfume,
 And fragile as the enclosing glass.

The same delicacy may be noticed, in a song which Berenger de Palasol, who flourished in 1194, addresses, seemingly in disdain, to a lady, whose name is now lost to us, and who had probably offended him by receiving his effusions with indifference.

Lady, though thy blushing cheek
 Emulates the rose's dye,
 Though thy lips in music speak,
 Like a star though beams thine eye ;
 If within that breast of snow
 No fond heart responds to mine,
 I can every charm forego,
 All without a sigh resign.

Brighter than the rose's hue
 Is the glow of love sincere ;
 Eyes transcend the morning's dew,
 Beaming through emotion's tear ;
 Oh ! what music is so sweet
 As the soft, the thrilling tone,
 Which, in secret when we meet,
 Speaks a gentle heart our own ?

In some of these *lais*, is depicted a singular mixture of ferocity and gallantry, which perhaps no other era but that of chivalry could present. In the following, written by William de Saint Gregorie, about the year 1220, he seems to think himself unworthy of addressing the " lady of his thoughts " until he had performed deeds of barbarity that would now cause her to look on him with horror, for he represents

himself as giving no quarter, burning and plundering; however, some ladies of those days were not much more scrupulous than their knights.

Tell me not of lady's charms;
Bring my horse, prepare my arms,
Let me hear the trumpet sound,
Feel the squadron shake the ground,
See the hostile banners streaming,
See the low-couch'd lances gleaming,
Headlong let me meet the foe,
Lend my soul to every blow;
Thus to battle would I fly,
Conquer—or in combat die.

Speak not of the beaming eye,
Slender waist, and bosom high;
Point not to the secret bower
Where she sleeps the noontide hour;
Lead me to the leaguer'd wall
Whence the arrows thickest fall,
Whence the deadly mangonel
Hurls the stone and huge quarrēl;
Let me then the breach assay,
For my soldiers lead the way;
Let me see the flames ascending
O'er each roof in spiry flash,
Whilst the haughty towers seem bending
Ere they sink with thund'ring crash!
And from out the blacken'd walls
Many a voice for mercy calls,
And calls in vain—whilst massy spoil
Richly pays the warrior's toil—
Fearless then the valiant knight
May approach the lady bright,
To the proud and peerless fair
Boldly may his love declare—
When a daring deed is done,
Beauty's smile is fairly won!

But the feeling that pervaded by far the greater part of these songs, was of a widely different nature from the tenderness of the two first specimens I have given, or the martial, though ferocious ardour, portrayed in the last; the follies and crimes of the age afforded rich materials for the *sirventes*, or satires, in which the troubadours most excelled, and where they give a terrific sketch of prevailing vices, whilst they exalt the merits of the preceding times, (though these were even more deserving of censure) so convenient is it, or even to invent virtues for the ancients, that, from the contrast, we may censure with more bitterness the vices of the moderns.

De tout le temps l'homme fut coupable,
De tout le temps il fut malheureux.—Gresset.

The most interesting poems of this class, however, have been composed by those nobles or princes, who, though they had enrolled them-

selves as troubadours, had not the remotest idea of pursuing their poetic studies in a learned solitude, of dwelling in "the cool sequestered vale of life," but grasped at dominion, fought, and plundered, with as much eagerness as their illiterate contemporaries, who, like the peasants of our own days, could only scrawl the sign of the cross, when, by some rare chance, it was necessary for them to affix their signature. When these illustrious personages write, they give us a clear idea of their sentiments, their passions, the medium through which they behold whatever closely interests them, and their manner of expressing themselves on such subjects. They may sometimes be compared to the heroes of Homer, insolent, arrogant, brave, and presumptuous; not sparing of the most abusive language when they considered themselves aggrieved; and, with rude candour, displaying, somewhat at a tedious length, all that passes in their inmost soul. The *sirvente* of Richard Cœur de Lion, composed during his severe and tedious captivity, (in which, we are informed, he was confined in a wooden cage, placed in the highest apartment of a high and lofty tower,) and directed against his barons for allowing him to remain two winters, as he expresses it, in prison, and several others of the same description, deserve the curious investigation of whoever wishes to become acquainted with the heart of man, and with the manners of our ancestors.

These *sirventes* were not, however, always so personal, nor consequently so severe. I am here tempted to give two, written by Pierre Vidal, about 1229, of which the satire, directed against the female sex in general, is so light, that even the fading beauty, or the termagant wife, might fail to recognise herself in them, or at least might, by joining in the mirth, cast the imputation on some other. They give too, some of the earliest specimens of the *rond*, afterwards so successively imitated by the more modern French in their rondeau; indeed, I have somewhere seen an imitation, or translation, of one of these *ronds* of Vidal into French, considerably older than the time of Francis the First. They may interest too in another point of view, as giving an idea of the ridiculous legends believed in the age immediately preceding that of Vidal, and of the progressive improvement of the human understanding, which enabled those who followed to laugh at them, when introduced in a comic poem.

At a critical time came Ogier into France,
That the Saracens thence he might chace:
Why need I tell his valour? he soon made then prance,
For not one dared to look in his face.
Then leaving the kingdom so safe and so sound,
He still travell'd through each foreign clime,
'Till the water of youth he in Paradise found,
Which he drank—at a critical time.

Now since by that water, the warrior so bold
In an instant was changed (though decrepid and old)
To a straight, ruddy youth, in his prime:
'Tis a pity, methinks, this is but an old tale!
There are damsels whose bloom is beginning to fall,
Who this water with transport would buy, beg, or steal,
And 'twould come—at a critical time!

Of this valorous knight in a legend I've read,
 Whose calm courage all danger defied ;
 Though in female disguise, to his board and his bed
 He received the foul fiend as his bride ;
 For this shocking mistake, when at last 'twas found out,
 Made that courage but shine the more bright !
 Then his fame through all Christendom was spread about,
 'Till all heard of this valorous knight.

It chanceth that soon after, a princess so grand,
 Fix'd her heart on bold Richard, then offer'd her hand ;
 And he wedded again with delight.
 Now which of the two most disturbed his rest ?
 Or whether the dame or the devil was the best ?
 If you're so very dull as not yet to have guess'd,
 Go and ask of that valorous knight.

But Vidal was not always so fortunate, or rather so prudent, as to confine his satirical effusions to the folly of women in general. He indiscreetly and ungenerously exposed the weakness of the Lady de Saint Gilles, boasting that he spoke of her from personal knowledge. Her enraged husband took what was then considered a very slight revenge ; he merely slit, or bored the tongue of the defamer. Hugh, the Lord of Baux, had compassion on him, and sent his own physician to heal him ; but to the day of his death, when his satiric humour provoked his brother troubadours, (which was frequently the case), they reproached him with his well merited punishment, wishing he had been totally deprived both of tongue and hands.

Our poets were desirous of attracting particular notice to their *tensons*, or dialogues ; in these, they attacked in alternate couplets the opinions of others ; they defended their own, and supported contradictory notions on different questions, almost all on subjects of gallantry. I need not here explain what is meant by their *pastourelles*, and of their *novelles* or tales. I shall only remark at present, that though rather devoid of wit or humour, they have a species of *naïve* originality, that makes them interesting.

The didactic poetry of the troubadours is not voluminous, but extremely curious from the subjects on which it treats. Some poems of this class contain maxims of general morality, and afford a strong proof, that though the germ of moral truth may be enclosed in the human heart, yet it must be cultivated by reason, before it can bring forth good fruit. Others give instructions relating to the various classes of society, in particular to the candidates for knighthood, to young ladies, to poets, to jongleurs or minstrels, &c. &c. They have sometimes the address to place their precepts in a strong relief, as I may call it, by affixing them on a back ground of fiction. For example, in one, a youth is supposed to come to the castle of an illustrious noble, to ask his advice as to the principles by which he is to direct his conduct, and to profit by his example. In another, they represent a person, respectable from his age, his character, and his rank, giving, in a casual conversation with a young lady, lessons on external propriety and decorum (for they never even thought of going

deeper). Had they been acquainted with the writings of the ancients, they might have brought this judicious plan to great perfection, but it was from their own stores alone they drew; had they been mere imitators, it is likely that what they would have gained in taste, they might have lost in simplicity.

I now take my leave of the Troubadours, happy if what I have said may induce some of my readers to search in their neglected poems for the rich treasures of antiquity they abound in. At a future time, I may give some extracts from those of their writings, that exhibit to most advantage the strange manners of the times in which they flourished. Nor can I better sum up the character of that amorous, warlike, jovial race, who like shadows have glided from the face of the earth, than by concluding with the following rough, but faithful translation of *Virelai*, composed on himself, in his old age, by Rambaud de Vaqueiras, who having made his first campaigns against the Saracens, under the King of Arragon, (himself a Troubadour,) changed to the service of the Marquis of Monserrat; followed him to his wars for years, and in particular to a crusade; was rewarded by the Emperor, Frederic the Second, for both his talents and his valour, by the government of Salonika, lately conquered from the infidels; and finally, after seeing his patron fall by his side, in a desperate engagement with the Turks in Romelia, retired to a convent, (in which it should seem he led rather a joyous life,) where he died in the year 1215.

At that blest age, devoid of care,
 When hearts will throb, they know not why,
 Slight, blooming, graceful was the fair,
 That caught, that fix'd my roving eye.
 Her gentle glance, her thrilling voice,
 Inspired a verse so warm, so pure,
 For love said, "Sing thine heart's first choice,
 Sing, sing of bliss, young Troubadour!"

And when to meet the turban'd foe
 My liege I follow'd to the field,
 Saw thousands in their blood laid low,
 Yet scorn'd for life one inch to yield;
 When clashing swords met armour bright,
 When hand to hand I met the Moor!
 Even then, a voice cried, "Sing the fight,
 Sing, sing of fame, bold Troubadour!"

But age has furrow'd o'er my brow,
 My form is bent, my locks are grey;
 No lord, no lady claims me now,
 And love and fame have past away.
 Yet love and fame I well may spare,
 Whilst thus the rosy draught I pour;
 Each age has had of joys its share—
 Sing then thy wine, old Troubadour.

R. E. S.

SELF-INTRODUCTION.

FITZ-HENRY was the descendant of an improvident race of ancestors, all of whom successively diminished the patrimonial resources by gaming and extravagance, without abating, in the smallest degree, their family pretensions. Each in his turn viewed himself as the representative of an estate, which had given a degree of baronial importance to its first possessor, but which unfortunately had been by each generation so surcharged, as to have become, at the birth of the present expectant, a mere nominal, or rather negative property; worse than nothing in more than mere algebraic signification, since it entailed hopes and prejudices utterly incompatible with any pursuit by which the family fortunes might have been retrieved.

The father of Fitz-Henry was not marked with the hereditary propensities that formed the moral stigmata of his race. The taint had been eradicated in him by measures of necessitous retrenchment, to which none of his progenitors had been reduced; but the tendency remained, and showed itself in a manner scarcely less pernicious to income, and infinitely more destructive of the better inheritance of mental energy. He took to the gambling of law, as a substitute and remedy for the evils engendered by that of the dice-box, and thrust his soul into the trammels held out for him by the advocates of litigation, till he found himself so tangled in their meshes, that, even when the delusion was apparent, he was forced, like one bound in compact with the fiend, to put off the day of ruin by a meek compliance with the dictates of his fate-holders.

Thus he continued, to the hour of his death, the victim of mental and bodily decrepitude, early brought on by that withering paralysis, to which the process of British jurisdiction so frequently subjects its victims. The promise of success which his purchasers had given him through design in the first instance, they were induced, out of mercy, to extend to his later days; it was the only opiate short of death that could assuage his sufferings; so that he lingered on in a sort of galvanic existence, life being alternately withdrawn and supplied by the sentence of his legal operators.

That an individual so racked should have little thought to devote from his actual distractions to the future destinies of his heir, can scarcely be surprising; and that in his bright hours those destinies should appear to him tinged by the same hues that lent such a glowing effulgence to his own, can hardly be reproached to him as an enhancement of his weakness. There was at least no selfishness in rearing his son for that station in life which he hoped himself to fill, and which it required a highly-braced resolution to reject. Fitz-Henry was, therefore, reared for the post of an independent gentleman; a post which so many claim, and so few know how to maintain. It was not contemplated that any exertion of his abilities would be requisite for that station, except such a moderate use of them as would suffice for some official employ, should the splendid prophecies of the law-oracles unhappily fail of fulfilment.

Thus Fitz-Henry continued during that period of adolescence, which has not unaptly been termed *l'etat de force*, while yet his energies

exceeded his wants, under a private tutor, an unconcerned spectator of the havoc made by litigation on his prospects. His mind was directed to no object but the cultivation of letters, unallied to professional pursuits. The pride of birth that clung to his father, notwithstanding his reduced circumstances, detached him from all connexion with the world, as he could not bear to mix with his own class under the sense of humbled means, nor yet to identify himself with one, that, in his opinion, was lower than his level. His son partook his seclusion; and when the bubble burst which terminated at once the airy hopes and the artificial respiration of his father, Fitz-Henry found himself in an attitude with respect to the world, in which it is the fate of few young men to stand. He actually had not a single friend or acquaintance in the whole sphere of human life. His experience, too, was limited to the knowledge that history had given him of that unexplored region, society; for as his passions, from seclusion, were slow in unfolding, his early reading had tended to ascertain the relations of things, rather than of men. Books of science and material history, more than such as describe the vicissitudes of human existence, had been his study. His father, whether from conscientious motives, or from sickening associations, had refrained from tincturing his young mind with the bile that soured his own. So that all the knowledge which Fitz-Henry had of modern society was a mere outline, shadowed out by his own imagination, and founded upon his classic reading.

At that age which is deemed still childhood by our laws, this young man saw the fabric demolished, which he had been taught to think as durable as the state. His relation to the other orders was dissolved; and all at once ruin came upon him, in the form of executions and sequestrations, that in an hour left him too little to entice even the predatory friendship of legal sharpers. It was some time before he could awake from the long dream, through which five or six generations of his ancestors had slept, to recognise the instability of social conditions determined by mere birth; and when he did, it was only to feel helpless desolation and the want of knowledge to direct his efforts. This knowledge he was determined to acquire, and to abjure, if necessary, the devotion to rank that had been the bane of his race. After looking into his affairs as far as his inexperience enabled him to scan them, he found himself legal owner of a small property under sequestration, that would in fifteen years revert to him, and for the present, master of no more than a few valuables, which had escaped the cramping rapacity of his father's chicaners.

Upon the sale of these he set out in search of a new settlement in the world, and naturally was attracted towards the capital, where some prospect might open to him from the direction and patronage of influential persons, who, though unknown to him, were connected by relationship with his family. It is here that we take up his own story.

"I arrived in London," he says, "with the whole of my wealth in my pocket, utterly ignorant of the steps to be taken to ensure its productiveness, or even economical outlay. I knew there was a day when it must be exhausted, and that long previous to my regaining my paternal remnant; but the very uncertainty of its date, as well as the hopes I entertained of profitably engaging my services, kept me from dwelling with gloom on the visible decrease of my finances. My heart

was every day lightened by the familiar intercourse that travelling together induces, and in every fellow-passenger I fancied that I might have ensured a friend or able counsellor. What opportunities, thought I, must not the metropolis present of selecting the most estimable companions? Among crowds so shuffled together, congenial dispositions must frequently be brought into contact; and from the very similarity of their views, the career of riches or of fame, it is impossible to conceive a disinclination among them to unite, and promote the interests of each other."

When his journey was finished, he endeavoured to husband his resources, and established himself in quarters suitable to his means. He recounts a number of incidents, in no way remarkable but as they tended to open his eyes to the indifference and selfishness of others. His relations received him with reserve or suspicion, and made him feel the general heartlessness of the opulent towards the needy where blood has united them. They succeeded in scaring away that bugbear of the great, a poor connexion; who could not but resent coolness and hauteur from them more than from the rest of the world. At the end of some months, he bears this testimony of his disappointed hopes of fellowship with his equals.

"I now found out that the conversational qualities which had struck me on my travels, were exceedingly bounded and superficial. They seemed to be of a local nature, and to depend much more on the place of meeting than upon the mood of the persons who met. They were a kind of travelling surtouts, or voyager's disguises. Wherever I had found men to converse with, in taverns, or situations where even brutes would exchange some mutual tokens of vicinity, they tolerated the discourse with the utmost caution, checked any possible encroachment upon personal matters, and reserved such an unlimited discretion of breaking off with abruptness, that I was deterred from frequently stirring up their phlegm, or giving them the satisfaction of being surly and forbidding. It seemed as if they dreaded in every address an appeal from some begging missionary of a sect which they disapproved. The more timid recoiled from the danger of being entangled into an acquaintance with some black-leg, club-foot, bug-a-boo, or Mephistopheles, if they suffered themselves to be seduced into conversation by the remark of a stranger; and while they treated this as a *shuffling* mode of introduction, they themselves *sneaked* off with the most pitiful excuses.

"It is not to be wondered at, from my inexperience, that I should be more deeply impressed with this suspiciousness than I ought to have been. It gave me the idea that there existed greater cause for this distance than I had yet been aware of. This mistrust, I thought, is the filthy fungus that has sprung from abused confidence; no doubt every one of these men, who interdict so cautiously trespasses upon their conversation, has been the victim of his former facility. Society must be stocked with designing reprobates, who have played upon the openness of human nature, till, in self-defence, every man of worth has shielded himself in a morose exterior. I was so far swayed by this opinion as to adopt considerable reserve towards others, and actually persisted in this unnatural stiffness till I had been weeks without exchanging a syllable with any living being.

“ During this monkish penance, I felt more privation than the solitary inmate of a cell ; for though I walked about in the world, it was a world still new to me, in which I had to find my place, and to solve the inexplicable problem of applying my powers to the best advantage. I knew absolutely not what to do with myself, nor how to set about acquiring that indispensable knowledge. The first sources of light on this head sprung to me from the daily papers. It was in the advertisements of the day I acquired my earliest insight into the real affairs of life, and I conned with more eagerness the Wants and Offers, than others read the most engaging fictions. The only applicants who seemed to have any affinity with me, were those for tutorships ; but so inferior were my pretensions to those set forth by the advertisers, that I long refrained from insulting the public by an offer to execute a duty, for which I felt comparatively incapable. A further reading, however, led me to conclude that the public was satisfied with tutorage of infinite variety. After some trouble, and much reasoning with myself, I procured the insertion of a modest paragraph ; and continued it from day to day, partly through ignorance, partly through disinclination to withdraw my first stake in this lottery till it had received a fair trial. At the end of a fortnight some prospect dawned upon me ; a letter came to my address, directing me to meet a gentleman in a certain coffee-house, relative to my advertisement.

“ Mr. Wilkins was very inquisitive about my classical attainments, and inquired very particularly whether I had read Virgil and Homer. His expectation of my proficiency in modern languages was equally fastidious, for he bounded his interrogatories to three great tests of scholarship—whether I had read Petrarch’s *Laura*, Blair’s *Sermons*, and *Télémaque*. Upon my answering in the affirmative, he expressed himself satisfied as to languages, and proceeded to catechise me upon book-keeping, by double and single entry. Here he shook his head at my disclaiming any considerable skill in that branch of commercial lore. To meet his objection as well as I could, I detailed my progress in algebraic evolutions, and pressed upon him a slight acquaintance with the mathematics, as a means of facilitating my speedy qualification in the art of posting day-books and ledgers. I was reluctant to miss the chance of a comfortable provision, through the mere defect of not knowing scientifically profit and loss. Mr. Wilkins made some shrewd observations upon the difference between theory and practice, which would have been more welcome to the Chancellor of the Exchequer than they were just then to me. He then proceeded to inform me, that he had a connexion in the West Indies, and meant that his sons should be reared to fill the commercial office that he himself had filled in the colony. ‘ I am going to spend three years on the continent,’ continued he ; ‘ one in Orleans, another at Pisa, and the last in Paris, by which time I hope my children will be fully instructed in the polite languages, and finished in all branches of education, previous to their going into the concern. It is right that you should know the state of my family—I have four boys, the eldest fourteen, and three girls, all senior to them. You would have to instruct the boys in Latin and Greek, English, Italian, and French, and occasionally to read with the young ladies in the three last languages. As to accounts, if we agree, that matter must be settled somehow, with respect to the boys,

between you and me; but the girls must fall to your charge. You, of course, could teach them to divide and multiply, which would be quite enough, as higher matters should be left to men. The writing department you are prepared to execute towards them all; and on our travels, till *we* (he, of course, included himself in every thing) have obtained familiarity with the language of the country, you should act as our interpreter. Now, to the most essential particular. As *we* are going to reside in popish countries, where we cannot have the benefit of a Protestant minister, I shall expect you to instruct your pupils in the tenets of the Established Church, to read prayers, morning and evening, to *us*, and occasionally one of Blair's Sermons on Sundays. I make no difficulty about orders, though I would prefer a clergyman of the Church of England, because it is more respectable, and more becoming of his cloth to educate youth in religious principles, (by double and single entry)—not but that the inducement I hold out is such, as to make it worth a clergyman's while to attend my family; for it is upon the scale of curate's salaries that I have modelled the allowance I mean to make. *Our* family tutor shall have seventy-five pounds per annum, over and above his keep in my house.'

"This gentleman had studied arithmetic to some account. This was exactly ten pounds a head yearly, for educating his boys to cut a most splendid figure in the House of Assembly, without neglecting the more important requisites of the counting-house—the same sum for qualifying the young ladies to understand Petrarch, and to multiply—besides food, lodging, and five pounds a year for chaplaincy to the whole congregation of Saint Wilkins. Upon hearing the detail out, which I deem it a merit to have done with a grave face, I declined the proposal, on the score of not being sufficiently imbued with theology and book-keeping, to answer the high expectations which he had formed for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his sons and daughters. I by all means agreed with him, that the place would be more eligibly filled by a churchman, and hoped that he might find one to his liking. While I was bowing myself off, the lady of this ambitious patron of cyphering and divinity entered the room, and in a vulgar manner announced, that the Rev. Mr. Nigger was waiting, till her husband had despatched the other tutor, (meaning, by catachresis, *me*.) On this unexpected interruption, Mr. Wilkins *must tell the truth*, that indeed he had, before seeing me, almost finally arranged with another applicant, an ordained graduate from Cambridge, whose acquaintance with foreign literature (*Petrarch's Laura*, and *Telemack*) did not appear to be so extensive as mine, but whom he was disposed to prefer, for reasons of partiality to the church, in which Mrs. Wilkins coincided with him—(Mrs. Wilkins here gave him a look, as much as to say, choose any other but an ecclesiastical slavey, if you dare.) Hereupon I made my final bow, and retreated, while Mr. Wilkins *politely* requested me to transmit his supreme directions to the waiter, to send up the other *applicant*. I was too full of smothered ridicule, to manifest my contempt at his indelicacy, and silently walked out of the house, congratulating myself, that breeding had not so far polished off the vulgarity of Mr. Wilkins' manner, as to mislead me into an engagement with so mean and ignoble a nature.

"I now thought it time to amend my advertisement; and as my

interview with Mr Wilkins had explained to me the idea formed on 'Change of a tutor, I introduced certain clauses, to deter book-keeping traffickers from fancying their framer, changing my address for that of my hatter, under the most incongruous initials. Neither this, nor a subsequent change, secured me from annoyance by the West India buxter, who was still haggling, I suspected, for terms, and trying to buy the cheapest slave in the market of literature. To stop his beating down any poor seller of soul and body, below the market price of spiritual servitude, I tacked the following laconic appendix to my ensuing advertisement: 'N.B. Mr. W. from the West Indies, need not apply *further*;' and had the satisfaction, some days after, to learn from the waiter, that the family had left London for Boulogne, attended by a gentleman in black.

"I imagine it was the whimsicality of this postscript, that procured me a greater number of inquirers than any of my former addresses had elicited. In general, the attainments required were below the degree at which I rated mine; but there was one requisite which none would dispense with, nor even give themselves much trouble in investigating—they all expected, cut and dry, the credentials of a university, or a reference within an hour's drive, or the range of the twopenny post. I could not accuse them of illiberality, for this caution was probably induced by the frequency of imposture; but it annihilated all my prospects in this line, and pressed again more forcibly on my heart, my destitution of friends and vouchers."

We pass over the minute account of the failures which Fitz-Henry encountered in trying to aggregate himself to his species—also the analysis of his various feelings, on finding himself a solitary in the midst of populous life. "When not engaged in books," he writes, "I roved pensively through the streets, looking on each loved countenance and impressive figure, as the mere delusions of a dream. It was as if it were an imaginary, not a real world, in which I was placed. Ever was I shaping out intimacies and relations with the forms that passed before me—never to be realised; yet never checked by the experience of a single tie! For aught they regarded me, I might have been an invisible wanderer from another world, permitted with less privilege than the Wandering Jew, to survey, yet not hold converse with these images of myself—to observe their delights of intercourse, yet never to enjoy an hour's change of the pent up thoughts! At times, this reflection was too bitter for endurance, and has caused me to close my eyes in wild pain, upon the scenes of busy pleasure. What, cried I, was Crusoe's condition to mine? Solitude was to him the desert of sleep, troubled only by the rare appearance of the sava e horde—to me it is the realm of dream, peopled by innumerable forms, that excite but to baffle the warmest hopes and passions!"

What heightened the dreariness of his state, was his growing attachment to works of fiction, in which he says, "so many happy meetings and alliances occurred at every step, where it suited the author's whim to bring a new character upon the scene. The formalities that keep each in his own orbit in life, seldom maintained their laws of gravity in the system of novelists. There was, at least, always some happy libration, that brought their hero or heroine into attraction with every sphere of persons: but it was only the truth of

the orrery, in which indeed some coincidences with reality were apparent, but neither so frequent nor so infallible, as not to be accounted pure anomalies."

A year was thus spent by Fitz-Henry out of the pale of all society, but that of the casual companion of the dinner-hour. He endeavoured to mix in the circles of the gay and dissipated, at public saloons, taverns, and billiard-rooms: but society was not to be found there. The frequenters of such places were preoccupied with views, that indisposed them for all intercourse, but such as promised to ease the presiding passion. If he furnished food to their mirth, or plunder to their cupidity, it was the utmost expected from his company; and the intercourse (happily for him) dropt there.

All this while he remained without any direction of his talents, but yet not unoccupied, for he was inhaling, with avidity, the contents of desultory works, floated into notice by the fashion or politics of the day. It was no misapplication of his time, unpledged as he was to any of the established avocations of life; and though his reading apprised him of these, and the mode of entering upon them, his circumstances forbade all hope of his prosecuting them; he therefore waited in pitiable incertitude, till chance should present some opening to his activity. His small stock was ebbing fast, and the feelings with which he saw even this miserable state of existence verging to its close, were by no means enviable.

"I am an outcast," he exclaimed, "and better it were for me, that the woods had been my haunt—that I had never been tantalised with the sight of a social state, for which I pant in vain! Months have passed over my head without even a friendly salute from any but the servant, who ushered me to my room; and a whole year elapsed without my once hearing my own name pronounced. An emigrant will meet every where some soother among the liberal, or some banished companion to dispel the loneliness most oppressive to the heart—but an Englishman in London, without some introduction, will meet with no voluntary associate much above the level of a hackney-driver, and will generally find his advances repelled with a harshness that should be reserved for the notoriously improper. It cannot then be surprising, that one so unpractised as I was, should fail of securing the remotest acquaintanceship with any of the vast concourse; even to this day I might have remained on the outskirts of society, had not a powerful incentive impelled me to exert all the acuteness and effrontery in my nature, to clear the barrier that separated me from the world."

"I had addicted myself to frequent walks in the same purlieus, and had attracted notice, not only by the preference I gave them, but by some unguarded manifestations of inward feeling, into which I the more readily gave, from having no acquaintance to remark upon my outward carriage. The spirit of comment, in this instance, showed itself in the lenient vein of pleasantry, by applying to me the distinctive title of 'The Poet,' which surely I have no disposition to quarrel with, as, in effect, it has dubbed me an unworthy object of the order, and procured me a store of good beyond my most ardent hopes."

Nicknames, it appears, are not always taken in derision; they sometimes grow into serious appellatives. From assuming a fitness,

the attributors often proceed to justify their sagacity, by statements borrowed from invention. Much hearsay and circumstance were alleged to identify Fitz-Henry with some of the unknown lyrists of the period, till it but wanted his own authentication to stamp him as a straying from Parnassus.

Among those tickled by the name, were two ladies, who had lent their gentle ears to these rumours; and from repeating a string of evidence by rote, had not only settled in belief, but were exasperated by contradiction, to seek some forbidden proof of their faith. They were a young lady and her elderly relative: the latter filling ambiguously the place of governess to a widower's daughter—a fine animated girl, who had been kept, by the policy of her maiden-relative, too long out of that station which belonged to her in her father's house, and in society. She had only just *come out*, and the presidency of her governess was waning into nominal chaperonship. Between the sense of deposed authority on one side, and that of long-withheld privilege on the other, society was rather out of joint between these two ladies. The elder cousin, not yet weaned from matrimonial hope, now felt more disposed towards that state, for the same reason that induced the Roman to prefer supremacy in a village, to secondary rank in the capital of the world. But this aspiration seemed to her frustrated, by the rivalry of her younger cousin, who could no longer, under the despotic nursery-code, be excluded from those forums of gay life, where female ambition pursues its intrigues for power. The junior candidate (for we assume that she felt the universal throb) appears to have thought her independence but half assured, unless she could, by a holy alliance, place on the basis of a supreme dominion. Fitz-Henry, of course, attributed to her all innocence and single-heartedness; and will have it, that she fell inadvertently into the snare of curiosity. We omit his *poetical* description of her; but freely allow, that she appears to have been a rare compound of playful archness, good intellect, and subdued feeling, not overstarved by studied decorums. The “mutual inclination” was prettily commenced by some smiling glances of the fair one, which *barely* appeared to be *possibly* intended for him, and which he would have attributed to that wantonness of mischief, with which the most modest eyes will sometimes scatter their random shafts, had it not been for the unequivocal volley of harpoons hurled at him by the governess. The poor *poet* was suddenly transfixed, and surrendered, with most honourable punctilio, to the assailant who had fired the first shot, not to her who threatened to maul him most. But the latter appears to have understood his signals according to a flag-book of her own; and as she had expended most powder and shot, it was quite natural to infer that he lowered his ensign to her broadside. This suspicion was strengthened by the submission of her sly convoy in her right to the prize.

This beau-ideal of a governess was, in truth, a revived personification of the amorous duenna. On every subsequent meeting, she repeated her manœuvre, till its frequency prejudiced her and her charge in Fitz-Henry's estimation; but this was a prejudice that only drove him to certify his surmises in as direct a way as he could. Following them to their grand residence, and peeping up at their windows, gave him some clue to their condition; the ready testimony of the watchman

supplied the rest, and forced a new turn upon his constructions. But still he was far from imagining, that these ladies had no motive in view but the girlish one of corroborating their assurance of his being Hafiz, or Iole, or Rosa, or some other of the "original" poetists, with male female, and epicene *soubriquets*, whose gender is wisely left as obscure, as their persons to the world.

How the *companion* found means to prosecute this laudable literary research, is more the business of conjecture than of sober history. But unquestionably the merit is hers, of having discovered his name, and by sundry ingenious devices of transposition and abbreviation, found out that Fitz-Henry was Harry-Fitz, which was easily resolvable into Hafiz.

iii

The store of blushes, detected looks, and surprised emotion, which formed the religious faith of this young couple in each other's love and worth, we should as soon think of telling, as of counting every bead upon the rosary of St. Heloise. We have purposely variegated his phrase, with our own *exotic chips*, that we might escape these important minutialities—but we resume his narrative.

"This silent discourse of the eyes had been going on too long, without supplying any fuel to our flame, but the certainty, as if from appointment, of meeting daily in our walks. I but waited the opportunity of finding her alone, to break through every restraint and observance, which I knew to be maintained in genteel life; but this seemed an unattainable wish. Her governess, it is true, was frequently alone, and sometimes leading the way to solitary rambles; yet I could not sum up resolution to break my passion to any but its object—and fortunately it so happened. At length, to my utter surprise, and to the marvel of every one at my lodgings, a letter arrived directed to me. The sight of my own name struck me with nearly as much trepidation, as the foot-mark in the sand struck Robinson Crusoe. I opened it as if it were a summons from the other world, and read, in the presence of the staring inmates; 'Dear Sir,'—I could go no further till I explored the author of so endearing an address; and on turning over, to my delight I decyphered, through the film in my eyes, Zenobia Freeling, the surname of my adored. To the hopes and queries of those around me I answered, that nothing was the matter; and away I huddled to con over, in privacy, this first communication from the world. It was a very well written letter (I am only surprised that I ever should forget it, I perused it so often). The terms in which it was couched, were well weighed; moderately assuming that it must be the wish of both, to have some further knowledge of each other; regretting the strictness of propriety; and suggesting, that if I could obtain a card for Mrs. A——'s assembly, we might there commence an acquaintance, that would lead to visiting terms, and subsequent intimacy."

"Few persons can be in a situation to appreciate my gratitude to this fair correspondent, who was the only being on earth interested about me, and that not slightly, for she had evidently pushed her inquiries to some length. I durst not express my transports to her through the same channel, for fear of miscarriage: all I could do, was to plan some mode of keeping this novel assignation. There could be but one way of doing it; this was suggested to me by an incident in 'Granby,'

and was, to procure admittance to Mrs. A——'s by *mistake*, and trust to impudence for facing it out. During the whole interim I had quaking fits, that nearly unhinged me for the trial, notwithstanding the rehearsals I made in full dress: these were about as effectual as those preparations for death, which the Carthusians made, by lying once a month in their coffins, and having the extreme unction administered to them. I quite failed in conceiving my part, and the evening arrived before I was at all prepared for the performance.

“I did very well; however, till I got to the stairhead, except that I thrust my hat and coat upon Lord Vagrant, who was waiting for his own to be off to Lady Cramton's, as I heard him say, while I ascended. A footman followed me to the spot, where I was preparing to address the hostess, as I saw others do, and demanded what name he should announce. I had strangely escaped this challenge below, and what was equally awkward, had forgotten to pay my coach-hire, as I now learnt. Feeling, therefore, the necessity of retrieving these various *faux-pas* by a *coup-de-main*, I desired the fellow, authoritatively enough, to detain *my* coach, as I should require it to take me presently to Lady Cramton's. I deny that commanding impudence is exclusively an attainment of fashionable standing, for I jumped at once into such an unabashed tone of authority, that even Mrs. A—— was deceived, and genteely simpered out, ‘Mr. Wagner's friend, I suppose?’ to which I bowed. She then politely regretted, that Lady Cramton's rout should have such attractions as to draw me away so soon. ‘We shall have Cocchilichi, and the incomparable Giochelli, as soon as Signora Potèti's concert is over.’ ‘Cockaleaky and Joe Kelly!’ exclaimed I, ‘the two most delightful singers in the world! I must positively endeavour to return to you; but then, *vous entendez*, form requires that I should drop in at Lady C.'s for an hour or so, when I have taken a peep at your *monde*.’ ‘Do so,’ said she, ‘Mr. Wagner is not yet come, but no doubt you will be *en pays de connaissance*.’ I passed on into a scene entirely new to me, quite satisfied that I had hitherto mistaken my *forte*, misled by Goldsmith's maxim, upon the opposite success of a modest and an impudent man's affecting each other's attribute. There was no time for analyzing, for I was now a spy in the camp, and it behoved me to screw every faculty to keep up consistency. I meant to shy the hostess as long as I staid, for fear of being confronted with Mr. Wagner, whom I dreaded more than a Bow-street officer. My overdone supercilious *nonchalance* drew forth many a ‘who is that,’ as I glided on. When the quadrilles commenced, I escaped attention among the crowd of lookers-on, and with ears braced to concert tension, listened to every audible buzz around me. I just caught the formal sentence for engaging a partner, and resolved upon that method of opening my attack upon Zenobia Freeling. The critical moment of meeting arrived, and I perceived a sort of confusion in her face, which I construed into the flush of pleasure. It was in an angle, on the bounds of the dancers' ring, that I discovered her, and the place was suited for my first lesson in the vocabulary of politeness. I did not doubt that the answer would be, ‘shall feel great pleasure,’ with a curtesy, as if it had been printed in a grammar dialogue, No. 1; but I was cruelly put out by her answering from another chapter, without resentment, however, ‘You must be

very well aware, Sir, that the usages of good society do not permit me to look upon your request in any light but as a breach of respect; still, I hope that no guest of Mrs. A——'s would premeditatedly offer a rudeness to a friend of hers.' It was spoken in that low, dubious tone, that implied in the speaker's mind a degree of justification in the conduct she arraigned; and after what had passed, letter and all, she would have appeared hatefully insincere if she refused to concede so much. Slight as was the censure conveyed, it overwhelmed me with shame and mortification; for I anticipated nothing but mutual understanding and advances. She noticed my confusion, and looked as if she granted liberty to explain the solecism in my behaviour. I urged pointedly, 'that I was not aware of any want of respect which the usages of good society attached to my proceeding; but it was very possible, as I was quite a novice in this sphere, and, indeed, had been forced into it against my will; still, the very circumstance of meeting me there, ought to be the strongest assurance to Miss Freeling, that I intended no rudeness to *her*.'

"I spoke this in so significant a manner, that she called upon me to explain, why *she* should be exempted from putting constructions, which all persons of good-breeding would put upon my action, and still more upon my apology.

"I felt unfit to bandy words with a lady who could riddle it so gracefully, and simply replied, that *her* letter must be my excuse for any transgression of propriety into which I might fall, by endeavouring to comply with its intimations. A moment of silence ensued, in which she appeared to be pondering upon my words; she then said, encouragingly, 'that she was sure I was, at least, too honourable to exculpate myself, by reliance on a pretended letter from her; but that if there was any thing of the kind in existence, it must be the production of some vulgar jester, who had taken a very unwarrantable liberty with her name.' During this part of the dialogue I fumbled for the letter, and luckily produced it from its deposit in my bosom. She condescended to accept it, and retired to a seat in the corner to examine it. Smile after smile bedecked her countenance, as she skimmed it over, when she rose with less of dignity in her air, and told me that the letter was a full justification of my conduct, though she had not written it, but the writer was in the adjoining room, waiting, no doubt, to do the honours of my reception. Her arch manner dispelled the whole train of stupid errors under which I had laboured, as to the ogling of the governess, and we both simultaneously broke into laughter at the newness of my discovery. I begged pardon for any breach of decorum, but was not such a traitor to sincerity, as to excuse myself, for having imputed the possibility of such a letter to her. As we were now in a confessional nook, I told her, that whatever pleasure the letter had procured me, I had hazarded no less to obtain it, than the danger of a very perplexing scrape. Upon learning what it was, she observed, 'I have not then even the plea of your acquaintance with Mrs. A——, to palliate my conversing with a stranger; however, the danger you apprehend is of no account, as assuredly your inviter will secure you a good footing with the lady of the house—but then you must ask her to dance.'

“‘I have but one objection,’ answered I, ‘and that is, I never danced in my life.’

“‘No! and why did you ask me then? but I suppose,’ continued she, ‘your devotion to the Muses prevented your acquiring that insignificant accomplishment.’

“I answered this common place, by avowing that I preferred study or converse, to hopping about in the line of beauty.’ She then dropt me a curtsey, and left me unsatisfied as to the progress I had made in her acquaintance.

“I balanced my measures, before advancing to the real Zenobia. Would it be encouraging the illusion of the poor lady, to show compliance with her mandates? But, la! what trifling could there be with the feelings of a dame of forty? She had a right, certes, to help me safely out of this exploit, if not to procure me the fruits which my enterprize deserved. All things weighed, I presented myself to the longing eyes of Zenobia. She started on my advancing from the inner room. I bowed; she inclined. I offered to sit—she made room on the couch. I then commenced briskly the attack, as a man of gallantry might have done, by remarking, that the place was exceedingly hot. She answered with equal spirit, that the heat was caused by the throng. And thus we were at it, ding dong, in two seconds, plunging overhead into a *warm* and animated discourse.

“After being both melted into conformity upon all those interesting points—the weather, town, and last novel, I ventured, in a parenthesis, to touch upon her letter, as a thing of no moment, and hinted the unimportant circumstance of its having led me to intrude, where I had no right to come.

“‘What!’ said she, in alarm, ‘have you not been introduced to Mrs. A.?’

“‘No!’ replied I, in *pococurante* style, ‘but it does not signify, it will do another time. I believe she takes me for somebody else, but it is no consequence.’

“‘Oh! but indeed it is,’ said she, ‘you could never be admitted to *our* house, but as an acquaintance of hers. I must introduce you to her as a friend of mine, and then to Miss Freeling; after which you may get cards for *our* next party.’

“I offered my arm to the good creature, who actually introduced me in style; first to the hostess, as a friend of her own, and then to her *élève*, as a friend of the hostess. To the latter I persisted in the farce of going to Lady Cramton’s, and took leave of this multitude of converts to my acquaintance, promising to return in an hour.

“I drove about in the highest exultation during that space. To be sure I had acted a very sorry imposture; but what injustice had the whole world not committed, in excepting against my society, on no grounds but the want of a silly passport, a simple countersign, which it scarce could be crime to evade by ingenuity, when no evil design was meditated. Somehow I reconciled it to my conscience, and returned to Mrs. A——’s. She informed me, that my *friend*, Wagner, was just gone off to seek me at the other assembly (there I wished him for the night); and added, that she did not know that she had the honour of so engaging a writer’s company (meaning Hafiz) till Miss Free-

ling informed her of my claims ; hoped frequently to have me at her parties, and then whisked off into a literary topic, before I could admit or disclaim the honours heaped upon me ; indeed it would have been base compromise of an ally to do so, without consulting her. I quite charmed (charmed was the word) Mrs. A. with my sentiments, and then I posted off to *charm* another of them."

We have now got this recluse fairly into the throng, and shall sum up his narrative in our own words. The young lady was interested in his sketch of himself, which came in without violence, among the whys and wherefores of his rash adventure. It is probable, that his account was mixed up with touches, that confirmed the impressions which the lover's creed originates from the eyes, face, and outward mien. Be it as it may, she was too high-minded to withdraw from him, as an isolated and helpless stranger, that countenance vouchsafed to him, as a much-courted ambulating poet of the park. Poverty only heightened the romance ; and but for one little trifle, would have raised the dignity of his profession ; that trifle was, his disclaimer of the pretensions assigned to him. We wonder at his encountering the risk of this renunciation, when the chance of detection was so small. It shows his ignorance of life, otherwise he would have known how common it is to appropriate such waifs of reputation. But we the more admire her, for acquiescing in the overthrow of her hypothesis, without prejudice to the everter. Nor can we strongly condemn her, for not deceiving those who had been lured into the same belief by her *proofs*. Her maintaining any mystery or collusion with an engaging stranger, was no doubt highly reprehensible ; and were we disposed to be seriously angry with young ladies, for practising any little contraband art or coquetry, when so much of the licensed commodity is sanctioned by the statutes and sections of our most immaculate code of propriety, we should comment with due force, upon her having evaded auricular confession to her governess. By such misprision, Fitz-Henry was smuggled into her father's house, with the regular marks of legality upon him, in hopes of being turned to good account by his importer.

It was only a retrieval of his *niaiserie*, to get up a few sonnets to temper the lady's disappointment, and to vindicate her physiognomical acuteness. The black and leafless trees in front of her winter residence, began "to look green again in song," and the very smoky air of the street was balm. It must be allowed, that he had as much cause for inspiration as ever man had, in the transition from gloom, solitude, and despondence, to hope, love, and social enjoyments. He became in time a poet of reputation among a large circle of the *amis de la maison*, and drew not only emolument as a shareholder in the mines of Parnassus, but was courted by some of his lofty connexions, who professed themselves the patrons of *genius*, meaning thereby, fortunate emergence from obscurity. The governess, who had raised him from its deep well, descended, like the wolf, in the alternating bucket, sinking lower and lower, till he reached the summit of his wishes ; and by marriage with her *élève*, consigned the ambitious Zenobia to perpetual subordination in the family.

THE GONDOLA.*

THIS is one of those publications that will be attended with loss to all parties—loss of temper to the author, loss of money to the publisher, and loss of time to the public. The latter party, we suspect, will suffer least; the fraction of time which the readers, entitled to be called the public, will bestow upon the Gondola, is very small. The author is a smart, clever writer; and having succeeded in two or three sketches, straightway proceeds to substantiate his claim to authorship, by the publication of a volume. There are two very happy hits in the Gondola—the rest is all leather and prunella, which may serve for the present to bolster up the author's quality as author, but which must quickly pass away from its actual form, to serve those ulterior ends for which so many works appear, from their rapid passage through the transitory state of book, to be as it were immediately destined. 'The *sal et piper* of the retail dealer, we fear, must quickly soil the fair leaves of the Gondola. One very clever piece of narrative—worthy of Goldsmith and better times—we must snatch from the greasy fate which awaits all the rest of the volume, save, perhaps, the Sketch of Bitton. The Confessions of a Lover is in truth the history of a pick-pocket, which the author has sketched with an airy pencil.

CONFESSIONS OF A LOVER.

"Fair ladies, do not let this heading startle you. I do not mean to kiss and tell. I have 'no such stuff in my thoughts;' of which you may be fully convinced if you will condescend (as the tradesmen say) to favour me with your orders—

'I have a tongue that scorns to speak
Of her poor master's bliss,
And clings in silence to his cheek—
Mute witness of a kiss.'

"My object is of a nobler nature. I wish, in these my confessions, to stand up as a beacon-lover, to warn those who are entering upon the sea of life that there are rocks a-head—rocks on which my little bark of love has split, and against which they must be upon their guard. I have, at least, experience to guide me; and experience in amatory matters goes a great way. My birth, parentage, and education can be of no consequence to any one, and, therefore, I may as well state them. Be it known, then, that I was born in the year 1797; that my father was a celebrated man, who bore away the palm from all competitors in the making of that necessary article called breeches, and that my mother was equally celebrated for wearing them—but only to patronize her husband's trade, I'll be bound for it, for a milder woman, excepting always when she had taken a little too much, never breathed. Of my education, perhaps, it would not become me to speak, considering the wonderful progress I made; but still I must say that the parish certainly did their best for me, and I must as candidly acknowledge that they never had a cleverer boy in their school. Reading, I allow, was not my forte, but I was absolute at *ring-taw*. Writing was well enough whilst left to my pot-hooks, but the hangers (hang 'em!) disturbed me: yet this was no wonder—I was an honest, straight-forward lad, and did not like swerving from a direct line. In arithmetic I made great advances: the worst of it was, we had a very ignorant teacher, who asked me how many eight times twelve made, and I, of course, answered, two hundred and four, which I know was right; he, however, was obstinate, and, I have reason to think, jealous, as I became first boy at the lower end of the class; but, with all his spite, he could not get any one to match me at dumps. Of this enough.

"My father and mother, somehow or other, did not attend to business, and wished to travel. The English government hearing this, would by no means allow them to travel at their own expense, and voluntarily came forward, on account of my father's

* The Gondola. 1 Vol. 12mo. London, Relfe, 1827.

celebrity, to defray their passage to —— I forget the name of the place, but it was, some Bay at the other side of the water, and I was left in the care of my aunt Sarah, a very virtuous but extremely passionate woman. I was then fifteen, and from that time may my love-adventures be dated. My aunt always expressed her dislike to see lazy he-creatures about a house, and so she had only a girl to look after her domestic affairs. Now Susan, who was about a year older than myself, had a very proper and laudable curiosity about things in general, which my aunt, however, by no means approved of; but, as it appeared to me praiseworthy, I encouraged it. The fact is, we were admirably matched, for she would even leave her work to listen to a secret; and I, at that time, for the soul of me, could not keep one. This was attributable entirely to my youthful purity of principle, because I always argued with myself thus:—‘If you have a good secret, Ned, tell it; for it would be selfish indeed to confine good to your own bosom: if you have a bad one, tell it, for the sooner you get rid of evil the better.’ As aunt Sarah thought it did not become me to be familiar with her domestic, Susan and I were obliged to have recourse to stratagem; and, when I had any little thing to disclose, I used to wait until I conjectured my aunt was asleep, and then creep up stairs to Susan’s room. This occurred very frequently, till, one night, as the devil would have it, my aunt, by some accident, heard me, and came into the chamber. In vain Susan protested she never knew I was in the room; in vain I pretended to be walking in my sleep, aunt Sarah was inexorable. She gave my head an admonitory tap with the poker, and turned poor Susan into the street. This holds out an admirable moral lesson to young ladies and gentlemen, as it teaches them by all means to avoid telling or hearing secrets until they are quite sure that their aunts or guardians are safely snoring. I was very sorry for Susan—and so I was for my head, but, as my aunt behaved pretty well to me afterwards, I thought it only grateful to remain with her until some opportunity of bettering my condition should occur. When I had nothing to do at home, it was my custom to stroll about the more crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, for the purpose of warning gentlemen of the danger they incurred by letting the ends of their silk handkerchiefs dangle from their coat-pockets; but, seeing that this did not reform them, and that they continued as careless as before, I resolved to strike at the root of the evil, by abstracting these tempting baits whenever I saw them thus exposed. Example, thought I, is better than precept; and these demoralizers shall find that, to indulge in the miserable vanity of exhibiting a silk handkerchief, they shall not be suffered to tempt the poor and hungry to commit sin, and teach the young idea how to steal. I looked upon this occupation as a public duty, and, like a true patriot, sought no other reward than the applause of my own conscience. My scheme for the prevention of crime succeeded admirably in those places which I most frequented, where not a handkerchief was to be seen after a little time, every man appearing to have an eye to his neighbour’s hand and his own pocket.

“Carelessness of any sort I detested, and always felt determined to punish it. One day, as I was sauntering along Piccadilly, a gentleman, on a handsome bay mare, seeing, I suppose, that I was an honest-looking gentlemanly young man, requested me, very politely, to walk her up and down, whilst he went into a shop to make a purchase. I was always too good-natured to refuse granting a favour, even when I expected to be paid for it, so instantly took the bridle, and led the mare to the corner of Sackville-street, where a thought suddenly struck me. ‘This gentleman,’ said I to myself, ‘will lose his mare, if he don’t mind what he is about; for it isn’t every one who would be content to walk her up and down without getting on her back, and, when once there, it must be impossible to answer for the consequences.’ In short, I made up my mind that he was sure to lose the mare some day or other, if not something of more value, through his confidence in strangers, and that it would be doing him a real service were I to mount her myself and ride off; for I felt assured that a man who would leave his mare with a person he knew nothing of, would be very likely to trust his whole fortune to an acquaintance; and I was determined, by making him experience a trifling loss, to put him on his guard, and save him from the pang of having, by his own imprudence, reduced his wife and family (if he happened to possess them) to beggary and despair. I never did any thing yet without having a good object in view, and it is this consoling reflection that has cheered me, when others, who could not enter into my feelings, considered that I was committing a bad action. Such are the judgments of your mindless men; but, thank my stars! I value them not a rush. As soon as the certainty that I might benefit a fellow-creature flashed across me, I sprang into the saddle, and

walked the mare, carelessly, as far as Brewer-street, where I turned short round, and trotted her in good style. I rode directly to the house of a friend, who always had so much confidence in my honour that he never refused taking any thing I brought him, and exchanged the mare for 27*l.* which made my conscience perfectly easy, as I had heard, from a child, that exchange is no robbery. Having bought a new suit of clothes, I remained at home for a fortnight after this, not wishing to appear vain by sporting them whilst the gloss was on; and, at last, when I did go out, I found that my predilection for Piccadilly had quite worn off, and that the Strand, which I used to think very little of, had supplanted it in my affections. I left my aunt's without saying a word, as I wished to save her the pain of bidding adieu, and took ready-furnished lodgings in Cecil-street, where I passed myself off as a young military officer of fortune. This I considered a piece of justice that every man should pay to his own feelings, for is it not proverbial that self-degradation is despicable? and must it not then be evident that self-exaltation is praiseworthy? Assuredly. During the last fortnight I passed at my aunt's, I cherished a pair of moustachios, which, with a military frock-coat and gilt spurs, settled the business at once; and I honestly confess that these auxiliaries of an officer never, perhaps, had an opportunity of appearing to such advantage before; for although, as you perceive, I am rather short, Nature certainly has striven her utmost "to give the world assurance of a man," by making me nearly as broad as I am long. My face, too, is naturally so engaging and well-formed, that even the ravages of the small-pox, which have left the deepest proofs of their attack, could not efface its beauty. But I will say no more on this head, lest it should be mistaken for vanity. I had only been in my lodgings two days, when I perceived a lady of very captivating appearance at an opposite window, reading, and I felt an irresistible desire to become better acquainted with her. After a time, she raised her eyes, perceived me, and, suffused with blushes, retired to the further end of the apartment. That day I saw no more of her; but the next morning I caught a glimpse of her in dishabille, and was more enraptured than ever. Two carriages stopped before the door during the morning. 'She is rich,' I exclaimed; and my love knew no bounds. By degrees, I found she looked graciously upon me, and at last smiled—actually smiled. 'Ho! ho!' thought I, 'the game is my own, if played properly;' and then ventured a nod. It was returned—as I am a Christian man it was. And now I set about bribing a servant, who undertook to be the bearer of some verses which I had copied from an old magazine, but which I passed off as my own, at the same time making suitable apologies for their being so indifferent. The following day she gave me one of her best smiles, and, thus encouraged, I ventured to solicit an interview, which after many excuses she granted. I found her very condescending, although she spoke of the Duke this, my Lord that, and Counts and Countesses with whom she was intimately acquainted; but had not been with her more than half an hour, when Captain R—— was announced. I had no time to withdraw, and so screwed up my courage, and was introduced to him as Lieutenant Thornton. He looked at me intently, which I have no doubt proceeded from admiration; and, bowing respectfully, sat down and conversed apart, in a whisper, with the lady, who, however, could not conceal the interest she took in me, for she turned every now and then to steal a side-glance, which, I need not say, was returned most tenderly. I conjectured he was telling her some ludicrous story, for they both laughed very much, and looked at me more than ever, so I laughed too, but at what, I knew no more than the dead. The conversation, at length, became general, and I was exceedingly witty, for they laughed immoderately at every thing I said.

"On a sudden, the captain exclaimed, 'Oh! Maria, knowing you are fond of poetry, I copied a few verses from a book that I met with to-day, which I think will please you;' then taking out his pocket-book, he handed her a paper, which she began to read. 'Ah!' thought I, 'if these verses are better than mine, I'll eat them.' When she had perused the lines, I asked, in the politest terms, whether I might be allowed to see them; determined, in my own mind, not to spare them. Graciously smiling, she gave the paper into my hands, and I was preparing a critical face for the occasion, when my eye rested upon,

'If art could ever lend a charm
To her whom Nature made so fair,—'

and I immediately recognised my own adopted, but ungrateful magazine-verses. I never was much accustomed to blushing, so I returned the accursed Bath-post sheet, and changed the conversation, but I was not near so droll as I had been before. Just, however, as I was recovering my spirits, the captain asked me, in a careless

manner, to what regiment I belonged? On which, to make all certain, I chose one that I knew was stationed as far off as possible, and added, that I came on furlough from Calcutta. 'Well! this is strange, indeed,' said he, 'for I have very lately arrived from the same place; and, what is still more singular, I hold my commission in the identical regiment you have just mentioned.' This intelligence would have overwhelmed a man of weak mind; but that was not my case. Some would have sunk down with confusion, or blushed and stammered most awkwardly; but what did I do? why I took my hat, drew out my handkerchief carelessly, bade the lady and the captain a good evening, and was on the point of retiring, when the latter started up, gained the door before me, locked it, and put the key into his pocket. This, I thought, was carrying matters a little too far, and tried vehemently to get into a passion; but the gentleness of my nature opposed me, and I could not succeed. 'Rascal!' said he, at the same time seizing me by the collar, 'you may assume the dress of an officer, and steal verses from a magazine, but I am determined you shall not steal my handkerchief with impunity.' At these words my courage nearly gave way, for that very morning, seeing the handkerchief hang from a pocket, near Holborn-bars, I could not resist giving the owner one of my peculiar lessons, to make him more careful for the future; and the worst of it was, my love-affair so completely held possession of my mind, that I had forgotten to pick out the initials at the corner. I besought the captain—I implored the lady—but in vain! although, I am confident, she would have got me off if she could; and I was hurried away to a place in which I had never been before, and to which, I sincerely hope, I may never go again.

"The sequel of this love-adventure was, that though I explained, in the clearest manner, the laudable motive which induced me to make myself master of the article in question, the magistrate, who was a very ignorant man, took quite another, and, I will say, a ridiculous view of the case; but requested I might be taken care of, and obliged with a private lodging for two years, which was immediately granted, and I was accompanied by two gentlemen (friends, I suppose, of the magistrate) to a magnificent house, where, however, the rooms were small, and the furniture was nothing to boast of.

"Here was I left at my ease, and although frequently pressed by persons to take a walk out with them, I constantly refused, for I had become quite domesticated—a sort of single family-man. At the end of two years, being particularly invited to take a stroll, I could resist no longer; and the gentleman who asked me seemed highly gratified, although he did not bear me company. He was fearful, no doubt, so much application (for I read a great deal at that time) would injure my health. Ah! well! let people say what they will of the world, there are always some kind and considerate persons to be found in it. Here was a man now, who knew little or nothing of me, and yet felt as great an interest in my welfare as if I had been his own son. My clothes began to look rather the worse for wear—my military coat having lost an arm, and the greater part of a skirt! but my breeches held together pretty well, with the exception of a small rent in the left leg, and a larger one in the seat; these, however, were trifles. Having no money, and not having seen my aunt Sarah for a long time, I thought it would be only showing her proper respect if I paid her the first visit. To her, therefore, I went, and she gave me a few shillings, with which I bought a fustian jacket. This was not exactly a proper habili-ment for one of my merit and genius, but I considered that a gentleman looks well in any thing, and put it on. I lived once more at my aunt's house, and, no doubt, should have made my fortune, had not another cursed love-affair stepped in and prevented it. I happened, by mere chance, to scrape acquaintance with a pretty servant wench, who lived with a respectable family in Montague-square; and many an agreeable hour I passed with her, in the apartment that joins the area; when, one night, (oh! never shall I forget it!) my dear Sally's master overheard us, and came down gently. 'Who is this,' he cried, as he entered the room, 'making such a noise here?' Sally did not know what to say for a moment, but, on the question being repeated, she drew up the corner of her apron to a level with her shoulder, and stammered out, 'Please sir, 'tis my cousin sir—from the country.' Her master made no move ade than to take a candle from the table and hold it before my face, which he no sooner beheld, than he retorted, 'Then your cousin from the country is the rascal who stole my mare!' To deny it, I felt persuaded would be of no avail, as innocence always stands but a bad chance against prejudice and obstinacy; so I went with a gentleman whom he sent for, that every thing might be settled to the satisfaction of both parties.

"It was about this time that a sense of filial love, which, I shame to say, had not been encouraged for many years, rose strong within me, and I petitioned the government to let me once more behold the respected authors of my existence. My wish was instantly complied with, and what enhanced the value of this acquiescence was, that, perceiving my dress was not in the best condition, they kindly furnished me with a new suit, and shaved my head, to prevent my becoming sea-sick on the passage. The kindness I then experienced made me a government-man to this day. Not to trespass too long on my hearers' patience, I shall pass over the meeting with my beloved parents, which was extremely affecting, and merely state that, when I had been abroad about seven years, a patriotic feeling suddenly possessed me, and I longed to revisit the shores of my native country. I urged my father and mother, with as much eloquence as I was master of, to accompany me; but my father said they had a public duty to fulfil, and, under all circumstances, he would abide by it. It was, he added, the desire of the ministers at home that he should remain for life where he was, and he conceived that he should be unworthy the name of Briton were he to act contrary to their wishes.

"With the greatest veneration for my father's patriotism, and satisfied that it was for the good of his country, I left the other side of the Atlantic, and began the world afresh, resolving, at the same time, to steer clear of love, which had been the only thing that prevented me from making my fortune."

The ladies scarcely knew what to make of this strange story—The old German tucked in his watch-chain—and Mr. Jones turned up his eyes, observing, "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder?"

A loud laugh, and an explanation from the captain, put an end to the delusion respecting this self-convicted felon. "Well! Mr. Harvey, that is the best hoax I have heard of for many a day. With your parish-schooling and your transportation! Were you not educated at Oxford? And did you ever see the blue waves of the Atlantic before? Ha! ha! ha! You lads from the colleges cannot speak as others speak: you must take honest people in, or have no pleasure for your say."

Harvey laughed, but made no reply.

The youngest of the ladies, Emma Barenton, was requested to favour the company with any little story that she might remember. After a few extremely becoming blushes, two hems, and one ha, she told us a legend of her native county, (Lincolnshire,) which ran as follows in the next chapter.

We are tempted to extract the other sketch of which we have spoken. The talent shown in these two attempts, if they do not induce the reading world to seek after the Gondola, will at least induce it to look favourably on any more mature and considerate effort by the same author. Every one at all conversant with the streets of London, must be well acquainted with the person of Isaac Bitton, and will instantly recognise the truth and humour of the following portrait:—

"Fam'd, 'bove every other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face!"—*Churchill*.

"If," said Mr. Winnesley, addressing himself to Banton, "it hath been thy fate to reside constantly in London, or even to sojourn there for a season, thou hast, doubtless, perambulated more than once from Charing-cross to Cornhill; and, assuredly, if this be the case, thou hast fallen upon, or, rather, been checked in thy progress by a stout, ill-favoured man, about fifty-eight years of age, dressed generally in a kind of olive-brown coat, fading away by reason of long servitude, corded breeches, worsted stockings, and shoes made more for use than ornament. He is, probably, about five feet nine or ten inches high, has a large head, eyes small in proportion, but, at the same time, of twice the magnitude possessed by ordinary men, and rivalling the coal in nigrity; with a tremendous body and thin legs, which give him somewhat the appearance that St. Paul would present, supported by two monuments, gracile as that of Fish-street-hill. He goeth not out unaccompanied; for a stick, of most excelling dimensions, is ever his attendant. If there were vitality and feeling in a walkingstick, how should I compassionate that oaken Leviathan—that half tree, which is doomed to bear his weight. He limps slightly with one leg, and looks seldom on the ground, for the game that he plays requires vigilance. Dost thou know him yet—or must I describe him farther? Hast thou, then, never, in passing along Cheapside, or its neighbourhood, thinking, perchance, of business or pleasure, or carelessly humming the last fancy-

haunting air that thou heard'st at the theatre: hast thou, I say, never been suddenly arrested—rivetted, as it were, to the pavement on which thou wert walking, by a pair of dark eyes placed under the brows of an unwieldy and tawny-skinned Israelite? Hast thou not felt as if transformed into a timorous bird, and fascinated by the glances of this human rattle-snake—this homogeneous basilisk? If thou hast ever worn a drab great-coat, with pearl buttons, and cherished thy fingers in the loculi, or pockets thereof—if thou hast ever placed thy hat knowingly on one side of thy head—if ever the stones of Cornhill have told “of thy whereabouts” by the jingling of thy spurs—if ever thou hast called for stout at the Rainbow, or paid a visit to the Fives’ Court—if ever thou hast strutted in a winter-cloak with massive gilt clasps, or, when young, hast aped the manner of a man, thou hast not escaped him. I swear it. Men, be they strangers to him, or otherwise, are his riches, his merchandise; and he keeps a strict and watchful eye upon his goods. London is tributary to him. Wherever he walks he sees around him the sources of his profits. The public is his banker, and he draws as largely upon it as he can. The metropolis to him is an Eden; and mankind, whom he delights in stripping, the tree of knowledge; but the apples which he plucks, like those of Hippomenes, are golden ones.

“From what I have said in relation to his young victims, let not the elderly gentlemen of the present day be too secure in their *post meridiem*, for I once saw him (oh! how well do I remember it!) touch his hat, which is his usual mode of commencing an attack, to one of the most sedate, grave-looking men that I had ever beheld, as he was passing along Leadenhall-street, and moralizing, for aught I know, on the follies and vanities of this world. He was above fifty—could not that deter the irreclaimable acquaintance-scraper? He was dressed in a suit of black—could not that inspire him with respect? He wore powder—had that no influence on his obtrusiveness? Alas! no; all were vain when opposed to his importunities and unalterable assurance. The grave gentleman returned the bow with a slight and undecided inclination of the head; but Bitton was not dismayed, although I should have thought that the nod was sufficiently distant to “give him pause.” “How d’ye do sir?” said he, respectfully. The grave gentleman moved his lips, but looked surprised, and as if he either wished to avoid or really did not recognize him. “How d’ye do, sir?” again asked the unblushing Levite; then, putting his mouth close to the ear of the grave gentleman, and looking significantly and rather mysteriously, he added, “Dersh to be a mill on Tueshday, sir.” “A what?” ejaculated the man of powder. “A prize-fight, sir; between”—— “Oh! I know nothing about prize-fights;” said he of the black coat, pettishly interrupting him, and walking away; whilst the Jew, without appearing offended by his unceremonious departure, or seeming conscious of his own impudence, walked on, to hunt after more youthful and less obdurate patrons.

“He has left the ring for many years, but takes a benefit at the Fives’ Court, every season, in the month of April; and, in June or July, he is abroad again, trying to get off his tickets to all he meets. He occasionally exhibits, also, as a conjuror, and teaches broad-sword, single-stick, &c. &c. No argument is left untried to induce you to become his pupil, or take a ticket. When he has once drawn your attention, by his loadstone eye, he puts his stick under one arm, and pulls out his snuff-box, which he graciously extends towards you, and then come the tickets, which it requires no little share of resolution to avoid taking. It is next to impossible, when he is looking for his prey, to shun him. I speak it not from hearsay. I know it; having been more than once “caught upon the hip” by this ticket-selling Shylock. The Strand has seen me in his clutches. Fleet-street has witnessed my futile endeavours to free myself from his button-holding fingers. The Poultry, if it had a tongue, might vouch for my unwilling capture. No blush steals across the mahogany threshold of his countenance; no shame deters him from prosecuting his schemes of self-interest. He has been a stranger to *mauvais-honte* from his birth, and will never be suspected of any dealings with Dame Modesty: he has not trodden her shoes down at heel, but has kept at a most reverential distance; the hem of her garment has never been gazed upon by his penetrating eye; he has never been within gunshot of her veil.

“See him mount the stage at the Court, and thou would’st wonder that a man could be found to put on the gloves against him—not on account of his sparring, although that is anything but contemptible—but his eye, fixed fully and determinately on his adversary, seems made to intimidate those ‘who dare do all that may become a man,’ but have no wish to fight with the Devil. See him at his tricks of legerdemain, at which he is right expert, and thou would’st conceive that an invisible Mephistopheles were at his side, assisting him in his unhallowed frauds upon thy sight and understanding. He is rich in the lore of the Fancy; eloquent upon his own knowledge of

languages; sublime upon the uses of single-stick. Milton is to him merely an old blind beggar, who could not see to face his man; and Shakspeare a deer-stealer, who never put on the gloves. Ask him who are the three greatest men that ever existed, and he would answer, Rothschild, Mendoza, and himself. I have seen him sitting on one of the benches at 'Change, eyeing the man of wealth with a look near akin to idolatry. The rapture of a Londoner on first viewing the ocean, either in tempest or in calm—the delight experienced by a lover when gazing on the charms of his mistress—or the veneration of the Persian whilst kneeling to the glorious sun—could scarcely boast the intensity of expression that marked his visage as he gazed upon the richest of his race. There he sat, a Pagan Israelite, paying his silent homage to the golden image of St. Swithin's-lane. Admiration and wonder seemed blended on his countenance as he surveyed the marvel of the chosen ones; and legerdemain, single-stick, sparring, languages, nay, even the eternal tickets, seemed for a moment to be obliterated from his thoughts by stronger incitements and newer impulses.

"Holland, I believe, had the honour of giving him birth, but he has more of the *auri sacra fames* than the *amor patriæ* about him, for he speaketh not in favour of his country or his countrymen, whom thou would'st fancy, by his description, to be as blood-thirsty as the bandits of Calabria, although common report speaks of them as peaceable and unoffending. He will tell thee a long story of his vishit to Amahsterdam; how he gave leshons in fencing and sparring; how he incurred the hatred of a jealous rival; how he vas varned to bevare of his treacherous enemy; how he deshpized the thought of flying from his advershary; how he vash almoast forced by his friends on ship-board; and how he afterwards learned that his falsh-hearted countrymen had really purposed to assashinate him on the very night that he shailed for London. But let me give him one good word at parting—for, with all his faults, he is connected in my mind with pleasurable associations which I would not willingly have missed: he certainly has a great deal of politeness, a certain *ben hamie*, (whether real or assumed I know not,) and a large stock of good humour. Independent of these things, his impudence supports his family; and I think the object almost sanctifies the means. I bear him no malice; but, on the contrary, hope to see him yet, should I return to England,—

'Pacing along—the monarch of Cheapside!'

And, when he passes away from this world to a better, (how great a portion of Abraham's bosom will he not monopolize!) I trust that the tickets which were disposed of in this life for his *benefit* will not bar his own admission, nor rise up to his prejudice, in the next."

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY.*

At the conclusion of our general remarks on this work in a late number of the Magazine, we observed, that the limits to which we were confined necessarily prevented us from doing the historian the justice of permitting him to speak for himself. We now resume the notice of the work, with the intention of selecting some of such of the more striking and valuable parts as are capable of being extracted in a small space. To give examples is sometimes the fairest kind of criticism, and very frequently the method most acceptable to all parties.

The first adventure we shall note, is the extraordinary escape of an English frigate from an enemy's port. She walked into the lion's mouth and out again. (A. D. 1794.)

On the 3d of January, the British 12-pounder 32-gun frigate *Junco*, Captain Samuel Hood, quitted the island of Malta, with 150 supernumeraries, (46 of them the Romney's marines, the remainder Maltese,) for the use of the British Mediterranean fleet; which Captain Hood, being unapprized of the evacuation of Toulon, expected to find at anchor in that port. A strong lee current, and a succession of foul winds, pre-

* The Naval History of Great Britain, from the declaration of war by France, in February 1793, to the accession of George IV. in January 1820. By William James. A new edition; in six volumes. London: Printed for Harding, Lepard and Co., 1826.

vented the *Juno* from arriving abreast of the harbour's mouth, until about 10 p. m. on the 11th; when Captain Hood, not wishing to run the risk of being again thrown to leeward, especially with so many men on board, determined to get into Toulon as quickly as possible. The *Juno* not having a pilot, nor any person on board acquainted with the port, two midshipmen, with night glasses, were stationed forward to look out for the fleet.

No ships making their appearance in the outer road of Toulon, Captain Hood concluded that the strong easterly gales had driven the fleet for shelter into the inner one; on entering which, he saw a vessel, as well as the lights of several others, and he had now no doubt upon the subject. The *Juno* proceeded under her topsails, until, finding she could not weather a brig that lay off Pointe Grand-Tour, she set her foresail and driver, in order to be ready to tack. Presently the brig hailed; but no one in the *Juno* could understand what was said. Captain Hood, however, supposing they wanted to know what ship she was, told them her name and nation. They replied *Viva*, and, after seemingly not understanding several questions put to them, both in French and English, called out, as the *Juno* passed under their stern, *Luff*. The dread of shoal water caused the helm to be instantly put a-lee; but the *Juno* grounded before she got head to wind. The wind being light, and the water perfectly smooth, the sails were clewed up and handed.

About this time a boat was seen to pull from the brig towards the town, for what purpose was not then suspected. Before the *Juno*'s people were all off the yards, a sudden flaw of wind drove the ship astern. To encourage this, and, if possible, get clear of the shoal, the driver and mizen staysail were hoisted, and their sheets kept to windward. The instant the ship lost her way, the best bower-anchor was let go; on which she tended head to wind, but the after-part of her keel was still aground, and the rudder, in consequence, motionless. The launch and cutter were now hoisted out, and the kedge anchor, with two hawsers, put in them, in order to warp the ship clear.

Just before the *Juno*'s boats returned from this service, a boat appeared alongside, and, on being hailed, answered as if an officer was in her. The people hurried out of her up the side; and one of two persons, apparently officers, told Captain Hood he came to inform him, that it was the regulation of the port, and the commanding officers' orders, that the ship should go into another branch of the harbour, to perform ten days' quarantine. Captain Hood replied, by asking where Lord Hood's ship lay. An unsatisfactory answer excited some suspicion; and the exclamation of a midshipman, "They are national cockades," induced the captain to look at the French hats more steadfastly; when, by the light of the moon, the three colours were distinctly visible. To a second question about Lord Hood, one of the officers, seeing they were now suspected, replied—"Make yourself easy: the English are good people; we will treat them kindly; the English admiral has departed some time."

Captain Hood's feelings at this moment can better be conceived than described. The words, "We are prisoners," ran through the ship like wildfire; and some of the officers soon came to the captain to learn the truth. A flaw of wind at this moment coming down the harbour, Lieutenant Webley, the third of the ship, said, "I believe, sir, we shall be able to fetch out, if we can get her under sail." There did, indeed, appear a chance of saving the ship: at all events, the *Juno* was not to be given up without some contention. The men were ordered to their stations, and the Frenchmen to be sent below. Some of these began to draw their sabres; but the half-pikes of the *Juno*'s marines were presented to them, and they submitted.

Never was seen such a change in people: every officer and man was already at his post: and, in about three minutes, all the sails in the ship were set, and the yards braced ready for casting. On the cable's being cut, the head sails filled, and the ship started from the shore. A favourable flaw of wind coming at the same time, gave her additional way; and the *Juno*, if the forts should not disable her, had every prospect of getting out. The launch and cutter, as well as the Frenchmen's boat, that they might not retard the ship, were cut adrift. No sooner had the British ship begun to loosen her sails, than the French brig made some stir, and lights appeared on all the batteries. The brig now opened a fire upon the *Juno*, and so did a fort a little on the starboard bow; and presently all the forts fired, as their guns could be brought to bear. At one time it was feared a tack would be necessary, but the ship came up a little; and finally, at about half past midnight, after having sustained a heavy fire from the different batteries she had to pass, but not without answering several of them with seeming good effect, the *Juno* got clear off without the loss of a man. Her rigging and sails, however, were much damaged, and two 36-pound shot had struck her hull.

An enterprise more happily conceived, or more ably executed, has seldom been witnessed, than that by which the officers and men of the British frigate *Juno* thus extri-

cated their ship from withinside of an enemy's port, filled with armed vessels, and flanked by land-batteries of the most formidable description.

The following is a description of a gallant action between the *Blanche*, British frigate, 12-pounder 32-gun frigate, Captain Faulknor, and the French 36-gun frigate *Pique*, Captain Conseil. Captain Faulknor was on a cruise off Pointe-à-Pitre, a harbour in Grande-Terre, Guadeloupe, in which lay the *Pique* ready for sea. (January 1795.)

Thus left alone, the *Blanche*, at about 6 p. m. steered straight for Pointe-à-Pitre, and, on arriving within four miles of the port, lay to for the night. On the next day, the 4th, at daybreak, the *Blanche* discovered the *Pique* lying at anchor just outside of the harbour. At 7 a. m. the French frigate got under weigh, and began working into the offing under her topsails, backing her mizen topsail occasionally, to keep company with a schooner which had weighed with her. At about 8h. 30m. the *Blanche* made sail to meet the French ship and schooner, until nearly within gun-shot of fort Fleur-d'Epee; when, finding the *Pique* apparently disinclined to come out from the batteries, the *Blanche*, who had hove to, made sail to board a schooner running down along Grande-terre. At this time Pointe-à-Pitre bore from the *Blanche* north-west, distant two leagues, and the French frigate north-north-west, distant three miles.

At half-past noon the *Pique* filled and made sail towards the *Blanche*. At 1 p. m. the latter brought to an American schooner from Bordeaux to Pointe-à-Pitre with wine and brandy, and, taking her in tow, steered towards the Saintes. At 2 p. m. the *Pique* crossed the *Blanche* on the opposite tack, and, hoisting French colours, fired four shots at her. This challenge, as it might be considered, the British frigate answered, by firing a shot to windward. The battery at Gosier also fired two shots; but they, like those of the frigate, fell short. At 2 h. 30 m. p. m., finding that the *Pique* had tacked and was standing towards her, the *Blanche* shortened sail for the French frigate to come up; but at 3 h. 30 m. p. m. the latter tacked and stood away.

In the hope to induce the *Pique* to follow her, the *Blanche*, under topsails and courses, stood towards Marie-Galante. At 7 p. m., observing the *Pique* still under Grande-terre, Captain Faulknor took out the American crew from the schooner, and sent on board a petty-officer and party of men. The *Blanche* then wore, and stood towards the island of Dominique, with the schooner in tow. At about 8 p. m. the French frigate was descried astern, about two leagues distant, standing after the *Blanche*. The latter immediately cast off the schooner, and, tacking, made all sail in chase.

At about a quarter past midnight the *Blanche*, on the starboard tack, passed under the lee of the *Pique* on the larboard tack, and returned the distant broadside which the *Pique* had fired at her. At half-past midnight, having got nearly in the wake of her opponent, the *Blanche* tacked; and, at a few minutes before 1 a. m. on the 5th, just as she had arrived within musket shot upon the starboard quarter of the *Pique*, the latter wore, with the intention of crossing her opponent's hawse and raking her ahead. To frustrate this manœuvre, the *Blanche* wore also; and the two frigates became closely engaged, broadside to broadside.

At about 2 h. 30 m. a. m. the *Blanche*, having shot ahead, was in the act of luffing up to port to rake the *Pique* ahead, when the former's wounded mizen and main masts, in succession, fell over the side. Almost immediately after this, the *Pique* ran foul of the *Blanche* on her larboard quarter, and made several attempts to board. These attempts the British crew successfully resisted; and the larboard quarter-deck guns, and such of the maindeck ones as would bear, were fired with destructive effect into the *Pique*'s starboard bow; she returning the fire from her tops, as well as from some of her quarterdeck guns run in amidships fore and aft. At a few minutes before 3 a. m., while assisting his second lieutenant, Mr David Milne, and one or two others of his crew, in lashing, with such ropes as were handy, the bowsprit of the *Pique* to the capstan of the *Blanche*, preparatory to a more secure fastening by means of a hawser, which was getting up from below, the young and gallant Captain Faulknor fell by a musket-ball through his heart.

At this moment, or very soon afterwards, the lashings broke loose; and the *Pique*, crossing the stern of the *Blanche*, who had now begun to pay off for the want of after-sail, fell on board the latter, a second time, upon the starboard quarter. In an instant the British crew, with the hawser which had just before been got on deck, lashed the bowsprit of the *Pique* to the stump of their own mainmast. In this manner the *Blanche*, commanded now by Lieutenant Frederick Watkins, towed before the wind her resolute

opponent; whose repeated attempts to cut away this second lashing were defeated by the quick and well-directed fire of the British marines. In the mean while, the constant stream of musketry poured upon the quarterdeck of the *Blanche*, from the fore-castle and tops of the *Pique*, and a well-directed fire from the latter's quarterdeck guns pointed forward, gave great annoyance to the former; particularly, as having, like many other ships in the British navy at this period, no stern-ports on the main deck; the cannonade on the part of the *Blanche* was confined to two quarterdeck 6-pounders. The carpenters having in vain tried to cut down the upper transom beam, no alternative remained but to blow away a part of it on each side. As soon therefore as the firemen with their buckets were assembled in the cabin, the two after guns were pointed against the stern-frame. Their discharge made a clear breach on both sides, and the activity of the bucket-men quickly extinguished the fire it had occasioned in the wood-work. The two 12-pounders of the *Blanche*, thus brought into use, soon played havoc upon the *Pique's* decks.

At about 3 h. 15 m. A. M. the mainmast of the French frigate (her fore and mizen masts having previously come down) fell over the side. In this utterly defenceless state, without a gun which, on account of the wreck of her masts, she could now bring to bear, the *Pique* sustained the raking fire of the *Blanche* until 5 h. 15 m. A. M.; when some of the French crew, from the bowsprit-end, called aloud for quarter. The *Blanche* immediately ceased her fire; and, every boat in both vessels having been destroyed by shot, Lieutenant Milne, followed by ten seamen, endeavoured to reach the prize by means of the hawser that still held her; but, their weight bringing the bight of the rope down in the water, they had to swim a part of the distance.

The *Blanche*, besides her 32 long 12 and 6-pounders, mounted six 18-pounder caronades, total 38 guns; and, having sent away in prizes two master's mates and 12 seamen, she had on board no more than 198 men and boys. Of these, the *Blanche* lost her commander, one midshipman, (William Bolton,) five seamen, and one private marine killed; one midshipman, (Charles Herbert,) two quartermasters, the armourer, one sergeant of marines, 12 seamen, and four private marines wounded; total, eight killed and 21 wounded.

The *Pique* was armed with two carriage-guns, 6-pounders, less than her establishment, or 38 in all; but she mounted, along her gunwale on each side, several brass swivels. Respecting the number composing the crew of the *Pique*, the accounts are very contradictory. Lieutenant Watkins, in his official letter, states the number at 360; and Vice-Admiral Caldwell, at Martinique, when enclosing that letter to the admiralty, says, "many more than 360." On the other hand, the three French officers, examined before the surrogate of the colonial vice-admiralty court, subsequently deposed, two of them to "between 260 and 270 men," and the third to "about 270 men," as the total number on board their ship when the action commenced. Upon these certificates, head-money was paid for 265 men; but, according to the documents transmitted along with those certificates, the actual number of men on board was 279.

Among the documents is a letter, with Admiral Caldwell's signature, stating, that the number of killed, wounded, and prisoners, the amount of which, however, is not shewn, accords exactly with the number, 279, alleged to have been on board the *Pique*; yet, in the admiral's letter in the gazette, the total of killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounts to 360. Schomberg makes the number 460; and another writer considers the *Pique's* men to have nearly doubled those of the *Blanche*. We are satisfied, however, that 279 is the full amount of the French crew. Of this number the *Pique* had, it appears, 76 officers and men killed, and 110 wounded; a loss unparalleled in its proportion.

Comparative Force of the Combatants.

		BLANCHE.	PIQUE.
Broadside guns.....	{ No.	19	19
	{ lbs.	228	273
Crew	No.	198	279
Size.....	tons.	710	906

A difference there is, but scarcely sufficient, except perhaps in point of crew, to entitle the action to be considered otherwise than as an equal match. The French officers and crew fought the *Pique* in a most gallant manner; surrendering only when their ship was a defenceless hulk, and themselves reduced to a third of their original number.

Nor must we omit to do a further act of justice to Captain Conseil, or to his memory rather, for although not stated, he was, we believe, among the mortally wounded in the action; and express it as our conviction, that he evinced a laudable caution in not

going out to meet the *Blanche*, until he was certain that the frigate, so recently seen in her company, had retired to a safe distance. On the part of the British officers and crew, consummate intrepidity was displayed, from the beginning to the end of this long and sanguinary battle. Indeed, a spirit of chivalry seems to have animated both parties; and the action of the *Blanche* and *Pique* may be pointed to with credit by either.

We are quite at a loss to understand what Mr James means, by stating the difference between the vessels to be so slight, as to entitle the contest to be considered as an equal match. Is nearly one-fourth in weight of metal, more than one-third in crew, and much more than one-third in tonnage—is all this to be considered as nothing? This is carrying impartiality so far, as indeed to carry it over to the other side. His zeal, an honest and a liberal one we allow, does sometimes lead Mr. James into stretching a point.

The next extract contains an example of extraordinary daring, where little but hard blows were to be got by the enterprise—a *chasse marée* worth perhaps fifty pounds. (September 1803.)

On the 9th of September, at daylight, the British hired cutter *Sheerness*, of eight 4-pounders and 30 men and boys, commanded by lieutenant Henry Rowed, having the look-out on the French fleet in Brest harbour, observed close in-shore, two *chasse-marées* stealing towards the port. Sending a boat, with seven men and the mate, to cut off one, the *Sheerness* herself proceeded in chase of the other, then nearly five miles distant, and close under a battery about nine miles eastward of *Bec du Raz*. At 10 A. M. it fell calm, and the only mode of pursuing the enemy was by a small boat suspended at the stern of the *Sheerness*, and which with difficulty would contain five men. Lieutenant Rowed acquainted the crew with his determination to proceed in this boat, and called for four volunteers to accompany him. Immediately John Marks the boatswain, and three others, came forward; and the boat with her five hands put off from the cutter, in chase of the *chasse-marée*, then about four miles off, and, by the aid of her sweeps, nearing the shore very fast.

After the boat had pulled for two hours, the *chasse-marée* was seen to run on shore under the above-mentioned battery, which stood within a stone's throw of the beach. Notwithstanding this, and that there were 30 French soldiers drawn up on the beach to protect the vessel, lieutenant Rowed continued his pursuit; and, as he and his four followers laid the French *chasse-marée* on board on one side, her crew deserted her from the other. It was then that the soldiers opened a heavy fire of musketry upon the British, who had just commenced cutting the cable, and were using other means to get the vessel afloat. In order that the French soldiers might not see how to point their pieces, the British seamen, although there was not a breath of wind, hoisted the foresail; but of which the halliards, almost at the same moment, were shot away. Fortunately for the enterprising crew now on board the *chasse-marée*, the tide was flowing and aided their exertions: the vessel got off, and the boat commenced towing her from the shore. Fortunately, also, not a man of the five was hurt, although, as afterwards counted, 49 musket balls, intended for them, had lodged in the side and two masts of the *chasse-marée*.

Scarcely had the prize been towed a third of a mile, when a French boat, containing an officer and nine men, armed with muskets, and who had pulled up in the wake of the vessel unobserved by the boat ahead of her, suddenly made her appearance alongside. In an instant, and without waiting for any orders, John Marks, the boatswain, dropping his oar, and neglecting to take any kind of weapon in his hand, leaped from the boat on board the *chasse marée*; and, running to the side close off which the French boat lay, stood, in a menacing attitude, unarmed as he was, for at least half a minute, until his four companions, with a supply of muskets and ammunition, and who could only quit their ticklish boat one at a time, got to his assistance. If not astonishment at the sight, it must have been a generous impulse, that prevented the Frenchmen from shooting or sabring the brave boatswain; for they were, it seems, near enough to the vessel's side, to have done even the latter. Seeing that lieutenant Rowed and his four men were determined to defend their prize, the French boat, after a feeble attempt to get possession, sheered off, the soldiers in her keeping up, for a short time, as they receded from the vessel, an ineffectual fire of musketry. The battery also opened a fire upon the *chasse-marée* as she was towing off; but it proved equally harmless with that from the soldiers, both on the beach and in the boat.

The capture of two unarmed *chasse-marées* (for the mate had taken his prize without any difficulty) would, indeed, be a trifling occurrence, were it not for the circumstances under which one of them had been boarded and brought off; circumstances that ennoble the act, and rank it above many which are blazoned in the *Gazette*, and yield to the parties both honour and promotion. The navy-list shows, that lieutenant Rowed gained no step in his profession: indeed it was not, as the same document proves, until nearly ten years afterwards, that he was made a commander. As to the boatswain, he, it appears, on account of the very station he filled, and, by every account, so well filled, was, according to the etiquette of the service, excluded from the reward of promotion. It was only, therefore, from the Patriotic Fund at Lloyds, that he could receive some testimony of the high opinion entertained of his services. Lieutenant Rowed himself made the application, founding it on the inability of the admiralty, without violating precedent, to provide for the "poor fellow; and who," adds his commander, and where was there a better judge? "exclusive of his bravery, is a very good character." The committee, it is believed, presented Mr. Marks with a handsome sum of money. Acts like this of lieutenant Rowed and his four men (the names of all of whom we would record, did we know them) deserve to be made public, if only for the example they hold out, not of adequate reward certainly, but of the impunity which often accompanies the most hazardous attacks. Let him, therefore, who is disposed to calculate the chances of personal risk that may attend the enterprise in which he is called upon to embark, reflect upon the 49 musket balls which were aimed at, and yet missed, lieutenant Rowed and the four gallant fellows who were on board of this captured French *chasse-marée*.

The following account of the cutting out a vessel by a gallant Lieutenant of Marines, is remarkable for something more than mere bravery. The stratagem of continuing the fire after the surrender of the Frenchman is very meritorious, and reminds one of Lord Cochrane. The neglect of this Officer is scandalous. (November, 1803.)

With more judgment, a night attack was determined upon, and lieutenant Edward Nicolls, of the marines, volunteered, with one boat, to attempt cutting out the vessel. His offer was accepted; and on the evening of the 4th the red cutter, with 13 men, including himself, pushed off from the frigate. A doubt respecting the sufficiency of the force, or some other cause, induced captain Mudge to order the barge, with 22 men, under the orders of lieutenant the honourable Warwick Lake, first of the *Blanche*, to follow the red cutter and supersede lieutenant Nicolls in the command. The second boat joined the first, and, as soon as the two arrived abreast of the French cutter, lieutenant Nicolls hailed lieutenant Lake, and pointed her out to him; but the latter professed to disbelieve that the vessel in sight was the *Albion*: he considered that she lay on the opposite, or north-east side of the bay, and with the barge proceeded in that direction; leaving the red cutter to watch the motions of the vessel, which lieutenant Nicolls still maintained was the *Albion*, the object of their joint search.

It was now 2 h. 30 m. A. M. on the 5th, and the land wind was blowing fresh out of the bay. An hour or two more, and the day would begin to dawn, and the breeze to slacken, perhaps wholly to subside. The men in the boat were few, but their hearts were stout. In short, the red cutter commenced pulling, cautiously and silently, towards the French vessel; the crew of which, expecting a second attack, had made preparations to meet it. As soon as the boat arrived within pistol shot, the cutter hailed. Replying to the hail with three hearty cheers, the boat rapidly advanced, receiving in quick succession two volleys of musketry. The first passed over the heads of the British; but the second severely wounded the coxswain, the man at the bow oar, and a marine. Before the French cutter could fire a third time, lieutenant Nicolls, at the head of his little party, sprang on board of her. The French captain was at his post, and discharged his pistol at lieutenant Nicolls just as the latter was within a yard of him. The ball passed round the rim of the lieutenant's belly, and, escaping through his side, lodged in the fleshy part of his right arm. Almost at the same moment a ball, either from the pistol of lieutenant Nicolls, or from the musket of a marine standing near him, killed the French captain. After this the resistance was trifling; and the surviving officers and men of the French cutter were presently driven below and subdued, with the loss, besides their captain, of five men wounded, one of them mortally.

As yet, not a shot had been fired from the battery, although it was distant scarcely

100 yards from the cutter. Judging that the best way to keep the battery quiet would be to maintain the appearance of the Albion's being still in French possession, and able to repulse her assailants, lieutenant Nicolls ordered the marines of his party to continue firing their muskets: the seamen, meanwhile, busied themselves in getting the vessel under sail. A spring having been run out from the cutter's quarter to her cable, and the jib cleared, the cable was cut, and the jib hoisted to cast her. At this moment the barge came alongside, and lieutenant Lake took command of the prize. Scarcely had he done so, and the musketry by his orders been discontinued, when the battery opened a fire of round and grape, which killed two of the Blanche's people. However the breeze being fair, and blowing moderately strong, the captured cutter, with two boats towing her, soon ran out of gun shot, and without incurring any further loss, joined the frigate in the offing.

Cutting out an armed vessel is usually a desperate service, and the prize seldom repays the loss which is sustained in capturing her. The spirit engendered by such acts is, however, of the noblest, and, in a national point of view, of the most useful kind: its emulative influence spreads from man to man, and from ship to ship, until the ardour for engaging in services of danger, services, the repeated success of which has stamped a lasting character upon the British navy, requires more frequently to be checked than to be incited. An attack by boats upon an armed sailing vessel, as respects the first foot-hold upon her deck especially, may be likened to the "forlorn hope" of a besieging army; great is the peril, and great ought to be the reward. So the reward usually is, if the affair be represented in its true colours to the proper authority. The same officer, who when about to transmit to his government the account of an engagement between his ship and another, fears saying too much, lest he should be chargeable with egotism, when, in the routine of his duty, he has to write about an act performed exclusively by his subordinates, enters minutely into the merits of the case, points out those who distinguished themselves, and separates, as well as he is able, the actual combatants from such as, by accident or otherwise, did not partake of the danger; well knowing that, without this act of justice on his part, promotion, honours, and other rewards, may light upon the undeserving, while he who fought and bled, he who, perhaps, both planned and achieved the enterprise, finds himself passed over and neglected.

The captain of the Blanche had a fine opportunity, without detracting from the bravery of one party, to state the good fortune (call it nothing else) of the other. Here follows his letter to the Admiralty: "Having gained intelligence that there was a large coppered cutter full of bullocks for the Cape, laying close under the guns of Monte-Christi, (four 24-pounders and three field pieces,) notwithstanding her situation, I was convinced we could bring her off; and at two this morning she was masterly and gallantly attacked by lieutenant Lake, in the cutter, and lieutenant Nicolls of the marines, in the barge, who cut her out. She is ninety-two tons burthen, coppered close-up and fastened, with two 4-pounders, six swivels, and twenty muskets. This affair cost me two men killed, and two wounded."

The mistatements in this letter, now that the correct details are confronted with them, discover their importance; and it cannot be doubted, that captain Mudge had a favorite whom he was determined to serve, no matter at whose expense. How came he not to name lieutenant Nicolls among the wounded? It was not a scratch of his finger nor a graze of his shin, but a hole on each side of his body and a ball in his arm, that sent him bleeding to the Blanche's cockpit. Who would expect that, of the "two" men wounded, one was a commissioned officer? In every case except this, the rank, if not the name, of the officer is stated in the official letter; and, in some letters, the smallest boy in the ship, if he has been wounded ever so slightly, may find his name in the returns. The name of lieutenant "Nicolls," however, as the commanding officer of one of the boats, (not of the "barge,") entitled him, in the estimation of the committee at Lloyds, to a second best claim upon their bounty; so that, when the Patriotic fund presented lieutenant Lake, "for his gallantry," with a sword valued at 50*l.*, they gave lieutenant Nicolls one valued at 30*l.* Another quarter, equally deceived, promoted one officer, but, until a subsequent explanation at least, paid no attention to the claims of the other.

In the following extract we have more daring, with nothing to be got by it. The heroes of the two enterprises belong to the same Blanche, commanded by the same captain Mudge.

Between the two attacks upon the Albion, another boat-party from the Blanche captured, in a very gallant manner, a vessel of superior force. On the 4th, in the

morning, the launch, armed with a 12-pounder carronade, and manned with 28 men, under the command of Mr. John Smith, master's mate, attacked, and after an obstinate conflict of 10 minutes, boarded and carried, as she was coming out of the Caracol passage, a French schooner, mounting one long 8-pounder on a pivot, and manned with 30 men, of whom one was killed and five were wounded. The launch had one man killed and two wounded. The prize was a beautiful ballahou-schooner, and had on board a considerable quantity of dollars.

In his official letter, announcing the capture of this schooner, captain Mudge says, "She is one of the finest vessels of her class I ever saw, and is fit for his majesty's service;" and, to shew how ready he was, in some cases, to atone for his apparent neglect of a young officer, captain Mudge in a postscript adds: I have omitted mentioning the honourable Frederick Berkley; but the only apology I can make is saying, he behaved nobly, and was much to be envied."

A day or two after the affair of Mr. Smith, midshipman Edward Henry a'Court, with a marine and seven seamen, was dispatched from the *Blanche* in the red cutter, to collect sand for the use of the ship. Although it had been ordered that youngsters, sent upon services of this kind, lest their pugnacious spirit should lead them into danger, were not to be allowed arms, the men in the boat, before they pushed off from the frigate, contrived to smuggle five or six muskets through the ports. It so happened that, in the dusk of the evening, the boat fell in with a schooner, nearly becalmed. The midshipman and his little party of sanders unhesitatingly pulled towards her; and, as she had the appearance of a privateer, and might open a cannonade upon them, Mr. a'Court judiciously kept in her wake. Just as the boat had approached the stern of the schooner, a fire of musketry from the latter mortally wounded one man, and badly wounded another, of the boat party. Mr. a'Court, nevertheless, pulled straight up alongside, and, with the assistance of his five remaining hands, boarded and carried a French schooner, bound to Cape-François, having among her passengers a detachment of between 30 and 40 soldiers, commanded by a colonel, who had fought, bled, and distinguished himself, at the battle of Arcole. His wound was a fractured skull, and, upon a piece of plate that covered the denuded part, and which extended over a great portion of one side of his head, was engraven in large characters, the word "Arcole."

When asked how he could surrender to so insignificant a force, the French colonel, with a shrug replied, that it was all owing to "le mal de mer;" and that, had he been on shore, the case would have been otherwise. Let that have been as it may, the conduct of young a'Court evinced unparalleled gallantry, and a considerable degree of judgment; and the men in the boat deserved to have their names recorded for the bravery they had displayed. But either because the prize was not like the schooner in the preceding boat attack, such a vessel as captain Mudge thought he could successfully recommend the commander in chief on the station to purchase for the British navy, or that the aspiring lad had in some way or other offended him, (the very capture itself, as having been executed without orders, might have been construed into a ground for censure,) no public mention was made of the circumstance; and had not the midshipman afterwards found patrons who set a higher value upon his zeal and activity, Mr. or captain a'Court as he now is, might still have cause to regret, that the little exploit of his youthful days had not been achieved under the auspices of a liberal-minded captain.

In the earlier part of this volume (iii.) is another example of successful daring against extraordinary disparity of force.

On the 12th of April, captain Joseph Baker, of the 16-gun ship-sloop *Calypso*, being off Cape Tiberon, despatched the master, Mr. William Buckley, in the six-oared cutter, with 10 men, properly armed and provided, and a swivel in her bow, to cruise for two days under the cape, in order, if possible, to intercept some of the small-craft that usually navigate within a mile of the shore. On the following day, the 13th, at 11 A. M., Mr. Buckley perceived, and immediately pulled towards, a schooner lying becalmed under the land. As the boat approached within hail, the schooner desired her to keep off, and, finding the order not attended to, opened upon her a fire of musketry. Heedless of this, the British in the boat boarded, and after a short but smart conflict on the deck carried, the French privateer-schooner *Diligente*, of six carriage guns, 30 stands of arms, and 39 men actually on board. In this very gallant boat-attack, the British had only one man wounded; the French, seven, and those dangerously.

Of extracts of another kind, we select an extremely well-reasoned

argument against the probability of the success of Napoleon's projected invasion of England.

Even admitting that the Channel, Mediterranean, and North Sea fleets of England were away, were there no other ships to check the course of the flotilla? Let but a breeze have blown from any point of the compass, and innumerable frigates, heavy frigates too, sloops, bombs, gun-brigs, and cutters, would soon have been on the spot. No shoals or shore-batteries would then have interposed to prevent the guns of the British from producing their full effect. The more numerous the French troops, the greater would have been the slaughter amongst them, the greater the difficulty for the sailors to manœuvre the vessels. Confusion would have ensued; and the destruction or flight of a part of the flotilla would, in the end, have compromised the safety of the remainder. Every hour's delay would have brought fresh British vessels to assist in the general overthrow. Admitting, however, that a considerable portion of the flotilla overcame all these obstacles, and approached the British shore, was there nothing further to dread? Were there really, as Napoleon fancied, "no fortifications, no army"? The invaders would have made the discovery, to their cost, the instant they arrived within shell and shot range. As they advanced nearer, they would have found the beach already occupied by the van of an army composed of soldiers, who, if they had not fought at "Lodi, at Zurich, at Heliopolis, at Hoheulinden, and at Marengo," were then fighting in England.

But, in the event of a calm, would he not succeed? was a question frequently asked, as well by those who wished, as those who dreaded, the invasion. Calms in the British channel are very uncertain: they seldom continue more than twelve hours, and even then may prevail at one part of the coast and not at another. Admitting that a calm existed at Boulogne and the adjacent ports, some time would elapse ere, under the most favourable circumstances, the flotilla could make a start. It has done so, and the oars begin to move: by this time, a boat from every British ship that witnessed the preparation is half across the channel with the intelligence, and the vessel herself, if less than a frigate, is sweeping with all her strength in the same direction. A fleet of 1200 or 1300 vessels must be rather awkward to manage; particularly, when assembled together for the first time, and possessed, as these variously-constructed gun-vessels necessarily were, of different powers of progression. Against the prizes sad complaints were raised; and yet, as there were 17 of these vessels, armed each with 12 long 24-pounders, and carrying altogether about 2000 men and 840 horses, they must be waited for. All this would create confusion. Cross tides and partial currents would increase it. Signals would be necessary: they would, it is more than probable, amidst the many repeaters required to transmit them, be misunderstood. A part of the fleet stops, or pulls into a different direction. Delay ensues. Presently up springs a breeze; and which, in all likelihood, blows either up or down, and not across the channel. In this case the weather wing of the flotilla begins first to spread its sails, and, without great care, presses upon the centre; and that, in its turn, upon the lee wing. Meanwhile the breeze has not travelled without company, as is evident from the number of white patches that now skirt the windward horizon, swelling and gathering every moment. Of the operations likely to follow, a slight sketch has already been given.

We have given several examples of unequal contests, where bravery and skill, combined or separate, have succeeded in more than making up for disparity of force. These incidents, interesting in themselves, have also shewed the author's power of infusing spirit into a narrative of details. We will now give the description of an equal match, a noble and well-fought battle, between the British frigate *Phoenix* and the French frigate *Didon*. It is a fair specimen of Mr. James's narration, as well as of the comments he is accustomed to make on the events of his history.

On the 10th of August, at 5 A. M., latitude 43 degrees 16 minutes north, longitude 12 degrees 14 minutes west, the British 18-pounder 36-gun frigate *Phoenix*, Captain Thomas Baker, standing on the starboard tack with the wind at north-east by east, discovered a sail in the south-west, and immediately bore up in chase. The weather being hazy and the wind light, it was not until 7 A. M. that the stranger, then on the larboard tack, with foresail and royals set, but with her mizen topsail aback, and main topsail shivering, was made out to be an enemy's frigate, "with yellow sides, and royal

yards rigged aloft." The ship was, in fact, the French frigate *Didon*; who, since the evening of the 7th, had stood leisurely to the west-south-west, and was now only 3½ leagues, or thereabouts, from the spot at which the *Æolus* had fallen in with her.

Why the French captain, having so important a service intrusted to him, should wait to engage an enemy's frigate of the apparent force of the one bearing down, may require to be explained. The fact is, that, on the day previous, the *Phoenix* had fallen in with an American vessel from Bordeaux bound to the United States. The master came on board with his papers, and was evidently not so sober as he might have been. After selling some cases of claret at his own price, (for an American must indeed be drunk when his bargaining faculties fail him,) and emptying a few tumblers of grog, mixed to his own liking, he requested to be allowed to view the quarters of the *Phoenix*. No objection was made; and he staggered round the ship, saw as much as in his purblind state he could see, and departed on board his vessel. On the next morning early he fell in with the *Didon*; and, in return for the hospitable treatment he had received on board the *Phoenix*, told Captain Milius, that the ship whose topgallantsails were then just rising out of the water to-windward was an English 20-gun ship, and that her captain and his officers thought so much of their vessel, that, in all probability, they would venture to engage the *Didon*. The French frigate then lay to in the manner related, and the American merchant ship pursued her way.

It so happened that the *Phoenix*, a very small frigate at best, had been disguised to resemble, at a distance, a large sloop of war; and the position in which, for a long time, she was viewed by the *Didon*, coupled with the assertions (roundly sworn to, no doubt) of the American, prevented Captain Milius and his officers from discovering the mistake until the action, which we shall proceed to relate, had actually commenced.

At 8 A. M., being still on the larboard tack waiting for the *Phoenix* to close, the *Didon* hoisted her colours and fired a gun to-windward, and at 8 h. 45 m. opened a smart fire upon the former; who, to frustrate any attempt of the *Didon* to escape, resolved to engage to-leeward. To attain this object, and to avoid as much as possible her opponent's line of fire, already doing damage to her rigging and sails, the *Phoenix* steered a bow and quarter course, and reserved her fire until she could bestow it with effect. On the other hand, having in view to cripple the *Phoenix* that she might not escape, and to maintain a position so destructive to the latter, and safe to herself, the *Didon* filled, wore, and came to again on the opposite tack, bringing a fresh broadside to bear upon the bows of the *Phoenix*. The manœuvre was repeated three times, to the increased annoyance of the latter; who, impatient at being so foiled, eager to take an active part in the combat, and hopeless, from her inferior sailing, of being able to pass ahead or astern of the *Didon*, ran right at her to-windward.

This bold measure succeeded, and at 9 h. 15 m. P. M. the two frigates, both standing on the larboard tack, brought their broadsides mutually to bear at a pistol-shot distance, each pouring into the other an animated fire of round, grape, and musketry. Owing to the press of sail under which the *Phoenix* had approached, and the nearly motionless state in which the *Didon* lay, the former ranged considerably ahead: whereupon the *Didon*, having, as well as her opponent, fallen off from the wind while the broadsides were exchanging, filled, hauled up, and stood on, discharging into the *Phoenix*, as she diagonally crossed the latter's stern, a few distant and ineffectual shot. Profiting by her new position, and the damaged state of her opponent's rigging, the *Didon* bore up, and, passing athwart the stern of the *Phoenix*, raked her, but, owing to the precaution taken by the British crew in lying down, without any serious effect. The *Didon* then hauled up again on the larboard tack, and endeavoured to bestow her starboard broadside in a similar manner; but the *Phoenix* had by this time repaired her rigging sufficiently to enable her, worked as she was by one of the best disciplined crews in the service, promptly to throw her sails aback, and prevent the *Didon* from again taking a position so likely to give an unfavourable turn to the combat.

This manœuvre brought the *Didon*, with her larboard bow, or stem rather, pressing against the starboard quarter of the *Phoenix*; both ships lying nearly in a parallel direction, and one only having a gun that, in the regular way of mounting, would bear upon her antagonist. This gun was a brass 36-pounder carronade upon the forecastle of the *Didon*; who might also, but for some obstruction of which we are not aware, have brought an 18-pounder long-gun to bear through the maindeck bowport. The instant the two ships came in contact, each prepared to board the other; but the immense superiority of numbers, that advanced to the assault in the *Didon*, obliged the *Phoenix* to defend her own decks with all the strength she could muster. Having repulsed the French boarders, chiefly with her excellent marines, the *Phoenix* hastened to take advantage of the means which she exclusively possessed of bringing a maindeck gun to bear upon an antagonist in the position of the *Didon*.

Having, in his zeal for the good of the service, ventured to overstep one of its rules captain Baker had caused the timber or sill of the cabin-window on each side next the quarter to be cut down, so as to serve for a port, in case a gun would not bear from the regular stern-port next to the rudder-head. Unfortunately, the gunner had neglected to prepare tackles sufficiently long for transporting the aftermost maindeck gun to the new port. The omission was of serious consequence; for, during the whole time occupied in substituting other means to place the gun in the port, the *Didon*, by her powerful body of marines, stationed along the whole length of the larboard gangway, kept up an incessant fire into the stern-windows of the *Phoenix*, strewing the cabin-deck with killed and wounded.

At length the exertions of captain Baker, and of the few officers and men that remained of those assisting him in this perilous but necessary duty, were crowned with success. The gun was run out, and the direction in which it pointed showed, at once, that its importance had not been overrated. It was fired, and by its first discharge, as subsequently acknowledged on the part of the enemy, laid low 24 of the *Didon*'s crew; it swept the ship from her larboard bow to her starboard quarter, and was truly awful in its effects. Meanwhile the marines and musketry-men on the quarterdeck were exerting themselves in the most gallant and efficacious manner; one party, posted at the stern, kept up a spirited fire at the *Didon*'s marines on the gangway; while another party, (the men of both parties, on account of their exposed station stooping to load and rising to fire,) directing their fire at the carronade upon the *Didon*'s fore-castle, prevented the French sailors from discharging it.

After the two frigates had remained on board of each other for upwards of half an hour, the *Didon* began to fore-reach. In an instant the *Phoenix* brought her second aftermost gun to bear, and by its first discharge cut away the head-rails of the *Didon*, and, what was far more important, the gammoning of her bow-sprit. The *Didon*, as she continued to forge ahead, also brought her guns successively to bear, and a mutual cannonade recommenced between the frigates, yard-arm and yard-arm, to the evident advantage of the *Phoenix*, whose crew had been constantly trained at the guns, and that, as much as possible, and far more than the regulation of powder and shot allowed, by practising the real, not the dumb motions of firing. In consequence of that, and of her lighter guns, the *Phoenix* fired nearly half as quick again as the *Didon*; and the shattered hull and disabled state of the latter, as, with her maintopmast gone and foremast tottering, she passed out of gun-shot ahead, proved that quickness of firing was not the only proficiency which the crew of the *Phoenix* had attained.

Although not materially injured in hull or lower masts, the *Phoenix* was so damaged in rigging and sails as to be nearly unmanageable, and had had her main royal mast, maintopsail yard and her gaff shot away. The gaff had fallen just as the two ships got foul; and the fly of the British white ensign at the gaff-end having dropped upon the *Didon*'s fore-castle, the Frenchmen tore it off, and carried the fragment aft as a trophy. As a substitute for their ship's mutilated colours, the seamen of the *Phoenix* immediately lashed a boat's ensign to the larboard, and a union jack to the starboard arm of her cross-jack yard.

Taking advantage of the suspension of firing, each frigate now began repairing her damaged rigging, that she might be ready to renew the engagement the instant a return of the breeze would admit of manœuvring. Although the main topmast of the *Didon*, and the main royal-mast, topsail yard, and gaff of the *Phoenix*, were the only deficient spars, both frigates exhibited a woful appearance, on account chiefly of the quantity of sail under which they had engaged. Instead of a cloud of canvass swelling proudly to the breeze, rope-ends and riddled sails hung drooping down from every mast and yard.

One of the characteristics of a well-disciplined crew is the promptitude they display in refitting their ship after an action; and, if any thing could animate the men of the *Phoenix* to additional exertions, it was the sight of their opponent's foremast falling over the side. This happened at about noon, and was caused by the motion of the ship acting upon the mast in its terribly shattered state. Very soon afterwards, such had been the diligence of her crew, the *Phoenix* had knotted and spliced her rigging, rove fresh braces, and trimmed her sails, so as to profit by the air of wind which had just sprung up. In this refitted state, the *Phoenix* made sail on the larboard tack towards the *Didon*, then with her head the same way, upon the former's weather bow. Having arrived within gun-shot, the British frigate was in the act of opening her fire, when, being from the fall of her foremast and other previous damage in a defenceless state, the French frigate, at about 15 minutes past noon, hauled down her colours.

Of her 260 men and boys, the *Phoenix*, when she commenced the action, had on board, including 10 or 12 who were too sick to attend their quarters, only 245. Of these she had her second lieutenant, (John Bounton,) one master's mate, (George

Donalan,) and 10 seamen killed; her first lieutenant of marines, (Henry Steele, dangerously in the head,) two midshipmen, (Aaron Tozer, dangerously, and Edward B. Curling,*) 13 seamen, and 12 marines wounded, several of them badly; total, 12 killed, and 28 wounded. The loss on board the *Didon*, according to the report of captain Milius, amounted to 27 officers, (including her second captain,) seamen, and marines killed, and 44 badly wounded, out of a crew, as stated in the British official account and sworn to by the French officers, numbering 330.

Until captain Baker's appointment to her, the *Phoenix* had been armed precisely according to the establishment of her class, as described a few pages back; but, being of opinion that the complement allowed to an 18-pounder 36-gun frigate was not sufficient for fighting her to advantage, captain Baker applied for and obtained the exchange of his 26 long 18-pounders for an equal number of medium guns of the same calibre; which, requiring a less number of men than the former, left so many more for attending to the other duties of the ship. The guns of the *Didon* having already appeared, we may present the following as the

COMPARATIVE FORCE OF THE COMBATANTS.

		<i>Phoenix</i> .	<i>Didon</i> .
Broadside-guns.....	No.	21	23
	lbs.	440	563
Crew.....	No.	245	330
Size.....	tons.	884	1091

Here is a statement which, in every branch of it, exhibits, on the French side, a decided superiority of force. Few cases occur wherein we have not to offer some remarks, tending to increase or diminish the effect which the figures alone are calculated to produce. But, the shorter range of the *Phoenix*'s 18-pounders, at the distance at which the action was fought, being compensated by the increased facility of working them, the above statement conveys a clear idea of the disparity of force in guns that existed between the parties. So it does in respect to crew; for, though a numerical does not always imply a physical superiority, the *Didon*'s was one of the finest crews out of France. Her men consisted of healthy, strong, and active fellows, who had been picked for captain Jérôme Buonaparte's frigate, the *Pomone*, and had been in service since the commencement of the war; and they were commanded by officers remarkable for their professional skill and gallant demeanour. Captain Milius himself possessed these qualities in an eminent degree. His personal valour, during the heat of the battle, excited the admiration of his enemy; and the high sense of honour, of which he subsequently, on an occasion quite unconnected with this action, gave unequivocal proofs, established the greatness of his character.

A contest between two frigates, manned and appointed like the *Phoenix* and *Didon*, would naturally afford the display of much individual heroism. Our means of information are of course restricted to occurrences on board the former; and even there we cannot do more than recite one or two of the more prominent instances. The purser's station in action is in the cockpit; but Mr. John Collman, the acting purser of the *Phoenix*, scorned to remain in safety below, while the lives of his brother officers and comrades were exposed to danger on deck. With a brace of pistols in his belt, and a broadsword in his hand, did this young man, in the hottest of the fire, take post on the quarter-deck: there, by his gesture and language, he animated the crew to do their duty as British seamen. "Give it her, my lad!" was an exhortation, as well understood as it was obeyed, and the guns of the *Phoenix* dealt increased destruction upon the decks of the *Didon*. As the action proceeded, the loss by death or wounds of officers from the quarter-deck, and the temporary absence of the captain to assist in fixing the gun in his cabin, gave additional importance to the noble part which the acting purser had chosen. And what could have been the summit of Mr. Collman's expectations, in a professional way, for being thus prodigal of his person?—A purser's warrant.

There were two or three youngsters among the midshipmen, who also distinguished themselves. One, named Edward Phillips, saved the life of Captain Baker. On that occasion, while the ships were foul, a man upon the *Didon*'s bowsprit-end was taking deliberate aim at him, when young Phillips, who, armed with a musket, stood close

* This youth, not quite seventeen, was wounded in an extraordinary manner. While with jaws extended he was sucking an orange, a musket-ball, which had passed through the head of a seaman, entered one of his cheeks and escaped from the other, without injuring even a tooth. When the wound in each cheek healed, a pair of not unseemly dimples were all that remained.

to his captain, unceremoniously thrust him on one side, and fired. The discharge of the piece was instantly followed by the splash of the Frenchman's body in the water; and the ball from the musket of the latter, instead of passing through the captain's head, did but tear off the rim of his hat. Several of the sick seamen also left their cots, and assisted in filling and carrying powder for the use of their more efficient comrades. Instances of this kind would frequently occur, did every naval captain understand the difficult art, to maintain the rules of discipline, and yet win and preserve the affections of his crew.

The name of no officer appearing in the letter of Captain Baker, published in the London Gazette, the very recital of the above acts of good conduct on the part of his officers may raise a charge of unfairness against him, until it is known, that the services of every officer belonging to the Phoenix were properly set forth in the letter which Captain Baker transmitted to the Admiralty. If, for reasons not very clear, it becomes requisite to suppress more than half an officer's letter, the mutilated portion laid before the public, and which in this instance is very short, should not be called "Copy of," but, "Extract from, a letter." Then, neither will the public have grounds for supposing, that the writer wishes it to be inferred that his valour alone achieved the victory, nor the officers who served under him, and who contributed so mainly to the consummation of that victory, have a right to complain, that their captain has neglected to mention them.

The action of the Phoenix and Didon was one in which, even after its decision, the victorious party had both a difficult and a perilous duty to perform. The prisoners greatly outnumbered the captors: the latter, therefore, had not only to separate and secure the former, but to watch over them with unremitting attention. They had also to refit the ships, particularly the prize, whose mainmast was in so tottering a state, that the British were obliged to cut it away. The wreck cleared, the Phoenix, taking the Didon in tow, steered for a British port. On the 14th, at 8 P.M., captain Baker spoke the Dragon 74, and in company with her, the next day at 4 P.M., fell in with M. Villeneuve's fleet. The Phoenix, with the Didon in tow, immediately bore up and made all sail to the southward. A division of the fleet chased the two crippled frigates, and had nearly arrived within gun-shot, when, at sunset, the French ships tacked and stood back to their main body. Having passed Lisbon, the British frigate and her prize were steering to enter Gibraltar, when, in a thick fog, the ringing of the bells and the occasional firing of guns were heard in every direction. Shortly afterwards captain Baker became apprized by the Euryalus frigate, whom he spoke, that the sounds proceeded from the Franco-spanish fleet, then on its way to Cadiz. The Phoenix and Didon immediately changed their course to the westward, and soon got clear of all danger from the ships of M. Villeneuve.

But this was not the only danger from which captain Baker and his officers and crew had the good fortune to escape. The French pilot of the Phoenix overheard a conversation among the prisoners, the subject of which was, a plan to get possession of the Phoenix, and by her means of the Didon. The discovery of this plot called for increased vigilance on the part of the British on board of both ships; and, scarcely had means been taken to overawe the prisoners in the hold of the Phoenix, than the French pilot seized and carried aft, as the ringleader of the mutiny, the late cockswain of captain Milius, and who had been in a similar capacity under captain Jérôme Buonaparte. Captain Milius behaved upon the occasion in the noblest manner. He inquired of the man if he had any complaints to allege. The fellow said he had not. "I know it," said captain Milius, "for I have, every morning and night, a report that assures me of the good treatment of you all: were it otherwise, I myself would head you in the attempt to obtain redress. As it is, you are a disgrace to the name of Frenchmen; and," turning to captain Baker, "I beseech you, sir, put him in irons." Captain Baker expressing a disinclination to resort to so harsh a measure, captain Milius urged him more forcibly to do as he requested; and Jérôme's cockswain was accordingly committed, for a short time, to the custody of the sergeant at arms. After this firebrand had been removed, quietness, and even cheerfulness, reigned among the prisoners; and the two frigates, having by standing well to the westward got hold of a fair wind, anchored on the 3d of September in Plymouth Sound.

Having thus brought his frigate and her prize safe to a British port, captain Baker, it is natural to suppose, looked forward to the speedy acquisition of those honours which, in all similar cases, had been conferred upon the captain of the victorious ship. We trust that, by this time, our impartiality is so well established, that any opinion we may submit, respecting the merits of an action recorded in these pages, will be received as the result of, at the least, an unbiassed judgment. Having premised this,

we venture to pronounce the capture of the *Didon* by the *Phoenix*, considered in reference as well to the force, the skill, and the spirit, mutually opposed, as to the perseverance and good management of the conqueror in securing and bringing home his prize, to be one of the most brilliant and exemplary cases of the kind in the annals of the British navy.

Unfortunately for the captain of the *Phoenix*, Mr. Pitt resolved to grant no more ribands of the Bath to naval and military officers, meaning to reserve them for ministers abroad. Still more unfortunately for captain Baker, that illustrious statesman, before he could accomplish his intention of instituting a new military order of merit, died. The early retirement of lord Barham from office (February 9, 1806) must have been an additional misfortune to captain Baker. Not less so, probably, was the successive appointment, within about five years, of five new first-lords of the admiralty: lord Grey, honourable Thomas Grenville, lord Mulgrave, right honourable Charles Yorke, and lord Melville. With each of whom it is customary, in reply to complaints such as the captain of the *Phoenix* might reasonably urge, to express regret that merit should have been overlooked by his predecessor, but to decline entering into any retrospective view of the circumstances which may have guided that predecessor's conduct. Thus it has happened, that, to this hour, captain Baker has received no reward for his meritorious services in capturing the *Didon*. It is true that, in ten years afterwards, when the new order was instituted, he was made a Companion of the Bath; but, as every one of the three remaining captains of frigates in sir Richard Strachan's action was honoured with a similar mark of approbation, there cannot be a doubt that captain Baker would have received the same, even had he, if we may judge from an analogous case, run away from, instead of fought and captured, a superior French frigate.

The *Didon* was built in the year 1797 at St. Malo, and, just before she sailed for the West Indies in the spring of 1805, underwent a thorough repair. Her sailing qualities were so extraordinary that, although jury-rigged, she beat the *Phoenix* on every point. The *Didon* was purchased for the use of the British navy, but, for some reason with which we are unacquainted, was suffered to lie in ordinary in Hamoaze until taken to pieces in the year 1811. We had almost forgotten to mention, that Mr. Samuel Brown was the first lieutenant of the *Phoenix*. We wish it was in our power to add, that he became rewarded with the promotion customary upon less important occasions. He was not made a commander until August 1, 1811.

The next extract is a specimen of Mr. James's critical analysis in sifting the truth out of contradictory and exaggerating reports. This important duty the author generally performs with acuteness, though not always with neatness and dexterity. We readily forgive the lack of art for the sake of the courage and honesty of the attempt. The action is between the *Blanche*, Captain Mudge, a frigate that has been spoken of in some of the former extracts and the French frigate *Topaze* and consorts. The *Blanche* was captured, and it is the conduct of Captain Mudge which is the subject of Mr. James's observations.

In the early part of July the British 18-pounder 36-gun frigate *Blanche*, captain Zachariah Mudge, quitted the squadron of commodore Michael de Courcy cruising off the east end of Jamaica, bound to the island of Barbadoes, with despatches for vice-admiral lord Nelson. On the 17th, when about 40 leagues to the westward of the island of Sombrero, the *Blanche* spoke a British merchant ship from Grenada to Dublin, and learnt that the homeward-bound Leeward-island fleet were to sail in three or four days after her departure, under convoy of the 20-gun ship *Proselyte*.

On the 19th, at 8 A.M., latitude 20 deg. 20 min. north, and longitude 66 deg. 44 min. west, being close hauled on the larboard tack, with a fresh breeze at east, the *Blanche* discovered off the weather cat-head four sail, three ships and a brig, standing on the opposite tack, under easy sail; and which, from the course they steered, and their indistinct appearance through the prevailing haze, were taken for a part of the above-mentioned convoy. The *Blanche* therefore continued to stand on, until, having hoisted the customary signals without effect, captain Mudge began to suspect that the strangers were enemies, and, making sail, kept more away. At 8h. 30m. A.M., when about three miles distant, the French 40-gun frigate *Topaze*, captain François-André Baudin, followed by the ship-corvettes, *Département-des-Landes*, of 20 long 8-pounders on the main deck, and two brass 6-pounders on the poop, or short quarterdeck, lieutenant René-Jacques-Henri Desmontils, and

Torche, of 18 long 12-pounders, lieutenant Nicolas-Philippe Dehen, and by the brig-corvette Faune, of 16 long 6-pounders, lieutenant Charles Brunet, bore down, under English colours. "But," says captain Mudge in his public letter, "from the make of the union and colour of the bunting, with other circumstances, I concluded they were French."

At 9h. 45m. A.M., having advanced still more ahead of her companions, and, as well as they, substituted French for English colours, the Topaze discharged her larboard broadside into the starboard quarter of the Blanche; who, finding that she could not escape from her pursuers, (having at the time very little copper upon her bottom,) had shortened sail, and was at the distance of about 500 yards from the Topaze. As soon as the latter arrived within pistol-shot, the Blanche returned the fire, and the action continued with spirit; all the vessels running large under easy sail, "the ships," continues captain Mudge, "never without hail of each other, the Département-des-Landes on the starboard quarter, and the two corvettes close astern." At about 10h. 15m. A.M. the Blanche attempted to cross the bows of the Topaze, and would probably have succeeded, had not the latter suddenly braild up her foresail, and put her helm hard a-starboard. By this manœuvre the Topaze grazed with her jib-boom the mizen shrouds of the Blanche, and, in passing under the latter's stern, poured in a heavy, but comparatively harmless, raking fire. The engagement continued until about 11 A.M.; when, having her sails totally destroyed, 10 shot in the foremast, several in the main-mast, her rigging cut to pieces, seven of her guns dismounted, and six feet water in the hold, the Blanche struck her colours. At this moment, according to M. Baudin's account, the Département-des-Landes was in the wake of the Blanche, the Torche within gun-shot on her starboard side, and the Faune farther off, "en observation."

The net complement of the Blanche was 261 men and boys; but, having 28 men absent, and being deficient of some others, she commenced the action with only 215. Of these the Blanche had seven seamen and one marine killed, her boatswain, (William Hewett,) 12 seamen, (three mortally,) and one lieutenant (Thomas Peebles) and one private of marines wounded. The Topaze had a crew of 340 men and boys, exclusively, captain Mudge says, of 70 officers and privates of the French army as passengers, making a total of 410. Of these, according to captain Baudin's account, (and there is nothing in the British account to contradict the statement,) the Topaze had but one man killed and 11 wounded, two of them mortally. Not a man appears to have been hurt, nor the slightest damage to have happened, on board either of the three remaining French vessels.

The French captain also states, that the Département-des-Landes fired only 18 shot, and the Torche, towards the close of the action, three broadsides. The Faune, upon the same authority, did not fire a shot. Moreover, captain Baudin positively declares, that captain Mudge acknowledged to him, that the Département-des-Landes was the only vessel, except the Topaze, which had done the Blanche any injury, and that that injury was confined to the rigging and sails.

The Blanche, a fine frigate of 951 tons, was armed upon her quarterdeck and fore-castle with 14 carronades, 32-pounders, and four long nines; making her total of guns 44. The Topaze, a remarkably fine frigate of 1132 tons, also mounted 44 guns, including 10 iron carronades, 36-pounders, the first of the kind we have observed in the French navy. The force of the three corvettes has already been given.

Without the aid of a comparative statement, sufficient appears to show, that the Blanche had, although not a "three to one," a very superior force to contend with; and that no resistance in her power to offer, without some extraordinary mishap to her principal antagonist, could have absolutely reversed the issue of the battle. By a more close and animated cannonade at the onset, the Blanche might perhaps have beaten off the French frigate. In that event, the British frigate, if necessary, could have outrun the corvettes, they, as admitted, being slow sailers; or she might have drawn them apart from their consort, and have captured one at least of them. This, if done promptly, and before much damage had been suffered by the Blanche or her prize, would have greatly reduced the odds, and been an additional motive for captain Baudin to have permitted the Blanche to proceed to her destination.

The moderate loss sustained by the Blanche would lead us to infer, that she struck too soon; as would the much slighter loss inflicted by her upon the Topaze, that the Blanche did not employ her force in a manner becoming a British frigate of her class. M. Baudin states, from the information probably of captain Mudge himself, that he put more than 30 shot in the Blanche, both above and below water; but what was that to perform in a two hours' engagement? He boasts, with more reason, of having wounded her masts, and cut to pieces the rigging and sails, of his prize, and assigns

the delay it would cause to repair them as his motive for setting the *Blanche* on fire. And we feel the more disposed to attach credit to the statements of M. Baudin, on account of the uncommon accuracy with which he describes the force of his prize, giving her "vingt-seize canons de 18 en batterie, quatorze carronades de 32 et quatre canons de 9 sur les gaillards."

Although scarcely five years' old and an oak-built ship, the *Blanche* had become so thoroughly infected with the dry-rot, that the enemy's shot passed clean through her side, scattering dust instead of splinters. To this, and to her short-manned state, has been mainly attributed the smallness of the *Blanche*'s loss, in reference to the time the ship was engaged, the force opposed to her, and the alleged closeness of the action. As respects the British frigate, this reasoning may carry weight; but how are we to explain the truly insignificant loss sustained by the French frigate; as well as the entire state of impunity which, notwithstanding their alleged important share in the action, attended the three corvettes? The *Topaze*, as the British records prove, was a sound ship four years after she had captured the *Blanche*, and went into action, captain Mudge himself informs us, with a crew nearly twice as numerous as his own.

Admitting, as captain Mudge alleges, that the *Blanche* did really engage the *Topaze* closely, what was she about with her guns not to do more execution than to kill or wound one man every 10 minutes, or 12 men in two hours? This is the more unaccountable, because the crew of the *Blanche* were a remarkably fine set of men, and the very last from whom such treatment of an enemy was to be expected. If, contrary to what has been officially asserted, the *Blanche*, having mistaken the national character of the *Topaze* and her consorts until the French frigate had begun to open her fire, had been all in confusion when the attack commenced; if, instead of endeavouring to retrieve her error by a prompt and vigorous application of her means of defence, the *Blanche* had sought to avoid a combat by a hurried resort to her means of escape, firing an occasional ill-directed shot at one or the other of her opponents: if, we say, all this had been the case, the very cheap rate at which M. Baudin gained his prize would need no other explanation.

The duty of an historian, who, in most cases, has to elicit truth from conflicting statements, has often obliged us to animadvert, with more or less of severity, upon the bombastical accounts published by the French. In common fairness, therefore, we cannot avoid noticing the three letters, one official and two private, written by the captain of the *Blanche*, and published in all the English, and some of the foreign newspapers. Two of those letters, including the official one, are dated on one day, the 22d of July. One of the two private accounts is in the form of an extract from the *Blanche*'s log, thus: "July 19th, at 8 A.M., fell in with a squadron of French ships cruising; at eleven in close action with the same; at half past eleven reduced to a perfect wreck, ship filling fast; at twelve struck the colours, and at six she sank."

The official letter requiring to be more circumstantial and precise, the "French squadron as per margin" is made to consist, with a slight overrating in the force, of the three ships and brig described in our account of the action. "I concluded they were French," says the captain, "and therefore determined to sell the ship as dearly as possible." As a proof that he did so, he declares that a quarter of an hour (not half, as stated in the above private account) before the *Blanche* struck, she was "a perfect wreck;" meaning, not, as might be imagined, that her masts were all shot away, but that her sails were "totally destroyed," and that she had "ten shot in the foremast (expecting it to fall every minute), the mainmast and rigging cut to pieces." The inference here is, making every allowance for figurative language, that the mainmast, being "cut to pieces," was actually in a tottering state. Unfortunately, however, the surgeon of the *Blanche*, in his letter, published on the same day as his captain's, sums up the damages to her masts thus: "Eleven shot received in our foremast, several in the mainmast, and the spanker-boom shot away."

"The crew reduced to 190," proceeds captain Mudge in his letter, "and the rest falling fast, with no probability of escape, I called a council of officers for their opinion, &c." He then states the surrender of the *Blanche* "at twelve at noon," and that he was immediately "hurried on board the commodore." "At six," he adds, "the officers who had charge of the *Blanche* returned, and reported the ship to be sinking fast; on which she was fired, and in about an hour after she sunk, for the magazine had been some time under water." In a postscript the captain states, that the ship commenced action with 215 men, and that the loss, as far as came within his notice, amounted to eight killed and 13 wounded. The surgeon, in his letter, states the loss (and he was the officer whose duty it was to report it) at eight killed and 15 wounded,

making a total of 23. This number, deducted from 215, leaves 192 men; and yet "the crew was reduced to 190, and they were falling fast." Why, after having ostentatiously declared, that he, captain Mudge, not himself, his officers, and crew, "determined to sell the ship as dearly as possible," by the ungenerous announcement, that he "called a council of officers for their opinion," endeavour to divide with the latter the blame, if any attached, of striking the colours?

Captain Mudge's second private letter, according to the public papers, was addressed to his brother in law, and bears date on board the *Topaze*, August 10. It is too good a thing not to be given entire. "On my return from Jamaica to Barbadoes, I fell in with M. Baudin's squadron, cruising for our homeward-bound convoy. I fought the ship till she was cut to pieces, and then sunk. I cannot say what our loss is, as there have been no returns, the crew being all divided between the two frigates and two corvettes which engaged us. Twenty-one fell nobly within my own knowledge; I am afraid many more. I thank God the *Blanche* never wore French colours. Lieutenant Thomas Peebles, of the marines, was the only officer materially wounded: his legs were broken by a splinter. During the severe contest, the squadron was never without hail. I have the consolation of knowing they were so much damaged as to spoil their cruise; they all stood to the northward as soon as repaired, leaving the passage open to the convoy under a 20-gun ship."

After what has appeared, this letter will require very few comments. We may, however, just notice the extensive application given to the word "fell," as well as the singular circumstance, that captain Mudge should have had "no returns" of loss, when the late *Blanche*'s surgeon was a fellow-prisoner with him on board the *Topaze*; and when, three days previous to the date of the captain's letter to major Fletcher, the surgeon had enumerated that loss in a letter to a friend. And had captain Mudge really forgotten what he himself, in his official letter, had stated respecting the loss on board the *Blanche*?

One of captain Mudge's "two frigates," by his own account, mounted 22 guns. Nor was the *Département-des-Landes* so large, or so well armed a ship as the *Constance*, which, in the year 1800, gave captain Mudge his post-rank; and which, had he fought a battle in her, he would have been very indignant to have heard called a "frigate." M. Baudin was not "on a cruise," but bound straight from Martinique to France, and, besides being in the direct track to Europe, had made an excellent three days' run. The convoy, which did not sail from Tortola until twelve days after the *Blanche*'s capture, was therefore not the French captain's object; nor was the *Prose-lyte* its only protection, the *Illustrious* 74, and Barbadoes frigate being in her company.

We will conclude this case with stating, that, although she was "filling fast," at "half-past eleven," the *Blanche* did not sink till late in the evening; and not then, the wet state of her magazine preventing an explosion, until she had been burnt to the water's edge by her captors; nor until they had removed every man of her crew, wounded and well, and, no doubt, as many of her stores as they required. Nor, even at this time, had one of her masts fallen. Less fond of the heroics than his captain, the surgeon says, that the *Blanche*, when she struck, had six feet water in the hold; which accords tolerably well with captain Baudin's expression: "*Déjà de l'eau était dans sa calle,*" and accounts for his preferring her immediate and certain destruction by fire, to awaiting her tardy, and perhaps, in his opinion, doubtful destruction by sinking. In a respectable French account, M. Baudin is blamed for having destroyed the *Blanche*, when, according to the information afforded to the writer, he might so easily have manned and refitted her.

Now that we have taken the trouble to sift the chaff from the grain, we confess our inability to discover any thing calculated to distinguish this case of defence and surrender from others that have occurred; not, at least, on the score of superior merit. And yet, so much more easy does it appear to tell a good story, than to fight a good battle, "the glorious defence of the *Blanche*" has been blazoned all over Europe, and captain Mudge been praised to the skies for the skill, the valour, and the devotion he displayed.

The next extract we shall make, records the heroism of the captain of a packet and his valiant little crew.

On the 1st of October, in the morning, as the British Leeward-island packet *Windsor-Castle*, acting captain William Rogers, was in latitude 13 deg. 53 min. north, longitude 58 deg. 1 min. west, on her passage to Barbadoes with the mails, a privateer was seen approaching under all sail. The packet used her utmost exertions to escape; but, finding it impossible, began to prepare herself for making a stout resistance. At

noon the schooner got within gun-shot, hoisted French colours, and opened her fire ; which was immediately returned from the chase-guns of the Windsor-Castle. This was continued until the privateer came near, when she hailed the packet in very opprobrious terms, and desired her to strike her colours. On meeting a prompt refusal, the schooner ran alongside, grappled the packet, and attempted to board. In this the Frenchmen were unexpectedly defeated by the pikes of the packet's crew, and sustained a loss of eight or ten in killed and wounded. The privateer now endeavoured to cut away the grapplings and get clear ; but the packet's main yard, being locked in the schooner's rigging, held her fast.

Great exertions continued to be made on both sides ; and captain Rogers evinced considerable judgment and zeal in ordering part of his men to shift the mails as circumstances required, or to cut them away in case the privateer should succeed in the conflict. At about 3 P. M. one of the packet's guns, a 9-pounder carronade, loaded with double grape, canister, and 100 musket-balls, was brought to bear upon the privateer, and was discharged, with dreadful effect, at the moment the latter was making a second attempt to board. Soon after this, captain Rogers, followed by five men of his little crew, leaped upon the schooner's decks, and, notwithstanding the apparently overwhelming odds against him, succeeded in driving the privateer's men from their quarters, and ultimately in capturing the vessel.

The Windsor-Castle mounted six long 4-pounders and two 9-pounder carronades, with a complement of 28 men and boys ; of whom she had three killed and 10 severely wounded : her main yard and mizenmast were carried away, and her rigging, fore and aft, greatly damaged. The captured schooner was the *Jeune-Richard*, mounting six long 6-pounders and one long 18-pounder on a traversing carriage, with a complement, at the commencement of the action, of 92 men ; of whom 21 were found dead on her decks, and 33 wounded.

From the very superior number of the privateer's crew still remaining, great precaution was necessary in securing the prisoners. They were accordingly ordered up from below, one by one, and were placed in their own irons successively as they came up. Any attempt at a rescue being thus effectually guarded against, the packet proceeded, with her prize, to the port of her destination ; which, fortunately for the former, was not very far distant.

This achievement reflects the highest honour upon every officer, man, and boy, that was on board the Windsor-Castle ; and, in particular, the heroic valour of her commander, so decisive of the business, ranks above all praise. Had captain Rogers stayed to calculate the chances that were against him, the probability is, that the privateer would have ultimately succeeded in capturing the packet ; whose light carronades could have offered very little resistance at the usual distance at which vessels engage ; and whose very small crew, without such a *coup de main*, ay, and without such a leader, could never have brought the combat to a favourable issue.

There are many interesting passages and topics in the remaining volumes, which we still wish to bring before our readers. As, however, in the present Number we can give no more room to the subject, we shall return to it shortly.

KING'S AUSTRALIA.*

THE spirit of adventure, the love of distant enterprize, the thirst of strange sights, and the contempt of hardship and danger, which distinguish the British mariner of the right breed, give also a kindred charm to the narrative of his proceedings. The pleasantest of books is the description of a voyage to unknown lands. The love of novelty,

* Narrative of a Survey of the Intertropical and Western Coasts of Australia, performed between the years 1818 and 1822, by Captain Philip Parker King, R.N., F.R.S., F.L.S., and Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London ; with an Appendix, containing various subjects relating to Hydrography and Natural History, in two volumes ; illustrated by Plates, Charts, and Woodcuts. Murray, London. 1827.

which inspires the young Crusoe to roam, equally animates the reader of the fireside, with feet on fender, and back reclining on red morocco; he is agitated by reefs, breakers, and a lee-shore, and discovers a leak with breathless fear; a fair wind sets his heart bounding with enjoyment, and a secure anchorage and good watering seem to lull him into a delicious repose. Uncouth natives and strange customs are examined with surprise and curiosity; and all the humour, as well as all the danger of communication between the barbarous savages on land, with their paint, nose-rings, nakedness, spears, clubs, and caprice; and the civilized savages of the ship, with their slang, fun, looking-glasses, ribbons, biscuits, hatchets, and nails, are both fully felt, understood, and enjoyed by the gentleman, who, in all this variety of sympathy, never wanders above three yards from his bell-rope. The moment we lay hold of a book of voyages, the most agreeable train of associations takes possession of us. Robinson Crusoe, of course, forms a warm back-ground, and then the Buccaneers, Dampier, Biron, and Cook, and many, many others, from Purchas and his Pilgrims, down to Parry and Lyon, crowd the gay and alluring picture. Captain King is one of the right kind—a true English naval officer: bold and cool; firm and mild; dauntless in danger and ready in difficulty; persevering, adventurous, generous, and, like all his brethren, pious. His book, too, though not exactly a book of discovery, is a survey of what was so imperfectly known, that it possesses all the charm of novelty. The service he was sent upon demanded scientific acquirements of a superior cast; moral qualities of a high order; it was highly dangerous, very important, and very trying, both to health, temper, and talent. In all respects he seems to have acquitted himself well. We have read many works which have contained rarer and pleasanter matter, but none more uniformly sensible, unpretending, and to the point. His voyages possess a charm which more formal outfits do not possess; a North Pole discovery ship is so carefully studied, arranged, and provided, that her very completeness and perfection detract somewhat from our interest in the accidents of her crew. Captain King was sent out alone; in Port Jackson he bought his vessel, such as it was, a cutter; he collected his crew himself, and set out almost as independent, and nearly as ill-found, as a buccaneer of old.

A voyage of survey is, of course, less likely to abound in subjects of a popular interest than a voyage of discovery. The objects of scientific observers must lead them slowly over the ground; and the ascertaining the extent of a shoal, or the position of a rock, though a most anxious and useful employment, is a tedious affair in description. The chart which is covered with soundings is a scene of delight to the mariner, for it speaks to him of security and repose, but to the general eye we do not know a more barren or unpicturesque object. The coasts of Australia have been, however, so rarely visited, and still retain so much of the character of the former appendage to their name of incognita, that, though the labour of the surveyor is chiefly confined to the business of taking observations, which only end in numerals, still figures of a more curious kind are constantly flitting before his glass. It is true that Captain King's book is chiefly a book of business; it will be a most valued companion to all whose affairs lead them round the coasts of this vast continent, though to the voyager at

home it does not afford all the amusement he might be led to expect; at the same time, so rich is Australia in all the productions of nature, and so remarkable is it for the character of its inhabitants, and so manifest are the indications of future greatness, wealth, and power, in its colonies and intended settlements, that it would be impossible for any man, much less the author of these volumes, to visit its shores without discovering numerous topics of interest. The future prospects of this country are so imposing, its present interests are so important to us, and the danger to all navigators on its coasts are so great, that we cannot be surprised that it should be an object with the admiralty and the colonial department to enlarge their knowledge concerning it. Doubtless an accurate nautical survey of the coasts was an object of the most direct and immediate utility; but were the views of official men a little more open to the advantages of general research, a little more alive to the progress and advancement of the natural sciences, surely the expedition would not have been limited to a simple taking of bearings and soundings. One botanist, it is true, was joined with Captain King; every other branch of natural history was neglected, and that, too, in a country which revels in its abundance of zoological curiosities. Surely the expense would not have been very materially increased, and the service would not have been in the least impeded, had two or three other professors of natural science been added to the expedition. But when the benefit of a medical attendant was not allowed to Captain King for his long and arduous voyages, it is scarcely to be wondered at that zoology was neglected. The French, in their splendid equipment of M. de Freycinet's expedition, set a different and most laudable example. It should be remembered, that though we have flourishing colonies in this Australia, that it must be a very long time before these colonies can contribute to make the continent, in a nook of which they are settled, much better known. The space from the northern to its southern shore is twice the breadth of the continent that lies between the Baltic and the Mediterranean. Of the interior of this vast territory, nothing seems to be ascertained; and how little was accurately known of the coasts may be quickly seen by any one who will take the trouble to compare Captain King's chart with any former one. It is nearly three centuries since we became acquainted with the existence of the Great South Land, or *Terra Australis Incognita*, and until the last century very little had been done towards an accurate knowledge of its coasts. Dampier, in his celebrated *Buccaneer's Voyages* in 1688, visited the north-west coast, and gives a faithful and circumstantial account of Cygnet Bay. He afterwards visited the west and north-west coasts in his Majesty's ship *Roebuck*; and in his description of them, Captain King states "that he has not only been very minute and particular, but, as far as he could judge, exceedingly correct. Within the last fifty years, Cook, Vancouver, Bligh, D'Entrecasteur, Flinders, and Baudin, have gradually thrown a considerable light upon this extraordinary continent. The whole, however, of the north, north-west, and western shores remained to be explored. For this purpose, in 1817, Lieutenant King was sent to New South Wales. The governor had orders to procure him a vessel, which, after much delay and some vexation, was found and fitted up for the purpose; and in December 1817 he left Port Jackson

in the Mermaid cutter, eighty-four tons, with two mates, two young men to assist in the survey, a botanical collector, Mr. Allan Cunningham, and twelve seamen and five boys, making altogether a crew of eighteen. Three voyages were made in the cutter, after which she was found to be so much damaged, and so thoroughly out of repair, that a brig, the Bathurst, was purchased, and the fourth and last voyage performed in it.

After having given this general idea of the nature of the expedition, we shall certainly not attempt to follow the navigator in his different tracks about the continent, but confine ourselves merely to the anecdotes of popular interest to be found in the work. These almost entirely relate to the natives, the irredeemable savages of Australia, whom no kindness, no severity, no instruction can improve; the wily, capricious, intemperate, and ill-natured fish-spearer of New Holland. Of all the attempts made by the crew of the Mermaid to establish communication with these savages, and they were most numerous, persevering, and indefatigable, only one succeeded. Anecdote after anecdote shows that these creatures are made of the most impracticable materials, and seems to verify the scale of humanity which has placed them at the very lowest link which connects the brute and the man. The anecdotes which we shall extract from the Survey will, altogether, form an instructive chapter in anthropology.

The first traces of natives the navigators meet with are some huts. The description of a New Hollander's palace shows that he is very little removed from the brute creation; a beaver makes a better house. In his grave the savage of Australia occupies more room than during his life.

Upon further search we found their encampment; it consisted of three or four dwellings of a very different description from any that we had before, or have since seen; they were of a conical shape, not more than three feet high, and not larger than would conveniently contain one person; they were built of sticks, stuck in the ground, and being united at the top, supported a roof of bark, which was again covered with sand, so that the hut looked more like a sand hillock than the abode of a human creature: the opening was at one side, and about eighteen inches in diameter; but even this could be reduced when they were inside, by heaping the sand up before it. In one of the huts were found several strips of bamboo, and some fishing-nets, rudely made of the fibres of the bark of trees.

The first interview with the natives ends in the loss of a theodolite.

The day being Sunday, our intention was, after taking bearings from the summit of Luxmore Head, to delay our further proceeding until the next morning, but the circumstance that occurred kept us so much on the alert, that it was any thing but a day of rest. Having landed at the foot of the hill we ascended its summit, but found it so thickly wooded as to deprive us of the view we had anticipated; but, as there were some openings in the trees through which a few distant objects could be distinguished, we made preparations to take their bearings, and while the boat's crew were landing the theodolite, our party were amusing themselves on the top of the hill.

Suddenly however, but fortunately before we had dispersed, we were surprised by natives, who, coming forward armed with spears, obliged us very speedily to retreat to the boat; and in the *saute qui peut* sort of way in which we ran down the hill, at which we have frequently since laughed very heartily, our theodolite stand and Mr. Cunningham's insect-net were left behind, which they instantly seized upon. I had fired my fowling-piece at an iguana just before the appearance of the natives, so that we were without any means of defence; but, having reached the boat without accident, where we had our muskets ready, a parley was commenced for the purpose of recovering our losses. After exchanging a silk-handkerchief for a dead bird, which they threw into

the water for us to pick up, we made signs that we wanted fresh water, upon which they directed us to go round the point, and upon our pulling in that direction, they followed us, skipping from rock to rock with surprising dexterity and speed. As soon as we reached the sandy beach, on the north side of Luxmore Head, they stopped and invited us to land, which we should have done, had it not been that the noises they made soon collected a large body of natives, who came running from all directions to their assistance; and, in a short time, there were twenty-eight or thirty natives assembled. After a short parley with them, in which they repeatedly asked for axes by imitating the action of chopping, we went on board, intimating to them our intention of returning with some, which we would give to them upon the restoration of the stand, which they immediately understood and assented to. The natives had three dogs with them.

On our return to the beach, the natives had again assembled, and shouted loudly as we approached. Besides the whale-boat, in which Mr. Bedwell was stationed with an armed party ready to fire if any hostility commenced, we had our jolly-boat, in which I led the way with two men, and carried with me two tomahawks and some chisels. On pulling near the beach the whole party came down and waded into the water towards us; and, in exchange for a few chisels and files, gave us two baskets, one containing fresh water and the other was full of the fruit of the sago-palm, which grows here in great abundance. The basket containing the water was conveyed to us by letting it float on the sea, for their timidity would not let them approach us near enough to place it in our hands; but that containing the fruit, not being buoyant enough to swim, did not permit of this method, so that, after much difficulty, an old man was persuaded to deliver it. This was done in the most cautious manner, and as soon as he was sufficiently near the boat he dropped, or rather threw the basket into my hand, and immediately retreated to his companions, who applauded his feat by a loud shout of approbation. In exchange for this I offered him a tomahawk, but his fears would not allow him to come near the boat to receive it. Finding nothing could induce the old man to approach us a second time, I threw it towards him, and upon his catching it the whole tribe began to shout and laugh in the most extravagant way. As soon as they were quiet we made signs for the theodolite stand, which, for a long while, they would not understand; at one time they pretended to think by our pointing towards it, that we meant some spears that were lying near a tree, which they immediately removed: the stand was then taken up by one of their women, and upon our pointing to her, they feigned to think that she was the object of our wishes, and immediately left a female standing up to her middle in the water, and retired to some distance to await our proceedings. On pulling towards the woman, who, by the way, could not have been selected by them either for her youth or beauty, she frequently repeated the words "Ven aca, Ven aca," accompanied with an invitation to land; but, as we approached, she retired towards the shore; when suddenly two natives, who had slowly walked towards us, sprang into the water, and made towards the boat with surprising celerity, jumping at each step entirely out of the sea, although it was so deep as to reach their thighs. Their intention was evidently to seize the remaining tomahawk which I had been endeavouring to exchange for the stand, and the foremost had reached within two or three yards of the boat, when I found it necessary, in order to prevent his approach, to threaten to strike him with a wooden club, which had the desired effect. At this moment one of the natives took up the stand, and upon our pointing at him, they appeared to comprehend our object; a consultation was held over the stand, which was minutely examined; but, as it was mounted with brass, and, perhaps, on that account, appeared to them more valuable than a tomahawk, they declined giving it up, and gradually dispersed: or, rather, pretended so to do, for a party of armed natives was observed to conceal themselves under some mangrove bushes near the beach, whilst two canoes were plying about near at hand to entice our approach; the stratagem, however, did not succeed, and we lay off upon our oars for some time without making any movement. Soon afterwards the natives, finding that we had no intention of following them, left their canoes, and performed a dance in the water, which very conspicuously displayed their great muscular power: the dance consisted chiefly of the performers leaping two or three times successively out of the sea, and then violently moving their legs so as to agitate the water into foam for some distance around them, all the time shouting loudly and laughing immoderately; then they would run through the water for eight or ten yards and perform again: and this was repeated over and over as long as the dance lasted. We were all thoroughly disgusted with them, and felt a degree of distrust that could not be conquered. The men were more muscular and better formed than any we had before seen; they were daubed over

with a yellow pigment, which was the colour of the neighbouring cliff; their hair was long and curly, and appeared to be clotted with a whitish paint. During the time of our parley the natives had their spears close at hand, for those who were in the water had them floating near them, and those who were on the beach had them either buried in the sand, or carried them between their toes, in order to deceive us and to appear unarmed; and in this they succeeded, until one of them was detected, when we were pulling towards the woman, by his stooping down and picking up his spear.

Finding that we had no chance of recovering our loss, we returned on board, when the natives also withdrew from the beach, and did not afterwards show themselves.

Savages are generally thieves, but the New Hollander by nature far outshines all that art has done for the sojourner at Botany Bay. The first thing a native does is to attempt to get behind high grass or a bush, and spear you with his *boomerang*; if he fails, he puts his spear between his toes, and trails it along the ground, to escape observation, then comes forward, and commences by asking in detail for every thing he sees; being, of course, disappointed, he gets furious; tries to use his spear; is terrified by the sight of a musket; *civilises*; thrusts his hands into all your pockets, and ends with going off with your hat or hatchet under his arm.

At daylight the following morning I was much surprised by being told that five canoes were paddling off to the cutter, four of which only held each one native, but the fifth, being rather larger, contained two.

On approaching the cutter they laid off until invited to come alongside; when they approached without the least alarm or hesitation, and made signs for something to eat; some biscuit was given to them, which they ate, and, unlike all other Australian savages, appeared to relish its taste. Some little persuasion was necessary to induce them to venture on board; but as soon as one mounted the ladder the others followed. Their astonishment was considerably excited at every thing that they saw, particularly at our poultry and live stock. Fishing hooks and lines were gladly received by them; and, in return, they gave us their baskets and turtle pegs; they remained with us for half an hour; upon leaving the vessel, they pointed out their huts, and invited us, by signs, to return their visit.

As soon as they had left us, Mr. Bedwell and Mr. Cunningham went to the islet off the west end of Goold Island, and on their way met two other canoes, containing three men, coming to the cutter from another part of the bay; after a short communication with our party they paid us the intended visit, and were soon induced to come on board, where they remained for half an hour, without betraying the least fear or anxiety for their safety: before they took their leave we had clothed them with some damaged slops; and, in order to give each something, the feet of a pair of worsted stockings were cut off to make socks for one, whilst the legs were placed on another's arms; a leathern cap was given to each of them, and thus accoutred, and making a most ridiculous appearance, they left us, highly delighted with themselves and with the reception they had met with.

As soon as they reached a little distance they began to divest themselves of their attire, and we had much amusement in witnessing the difficulty under which the wearer of a shirt laboured to get it off.

Their canoes were not more than five feet long, and generally too small for two people; two small strips of bark, five or six inches square, serves the double purpose of paddling and for baling the water out, which they are constantly obliged to do to prevent their canoe from sinking; in shoal water the paddles are superseded by a pole, by which this fragile bark is propelled. We endeavoured to persuade them to bring off some spears to barter, for they had no weapon of any description with them, but they evidently would not understand our meaning. In the evening our gentlemen proceeded to return these visits, at the spot which was pointed out by our morning guests: on landing they were met by the natives and conducted to their huts, where they saw the whole of the male part of this tribe, which consisted of fifteen, of whom two were old and decrepit, and one of these was reduced to a perfect skeleton by ulcerated sores on his legs, that had eaten away the flesh, and left large portions of the bone bare; and this miserable object was wasting away without any application or covering to his sores.

No teeth were deficient in their jaws; all had the septum-narium perforated, but without wearing any appendage in it. The only ornament they appeared to possess, was a bracelet of plaited hair, worn round the upper arm. An open wicker basket, neatly and even tastefully made of strips of the *flagellaria indica*, was obtained from one of them by Mr. Roe, in which they carry their food and fishing lines; besides which, each native has his gourd, the fruit of the *cucurbita lagenaria*, which grows plentifully on all parts of the beach, and furnishes a very useful vessel to these simple savages, for the purpose of carrying water.

The next interview with the natives is marked by a curious incident, the effect of a looking-glass upon these savages.

In order to divert them, and obtain as much information as we could, whilst the boat's crew were filling the water-casks, we seated ourselves on the grass, and commenced a conversation that was perfectly unintelligible to each other, accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures, a species of buffoonery that is always acceptable to the natives of this part of the world, and on more than one occasion has been particularly useful to us. An attempt was made to procure a vocabulary of their language, but without success, for we were soon obliged, from their impatience, to give it up. Not so easily, however, were they diverted from their object, for every article of our dress, and every thing we carried, they asked for with the greatest importunity; our refusal disappointed them so much, that they could not avoid showing the hostile feelings they had evidently begun to entertain towards us. Seeing this, I took an opportunity of convincing them of our power; and, after some difficulty, persuaded the native that carried the spear, to throw it at a paper-mark, placed against a bush, at the distance of twelve yards. He launched it twice, but, much to his mortification, without striking the object. Mr. Hunter then fired, and perforated the paper with shot, which increased the shame that the native and his companions evidently felt upon the occasion: Mr. Hunter then killed a small bird that was skipping about the branches of an overhanging tree; upon the bird being given to them, they impatiently and angrily examined it all over, and particularly scrutinized the wound that caused its death.

We now found that the proved superiority of our weapons, instead of quieting them, only served to inflame their anger the more; and we were evidently on the point of an open rupture. One of them seized the theodolite-stand, which I carried in my hand, and I was obliged to use force to retain it. They then made signs to Mr. Hunter to send his gun to the boat; this was of course refused, upon which one of them seized it, and it was only by wrenching it from his grasp, that Mr. Hunter repossessed himself of it.

Many little toys were now given to them, on receiving which, their countenances relaxed into a smile; and peace would perhaps have been restored, had we not unfortunately presented them with a looking-glass, in which they were, for the first time, witnesses of their hideous countenances, which were rendered still more savage from the ill-humour they were in. They now became openly angry; and, in very unequivocal terms, ordered us away. Fortunately, the Indian that carried the spear was the least ill-tempered of the party, or we should not perhaps have retreated without being under the necessity of firing in self-defence.

We retired, however, without any further rupture, and left them seated on the bank, whence they continued to watch our movements until the boat was loaded and we left the shore. They then came down to the beach, and searched about for whatever things we might accidentally have left behind; and, after examining with great attention some marks that, for amusement, some of our party had scratched upon the sand, they separated. The old man and the two boys embarked in a canoe, and paddled round the point towards the Cape, in which direction also the other two natives bent their steps.

The tall, slender form of the Port Jackson natives, and their other peculiarities of long curly hair, large heads, and spare limbs, are equally developed in the inhabitants of this part. The bodies of these people are, however, considerably more scarified than their countrymen to the southward, and their teeth are perfect. One of our visitors had a fillet of plaited grass, whitened by pigment, bound round his head, and this was the only ornament worn by them.

The spear was of very rude form, and seemed to be a branch of the mangrove-tree made straight by the effect of fire: it did not appear that they used the throwing-stick.

Again the natives show their evil temper—the following is an account of an affair with them.

On the following day, when our people resumed their occupation, they were again cautioned not to trust to the apparent absence of the natives. In the afternoon Mr. Roe walked along the beach with his gun in quest of birds: on his way he met Mr. Hunter returning from a walk, in which he had encountered no recent signs of the Indians. This information emboldened Mr. Roe to wander farther than was prudent, and in the mean time Mr. Hunter returned to our party in order to go on board; he had, however, scarcely reached our station when the report of a musket and Mr. Roe's distant shouting were heard. The people immediately seized their arms and hastened to his relief, and by this prompt conduct probably saved his life.

It appeared that, after parting from Mr. Hunter, he left the beach and pursued his walk among the trees; he had not proceeded more than fifty yards when he fired at a bird: he was cautious enough to reload before he moved from the spot in search of his game, but this was scarcely done before a *boomerang* whizzed past his head, and struck a tree close by with great force. Upon looking round towards the verge of the cliff, which was about twenty yards off, he saw several natives; who, upon finding they were discovered, set up a loud and savage yell, and threw another *boomerang* and several spears at him, all of which providentially missed. Emboldened by their numbers and by his apparent defenceless situation, they were following up the attack by a nearer approach, when he fired amongst them, and, for a moment, stopped their advance. Mr. Roe's next care was to reload, but to his extreme mortification and dismay he found his cartouch box had turned round in the belt, and every cartridge had dropped out: being thus deprived of his ammunition, and having no other resource left but to make his escape, he turned round, and ran towards the beach; at the same time shouting loudly, to apprise our people of his danger. He was now pursued by three of the natives, whilst the rest ran along the cliff to cut off his retreat.

On his reaching the edge of the water, he found the sand so soft that at every step his feet sunk three or four inches, which so distressed him and impeded his progress, that he must soon have fallen overpowered with fatigue, had not the sudden appearance of our people, at the same time that it inspired him with fresh hopes of escape, arrested the progress of the natives, who, after throwing two or three spears without effect, stopped, and gave him time to join our party, quite spent with the extraordinary effort he had made to save his life.

Whilst this event occurred, I was employed on board in constructing my rough chart; but upon Mr. Roe's being seen from the deck in the act of running along the beach pursued by the Indians, I hastened on shore, determined, if possible, to punish them for such unprovoked hostility. Upon landing, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Roe, and one of the men joined me in pursuit of the natives; but, from our comparatively slow movements, and our ignorance of the country, we returned after an hour without having seen any signs of them; in the evening, before our people left off work, we made another circuitous walk, but with the same bad success. The natives had taken the alarm, and nothing more was seen of them during the remainder of our stay, excepting the smoke of their fires, which appeared over the trees at the back of the island.

These extraordinary beings appear to know something of the nature of British sailors, by the singular species of decoy which on one occasion they used.

Among the natives was a young woman, whom they repeatedly offered us by using the most significant signs; which she also endeavoured to strengthen by appropriate gestures on her part; but our inclinations were not consonant with the opportunity so pressing, but so suspiciously, offered. After our declining this honour, they occasionally laid their hands upon our clothes to detain us, but it did not require much force to make them quit their hold. One of the men having seized my gun, I drew it out of his hand rather roughly; but, accompanied at the same moment with the friendly gesture of patting his breast, the recovery was happily effected without exciting his anger.

In another attempt at communication, the surgeon who joined Captain King in his fourth voyage, was wounded in the back severely; however, they do not seem to be good marksmen—not better than our

men with the muskets, who proved themselves such bad shots, that Captain King on one occasion absolutely regrets ("except for the sake of humanity") that he had not killed one of them for the honour of our arms—(see vol. ii. p. 24.) The savages had begun to think that the discharge of a musket laden with balls was attended by nothing but a very big noise.

While our people were employed the next morning in washing the decks, they heard at a distance the voices of natives; at eight o'clock they were again heard, and at ten o'clock they were close by: shortly afterwards three, of whom one was a woman, were seen standing on the rocks waving their arms. Being curious to communicate with the inhabitants of this part of the coast, since we had not seen any between this and Vansittart Bay, a party, consisting of the surgeon, Mr. Bedwell, Mr. Baskerville, and myself, went on shore to the place where the natives were seated waiting for us. Bundell, who generally accompanied us on these occasions divested of his clothes, stood up in the bow of the boat, and, as we approached the shore, made signs of friendship, which the natives returned, and appeared quite unconcerned at our approach. On landing, we climbed the rocks on which the two men were standing, when we found that the woman had walked away: upon our approach, they retired a few paces, and evidently eyed us in a distrustful manner; but, as they had dropped their spears, and repeated the sign of peace that we had made to them, we did not hesitate to walk towards them unarmed, desiring the boat's crew to be prepared with the muskets, if called. When we joined them they had their spears poised ready to throw, but on our presenting them with some of the fish that we had caught the preceding evening, they dropped their spears, and immediately returned us something in exchange; one gave a belt, made of opossum fur, to Bundell; and the other, the tallest of the two, gave me a club that he carried in his hand, a short stick about eighteen inches long, pointed at both ends. This exchange of presents appeared to establish a mutual confidence between us, and, to strengthen it, I presented my friend with a clasped knife, after showing him its use, the possession of which appeared to give him great pleasure.

By this time Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Bedwell joined us; the latter gentleman was unarmed, but the former had a pistol concealed under his coat, and carried a fish, which he held out for them to take; but, as they would not approach us nearer than two or three yards, he threw it towards them, when the shortest native picked it up. Upon this accession to our numbers, they began to talk to each other, and, at the same time, picked up their spears; but, as the latter appeared only to be a cautionary movement, we did not anticipate their mischievous intentions. I then, with a view to amuse them, made signs to my friend for the knife, which he put into my hands without showing the least reluctance, upon which he was again instructed how to open and shut it; but as this, instead of pacifying, only served to increase their anger, the knife was thrown at his feet, which he instantly picked up, and then both retired a few paces in a very suspicious manner.

We were at this time about three or four yards from the natives, who were talking to each other in a most animated way, and evidently intent upon some object; and, as it appeared probable that, if we remained any longer, a rupture would ensue, it was proposed that our party should retire to the boat, under the idea that they would follow us down; no sooner, however, had we waved to them our farewell, and turned our backs to descend the rocks, than they unexpectedly, and in the most treacherous manner, threw their spears; one of which, striking a rock, broke and fell harmless to the ground, but the other, which was thrown by the tallest man, wounded Mr. Montgomery in the back; the natives then, without waiting to throw their second spears, made off, closely pursued by Bundell, who had armed himself with the broken spear; but they were out of sight in a moment, and, by the time that the muskets were brought to our assistance, were doubtless out of gun-shot. A pursuit was, however, commenced, but our progress was so much impeded by the rugged and rocky nature of the ground, and by the abundance and intricate growth of the shrubs and trees, that we very soon desisted, and returned to the boat, to which Mr. Montgomery had been in the mean time carried, complaining of great weakness from loss of blood.

Upon examining Mr. Montgomery's wound, which unfortunately was in such a part of his body that he could not himself inspect it, it appeared that the spear had penetrated about three inches; and, from the quantity of extravasated blood, great fears were entertained that he had received a very serious internal injury. The wound,

from which he was suffering very great pain, was dressed according to his instructions, but it was several days before he considered himself out of danger.

A successful attempt was made to establish a friendly intercourse with the savages about Oyster Bay, in King George's Sound ; and, in one instance, an individual was found who seemed to be capable of something like attachment. The sailors actually established a friendship with a gentleman, whom they endued with ancient trowsers, shaved, and christened "Jack." This is the solitary piece of humanity found by Captain King in four long voyages, lasting from the year 1817 to 1822.

On returning on board, we desired the native who had remained behind to go ashore to his companions, but it was with great reluctance that he was persuaded to leave us. Whilst on board, our people had fed him plentifully with biscuit, yams, pudding, tea, and grog, of which he ate and drank as if he was half famished ; and after being crammed with this strange mixture, and very patiently submitting his beard to the operation of shaving, he was clothed with a shirt and a pair of trowsers, and christened "Jack," by which name he was afterwards always called, and to which he readily answered. As soon as he reached the shore, his companions came to meet him, to hear an account of what had transpired during their absence, as well as to examine his new habiliments, which, as may be conceived, had effected a very considerable alteration in his appearance, and at the same time that the change created much admiration on the part of his companions, it raised him very considerably in his own estimation. It was, however, a substitution that did not improve his appearance ; in fact, he cut but a sorry figure, in our eyes, in his checquered shirt and tarry trowsers, when standing amongst his companions, with their long beards and kangaroo-skin mantles thrown carelessly over their shoulders.

Upon being accosted by his companions, Jack was either sullen with them, or angry with us for sending him on shore, for without deigning to reply to their questions, he separated himself from them, and after watching us in silence for some time, walked quietly and slowly away, followed at a distance by his friends, who were lost in wonder at what could have happened to their sulky companion. The grog that he had been drinking had probably taken effect upon his head, and, although the quantity was very trifling, he might have been a little stupefied.

At daylight the following morning the natives had again collected on both sides, and upon the jolly-boat's landing the people to examine the wells, Jack, having quite recovered his good humour, got into the boat and came on board. The natives on the opposite side were vociferous to visit us, and were holding long conversations with Jack, who explained every thing to them in a song, to which they would frequently exclaim in full chorus the words—"Cai, cai, cai, cai, caigh," which they always repeated when any thing was shown that excited their surprise. Finding we had no intention of sending a boat for them, they amused themselves in fishing. Two of them were watching a small seal that, having been left by the tide on the bank, was endeavouring to waddle towards the deep water ; at last one of the natives, fixing his spear in its throwing-stick, advanced very cautiously, and, when within ten or twelve yards, lanced it, and pierced the animal through the neck, when the other instantly ran up and struck his spear into it also, and then beating it about the head with a small hammer, very soon despatched it.

This event collected the whole tribe to the spot, who assisted in landing their prize, and washing the sand off the body ; they then carried the animal to their fire at the edge of the grass, and began to devour it even before it was dead. Curiosity induced Mr. Cunningham and myself to view this barbarous feast, and we landed about ten minutes after it had commenced. The moment the boat touched the sand, the natives, springing up and throwing their spears away into the bushes, ran down towards us ; and, before we could land, had all seated themselves in the boat ready to go on board, but they were obliged to wait whilst we landed to witness their savage feast. On going to the place we found an old man seated over the remains of the carcass, two-thirds of which had already disappeared ; he was holding a long strip of the raw flesh in his left hand, and tearing it off the body with a sort of knife ; a boy was also feasting with him, and both were too intent upon their breakfast to notice us, or to be the least disconcerted at our looking on. We, however, were very soon satisfied, and walked

away perfectly disgusted with the sight of so horrible a repast, and the intolerable stench occasioned by the effluvia that arose from the dying animal, combined with that of the bodies of the natives, who had daubed themselves from head to foot, with a pigment made of a red ochreous earth mixed up with seal-oil.

We then conveyed the natives, who had been waiting with great patience in the boat for our return, to the vessel, and permitted them to go on board. Whilst they remained with us, Mr. Baskerville took a man from each mess to the oyster-bank; here he was joined by an Indian carrying some spears and a throwing-stick, but on Mr. Baskerville's calling for a musket that was in the boat, (to the use of which they were not strangers,) he laid aside his spears, which probably were only carried for the purpose of striking fish, and assisted our people in collecting the oysters. As soon as they had procured a sufficient quantity, they returned on board, when as it was breakfast time, our visitors were sent on shore, highly pleased with their reception, and with the biscuit and pudding which the people had given them to eat. They were very attentive to the mixture of a pudding, and a few small dumplings were made and given to them, which they put on the bars of the fire-place, but, being too impatient to wait until they were baked, ate them in a doughy state with much relish.

Three new faces appeared on the east side, who were brought on board after breakfast, and permitted to remain until dinner time: one of them, an old man, was very attentive to the sail-maker's cutting out a boat's sail, and at his request was presented with all the strips which were of no use. When it was completed, a small piece of canvas was missing, upon which the old man, being suspected of having secreted it, was slightly examined, but nothing was found upon him: after this, while the people were looking about the deck, the old rogue assisted in the search, and appeared quite anxious to find it; he, however, very soon walked away towards another part of the deck, and interested himself in other things. This conduct appeared so suspicious, that I sent the sail-maker to examine the old man more closely, when the lost piece was found concealed under his left arm, which was covered by the cloak he wore of kangaroo-skin. This circumstance afforded me a good opportunity of showing them our displeasure at so flagrant a breach of the confidence we had reposed in them; I therefore went up to him, and, assuming as ferocious a look as I could, shook him violently by the shoulders. At first he laughed, but afterwards, when he found I was in earnest, became much alarmed: upon which, his two companions, who were both boys, wanted to go on shore; this, however, was not permitted until I had made peace with the old man, and put them all in good humour by feeding them heartily upon biscuit. The two boys were soon satisfied; but the old man appeared ashamed and conscious of his guilt; and although he was frequently afterwards with us, yet he always hung down his head, and sneaked into the back-ground.

We have the pleasure of meeting with our friend "Jack" once more.

They were now quite tractable, and never persisted in doing any thing against our wishes. The words "bye and bye" were so often used by us in answer to their *cauwah*, or "come here," that their meaning was perfectly understood, and always satisfied the natives, since we made it a strict rule never to disappoint them of any thing that was promised, an attention to which is of the utmost importance in communicating with savages. Every evening that they visited us they received something, but as a biscuit was the most valuable present that could be made, each native was always presented with one upon his leaving the vessel: during the day they were busily occupied in manufacturing spears, knives, and hammers, for the evening's barter; and when they came in the morning, they generally brought a large collection, which their wives had probably made in their absence.

On the 29th, we had completed our holds with wood and water, and prepared to leave the harbour. In the morning there was thirteen feet water at the buoy, which had been moored on the deepest part of the bar, the depth of which, during the two preceding days, had been frequently sounded.

In the evening we were visited by twenty-four natives, among whom was our friend Jack. When they found us preparing to go away, they expressed great sorrow at our departure, particularly Jack, who was more than usually entertaining, but kept, as he always did, at a distance from his companions, and treated them with the greatest disdain. When the time came to send them on shore, he endeavoured to avoid accompanying them, and, as usual, was the last to go into the boat; instead, however, of following them, he went into a boat on the opposite side of the brig, that was preparing to go for a load of water, evidently expecting to be allowed to return in her.

This friendly Indian had become a great favorite with us all, and was allowed to

visit us whenever he chose, and to do as he pleased ; he always wore the shirt that had been given to him on the first day, and endeavoured to imitate every thing that our people were employed upon ; particularly the carpenter and sail-maker at their work : he was the only native who did not manufacture spears for barter, for he was evidently convinced of the superiority of our weapons, and laughed heartily whenever a bad and carelessly-made spear was offered to us for sale : for the natives, finding we took every thing, were not very particular in the form or manufacture of the articles they brought to us. He was certainly the most intelligent native of the whole tribe, and if we had remained longer, would have afforded us much information of this part of the country ; for we were becoming more and more intelligible to each other every day : he frequently accompanied Mr. Cunningham in his walks, and not only assisted him in carrying his plants, but occasionally added to the specimens he was collecting.

The next morning (30th), the anchors were weighed, and the warps laid out, but from various delays we did not reach a birth sufficiently near the bar to make sail from, until the water had fallen too much to allow our passing it : the brig was therefore moored in the stream of the tide.

On a subsequent visit made to this spot by the " Bathurst," various inquiries were made for " Jack," of the individuals who had been in the habit of seeing him with the crew, but no one did understand, or would acknowledge that he understood, the meaning of the demand. Specimens are given of the language spoken by the different natives, as collected from various parts of the continent, but not in sufficient quantity to form any very rational theory on their difference or resemblance. The character of the people is so unvaried, that they are, beyond a doubt, of the same race. It is the opinion of Forster, that they are not an original people, but of a Malay stock. In spite of this authority, we are strongly inclined to entertain a contrary opinion. Lieutenant Roe, formerly one of Captain King's mates, and now employed on the same coast in a further survey, in a letter written to his late captain, describes another interview he had had with the natives. He was struck by the presence among them of an individual who was clearly not of them, but, as he imagined, originally Malay. He marks the difference by a trait which indicates the entire absence of any relationship between the New Holland and the Malay races.

On the second day of their visit, I was greatly astonished to see amongst them a young man of about twenty years of age, not darker in colour than a Chinese, but with perfect Malay features, and like all the rest, entirely naked : he had daubed himself all over with soot and grease, to appear like the others, but the difference was plainly perceptible. On perceiving that he was the object of our conversation, a certain archness and lively expression came over his countenance, which a native Australian would have strained his features in vain to have produced : the natives appeared to be very fond of him. It seems probable that he must have been kidnapped when very young, or found while astray in the woods.

The principal part of the second volume is occupied by memoirs of very considerable scientific value. With the very small means possessed by Captain King, we are really surprised that he should have collected so much valuable scientific material. The most has been made of it by the able hands into which it has been put. Of the entomological department, it is sufficient to say, that the description of Captain King's collection is by Mr. Macleay, the man who has carried genius into the science of which he is the undoubted master.

TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL.*

This is an extremely piquant and ingenious satire on politicians of all parties and denominations. In its pages the aristocratical, gentlemanly, twaddling whig; the interested, profligate tory; the demeratic declaimer; the pompous, empty man in office; and though last, not least, the surfeited and satisfied high churchman; all figure in their most ludicrous phases—nor should we omit to mention, that the conceited utilitarian comes in for his share of ridicule; which, though brief, is of a pleasant pungency. Such a book is much to our tastes, as we infinitely prefer laughing at the extravagances of the world, to bewailing them; and think that we are fairly entitled to indemnify ourselves for the vexations inflicted upon us by certain common plagues, by extracting merriment from them. It is wise to turn our troubles to pleasures, if by any alchymy we can do so. It is in the order of things that we should be fleeced by profligate Tories, tithed by oily parsons, bamboozled by Whigs, stunned by noisy Radicals, and preached into trances by super-sage utilitarians,—and if we must suffer, can we do better than laugh? Whether we can do better or not, the author of Truckleborough Hall compels us to relax our muscles; and the crime, if a crime it be, must lie at his door. While we bear testimony to his amusing powers, we must for the sake of our critical reputation observe, that his satire is not bottomed on philosophy. He has a nice perception of the ridiculous, but does not appear to possess the faculty of tracing the moral phenomena he diverts himself with, to their true causes; and sometimes blunders when he endeavours to be most profound. We have observed in many men who have a quick perception of the ridiculous, that though irresistible in analysis—in taking things to pieces—they are utterly powerless when they apply themselves to combinations, to argument *à priori*, to synthetical induction; and that they are apt either to overlook principles altogether, or to make a very bungling use of them. They seem to find truth by the method of exhaustion, as thus—“this is false, and this is false, and this is false, I know; and here is something, the quality of which I do not recognize as falsehood, therefore I suppose it is truth; but what is to be done with it I cannot for the life of me imagine; nor do I much care.” These men find truth, as hogs grub up truffles, without enjoying the fruits of their discovery; or, like pointers, they serve to mark the place of the game which the sportsmen bring down; and like the best of pointers, too, they occasionally make a most sober and imposing stand at a lark. This is occasionally the case with our author; we remark that he sometimes mistakes the game, and stands with raised paw and most sagacious air, on a false scent. But to say that he does not unite all qualities, that he is not at once Bentham and Voltaire, is no detraction. Such combinations are never seen in the world; and a shrewd observer is to be valued, though he be not, at the same time, a profound philosopher. It is, in fact, a circumstance really creditable to the author, that we are induced to observe on his deficiency in philosophy, because his book is constantly suggesting philosophical reflection, though not founded on

* Truckleborough Hall, a Novel. 3 Vols. 8vo. London, Colburn, 1827.

it. The principal personage in the work is Mr. North, a middle-aged and prosperous gentleman, who mistakes some common-places, with which he has stored his memory, for the principles of civil liberty; and fancies himself democratical, because he is secretly impatient of aristocratical superiority. This is the Scaramouch of the piece, and he is put through a variety of ridiculous motions. He stands for a borough, and makes speeches, such as professional patriots are wont to make, and sensible people love to laugh at. He comes up to London, ignorant of the proprieties of places, and attends, in the capacity of chairman, a meeting of the sovereign people, at the sign of the Pig's Foot and Pie Crust, in Shoe-lane, where he meets such bad company, as gives his jacobinism a shock which it never recovers, and where he is made extremely uneasy, by the seditious language used by some of the thinking party. The police eventually make their appearance, and Mr. North escapes by the window, leaving a paper behind him containing notes for a delicate domestic arrangement, a treaty of marriage which he contemplated. The whole kingdom is convulsed with terror at the frightful conspiracy discovered at the Pig's Foot and Pie Crust. Ministers show their accustomed "*energy*;" guards are doubled, and ball-cartridge is served out, and above all, a hue and cry is raised after Mr. North. Assisted by some aristocratical friends, he escapes from London, but is apprehended at Litchfield, owing to his having allowed the coach to proceed without him, while he was ruminating on the inutility of cathedrals, and considering in his mind the various absurdities of mankind.

This is a stroke which we extremely relish, and we copy it for the delight of the tasteful reader—

"He looked up the street and down the street, and after some little hesitation, he walked towards the cathedral, and as the doors were open, he went in. He was struck with the magnificence of the building, and he listened with some delight to the tones of the organ. But though his senses cheated him for a moment into admiration, he soon recollected himself, and, like a Westminster Reviewer, he could not help thinking that this cathedral was of no use. He endeavoured to make a calculation of the number of useful and substantial dwelling-houses, or cotton factories, which might have been built for the same money; and thought that Bishop Hackett was very foolish to collect and expend twenty thousand pounds on repairing a useless fabric like this. From this speculation his mind took a start, and wandered as usual over all kinds of public abuses and political absurdities, and he had just come to the very natural and sagacious conclusion, that every thing had been going wrong for the last six thousand years, and that no one but himself had wisdom and virtue enough to rectify the world, when the striking of a clock reminded him that time had not been standing still, though Mr. North had; and a suggestion was brought to his mind, that the passengers had finished their dinner, and that the coach was pursuing its journey. This suggestion received strength from a sound of rattling wheels, and the blasts of a horn, which the trusty guard had indeed been blowing for some time, as a hint to the strolling traveller. The hint, however, was not understood, and the coach was gone."

Mr. North is apprehended, and tried, and the jury, with that pro-

found wisdom and admirable discrimination which so often distinguish the verdicts of British juries, acquit him of treason, but find him "*guilty of getting out of the window*," as we have above described. The whole of the trial is excellent; it abounds with nice and quiet strokes of satire. We are tempted to give it entire.

"Every avenue to the court was crowded at an early hour, and we have heard from good authority, that ten guineas were offered and refused for a seat. The public interest was excited to the highest pitch. At half-past nine the judge took his seat on the bench: the names of the jury were called over, and all the rest of the usual preliminaries were gone through with the greatest decorum. Then Stephen Bardolph North, Thomas Styles, and John Nokes were put to the bar, and the indictment being read, they all severally pleaded 'not guilty.' The trial then proceeded.

"The counsel for the crown made a very beautiful and eloquent speech at the opening of the trial, and nothing but our fear lest its eloquence should eclipse that of Counsellor Babbblethwaite, prevents us from giving it at full length. Suffice it to say, that he, the counsel for the crown, laid down the law most clearly, and spoke most candidly on the subject of liberty: avowed himself a most sincere friend to, and even zealous admirer of, public discussion; expressed himself as well aware that by free discussion only our liberties could be preserved. He then went on to commend Magna Charta, and the bill of rights, and to disclaim all desire on his own part, or on the part of the government, to encroach on the unalienable liberties of the subject, which our ancestors had purchased with their blood; but still he could not help thinking, that the doctrines and opinions which had been broached of late, and imported into this country since, or about, the French revolution, were most dangerous to public freedom; and though he was a most decided admirer of reformation, yet he could not but reprobate innovation, and dread revolution. Much, therefore, as he regretted the painful necessity of any thing that appeared like coercive measures, yet the safety of the country was a matter of supreme concern, and so on. Then he drew a most tremendous picture of the French revolution, and quoted a great deal of Mr. Burke's book, and he concluded by saying, that unless a public example were made of Stephen Bardolph North, John Nokes, and Thomas Styles, the nation must be ruined, and become a province of France.

"Witnesses were then called and examined; and it was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the three prisoners had been seen at a pot-house in Shoe-lane. But this amounted to very little; inasmuch as it was not felony to go to a pot-house in Shoe-lane, and inasmuch, also, as it was not quite clear to the meanest capacities, that such a fact was likely to endanger the protestant succession, or make Great Britain a province of France. The next, and indeed chief object, was to prove, or ascertain, what these people were doing at the Pig's Foot and Pie Crust. Now, as it respected John Nokes and Thomas Styles, there was some considerable difficulty in proving any thing more than that they were in a room, where a man was talking a great deal of nonsense, and that is not felony; as for their intentions, that was more than they could tell themselves, had they even been disposed to make confession. But as it respected Stephen Bardolph North,

it was proved that he was president of the meeting, and that he made his escape through the window, and that he was apprehended at last in Litchfield; and, above all, that a paper was found, which was supposed to have fallen from his hand, or his pocket, in his hurry or escape. This paper was now produced in court. The judge drew his spectacles over his nose, the barristers stood up and leaned across the table, and there was a general stretching of necks all over the court, and the counsel for the prosecution proceeded to call witnesses to prove the paper to be in the hand-writing of Mr. North.

"The first witness called was Dr. Mufflechops, rector of Truckleborough, who, after a considerable deal of difficulty, pushed his way up to the witness's box; forthwith the oath was administered, and the interrogation began. To the first question there was no immediate answer.

"*'Speak a little louder,'* exclaimed the judge.

"Poor Dr. Mufflechops had not spoken at all, he was so terribly out of breath by the exertion he had used, that he could not articulate a word. Soon, however, he recovered from his fatigue, and answered the interrogation which demanded his name, profession, and place of abode. The mysterious paper was handed to him, and he was asked if he knew whose writing it was. To this he readily answered, that it was the writing of Mr. North, the prisoner. The examiner was satisfied; but Mr. Counsellor Babbblethwaite was not: therefore, he rose, and began to question the reverend doctor more minutely.

"*'Have you ever seen the prisoner write?'*

"*'Frequently, very frequently, and I have received letters from him.'*

"*'Can you read writing?'*

"Dr. Mufflechops was greatly offended at such an inquiry, and growing red with anger, indignantly replied, *'Do you doubt it?'*

"Counsellor Babbblethwaite calmly replied, *'Don't be angry, Dr. Mufflechops, don't be angry—you will do better to answer my question, than to put yourself in a passion. I ask you a very plain question, can you read writing?'*

"The doctor was more angry, and the counsellor was more delighted; and as no answer was given to the question, Mr. Babbblethwaite proceeded.

"*'Don't hurry yourself; take your time; try to recollect, remember you are upon oath.'*

"*'I do not come here to be insulted, sir,'* replied the reddened doctor.

"The gravity of the judge interfered; *'You had better answer the question, though I must say it is rather superfluous.'*

"The doctor bowed deference to a larger wig than his own, and said, in very distinct and emphatic tones, *'I can read writing.'*

"The cross-examination proceeded. *'Are you much in the habit of reading other persons' writing, than your own?'*

"*'Very much,'* replied the doctor, *'I frequently read other persons' writing.'*

"*'Very frequently; aye, I suppose, about once a week?'*

"*'Quite as much as that—perhaps more.'*

"*'You don't preach more than once a week, I presume?'*

“ The doctor was angry again; but as the last expression was not uttered in the tone of interrogation, he did not make any reply. The paper was handed to him again, with a request that he would look at it once more.

“ ‘ I am sure it is the writing of the prisoner at the bar,’ said the doctor, and returned the paper to the cross-examiner. Mr. Babblethwaite handed it back, and said—

“ ‘ I will thank you to look at it once more, and to look at it more attentively, and try to recollect, whether you have not seen some writing by some other person very much like this. Let me request you to look very attentively at it.’

“ The doctor took the paper again, and looked at it very closely; and while he was looking at it, he really began to have some doubts, as he has since said, whether he might not be mistaken as to the handwriting; and the more he looked, the more he doubted; not that he would have had the slightest doubt or hesitation about the matter, had it not been urged upon him in such a questionable form. He had, however, sufficient self-possession, not to express the doubts which had been forced upon him by the cross-examiner’s importunity. At this period, a note was handed from the prisoner to his counsel, and a smile was exchanged, and the cross-examination ceased, and the paper was admitted to be the writing of the prisoner. It was then read aloud, for the edification of the court and the company. It was as follows:—

“ ‘ Hints and outlines for my address to L. S.

“ ‘ First to touch a little on the absurdity of the distinctions of rank, &c., on natural equality, and on the power of the mind. Then to say something that shall guard against the machinations of G. T., not to mention his name, or to make any very pointed allusions, for fear, &c. Not to say any thing that may not be shewn to C. S. Establishment must of course be an after consideration. To say a word or two kindly and considerate for poor E. It will certainly be a change for her advantage. That is the greatest consideration.

“ ‘ Mem. G. T. must be put aside. He flatters Burke most preposterously.’

“ When this tremendous document was read, a general shudder ran through the court; the judge looked very grave, and some of the jury looked as if they were sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, expecting every minute to be blown up. Every body looked as if they thought that England had had a narrow escape from this most awful and appalling plot. The counsel for the prosecution brandished the paper most triumphantly, and his wife, who was in court, was now fully assured that she should soon be addressed as ‘ my lady.’ In addressing the jury, the prosecuting counsel observed, that it would be an insult to their understandings to affect to explain the meaning of the paper.

“ ‘ Indeed, gentlemen of the jury,’ said he, ‘ there is no obscurity whatever in the matter. This paper, as you may see, was not designed for the public eye; it is not sufficiently disguised to pass for any thing else than what it really means. I cannot, indeed, enough admire the dexterity of my learned friend, who would endeavour to persuade a learned and reverend doctor out of his very senses. He certainly

shewed great ingenuity in that ; but I fancy that he has a harder task before him, to bend this stubborn document to mean any thing, but the rankest and basest treason. For my part, I seriously acknowledge that I have not the slightest imagination of more than one possible meaning. What is the address to L. S. ? clearly the London Society. I mean, gentlemen, the society for constitutional information, or some such seditious purposes. Then follows the usual commencement of all manner of seditious harangues, that deceptive, dangerous, and sophistical position, the natural equality of mankind. That G. T. means our Most Gracious Sovereign George the Third, cannot admit of a moment's doubt, or if there were a doubt, that is immediately removed by the language used at the end of this precious document. G. T. must be put aside.—Gentlemen of the jury, if this be not compassing the king's death, I really do not know what is ; and, then, think of the meanness and baseness of blaming the royal taste, for admiring so great a genius, and so bright a luminary as Edmund Burke.' (The orator here looked round to see if Mr. Burke was in court.) ' But to return—a hint is here thrown out of the prisoner's ambitious views. How deceitful is the human heart ! He was flattering himself that his object was to rescue England from what he would call slavery ; but do you not observe, that all this while, he has in view his own aggrandizement, and is obviously preparing to seize the sovereignty for himself ; he is careful that no hint to that purpose shall reach the committee of public safety ; for that is what is intended by the letters C. S. Establishment, he says, is an after consideration. Look, gentlemen of the jury, look at the malice and wickedness of these revolutionists ; they seek to destroy all existing institutions, and leave it to accident to form an establishment from their ruins. And, then, look at their hypocrisy and affected sensibility ! That man, gentlemen of the jury, that man, who is, by his machinations, designing the ruin of his country, affects to speak tenderly for poor E., poor England, he means, for he afterwards adds, that the change will be for her advantage ; but he affects to pity his poor country, and pitiable indeed would be our state, if we fell under such a tyrant as this man would be, pitiable,' &c. &c.

“ Thereupon the learned gentleman launched out into a wide ocean of overwhelming eloquence, drawing tears from the eyes of all present, except the judge, who was used to that kind of thing, and the jury, who did not understand it, and the counsellors, who did not believe in it, and the prisoners, who wondered what he could mean, and when he would leave off. When the speech was finished, the jurymen stared at one another, as if they sought in each other's looks an interpretation of their own thoughts.

“ Mr. Babbleshwaite rose for the defence, and the jury were glad of it, for they had been almost frightened by the other's eloquence, and quite puzzled by his logic. To say the truth, several of them, who had heretofore had and entertained a very respectable and comfortable opinion of their own understandings, now began to question their own sagacity, and to fear that they were not quite such conjurors as they had formerly thought themselves. For till the learned barrister told them the meaning of the paper in court, they had not the slightest idea of its tendency ; and even after they had been told, they won-

dered how the learned gentleman should know. When indeed the paper was proved to be written by the prisoner North, and when it had been read, but not interpreted, their only feeling was, that North was guilty of writing what could not be understood, and that the other two prisoners were guilty of hearing long speeches about nobody knows what. And, in good truth, the jury were in some measure partakers of their guilt. But Mr. Babblethwaite is on his legs waiting to be heard, and the jury in hopes of having their difficulties resolved.

“Gentlemen of the jury!”—Babblethwaite speaks; ‘Gentlemen of the jury! my client is very seriously accused, and very feebly defended. Feebly defended in one point of view, but powerfully, and I trust, effectually, in another point. Feebly defended, so far as the wit of his advocate is concerned, but powerfully so far as his own innocence reaches. The learned gentleman who has addressed you on the subject of this terrible paper—by the way, I dare say, you did not think it terrible, till you heard its interpretation—the learned gentleman, I say, who has addressed you on the subject of this paper, expressed himself at a loss to conjecture what interpretation I could put upon it. He pretended to take it for granted that it could have but one meaning; he knew better: that was merely a professional trick; and if you have been much accustomed to sit as jurors, you must of course be up to it. I am sure you will not be taken in by any such legerdemain. Gentlemen of the jury, I would seriously ask you, what has been proved against the prisoner North? Think what has been proved; don’t be frightened out of your wits, and fancy that, because my learned friend is very eloquent, my client deserves to be hanged; but only think what has been proved. Why two facts, which are neither treasonable, nor seditious, nor immoral. The first is, getting out of the window, which, by the way, is not so bad as getting in at a window; gentlemen of the jury, there is no law against getting out of window. The fact, however, that my client did get out of window is proved: that point I must concede, and leave him to take its consequences. The next fact proved is, that this paper was written by him; and what then? where is the harm of writing a memorandum about nobody knows what? I say, about nobody knows what; for I am very sure that you do not know the meaning of it, and I am not quite sure that the writer himself knows. Look at the paper, see how carelessly it is written; there, take it into your hands, it won’t bite, there’s no guillotine in it to cut off your heads. Look at that paper now, and try for a moment to forget that you have heard any thing said about its meaning, and then endeavour to guess what it is intended to signify. Do you think it is likely to set the kingdom together by the ears? Do you think it will repeal the act of Settlement? Do you think it will unrobe justice, or unfrock divinity? Does the court at St. James’s tremble at a few capital letters picked up out of a gentleman’s pocket, as he slipped out of the window of the Pig’s Foot and Pie Crust, in Shoe-lane, Fleet-street? Gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend expressed himself at a loss to conjecture what solution I could give of this paper; he seemed to you to be convinced that a solution could not be given, and he professed himself prepared to be surprised, if any explanation should be attempted. Now, I will surprise him much more, by

offering no attempt at an explanation or solution. I will leave it to speak for itself. I will not gratify my learned friend, by interpreting my client's memorandum-book; I will not indulge curiosity with a piece of private history. The paper, I contend, proves nothing; and I therefore do assert and defy contradiction, that nothing whatever is proved against my client, more than the simple fact, that he did most certainly get out at window—a fact, for which the law has not yet made provision; and I earnestly and heartily hope, that my client will not be punished by an *ex post facto* law: indeed I am sure he will not. Gentlemen of the jury, I did intend to be very eloquent and pathetic; but my learned friend has given you quite enough of that sort of thing; and I hope and trust, that your verdict will teach my learned friend that plain matter of fact has more weight in a court of judicature, than quirks, quibbles, conundrums, and the pathetics.'

"The gentlemen of the jury were now more perplexed than before. They had taken it for granted, that there must be something seditious and treasonable in the paper: and yet when they heard it, and when they saw it, they could not discern where the mischief lay. One learned gentleman had, indeed, expounded it; but they could not make the interpretation fit; and when they were in hopes that another learned barrister would give a better interpretation, he bluntly said, that he would give none at all. There was one more chance for them, in the summing up. To this they gave all their attention. While the learned judge was speaking, they looked with all their eyes, and listened with pricked ears and open mouths, and endeavoured to look wise, and knowing; but it would not do; they could make neither head nor tail of the business.

"The judge told them nothing but what they heard before, and recapitulated the evidence, and laid down the law, and told them to dismiss from their minds all that they had heard before they came into court; but they could not for their lives forget what they had heard, nor could they make out the meaning of what they were hearing. Then they listened, all in vain, to a variety of nice and minute distinctions, and when at last it was left to them to decide, whether the prisoners at the bar were guilty or not guilty, one of the twelve discerning men called out, with great simplicity and modesty, 'We will leave it to your lordship.' Whereat the rest of the jury blushed most deeply: and his lordship, as if not liking the trouble of making a decision in so delicate a case, declined the task, and recommended the wiseacres to retire, if they could not otherwise make up their minds. To this recommendation they yielded, and when they had retired, and laid their heads together for about half an hour, they returned, and gave in a verdict of 'Not Guilty, for the prisoners John Nokes and Thomas Styles, and they found the prisoner North guilty of getting out of window.' They were indebted to Mr. Babbleshwaite for this refinement and distinction. The judge kept his countenance most miraculously, and very condescendingly informed them, that the indictment did not charge the prisoner with getting out of window, and that such an act was no transgression of any known law, written or unwritten. Immediately, therefore, on receiving this valuable piece of information, and considering that they could not discern any thing else against him, they gave a verdict of Not Guilty."

Mr. North's pride, as we have already intimated, had been grievously wounded by the association of his *respectable* name with the *low* Patriots of the Pig's-foot and Pie-crust, for Mr. North is an aristocrat at heart, and from this period his democratical fury cools, and he at least becomes, not indeed a moderate man, but an intemperate apostate—a thoroughly corrupt ministerialist. And this is the main error of the book; the transition is too forced—too violent, and it is inconsistent with Mr. North's character, which is painted as that of an honest, and well-meaning, though not wise man. The author was right in not making his hero decline from democracy to the hollow of whiggery, because, as when a body descends from one extreme height, it seldom rests at the bottom, but is carried by the momentum it has acquired, a good way up the opposite steep; so when men descend from one extremity, they never settle in the intermediate stage, but run some way up the contrary eminence. This is simply the law of nature, but the impulse of knavery is necessary to carry them to the very top of the opposite position; and the author does not intend his Mr. North to be considered as a rogue. He has here therefore, we think, miscarried.

The other principal characters of the book are, a Doctor Mufflechops, Lord Slender, Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing, and Mr. Turnstile. Doctor Mufflechops is a delightful person; he is a pursy high-church parson, who when he sees a fine field of ripe corn, asks, ore rotundo, "How is it possible that the people can be discontented?"—an anecdote which alone speaks a character. We will, however, exhibit the Doctor speaking his character more at length in the following dialogue with Sir Pertinax Pennyfarthing, a silly, conceited, wealthy baronet, who sets up for a man of taste; one of those, in a word, whom we are sure to meet at about every dinner party in London, of twelve or more.

" ' Ah! Dr. Mufflechops,' observed Sir Pertinax, ' we live in most awful times: I can hardly conjecture what we shall come to at last. These abominable French principles have ruined the purity and loyalty of the British character. It is very sad indeed, very sad, and I am sorry to say that, even in the House of Commons, I have heard such language as has made my very hair to stand on end. I am very sorry, Dr. Mufflechops, to hear that your town is now so unworthily represented; two opposition members! but I trust that some spark of loyalty is left.' Here the eloquent baronet took up a newspaper, which had not yet been opened; he unfolded it with great deliberation. ' Excuse me, doctor, if I look at the paper for a few minutes.'

" ' Most certainly, Sir Pertinax,' said the doctor, with great energy of politeness. The baronet availed himself of the indulgence of the doctor, while the doctor was availing himself of the indulgence of the baronet. Ever and anon Sir Pertinax shook his head. ' No good news, I fear, Sir Pertinax,' said the doctor.

" ' Sedition, sedition is stalking through the land; here is an account from Nottingham of a man taken up for speaking disrespectfully of the Emperor of Morocco, and here is another account of a set of strolling players, taken up for performing Hamlet in a barn at Hinckley, and not singing ' God save the King; ' and their only defence was,

that none of the company could sing. Alas, for the good old times !— All these innovations are owing to French politics. * * * * * It is a great grief to one's mind to see so many now-a-days running into all manner of licentiousness, and promulgating most shocking opinions. Government is too lenient by half.'

" ' But I have known, that even among the very opposition, there has been a gleam of good sense and sound judgment ; but a gleam indeed, for it soon passed away. I will tell you an anecdote, doctor, if you are not in a hurry? '

" ' By no means, Sir Pertinax, I am by no means in any hurry. I shall feel myself honoured by any such communication, and to say the truth I am glad, for the honor of human nature, to hear of any good trait even in the character of a whig or a jacobin. I am all attention, Sir Pertinax, I am all attention.'

" ' Why, it is indeed but a trifle, hardly worth naming ; but the fact is, that I was once, by some accident or other, dining in company with some of the principal opposition members ; and after dinner the conversation turned, as it naturally did in those days, and in such company, on the French Revolution ; and I, but it is hardly worth mentioning, I happened just to observe, that the French Revolution was indeed a grand national movement ; but, but, added I, but there is something wrong in it.'

" ' Very good, Sir Pertinax, most excellent and candid,' exclaimed Dr. Mufflechops.

" ' Well, sir, I then immediately added, but time will shew its consequences ; and then one of the company, who was a great speaker in the house, immediately, in his way, was pleased to express himself decidedly of my opinion, and spoke very handsomely of my judgment. I forget his exact words, but he gave me credit for great sagacity.'

" ' Ay, to be sure, and very justly,' replied Dr. Mufflechops ; " you were clearly right.'

" ' Yes, yes ; but I mention this, Dr. Mufflechops, to you in confidence ; not so much for the sake of the compliment which was paid to me, as to shew you that, even among the opposition, there may be some sense of what is just and good.'

" ' A very interesting anecdote, Sir Pertinax ; I am obliged by your condescension in having favoured me with it. Ay, ay, Sir Pertinax, I am quite of your way of thinking : I have no objection to an opposition, *merely as an opposition, when they are always in a proper minority, and when their language is temperate, and when they treat ministers with proper respect, and do not impede or clog the wheels of government, or attempt to make any alterations or innovations in the laws and customs of this happy realm ;* but when they set up themselves as knowing better than every body else, and when they seek to agitate the public mind, and talk of government in irreverent language, and make a noise about what they call abuses, and the like, I then have no patience with them.' "

Nothing can be richer than the idea of an opposition conveyed in this last paragraph. The first part of it paints " his majesty's opposition " to the life, and we almost see Mr. Calcraft, et id genus omne, start from the canvas. How Dr. Mufflechops would have commended

the conduct of Mr. Calcraft and Mr. Ridley Colburne on the occasion of the grant for the Duke of Clarence. The other prominent character, Lord Slender, represents the gentlemanly twaddling whig, who just votes against Tory ministers because it has been the custom in his family to do so.

There is a love story, of course, after the simplest receipt, but for all other particulars concerning Truckleborough Hall, we must say "enquire within," quite satisfied that those who have sufficient intelligence to understand the book, will not repent of a more intimate acquaintance with its pleasant contents.

MUNSTER TALES.*

THE Irish and Scotch divide the department of novels as they do the army, the good things in India and in other British dependencies; that is to say, pretty equal between them. We expect the English novelists, like the English haymakers, will quickly begin to cry out against the incursions of a race who work harder and cheaper than themselves. It has long been a complaint that Ireland was unknown; a very accurate survey is now, however, being taken by the novelists of all its coasts; the towns in their history are described with topographical exactness, and almost every village is statistically reported. In a very short time we have had To-day in Ireland, two series of O'Hara Tales, O'Hara itself, Boyne Water, with many others, all illustrative of the manners of Ireland. Miss Edgeworth led the way, and continues at the head; and the Munster Tales, by an author fresh on the field, bring up the rear. The genius of Miss Edgeworth, in her portraits of Irishmen, perhaps cannot be excelled; but it has awakened kindred genius apparently over the whole country. The author of the Munster Tales is of the same class of writers as the rest, for Irish novel-writing runs all in the same vein, like the Irish eloquence; and he is not only like the others, but he is as good. His book gives promise of even something better. He has all the talent of his compeers, and we augur that he will have it more under his own command. The tales are principally founded on tradition, and that chiefly of the fairy mythology. The longest tale, "The Aylmers of Bally-Aylmer," is, however, of this world, and a very clever one it is; that is to say, in parts; as a whole, it is certainly a failure. The author will be mightily improved by the publication of this first attempt. He will hear it much praised, but his publisher will inform him that it has been little sold. He will reflect on this paradox, and discover the cause to be, that though he has shewed indications of power which justify the praise of friends, yet that he has not so deliberately exercised and studied his resources as to combine them with any decided effect upon the feelings of his readers. He will know better the next time, when he takes the space of three volumes, how to stretch out his genius at full length. As we have an interest in his success, we wish to give him a hint. Mr. Banim's plan of writing a novel is pretty much as if Mr. Arrowsmith or Mr. Sidney Hall were to

* Holland Tide; or Munster Popular Tales. London. 1827.

commence a map of Great Britain and Wales upon a scale of an inch to a hundred miles, and that by the time some twenty or thirty counties were duly laid down, the geographer should discover that he had filled up his paper, and straight thereupon huddle up Cheshire, Shropshire, Lancashire, North Wales and South Wales, all into a miserable little corner, at the rate of five hundred miles to the breadth of a hair. The author of the Tales of the O'Hara Family writes a volume and a half on the scale of fifty volumes to the tale; in the few remaining pages he is, of course, obliged to make his explanations as fast and as confusedly as an innocent Irishman apologizes for his life. There will be found among our scraps a very spirited dialogue between two potatoes, from the Munster Tales. We shall only do the author justice by quoting another passage here.

Young Aylmer, the hero of the first story to which we have alluded, has unwittingly fallen among a gang of sheep-stealers. As he has been unintentionally witness of their proceedings, it is not probable that they will suffer him to depart alive. He consequently seizes the first opportunity of making his escape, and is pursued. The extract describes the chase. The idea at the end of the first paragraph betrays the author's knowledge of human nature. It might be supposed that, under the circumstances, he would be thinking too much of himself to cast a thought on a hunted hare. But we appeal to those experienced in flight, whether, in such a moment of excited sympathy, it was not natural for the idea to flash through the mind.

"His only reliance was on a pair of vigorous limbs, which he forthwith applied to the best purpose possible, and which he might have calculated on with very great rationality, had his hunters been altogether human. As it was, in spite of all his exertions, he found that they were gaining rapidly upon him. He darted forward with renewed speed, and as he panted and stumbled on his course, in one of those glances of reflection, which even in the act of the most violent bodily exertion will sometimes flash upon the reason, he made a wordless resolution within his heart, that he never would hunt or course a hare as long as he lived.

"Still he dashed forward headlong on his path, and still that horrid, sullen, twanging cry became louder and louder upon his track, until it sounded in his ear, as the trumpet's charge might be supposed to do in that of a soldier destined to a forlorn hope. The shouting of the animal's masters, too, cheering their guide upon the game, became audible in the distance. With a failing spirit, Aylmer glanced on all sides as he bounded along, but could discern no means of even possible protection. No stream, no tract of water by which he might baffle the terrible instinct of his four-footed enemy, not one of the many contrivances by which he had heard and read this has been successfully accomplished, here presented themselves. His brain, his sight, his senses became confused, a fear like that which oppresses the dreamer in a fit of night-mare, lodged itself upon his heart, his will became powerless, and the motion which still hurried him along his path, might almost be termed involuntary. He thought of nothing, he saw nothing, he heard nothing, but the fast approaching terrors in his rear, the heavy confident baying of the hound, and the fierce hallooing of his pursuers. Fortune seemed in every way to conspire against

the devoted youth, for i rushing down a slight declivity of the heath, a small tuft of the weed came in contact with his foot, and flung him with considerable violence on the ground. He sprung to his feet again, but fell at the first effort to proceed; his foot was maimed past all use. One thrill of utter despair shot through his frame, and the next moment a perfect indifference came over him. The shouts of the hunters were now almost close upon him, but, and he hardly trusted his sense, when it first informed him of it, there was another sound mingled with theirs. He started to his feet and stood erect in spite of his hurt; he heard the sound distinctly, it was the dash of waters on his left. Claspings his hands together, and offering, in one flashing thought, as fervent a thanksgiving as ever passed sinner's lips, he staggered towards the spot. Coming suddenly over the brow of the hill he beheld, immediately before him, a small river, broken in its course by several ledges of rock, and flinging itself in masses of white foam into a kind of basin, whose surface the full winter's moon had lighted up with its gladdening influence, so as to shine 'like a welcoming' in the student's eyes. The banks of the stream were fringed with drooping willows, and a dark angle close to where he stood, seemed to offer the closest and securest mode of concealment that he could desire. Without a moment's thought or waving, he slipped down the bank, and seizing one of the twigs, plunged himself, all reeking with perspiration as he was, into the cold, freezing November flood.

"He had not been in this situation long enough to feel the inconvenience of the transition, when his anxieties were renewed by the approach of his pursuers. Creeping under the screen of the hanging willows, and still clinging to the twig which he had grasped, he remained up to his chin in the water, imitating the action of some species of water fowl, when conscious that they are under the eye of the fowler. From this concealment, completely enveloped, as he was, in a piece of impenetrable shade, he could see his bandy-legged, shag-eared foe, bound fiercely to the bank immediately above him. The animal stopped short, snorted, looked across the stream, and whisked his head, with an action of impatience and disappointment. He ran up and down the bank, his nostrils expanded, and bent to the earth, and snuffed long and argumentatively about the very spot where Aylmer had descended. In a few seconds after he heard the voices of the mountaineers at the top of the hill."

DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND RED RIVER.

THE sources of this extraordinary river have been successively in the possession of the French and the English without having been discovered. A number of travellers have attempted to find them, but have been deterred by the numerous dangers and difficulties, which abound in this uncivilized part of the world. Many expeditions have been fitted out in vain, by different governments, with a view to accomplish this object: of late years, two have been sent by the United States, which were not more successful than former ones. The first was conducted by Mr. Pike, the other by General Cass, governor of the Michigan territory. The honour of succeeding in this difficult enterprise was reserved for M. J. C. Bel-

trami, an Italian, possessing the traveller's virtues, undaunted courage and untiring perseverance, who, determined to devote his life and fortune to the attainment of his object; and not in the least disheartened by the entire failure of others, M. Beltrami resolved upon outdoing his predecessors. This determination alone would have been highly creditable to M. Beltrami; he, however, put it into execution, in a manner truly heroic. He left Italy alone, crossed the Atlantic, and betook himself to Pittsburg, from whence he followed the course of the Ohio and entering the Mississippi, ascended that river up to the fort of Saint Anthony. From fort St. Louis to fort St. Anthony, M. Beltrami had proceeded by a steam boat, which, on his arrival at the former place, he found attempting, for the first time, the navigation of the Mississippi. M. Beltrami describes himself as particularly amused by the delight and astonishment expressed by the savages, in every possible way, at the sight of a boat making its way against the current, without either oars or sails. His amusement was, however, purchased at the expense of considerable danger: indeed, the risk and difficulty which the boat encountered, prevented any second attempt of this description. The commandant of St. Anthony and several others, attempted to convince M. Beltrami that he was going to seek a certain death, and endeavoured to persuade him to return; but he was not to be turned from his project. He directed his course to the north-west, and ascended to the source of the river St. Peter; then turning to the north, and advancing into the middle of an immense desert plain, he arrived at Lord Selkirk's settlement. There, again, fresh attempts were made to dissuade him from his enterprise; but his resolution was not to be broken, and he continued his course across the plain to a point of Red or Bloody River. This river separates the Sioux and the Chipaways: it is so called, on account of the incessant and murderous warfare which these savages carry on upon its banks. M. Beltrami provided himself with a little canoe of bark, with the intention of proceeding in it to the source of Red River. Here he was unable to find a person willing to accompany him as a guide; at length, after considerable difficulty, he met with two Indians, and made an arrangement with them. These were two Chipaways, who had left one half of their tribe hunting in the plain, and were on their way to join the other half on Red Lake, where they were employed in fishing. A few days after M. Beltrami had set out, accompanied by his guides, the little party was surprised by the Sioux, who fired upon them; the guides, one of whom was wounded, immediately took to flight, and left the traveller to work his way alone as well as he could. Undismayed by the solitude and dangers of these vast deserts, he continued his journey with additional energy. He was ignorant of the manner of managing his canoe against the current; but, in spite of this, he would not retrace his steps. He preferred to travel on foot along the river, with his canoe on his back, whenever the nature of the bank allowed. Thus, after five days of excessive fatigue, he arrived at Red Lake. In the neighbourhood of Red Lake, M. Beltrami discovered several other lakes, which were previously unknown. In these lakes he found the women of the Indians who were fishing below at Red Lake, busily employed in gathering their harvest of wild rice, with which these lakes abound. The rice is collected in

boats ; the women go amongst it, and thresh it with clubs: if the seed fall into the boats, it is well ; if into the water, the abundance of rice is such, that the waste is not regarded.

From these lakes M. Beltrami, continuing his journey with the same ardour and the same patience, arrived at the highest elevation of North America, and there his labours were abundantly rewarded, and all his desires accomplished. At the top of an insulated hill, which overlooks the whole country that surrounds it, he found a lake, three miles in circumference, in the form of a heart. This lake is the most southern source of Bloody River, and the northernmost source of the Mississippi, both of which were hitherto unknown. This little lake is thus the parent of two great rivers, whose waters descend on the one hand to the Frozen Ocean, and on the other, to the Gulph of Mexico. The original stream of the Mississippi makes its way with difficulty through reeds and weeds, of almost impenetrable thickness, and falls into the Tortoise Lake. M. Beltrami was unwilling to risk his canoe at the very spot where the source springs ; but at the Tortoise Lake he embarked, and determined to adhere to the course of the Mississippi, until it arrived at the ocean. Thus he arrived at New Orleans, after having made a discovery which, in the present state of that part of the world, was deemed impossible ; and having descended this great river in its whole length—a course of not less than one thousand leagues.

M. Beltrami is distinguished by a rare activity—he explored, in a few months, regions which took his predecessors years to traverse : and now, after all his fatigues, he has published an account of his travels, with the same rapidity that he performed them. This work was published on the scene of action, at New Orleans, and excited very considerable attention. It was considered, with justice, one of the most curious publications that had appeared in the United States. It would be, indeed, difficult to combine more amusement and instruction in a single volume. The description of the scenery through which he passed, is written with much talent: the usages, manners, and the religious ceremonies of the different tribes, are painted to the life : and the details of his arduous voyage are recounted with evident relish and perfect candour. His style is original and brilliant, and a rich and fertile imagination gives a vast charm to his composition. The reception of his work at New Orleans, when it made its appearance, was almost enthusiastic. The Senate, the Chamber of Representatives, and all the literary and scientific societies of Louisiana, addressed letters of congratulation to M. Beltrami ; and the journals of the country filled their columns with his praises. One of these Reviews makes an observation in honour of Italy, the country of M. Beltrami, which, for the sake of its justice, and out of the respect we feel for the numerous excellent individuals, whom a bad government has driven from its shores to seek hospitality in foreign lands,* we shall transcribe.

“ It is a remarkable circumstance, that all the discoveries in this western world have been made by Italians ; Columbus, Americus Ves-

* M. Beltrami is not one of the class to which we allude ; but as the inquisition, we understand, has commenced proceedings against his work, we know not how soon he may be excluded from some portion at least of his native country.

putius, Cabotto, Verassani. At the same time that M. Beltrami, actuated by the noble enthusiasm which inspired those illustrious men, was penetrating among dangers of all kinds towards Hudson's Bay, discovering the sources of the Mississippi, and the communication between the Icy Ocean and the Gulph of Mexico, another Italian, celebrated in Europe, M. Belzoni, was visiting Africa, ascending the Niger, and thus working for the glory of his country—a strange destiny, indeed! In ancient times, the Romans over-ran the world as conquerors, and dictated laws to nations; at present their descendants, groaning under the yoke of those barbarians, so well depicted by Tacitus, cross the seas, and penetrate to the most distant regions, for the purpose of enriching the world by their discoveries and observations. It may be truly said, that M. Beltrami's work is the only one giving a full knowledge of the Mississippi, and of the tribes living on its banks. Before he discovered the real sources of that great river, as many names merely were given to it, as it has outlets. The White Bear Lake, the Leech Lake, the Red Cedar Lake, were disputing with each other the honour of being the source of the finest river in the world; and Messrs. Pike and Schoolcraft that of having discovered it. When we reflect that a stranger, assisted by only a few interpreters, has done more alone, than all the expeditions undertaken, at great expense, by government; when we think of the dangers to which he has been exposed, the toil and fatigue he has endured, the obstacles of all kinds which he has had to surmount, to achieve such an undertaking, we cannot help admiring the perseverance and courage of that distinguished individual, and regretting that the glory of the enterprize does not belong to one of our own citizens."

All this praise only proved a fresh stimulus to the exertions of the traveller. The desire of making useful and important discoveries induced him to penetrate the desert parts of Mexico, where fortune had in reserve for him fresh success. He made there a collection of highly valuable curiosities, the most singular of which is a manuscript which he found in an ancient convent in the interior of this country. In two letters which M. Beltrami has written to the *Revue Encyclopédique*, and with a perusal of which he has favoured us, we find some information on this subject.

"It is the Gospel, or at least the gospel of the monks, the conquerors, translated into the Mexican language by *Montezuma*, who alone of all his family escaped the massacres of the conquest, and was *converted* to the Catholic faith. It is a large volume in folio, in a beautiful hand-writing, on paper of the bark of Magney or Agave, in polish equal to parchment, and in suppleness superior to papyrus. It is a remarkable monument, as I believe, of the ancient language of Mexico, by means of which the learned men of Europe, by comparing it with other MSS. of oriental languages, may bring to light the hidden origin of the people who inhabit this country."

In the second letter there are more ample details on the same subject.

"In order that this translation of the Gospel might become useful to the monks who were to study the Mexican language, and to preach it among the aborigines, it was necessary first to teach the Neophite Montezuma, to turn the Aztec hieroglyphics into Roman characters—

that is to say, it was necessary to initiate him into our alphabet. This was done, and I found the rough copies of the progressive lessons which he took for that purpose, written on the twelve large leaves of their papyrus; they are pasted together, and formed a thick paste-board, of which the cover of the manuscript was formed. They still form a part of it. I have only detached them as carefully as possible, in order to present to the curious and learned, a new historical document, illustrating an apprenticeship, which is without a precedent.

“ While it forms a fresh proof of the authenticity of the manuscript, it is also calculated to awaken conjectures important to the republic of letters. - - - It affords strong presumption that the hieroglyphics of Eastern Asia, at some time which it is impossible to trace, passed Behring’s or Arican’s Straits, became diffused over the north western regions of America, and that afterwards, travelling southward with the tribes who either emigrated thither, or communicated to those residing there, by casual intercourse with the western nations, were at length firmly transplanted into those immense regions now known under the name of Mexico. In this manuscript, therefore, and the accompanying initiatory lessons, we discover the first western *entrance*, if I may use the expression, through which the explanation of the hieroglyphics of antiquity, in intelligible signs, that is to say in cyphers and letters, may find its way into Europe; whereas the learned of all ages have constantly sought it in the East, especially in Egypt and Assyria.

“ In a former letter I forgot to inform you of another interesting discovery, which has assisted me in my endeavours to illustrate the manuscript. I found (also in a convent), and had the good fortune to obtain possession of, fourteen small pictures, painted by an able Aztec artist, upon sheets of paper, composed of the bark of the palm-tree. They represent, in figures and in hieroglyphics, the creation of the first king of Mexico in the *Champ de Mars*, and the reigns of all his successors, up to the time of the conquest. Montezuma, the translator of the Gospel, is painted at the end, in a sort of episode, formally embracing the Catholic religion. The fact that he was the only male of his family saved from the massacre of the *Nocte Triste*, in which his three brothers, sons, like himself, of the great emperor Montezuma, perished, is an additional proof of great cogency, that the monks Conquistadores regarded him as a fit and powerful instrument for setting in motion the mighty springs of proselytism. Of these springs, the translation of the Gospel was the first, and not the least important. It was the more necessary, because, as the maxims of that sacred book, when not perverted and disfigured by an alliance with state policy, are in conformity with the good morals of all nations, it afforded the only means of effecting a cordial reconciliation between the Mexicans and their conquerors. Without this reconciliation, the priests would never have been able to make the hopes of Paradise serve as an inducement to them to embrace the faith they preached. These simple and unoffending people frankly said, that they did not wish to go where there were any apostolic Spaniards; inferring, naturally enough, from all they had suffered, and were suffering, that nothing but misery could await them in a place inhabited by their

tormentors. In order, therefore, to give the greatest possible weight and authority to this translation, it was necessary to find a translator who had embraced the true faith, and who, at the same time, possessed the love and confidence of the people. These conditions could not be found better united than in the person of the prince."

We hope that the reception which M. Beltrami's "Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi" has met with, will induce him to make it known in this country; and, in addition, to give to the world the details of his subsequent adventures.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

1st. In days of yore there were only seven wise men in the world; now, as old Burton has it, there are scarcely as many fools. When there were only seven wise men in the world, their sayings were recorded for their rarity; and now that there are not seven fools in the world, their speeches are entitled to the same distinction. Wisdom being at present as plentiful as blackberries, I look upon it as a great piece of good fortune, when, in the course of my reading, I meet with a fool, and I consider that in embalming him in these deathless pages, I render a great service to posterity, which, deprived of examples by "the march of intellect," would, but for such care, be apt to deem the fool a fabulous being like the roc or krakan, the mermaid or the centaur. In times when folly was abundant, we may remark, that no one noted it; but now observe the eagerness with which we fix on any instance of absurdity, and hold it up to the admiration of the world. This sufficiently shows the rarity of the thing. Wisdom has become on the other hand common-place, and no one regards it. I envy the French traveller, who entered in his journal, "Conversed with the learned men of Padua—What fools!" What a happiness to have met with an university of fools—a flush of fools. If now-a-days we can spring a single bird, we account ourselves fortunate, and that after beating the bushes of books and journals for days together. Much that is, comparatively speaking, weak and silly, is indeed to be found; but the decided, original, truly British character of FOOL is becoming more and more scarce; it is following the ptarmigan, and will soon after the opening of the London University be spoken of as a thing that was. What little of the true fool is to be met with, we must seek among the country gentlemen. As a sportsman knows the kind of copse in which a woodcock may be found, or the gravel pit for a snipe, so do I know the newspaper report in which one may expect to spring a fool; and that surely is an agricultural meeting to petition against any alteration in the Corn Laws. Great is the hope of diversion with which I approach so likely a covert; and huge the glee with which I see the great goose blundering forth floundering and cackling from his privacy, and evincing that the age of folly is not yet quite departed. Observing in the newspaper of to-day the account of a meeting of the kind described in Essex, and remembering how famous that country is for

calves, I took up the report with the expectation of discovering something curious, and was not disappointed. It having been proposed to petition for the continuation of the principle of the existing Corn Laws,

“The honourable Mr. Winn, in seconding the resolutions, observed, that during the short period he had sat in the House of Commons, he had witnessed the presentation of many petitions unfavourable to the agricultural interest, and in some instances accompanied with not the most respectful language; whilst he had regretted the absence of petitions in favour of agriculture. *Any alteration for the general good, he should not object to; but experiments upon a subject like that of the Corn Question, were dangerous; they might be made upon Silk or upon Shipping, but he must deprecate the contemplated experiments in the alteration of those laws—laws which had been productive of much prosperity.* If competition was complied with by the allowance of importation of corn into this country, such must be limited, except for bonding. The agricultural interest was a vital interest, *which ought not to be tampered with—try experiments* (said the honourable member) *with any other question, but leave that of agriculture alone.* He did not think the owners and occupiers of land would be justified in requiring an average of eighty shillings before importation was allowed: he would rather say, let seventy shillings be the price.”

Nothing can surpass this; the substance of which is, “do what you like with my neighbour, but by no means meddle with me. Try what experiments you please on manufactures, but spare the agricultural interest, because they are *my* interests, and therefore of the very first importance; and as they have been productive of *my* prosperity, it would be the greatest of all calamities—that is, a calamity to *me*, to disturb them, for surely heaven and earth would come together if it should so fall out that I should not get *my* rents.”

This honourable gentleman and integral part of the collective wisdom, in continuation, touched on a very pathetic topic. He remarked that the agriculturists lived so far apart, that they could not assemble to discuss their grievances; which reminds one of Sheridan’s joke that the mile stones were the worst used things in the world, for that they could not, consistently with their characters, meet to talk over their troubles.—

“In conclusion, the honourable member said, that if the inhabitants of this country were to be deprived of employment, *to transfer the profits of the soil into the hands of foreigners, dreadful would be the consequence.* One, nor yet five prisons, would not be sufficient: men rendered desperate by hunger were not to be controlled; and it would be impossible to correct the mischief that would ensue from the distresses that would follow the free and unlimited importation of foreign corn.”

When before did the landholders feel any apprehensions of mischief from the hunger of multitudes? and when before did game-preservers look upon the filling of the jails as a serious consideration?

— A French writer, M. Thibadeau, gives the remarks of Napoleon on the formation of his code of laws, and makes him deliver himself

in this maudlin strain on the proposal that civil death should dissolve marriage. "What! when a criminal has been transported, are not justice and public vengeance sufficiently satisfied? If not, better put him to death. *Then his wife may raise a altar of turf in her garden and retire there to weep.*" Bonaparte was, unfortunately for the mirth of the world, not such a fool as to talk in this delicious strain. He knew very well, that wives never do raise altars of turf in their gardens, and that when they go into their gardens, it is to do something more to the purpose than weeping. The proposed law that exile should dissolve marriage was however a bad law; not because it deprived wives of the opportunity of raising turf altars, and the recreation of running themselves body and bones out at the eyes, over them, but because it, in too many cases, would have offered a premium for crime; for how many men, monsters they should rather be called, would rejoice in a transportation which would fairly rid them of their amiable wives. Some of the ladies, we allow, might rather approve of Napoleon's idea of putting the wretches to death at once, and of the turf altar, and the weeping and all that, but the gentlemen would surely prefer the less sentimental proceeding.

— In one of Mr. Canning's speeches against reform, he raises this childish question—which may be started in opposition to every improvement:—

"Whether I, born as I am (and as I think it my good fortune to be) under a monarchy, am quite at liberty to consider myself as having a clear stage for political experiments; whether I should be authorized, if I were convinced of the expediency of such a change, to withdraw monarchy altogether from the British Constitution, and to substitute an unqualified democracy in its stead: or whether, whatever changes I may be desirous of introducing, I am not bound to consider the constitution which I find as at least circumscribing the range, and, in some measure prescribing the nature, of the improvement."

The obvious reply is, that the mere accident of our finding a particular state of things does not bind us to perpetuate it. Our inquiry is, whether that state is the best adapted to our welfare; and if it is not so, we should alter it, having regard to nothing but our convenience and advantage. The absurdity of Mr. Canning's question may be illustrated by a paraphrase. Let us suppose him to have drawn his first breath in a pig-stye, and when it is proposed to him to provide himself with a more comfortable abode, to ask—

'Whether I, born as I was (and as I think it my good fortune to have been) in a pig-stye, am quite at liberty to consider myself as having a clear stage for architectural experiments; whether I should be authorized, if I were convinced of the expediency of such a change, to withdraw the native mud altogether, and to substitute deal floors and Turkey carpets in its stead: or whether, whatever changes I may be desirous of introducing in my dwelling, I am not bound to consider the stye which I find as at least circumscribing the range, and in some measure prescribing the nature, of the improvement.'

— In the article on Counsel for Prisoners, in the last Number of the Edinburgh, this extraordinary idea is suggested:—

“Howard devoted himself to his country. It was a noble example. Let two gentlemen on the ministerial side of the House (we only ask for two) commit some crimes which will render their execution a matter of painful necessity. Let them feel and report to the House, all the injustice and inconvenience of having neither a copy of the indictment, nor a list of witnesses, nor counsel to defend them. We will venture to say, that the evidence of two such persons would do more for the improvement of the criminal law, than all the orations of Mr. Lamb, or the lucubrations of Boccaccio. Such evidence would save time, and bring the question to an issue. It is a great duty and ought to be fulfilled,—and in ancient Rome it would have been fulfilled.”—P. 92, No. 89.

Doubtless B——— and Sir W —— C——— are the two identical ministerial members who, as desired by the Reviewer, have nobly resolved to devote themselves to the public good, and to deserve hanging. Thus, all those *questionable transactions* which have drawn down so much odium on these illustrious senators, have been in fact part of their plan for trying experimentally the operation of the laws. They have, however, done the thing so extremely well, that their execution would scarcely be a matter of “*painful necessity*” to any but themselves.

3d. A curious case occurred yesterday at Bow-street. A man was brought before Sir Richard Birnie, for attempting to pass a counterfeit half-sovereign, and a bad shilling. He pleaded innocence, mentioned the name of the person who had paid him the money, and produced a neighbour, who gave testimony as to the respectability of his character; but Sir Richard looked grave, and despatched an officer to search the prisoner's house, with a special and sagacious injunction to observe the kind of tools that he might find in it. In the mean time Sir Richard seems to have determined, that it was a case of uttering bad money, and to have resolved to detain the accused; but luckily, some one suggested that it would be as well to ascertain first that the money was bad. This truly original idea, which would never have occurred to a magistrate, was adopted; the half-sovereign was subjected to the usual tests, and found a good one! Still, however, there was the case of the shilling to be dealt with, and though Sir Richard would not commit the man for merely tendering a bad shilling, he refused to restore it to him (which the prisoner requested, in order that he might obtain another for it from the person who paid it to him) until it should have been clipped; and he ordered accordingly that it should be forthwith cut in two with the shears. This operation was therefore performed, and the shilling was discovered to be good! The prisoner might here have a little surprized Sir Richard Birnie, by turning round, and laying an information against him for the crime of *clipping his majesty's coin*.

5th. There is a cant in the newspapers which passeth human understanding. The Chronicle of to-day having announced that Mr. Wynn has given one of his writerships as a prize to be contended for by the boys at Westminster School, observes, that “this donation of

Mr. William Wynn will speak for itself—it appears eminently to combine gratitude towards the seat of his own education, and munificence in the disposal of his patronage, *with very enlarged views of policy towards British India.*” How these enlarged views of policy towards India are made apparent by the donation, for the life of us we cannot discover. The Chronicle would have acted judiciously had it allowed the donation to “speak for itself,” as it says it is fully able to do, instead of speaking of it in such rhodomontade terms.*

8th. We once heard a man ambitious of literary fame boast, that he used at one time to write a good deal in the “various newspapers and periodicals;” but, “Sir,” he added, “it is really so expensive, that though I had a pretty good fortune, I could not stand it. If you will believe me, The Morning Post charged me 12*l.* 14*s.* for the insertion of one of my very best articles, though it was scarcely a column in length.” This was amateur writing; amateur acting, if we may judge from the subjoined advertisement extracted from The Times of this day, is even more expensive to the parties, that is, if they are ambitious of the first parts:—

“TO THEATRICAL AMATEURS.—A lady of respectability is about to take a Benefit at one of the Theatres Royal, on which occasion the Tragedy of Othello will be performed, with a popular Entertainment. To prevent unnecessary trouble, the following terms are respectfully submitted:—The parts of Othello and Iago, 20*l.* each, for which tickets will be given to the full amount. Other Parts, according to their consequence, will be disposed of. Letters, post paid, addressed to R.M. at Mr. West’s library, 81, Great Portland-street, Portland-place, will be immediately attended to.”

As all the parts are priced according to their consequence, some, of course, are to be had on very moderate terms. An Emilia will, we suppose, go for half-a-crown; a Roderigo for a whole one; and an officer’s commission, or the Doge’s dignity, may probably be had for a shilling. The idea of thus putting up the parts for sale does great credit to the ingenuity of the lady; and she would favour the world with some curious evidence of ambition, if she would publish a list of the prices at which the various characters let. We should “admire to know” the price of Desdemona, and to what length an aspiring youth would go for the Lieutenancy of Michael Cassio. We would here just hint to one or two of the amateur actors that they would do well to resist the exaction of any charge for their acting, as they may expect at last to find their own value, like the dunghill in Gray’s Inn-lane. Our readers, like the sultan in the Arabian Nights, inquire how did the dunghill in Gray’s Inn-lane find its own value? why thus. For a long time the different parishes paid for the removal of their dust, just as amateur actors pay for the exhibition of their awkwardness, and the dustman made an immense depot of dust in Gray’s Inn-lane and sold at a good profit as manure, that, for accumulating which, as worthless rubbish, he had been paid. The parish (we think of Marylebone) having learned that the dustman made some money of his dust, suggested, when next the

* We find that this stroke is not of Chronicle origin; but it deserves the disgrace of it, for inserting such stuff without acknowledgment of its source.

contract was to be renewed, that he ought to make no charge for the dust. He acceded. At the expiration of that contract, the parish, which had now some vague idea that its rubbish was of value, required the dustman to pay for the dust; he demurred; ~~they threatened to~~ put it up to auction, and he instantly offered a large yearly sum for it. Thus it would be with some amateur actors, were they to be rated according to their value. ~~Rubbish~~ they undoubtedly are, but as rubbish they are worth a good price, and as rubbish they would obtain it. What houses Mr. R. C. used to draw! Very bad acting is extremely attractive. We could name another more patrician character, who is not now required to pay for his parts—who is at present in the condition of the Marylebone dust when it was taken gratis, but who, like that dust, might be at a premium. They say that he seldom fails to fill the theatre which he honours with his performance.

9th. We take an infinity of trouble to prevent the Hindoo widows from indulging in their ancient custom, sanctioned by the wisdom of ages, of burning themselves, while we suffer another kind of self immolation to be practised under our very noses. It is shocking that the legislature should allow loyal old gentlemen to make sacrifices of their lives by attending Royal funerals in the depth of winter. Two or three distinguished men have already died of assisting at the Duke of York's funeral, and many are now lying in a dangerous state, and the ground work of disease is laid which will probably sweep some more off before the spring is past. What is one widow, burnt sur le champ, compared with this number destroyed by cold? Propriety, loyalty, affection, required the hazard, you will say; the widow urges the same pleas. No old woman of the east could be more fixed in her resolution to encounter the flames, than our venerable Chancellor was resolved to dare the cold from his respect for the departed. Where was Mr. Buxton, and where were the other two or three gentlemen of the profession of humanity when this purpose was avowed? Not a hand was stretched forth to prevent the sacrifice of an old woman on the banks of the Thames, while heaven and earth would be moved for one on the banks of the Ganges! This scandal must be obviated. Mr. Alderman Wood must move in the House of Commons for a report of the number of old gentlemen who have killed themselves by attending royal funerals; and measures must be taken to prevent the recurrence of these rash actions. The Chancellor only escaped by a miracle, that is to say, by a hat. The dean and chapter, who are interested in a fall of bishops, provided no matting for the feet of the mourners, which encountered the cold stones. Lord Eldon, as all the world has been told, prudently stood on his chapeau. One good turn deserves another; he had borne it long enough, and it was but fair that it should bear him at a pinch.

— If we are to believe some of our critical brethren, they do mighty odd things. In the advertisement of a book called "the Story of a Life," is a voucher of merit, quoted from the Monthly Review in these exact words:—

"We involuntarily follow, and smile, and weep, and recover again, and pause in wonder at the skill of the magician whose wand has such strange influence over our faculties."—*Monthly Review.*

Poor gentleman! it must be strange to see him in such a strait; following, and smiling, and weeping, and recovering again, and pausing. Here is a reviewer with a heart, with fine sensibilities; when will any of our graceless crew have to say that they "*weep and recover again*," faint and come to, over their reading. By the way that same "magician," the author of the *Story of a Life*, has to answer for a marvellously silly book* on Germany, surfeitingly crammed with cant. The writer is always turning up his eyes to heaven like a duck in thunder. There is something profane in this publication of piety. It offends one like the mummery on the stage; when a man in a doublet, with a patch of red paint between his eyes, and a white wig on his head, comes to the foot lights, sinks on his knees to solemn music, clasps his hands, looks up at the pilaster boxes, and turns the very deity to stage effect.

"*What will ye lay it's a lie?*"—

"At a dinner lately given in Portsmouth to Lord Melville and John Wilson Croker, Esq., who had been inspecting the fortifications, naval stores, &c. of that arsenal, by the admiral and other officers of the station, Mr. Croker, with his usual tact and desire to show his inferiors on what familiar footing he stands with the peerage, took an opportunity, in the course of the entertainment, to hail the first lord with the familiar exclamation of 'Melville, some wine.' The naval gentlemen looked, some of them surprised at Mr. Croker's familiarity, and others deeply impressed with the sense of his importance—the great *land-lord's* brow lowered a little at being thus cavalierly addressed by a mere secretary, and swallowed his wine with as much hauteur as possible. But his revenge was to come. A young midshipman who had escorted Mr. Croker over the works, very much tickled by this hail-fellow well-met style of doing business, after waiting for about a minute, and before the surprise had yet subsided, exclaimed, with the utmost pitch of his voice, from the bottom of the table—'Croker, some wine;' and on the secretary very reluctantly complying with the request, by pouring the smallest quantity possible in his glass, added—'No skylights, my lad—*Secs* and *Middies* always take bumpers here.'—In the laugh that followed, none joined more heartily than Lord Melville.—*Morning Chronicle*.

This is an extremely vulgar fabrication, which no one, acquainted

* As we pique ourselves on being just, we must on consideration qualify this description. The book cannot be properly called a silly book, though there is an abundance of silliness in it; for there are occasionally good thoughts, and shrewd, and even critically nice observations; and moreover, indications of more intelligence in the writer than he developes. Notwithstanding all this, however, the bad preponderates; there is some vice in the work which pervades and spoils the whole. We strongly suspect it is cant—an affectation of twaddling goodness supposed to be acceptable to our pattern people. Among his nonsenses, the author falls into a dreadful lamentation, because he saw a Slavonian, "a very old man," oh! oh! oh!—eat—the quarter of a ready dressed goose without the aid—"we weep" as we write it, "and recover again," "and pause and wonder"—without the aid of a knife and fork!!! Alack! alack!—or the Christian comfort of a plate. They dance and sing, he confesses, but, oh! eat the legs of goose without the assistance of cutlery! Wretched Slavonians—is the reflection of the author; happy is he that dineth on goose—is ours. Eat goose, ye people of the earth, "*recte si posses, si non quocunque modo*" goose. Which being translated, signifies, eat goose in a mannerly style if you can; if not, tear it to pieces with your fingers.

either with the customs of society or the rules of naval etiquette, can for one moment believe; but it has passed current, and been copied from paper to paper, merely because Mr. Croker is an unpopular man. We all dislike Mr. Croker, but it cannot be denied that Mr. Croker fills the station of a gentleman, and it may fairly be supposed he is on the freest terms of intimacy with Lord Melville; in which case, unless Lord Melville is a consummate ass indeed, he could not take umbrage at being addressed by him as described, though at a formal dinner the familiarity is improbable, and certainly would not be hazarded for the reason vulgarly assigned by a man whose place in society is so perfectly known as that of Croker. As for the story of the midshipman, it can only be credited by those who are utterly ignorant of what a midshipman is in the presence of his superiors. In the army there is no rank off duty. An ensign may meet a general officer on equal terms across a dinner-table. But this is not the case in the navy; and it is indeed ludicrous to observe the deference which an officer, even of superior rank, pays to one who is still his superior. We have seen the post-captain, who has played the great man before the lieutenant, sink into a cypher on the entrance of an admiral. As for a midshipman, he is dumb in the presence of dons; and we would undertake to eat the middy who cracked jokes on Mr. Secretary Croker before the awe-inspiring personages of a grand naval dinner party.

11th. It has just now been asked why Fox dinners have been discontinued; and some writers have taken the trouble to explain the discontinuance on any but the best grounds. The truth is, that it is high time that such fooleries should be at an end; and people show their good sense by abandoning them. As *things* have occupied the public mind, names have lost their importance. It is very well for twaddling old whigs to fill their glasses to the name of Fox; but we question whether people in general associate the idea of any one sound political principle with it. It does not stand for any distinct object, but simply and solely for the head of a party, and party is happily out of vogue.

— The papers announce that Lord Maryborough is confined to his bed, as some have it, from the gout; others say from a ducking in a wet ditch, while the Chronicle insists that sympathy with his son is the cause of his lordship's indisposition. Here are three common causes sufficient to account for one consequence, confinement to bed—gout, wet ditch, or parental affection. According to Euclid, things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other; therefore, a wet ditch is, though less sentimental, an agent on his lordship's constitution equivalent to paternity.

13th. A clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Worthington, of Saint Sepulchre's, in giving evidence at Guildhall, in favour of a gentleman's coachman, who had merely driven over an old woman, said, that "the coachman's conduct was plain and *straightforward*." That is, we suppose, he drove *straightforward* over the lady. Clergymen, we often observe, seem to have a knack of viewing things quite unlike the rest of the world. A Mr. Barstow having interfered to secure the offender in this case, Mr. Worthington, who beheld the scene from his drawing-room window, desired vehemently to apprehend him, because he excited the feelings of the mob; and a man who excites the feelings

of the mob, is more dangerous than he who runs over an old woman; as there is no knowing where the feelings of the mob will stop, when they are once excited—they might pull down St. Sepulchre's church itself, in such moments of exaltation. When an old woman is run over in the street, by a genteel carriage, it is the part of a good subject, in the language of my Uncle Toby, "to wipe her up, and say nothing about it," and not to excite the feelings of that horrid monster, a mob, by acting as if a wrong had been done to a helpless creature. A pretty pass we are come to, if a gentleman's neat yellow chariot cannot be driven over a stupid old woman, without a disturbance! Happy is it for us, that we have yet some curates who have leisure to look out of window, and judgment enough to discern the prudence of causing the apprehension of meddling individuals, who would give mobs to imagine that it was wrong in gentlemen's coachmen to run over foot passengers. In Mr. Worthington, the perception of error appears to have been remarkably fine—at least in the one case, that of the person who interfered—for he seems to have discovered nothing amiss in the "straightforward" driving of the Jehu. When called upon to describe the exciting doings of Mr. Barstow, he was sorely perplexed to state the precise acts, though he had so clearly and readily come to the conclusion, that they would have warranted his apprehension. Thus it is, that some of us have the faculty of seeing, at a glance, the proper punishment, though we cannot, for the life of us, make out the crime.

14th. The circumstances of the following action are curious—they let us into the secrets of a part of the press; and also show what a fund of sensitiveness there must be in those who affect the loftiest indifference to newspaper strictures, and yet are ready to hazard their money on the mere chance of their being protected from them.

"BERKELEY v. FAIRMAN.—This was an action for money lent and advanced to the defendant. The defendant had borrowed the sum of one hundred pounds, for the purpose of supporting a newspaper, from which he seemed to imagine that Colonel Berkeley would derive some benefit. The proof on the part of the plaintiff was opened by a letter written in May, 1825, in which the defendant, addressing the plaintiff in the politest terms, took occasion to inform him, that, 'for the purpose of defending from the attacks of the mercenary press, those gentlemen who are often selected for its victims,' he had commenced a paper, The Palladium, which he found to be very expensive; which he expected would ultimately succeed; but which then wanted some assistance to go on. Without that assistance, the defendant expressed his belief that it must fail; and added, 'I fear from the line of conduct it has pursued, this would prove a great gratification to the least respectable part of the press.' The letter concluded by observing, that these statements were made in confidence, and by requesting a loan of money, which the defendant offered to secure by acceptances, payable at his banker's. The plaintiff sent an order to Drummond and Co., his own bankers, for one hundred pounds, which was paid in two notes of fifty pounds each, into the house of Cockburn and Co., the defendant's bankers."

There are, doubtless, many who have acted as Colonel Berkeley has

done, in their eagerness to avail themselves of any protection offered by the press; and this may account for the existence of the number of contemptible Sunday newspapers that rise and fall—we cannot go on, *flourish*, and decay. It is odd, however, that men of the world should think it worth while to give money for the use of such very despicable tools. And Colonel Berkeley, who risked his hundred pounds as above stated, on the mere blind speculation of services, is not only a man of the world, but one of an extremely good head. His intellect, though it may want schooling and discipline, is naturally of a superior order—strong, but unmanageable. *His* faith in *The Palladium* was a fine farce. Did he really imagine that a type of Minerva had dropped from the clouds, to protect a beleaguered aristocracy?

15th. The conduct of some rioters, accused of parliamentary proceedings, in Whitecross-street prison, has shocked the constitutional ideas of that Solomon of the age, the Recorder of London. From the evidence it appears, that the rogues in Whitecross-street, moved by the instinct of their collective knavery, naturally formed themselves into a parliament, and have proceeded, as rogues will do, to tax and oppress the unhappy people in their power. When the Recorder heard that a body of thieves were in the habit of thus robbing poor wretches, by levying imposts, he immediately saw a striking likeness, and exclaimed, “Bless me! here is another House of Commons!” But we will give his exact words, as we find them in the report.

“The Recorder asked the witness who dispensed the money [extorted by the rioters from all new comers]?—Witness: The steward [obviously the speaker].

“The Recorder: Who chooses the steward?—Witness: He is chosen by the voice of the ward. Every thing is done there by election.

“The Recorder: *Then it is a parliament which imposes taxes?*—Witness: Exactly so, my lord.

“The Recorder; I never heard before of more than one parliament in this realm, and I never knew it to enforce taxes in this manner.

“Mr Spencer, the governor of the prison, was called; and he stated, that he heard a noise in the prison—he thought it was the election of the twelver. When he went all was silent, and he could not tell from what ward the noise came.

“The Recorder answered him with great severity for not having acted with more energy to prevent the outrage, and said the court expected of him that he would be more vigilant in future.

“Mr. Spencer; I will use my utmost endeavours, my lord; but it was a custom, and—

“The Recorder: A custom, sir! do not let the court hear such a defence. Robbery on the highway, and picking pockets, have been customary from time immemorial. The public will not hear of taxes levied except by authority of parliament, or of any taxes levied in such a manner.”

True, oh king! Robbery on the highway, and picking pockets, have been customary from time immemorial; and, as you very properly observe, the public will not hear of robbery and picking pockets, except by authority of parliament—what are we writing?—for robbery and picking pockets, read, taxes levied.

We agree entirely with the learned Recorder, that the power of raising taxes cannot be tolerated in *every* body of rogues. The vagabonds have obviously fallen into a mistake. The right of levying imposts does not attach, as they imagine, to collective knavery. Granted that rogues in one place raise taxes, it does not follow that rogues collected in another, have the same privilege. The roguery is very probably consequential on the tax-raising power, but the tax-raising power is not consequential on the roguery. To suppose otherwise, to confound coincidence with consequence, is to fall into the error of a learned Irish judge, who, when living in a small retired French village, had his clothes made by the postman, and on going to Paris, having occasion for a suit, went straight to the post office, and requested the director to take his measure for a coat, waistcoat, and breeches in the newest mode.

16th. Petitions for and against the Corn Laws have been as abundant as might be expected. In presenting one to the lords, Lord King declared his opinion, "that there was no good reason for the opposition of the Landed Interest, for the repeal of the Corn Laws would ultimately benefit them. He said this as a landowner, for the greater part of his property consisted in land; but if he thought the repeal of the laws would injure the landed interest, he should hope that he would be found not so wanting to his duty as to oppose a measure that was for the good of the great mass of the people."

This modest expression of a sentiment of political integrity will lose nothing by contrast with the language of Sir Francis Burdett on the same subject last session.

"He was not," said the baronet, "so disinterested as not to feel for himself and those belonging to him; and *if, as a gentleman of England, possessing a landed estate, he could feel that the measure in question was likely to be seriously injurious to him, he should oppose it.*"

We respect the general tenor of Sir Francis Burdett's public life; we admire for the most part his political conduct; but we do not hesitate to declare that a more unprincipled avowal than that which we have just quoted, was never made in the walls even of the House of Commons, and that no iniquity has ever been acted in that House, which might not be justified according to the doctrine laid down by the honourable baronet. This, we are sorry to say, cannot be imagined a slip of the tongue; the same doctrine was stated by Sir Francis, in substance, three or four times. We trust that on the agitation of the Corn Question, he will see the propriety of retracting the dangerous sanction he has thus given to every kind of political profligacy. The worst we can urge against any political character, is, that he would sacrifice the welfare of millions to his own little private interests. There are, as Bacon says, men who are such extreme self-lovers, that they would roast their eggs on the embers of their neighbours' houses. There are country gentlemen who would enrich their land with the vitals of the people, who would make the country rot to furnish them manure.

17th. The case of Colonel Bradley has been again brought under the consideration of Parliament, as respects the House of Commons, with little success; but as to the more important point of convincing

the country that the gallant officer has suffered gross injustice, and that there is something rotten in the state of the Horse Guards, there can remain little doubt. We have but to contrast the manly pertinacity of Colonel Bradley, well supported by Mr. Hume, with the blustering of Lord Palmerston, and the glosses (I regret to write it) of Mr. Peel. On the one hand we have an officer daring inquiry, and pledging his honour to the truth of his charges—on the other, a junta of official persons concealing evidence and shrinking from investigation. If the accusation be false, nothing can be more easy than to repel it. Will General Fuller make oath that he signed Colonel Arthur's commission or letter of service in Jamaica and on the day it bears date? Will he produce the general order-book, and show that such commission was, according to established military usage, published to the Army, that all might know at their peril to whom they owe obedience? Will any person produce any one of the many regimental orderly-books into which such order was copied? Will any person produce any one of the company orderly-books (there must have been some forty or fifty) into which such general order must have been re-copied? Will any one of the four thousand officers, non-commissioned officers, or soldiers then quartered in Jamaica or its dependencies, swear that he heard that order read on parade according to the invariable rule of the service?—If not, what must be the conclusion?

Lord Palmerston, indeed, tells us that he has seen the commission, and lays a copy (where is the original) on the table of the House—of the *existence* of that commission there is no question; the point is when and where was it signed? If the execution of an instrument is disputed, the legal course is to call the subscribing witness to attest its execution—will H. B. Hall swear he saw General Fuller sign that commission in Jamaica on the 8th of July, 1814?

Sir Henry Torrens has sworn, indeed, that he has seen and examined *four* general orders on the subject—one would serve the purpose quite as well, if he would prove its publication.

Mr. Peel (again we regret that one standing so high in public estimation for just and manly principles should be mixed up in this matter)—Mr. Peel says “the commission *itself* (?) was produced, and it then further appeared (how?) that it was signed by General Fuller in 1814.” If Mr. Peel will pledge himself to his personal investigation and satisfaction on these points, we have done; but while he avows that it is “to the positive assertion of a gentleman holding the responsible office of Secretary at War” that he gives implicit confidence, we may yet be permitted to doubt—the country has long been accustomed to draw the distinction between official and personal veracity—(since Mr. Plunkett's declaration on the non-residence of the Irish Clergy, the privilege of office has been so greatly enlarged, that men of ordinary powers of credulity are obliged to doubt, even where they wish to believe.) But even Lord Palmerston states nothing of his own knowledge, he does not pretend to have asked and satisfied himself on any one of the questions on which the case actually turns.

The next champion of concealment is Sir Henry Hardinge, who blinks the real question throughout. No one ever doubted that a half-pay officer could hold a staff (that is, a limited) commission—the doubt is whether he can step out of the limits of his staff appointment and take a general command? Sir Henry instances the fort major of the

Tower, who is a half-pay officer, and says, that a captain (the *Times* has it colonel) marching in with a battalion could not command there; perhaps not. There are a governor and a lieutenant governor specially commissioned for that purpose; but I much doubt whether the fort major has any such *special* commission: and if he has any such special commission, it is an exception from the general rule. A fort major, a town major, or a brigade major, stand on the same footing. Does Sir Henry Hardinge pretend to say that if the general and field officers of a brigade were killed off, the brigade major would take the command from a captain one day his senior? Sir Henry knows the contrary. But does the fort major of the Tower interfere in the military command of the troops there? I believe not—I believe he would not take the command of a morning parade even from a corporal—he has distinct duties to perform; to those his commission, no doubt, limits him, and he cannot extend his authority.

Relying on the question, whether the commission was, or was not, signed on the day it bears date, I do not think it necessary to answer all the arguments of Colonel Arthur's friends. One word, however, on General Fuller's power to grant a commission, over-riding the King's. If he had the power, Sir Henry Hardinge's reasoning must go to this extent,—that if by any chance of war, a general officer (junior we will say to General Fuller) had landed with troops in the bay of Honduras, not having a special commission to command there, such general and his army would have been subject to the authority of Colonel Arthur, by virtue of General Fuller's commissions. One word, also, as to the case of Major Massey: is it not evident that the authorities at Jamaica sought to give Colonel Arthur the command of the troops at Honduras, by removing his seniors? they, therefore, sent Major Massey leave of absence. Major Massey, it is true, remained there a short time—not, as is pretended, in the situation of an inferior officer, but as an officer on leave of absence, arranging his private affairs previous to quitting the colony. This is evident from his answer to Colonel Arthur, when requested to sit on a court martial—"If there is any danger, I will take the command; (that is, I will throw up my leave of absence,) and direct you, Colonel Arthur, to sit on the court martial." Was Major Massey placed under arrest for this answer,—for this most insubordinate answer, if Colonel Arthur really had a commission entitling him to command? No: why not?

The plain fact is, that the authorities in Jamaica were not prepared for disbanding the York chasseurs, and thought they had done every thing by removing the seniors of their favourite; the possibility of his being placed on half-pay did not occur to them.

The conduct of government in defending Colonel Arthur at the public expense, and then sending him out of the way before Colonel Bradley could recover his costs and damages against him, needs no comment; no honest man can doubt upon the subject. It is said that Colonel A. is supported by a sect who are not over scrupulous in the means by which they attain their holy ends. The saints of modern times have no inclination to become martyrs.

Mr. Bernal, in the course of the debate, very properly reproached the judges with their custom of blinking the questions; the ministers have followed their example, but they are probably mistaken if they suppose that they can smother this affair. Colonel Bradley appears

determined to persevere; he has already demanded a court martial on some of the accused. This will probably be refused, and in truth it is scarcely to be wished that a matter so important should be submitted to so imperfect a tribunal. A court of law will do better.

I find, by the bye, that General Fuller is not in England—he ought to come over from France as quickly as possible. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a general officer, or indeed any gentleman, can rest satisfied under the accusation which Colonel Bradley has brought forward in his letter to the Duke of Wellington; his Grace may be contented with sheltering himself under the authority of his royal predecessor: but the officers charged with conspiracy cannot avail themselves of this plea, since it necessarily must form part of the charge, that they had imposed upon the late Commander-in-Chief.

18th. The subject of emigration as a cure for superabundant population was debated in the Commons last night. Twenty millions of money would be required to expatriate one million of people. We shall take another opportunity to say more on this expedient; at present, we must confine ourselves to a declaration of our conviction that the scheme cannot be carried into effect. The country will not consent to a certain expenditure of twenty millions of money for a doubtful remedy. If ever a million of people should be shipped from Ireland, we trust, in common justice, that they will be permitted to carry with them, as a *viaticum*, their fair share of the church of that country.

23d. Imagination can set no bounds to our Quixotism—spiritual, political, and benevolent. There is actually in *The Times* of this day, a report of the meeting of a society for bettering the condition of the Jews! It is not true, it is discovered, that all Jews are rich, or that those who are poor are always supported by the rich; therefore an association is formed for the benefit of these Jews. How the Jews will chuckle at the softness of the Christians. Cobbett should look to this matter, or the next of kin to the subscribers. Any young prodigal who has been in the hands of “the poor Jews,” will have some pretence for putting his wealthy uncle or aunt under restraint for spending their money, in bettering the condition of this interesting race.

— Captain Keppel records this Persian criticism on the custom of duelling:

“How foolish it is for a man who wishes to kill his enemy, to expose his own life; when he can accomplish his purpose with so much greater safety by shooting at him from behind a rock.”

We have heard of an American affair of honour, in which practical effect was given to this idea. The parties were to meet, armed with rifles, in a dell. One of the principals and his second arrived in good time, and took their post in the appointed hollow; the others were late, and came whipping and spurring to the height immediately over the spot, whence the tardy principal espying his antagonist, turned to his second, and said, “As it is late, I am thinking, Jedediah, that we can have them here as handy as by going any further.” “Oh yes!” replied the second; upon which they dismounted, and the first gentleman having unslung his rifle, and rested it leisurely on the branch of a tree, took a deliberate aim at the other gentleman two hundred yards down below in the hollow, and to his unspeakable surprise,

shot him through the head. Having performed this exploit merely to save time, and unnecessary fuss and trouble, the hero wiped out the pan of his piece, mounted his horse, and trotted home, perfectly well satisfied with the short cut he had taken in duelling.

— The Times has given an account of the king's manner of life at Brighton, which, if written by an eye-witness at all, must have been written by a footman, and one whose performance does no credit to the Sunday school at which he acquired his skill in letters. This court historian informs us, that the drama is frequently discussed in the royal society, and that his Majesty, or some of his Majesty's friends, are so condescending as to mention the name of one Sheridan in terms of praise. If Sheridan in another world is conscious of so high an honour, surely it must enhance the bliss of paradise. I extract a morsel from this treat—

“ The drama forms one of the chief themes of conversation, and Sheridan's name is frequently mentioned in terms of praise, as holding a high station amongst the great dramatic writers. It is asserted that the royal critic makes admirable comments upon the literary excellence of the old comic writers, and most ludicrously contrasts their labours with those of the authors of the present day. At nine o'clock precisely, the king retires for a short time to his dressing room, and on his return, several card-tables are in readiness, and his majesty most familiarly invites his guests to the tables. To those whom he wishes to sit at his own table he says, ‘ Come, a game at whist; marchioness, do you sit there—my lord, you there—Barnard, there—come now, begin.’ At a distance soft music is heard while the game proceeds.”

The logic which follows is excellent—

The king is an excellent whist player—*indeed, so great an adept, that while he deals out the cards he often beats time to the band*, and gives instructions for the performance of his most favourite pieces of music.”

We never heard a more convincing proof of skill in whist—His Majesty is so great an adept, that while he deals the cards he beats time! Wonderful! But this is not all; for by the same method of reasoning, we may say, that the king is so great an adept in music, that while he beats time he deals the cards. Of this we are confident, that his Majesty beats his adversaries. A king must always win at whist. All his *finesses* must succeed, and his queens can never fail to make. We marvel whether mortal courtier ever had the hardihood to lead through his Honour. Montaigne acutely remarks, that the only art in which princes are well instructed, is riding, and that is because the horse with which they have to deal, shows them no favour. Applying the converse to whist, we should argue that kings could never be whist-players.

25th. In one of the John Bull's dismal howls on the ascendancy of liberal opinions, this curious misprint occurs, which makes the writer speak the truth *malgré lui*.—“ We are not bigots, *nor have we any objection to rational reform, where the free march of our existing political institutions is not impeded by obsolete customs or obvious corruptions.*”—John Bull, Feb. 25.

— We observe that Mr. Hone, in his ingenious *Every Day Book*, gives a most alarming lecture under the text, that “There is no *cure* for the bite of a mad dog,” though he admits that there is a *remedy*; notwithstanding which, however, he comes to the conclusion, that all dogs found in towns should be destroyed. We strongly recommend to the perusal of Mr. Hone, and all other persons who delight in such panics, the perusal of the Paper, No. 68, in that admirable, but little appreciated work, *The Citizen of the World*, which contains more mind, and a vein of sounder philosophy, than any of our periodical Essays, not excepting the *Spectator*. It is curious to observe, how much Goldsmith was before his more valued contemporaries in philosophy; he had glimpses of many truths that have since burst to light; and discovered in his speculations, indications of views which would not have been comprehended by the people of his time.

— “Vivian Grey.—We understand that his Majesty has expressed considerable curiosity to peruse the continuation of this extraordinary performance.—*John Bull*.”

A Brighton correspondent adds, with reference to this statement—which is not in the least like a puff—that his Majesty is an excellent critic; and, indeed, so great an adept in literature, that while he cuts open the pages of a new work, he often hums a tune!!! The account of this complex proceeding, and the proper inference, will appear at full length in the *Times*.

26th. This is, indeed, a literary age. In the list of the sale of the Duke of York’s furniture, we read of “a very handsome *secretaire*, which *corresponds* with the bedstead.”

DR. LINGARD AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. *

ALL the world knows that the *Edinburgh Review* has shown a decided hostility to Dr. Lingard, the author of our best History of England. He has been attacked by it in two elaborate articles; in the first, the enmity was covered, and somewhat concealed, by an apparent candour, and many sugared phrases; the second article was bitter, and almost violent, in its censure. The reviewer was not content with charging the historian with carelessness, indolence and error, but with absolute falsehood and wilful misrepresentation. It must have been obvious to every one that the writer, who is so universally said to be Dr. Allen, Lord Holland’s literary *restaurateur*, that it is almost affectation not to name him, was actuated by something akin to personal pique. In the first paper, the merits of a long and laborious work were tried by the narrative of an old story of Saxon times; and in the second, the test taken was a *note* at the end of the sixth volume, on a topic of *French* history, the massacre of St. Bartholomew. These two portions were examined with great vigilance and rigour, pronounced rotten, and the whole work consequently condemned as a mass of corruption. It was hinted that the jesuit was concealed under every sentence, and the tocsin of alarm was sounded, that all good Protestants

* A Vindication of certain Passages in the Fourth and Fifth Volumes of the History of England, by J. Lingard, D. D. 1826, 8vo. pp. 112. Mawman.

might rise and crush in a body the unfortunate Roman Catholic priest, who had the temerity to tamper with the history of a people who have turned from the error of their ways. It was certainly a vast presumption in any one not a Scotchman, to write a history at all; and much more without having asked the leave of either Dr. Allen or Sir James Macintosh. Why did not Dr. Lingard wait until the appearance of the continuation of Hume by the latter gentleman? he would then have had a model by which to work, and would not have so grossly offended, by expressing his contempt of the "philosophy of history," which he dares to call the "philosophy of romance." Dr. Lingard has, moreover, most incautiously, as is openly alleged by the reviewer, spoken very freely of several Scotch heroes, especially Wallace. The most crying sin, however, which the Doctor has committed, is his contradictions of Hume, doubtless because he was a Scotchman. It is sufficient for Hume, says the reviewer, to have spoken well of any person, for the Doctor to abuse him; and, on the contrary, they who are censured by Hume, are the favourites of the unfortunate Roman Catholic. It happens, ludicrously enough, that for eight years previous to the commencement of his history, Dr. Lingard had not read a hundred pages of Hume. The examples which the reviewer has brought against the Doctor, of course, remain memorials of his own disgrace. This jealousy of Hume is, above all things, absurd and inconsistent in the Edinburgh Review, who have so lately lent all their aid to the exposure of his errors. Our historical readers must recollect an article in the Edinburgh Review, No. LXXIX. Vol. XL. (July, 1824,) entitled, "Brodie's Constitutional History, and *Corrections* of Mr. Hume." That article was the well-known production, not of Dr. Allen, but of a reviewer of the same *clan*; and a reviewer, by the way, privy to, if not an assistant in, the *Massacre* article.*

Now, reader, mark the consistency of this joint-stock company of Edinburgh reviewers, even on their favourite historical idol—Hume. In the Brodie article, mildly entitled, "*Corrections* of Mr. Hume," Mr. Hume is arraigned, on the evidence of his indefatigable commentator Mr. Brodie, of numerous and intentional mis-statements, suppressions, and wilful selections of single authorities, opposed to numerous and more credible counter-authorities. In short, Mr. Hume is convicted of *lying*; of matured, digested, and concealed lies. It is impossible to use language too coarse or strong: Hume is there *convicted* of what is only *charged*, without proof, against Dr. Lingard; and yet towards the former, in the last Edinburgh Review but one, Hume *versus* Lingard, we observe a perseverance in this idolatry of Hume, and their hatred of Dr. Lingard! How consistent the ethics of these reviewers! We will now, from the article of Brodie, reproduce their forgotten character of Hume, and refresh a treacherous memory.

"The author upon whom he has chiefly exercised this wholesome but severe discipline, it will readily be supposed, is Hume—to whose history of the same period the work before us may indeed be regarded as a professed answer or antidote—and who is here convicted of so

* For we put the following queries to the reviewer and company. Did not a certain knight and member of Parliament, borrow Caveyrac from an eminent barrister and Catholic lay-writer? Did not the gentleman in question borrow that volume for Dr. Allen? and was it not from the stores of a Catholic library that this *gravamen* of the charges of the Review was drawn?

many inaccuracies and partial statements, that we really think his credit among historians, for correctness of assertion, will soon be nearly as low as it has long been with theologians for orthodoxy of belief. It is this, indeed, we do not scruple to confess, that gives the work its chief value in our eyes—for though an exact and trust-worthy history of the memorable period it embraces, must have been at all times of great interest and importance, we cannot help feeling that the greatest good it can do, at present, would be to counteract the many bad effects which the unlucky, though in many respects well merited popularity of Mr. Hume's work has had on the public mind. The true source of *practical* Toryism, or, in other words, of personal servility to the government, is no doubt self-interest, or a strong desire for unearned emoluments and undeserved distinctions—but the great support of *speculative* servility and *sincere* Tory opinions,—to which we are liberal enough to allow an actual existence, has of late years been found chiefly in Hume's history: and we have really very little doubt, that both the prejudices which infect the few genuine Tories of the present day, and the apologies by which the crowds who care nothing either for prejudice or principle, are enabled to make a plausible defence for their conduct, may be justly ascribed to the impression which the artful colouring and delusive reasonings of that book have made on public opinion—an impression which the excellence of the writing, the acuteness of the observations, and the apparent fairness of the deductions, have all tended powerfully to confirm.”—*Edinburgh Review*, No. lxxix. art. v. p. 93.

As the Scotch periodical has taken such particular notice of a *note* in Dr. Lingard's work, we will return the compliment, by citing to the present purpose,—the credibility of Hume,—a *note* of their own, appended to the aforesaid Brodie article, p. 97. The italics, with the exception of the words *conjectural* and *integration*, are our typographical notes of admiration.

“Mr. Hume's summaries of the conflicting views of different parties at particular eras, have been deservedly admired for the singular clearness, brevity, and plausibility with which they are composed: but, in reality, they belong rather to *conjectural* than to authentic history; and any one who looks into contemporary documents, will be surprised to find how very small a portion of what is there imputed to the actors of the time had actually occurred to them, and how little of what they truly maintained is there recorded in their behalf. The object of the author being chiefly to give his readers a clear idea of the scenes he described, he seems to have thought that the conduct of the actors would be best understood by ascribing to them the views and motives, which, upon reflection, appeared to himself most natural in their situation. *In this way, he has often made all parties appear more reasonable than they truly were; and given probability and consistency to events, which, as they actually occurred, were not a little inconceivable. But in so doing, he has undoubtedly violated the truth of history—and exposed himself to the influence of the most delusive partialities.* Such a hypothetical *integration* of the opinions likely to prevail in any particular circumstances, seems at all times to have been a favourite exercise of his ingenuity,” &c.

We shall be only tempted to make one other clenching quotation of the

once avowed, now suppressed opinion, in this review of Hume. "*The misrepresentations of Hume are every day more known and admitted; and the unostentatious labours of his correctors have already shaken the very foundations of his authority.* Professor Millar has done much to counteract the effect of his errors, as to the earlier part of our history, and Mr. Laing still more as to that portion of it which relates to the administration of the Stuarts in Scotland. Bishop Hurd, &c. has made a strong appeal against *the partial statements, and unconstitutional prejudices of this author.* Dr. Birch, in a very exact and elaborate treatise, has *completely discredited* his account of Glamorgan's transactions in Ireland; and Dr. Towers, in a valuable tract published by him in 1778, has brought together many new proofs of his *extraordinary misrepresentations.*"* Such is the Scotch historian now held up in derogatory comparison with Dr. Lingard! For our own parts, *supposing* Dr. Lingard guilty of the offences, and historical inaccuracies imputed to him, *we* could not see "the difference of a pin" between the two. We do not seek to vindicate Dr. Lingard by recrimination on Hume; but when to these general "*corrections*" of Hume by the above Edinburgh reviewer, we add the exposure of him by Brodie *passim*, his character as an historian is destroyed. We acknowledge, nay, we admire and appreciate highly, the value of his *reflections* on English History; but as for his *History*, as such, it is prejudiced, faithless, worthless; and we believe it would be far better for the character of the author, and the information of the reader, if those reflections, and insulated portions of undoubted excellence, were subtracted from the historical part, and preserved in some separate form. To these indictments and recorded sentences of Hume, which have now justly outlawed him as an *historian*, we can state, that we have collated the early editions of the Political Essays with the last, as *corrected* by the author, and have marked with astonishment the change of *sentiment*—a change which may nevertheless there, as well as in his historical work, be traced in its progress, by the following useful graduated scale of political or sinister influence. It is the fashion to consider Mr. Hume a *philosopher* in his personal character, a gentleman who neither valued nor sought the good things of this world. The following is something more than "a *hypothetical* integration" of *places* in which, at different periods of his life, he was pleasantly seated.

A. D.

MR. HUME.

1746. Secretary in general Conway's expedition.

1747. Secretary to the military embassy in Vienna and Turin.

1752. Librarian to the Edinburgh Advocate's library.

* In these citations on Mr. Hume, we have merely quoted the general representations of the Edinburgh Review respecting him. The specific charges are equally strong. Thus in the article on the first review of Dr. Lingard's History, the Scotch reviewer writes,—p. 5,—“We are far from intending by these remarks on Mr. Hume's general character as an historian, to vindicate or palliate his History of the Stuarts. We are thoroughly sensible of its deficiencies in what constitutes the chief merit of an historian, *fidelity and regard to truth.*” If such is the character of Mr. Hume's history and philosophy on the most controverted and party-coloured period of English History, what could be expected from his *general* labours, when not excited by any extraordinary motives of industry and impartiality?

1762. A PENSION *l.* per annum as a *literary* man.

1763. Secretary to Lord Hertford's French embassy.

1765. Chargé d'affaires at Paris.

1767. Under secretary of state.

We here beg our readers to believe that we are far, very far, from seeking to degrade or reduce the real philosophical reputation of David Hume: we idolize *that* part of his character as fervently as his most jealous countrymen; but his "Philosophy of History" is a romance, we despise, as a degrading part of his literary labours, and lament it, as a drawback upon his intellectual influence. For all doubtful and controverted passages of English history, Hume gives no authorities; whereas Dr. Lingard states no disputed point, at least, without verifying his own judgment by a reference to the evidence on which it is founded. Such is the *romance* which the Edinburgh reviewer prefers to Dr. Lingard's Historical Facts.

We should, moreover, like to be informed, on what principle Dr. Lingard's work can be blamed for not extending its objects, when the writer has expressly limited and defined them by a certain plan. It may be stated as a matter of regret, that any writer has not been qualified for, or undertaken a bolder and more laborious scope of history; but Mrs. Trimmer might as justly be "cut up" for not writing to adults, as Dr. Lingard for not swelling his work with "philosophy of history," when he only undertook, and intended, a full and honest detail of historical facts. Dr. Lingard chooses to write one sort of history, and Dr. Allen thinks proper to prescribe another course. We conclude it is the difficulty and labour of the process of amalgamating history and philosophy, which has so long delayed the completion and publication of an oft-promised history, which was and is to be—and may be, but we guess will never be. We have had enough of the "philosophy of history," that *conserve* in which historical falsehoods and misrepresentations are imbedded. Clarendon is said to have made his characters first, and to have dressed and powdered them afterwards;* and many of our posthumous historical works are well known to have been *philosophised* and garnished by party editors. The dangerous and destructive effects of this "philosophy of history" are singularly displayed in the inconsistencies and contradictions of the Edinburgh Review. We see that cultivated men, even aware of the mendacity of Hume, are nevertheless fascinated and seduced by his amusing philosophical romance; the amount, therefore, of the imposition on the credulous and unthinking, that is to say, the bulk of the public, may be easily estimated. Dr. Lingard, in the preface to his Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, very sensibly and pertinently remarks that, "on almost every subject, the public mind is guided by the wisdom or prejudices of a few favourite writers: their reputation consecrates their opinions; and their errors are received by the incautious reader, as the dictates of truth." p. v. At all events Dr. Lingard's "sacrifice to the vulgar cant of the day"† towards Hume, stands justified by the experience of the latter historian's ro-

* It has been well said of this fascinating but misrepresenting historical writer, that he could paint a good *picture*, but no *portrait*.

† Edinburgh Review. No. LXXXIII. part. 1, p. 7.

mantic propensities; and certainly Dr. Lingard had a *right* to write English History, with or without the addition of the "*philosophy* of history."

But to proceed to Dr. Lingard's "Vindication." We shall shortly detail the leading points of the attack and the defence. The following brief and manly introduction prefaces Dr. Lingard's pamphlet.

"It did not escape me, when I first sate down to write the 'History of England,' that I had imposed on myself a toilsome and invidious task. I foresaw that it would require habits of patient research, and incessant application; that I should frequently be obliged to contradict the statements of favourite writers, occasionally perhaps to offend the political or religious partialities of my readers; and that my pretensions to accuracy would provoke others to seek out and expose those casual errors, which no human vigilance can totally exclude from long and laborious compositions. But the knowledge of these inconveniences did not divert me from my purpose. I have pursued it faithfully and fearlessly through six quarto volumes, and have brought down the history from the first invasion by the Romans to the death of Charles the First.

"As the work issued from the press, it gradually attracted notice. By some writers it was honoured with the meed of their approbation. Others selected certain portions for the subject of animadversion. To these I made no reply, intending to reserve myself till the completion of my labours, and then, in a general answer, to admit emendation, where I found myself in error, and to defend my former statements, where I thought them captiously or wantonly assailed. If I now recede from that resolution, it is in consequence of a late article in the 'Edinburgh Review.' Its writer, having previously surveyed the whole work, pounces with the rapacity of the vulture, on a note at the end of the fifth volume, relating to an event unconnected with English history; and encouraged by the detection of certain real or imaginary errors, he charges me with carelessness, and fraud, and misrepresentation; and pronounces his solemn and deliberate judgment, that the book 'is one of a most dangerous description, which will impress the minds of its readers with false and incorrect notions of the history of their country, and of the character and conduct of their ancestors. This sample of enlightened criticism has drawn from me the present tract. It is not in my disposition to affect an apathy which I do not feel, or to sit down tamely under reproach which I do not deserve. I owe it to myself to refute this sweeping accusation; I owe it to my readers to show, that I have not abused their confidence."

Dr. Lingard then proceeds to the subject matter of accusation and vindication. He states that his note on the massacre of St. Bartholomew had been originally reserved for a place among the notes in the appendix to the fifth volume; but that it did not appear in its original shape, the overgrown bulk of that volume having compelled him to reduce it to one half of its original size. Minor, though corroborative circumstances, were omitted; many of the particular authorities were suppressed; and all reasoning on either side of the question was excluded. Dr. Lingard had, therefore, briefly requested the reader of his history to believe that his *opinion*, differing as it did from that of

many former writers, "was not formed till after a diligent personal and comparison of the most authentic documents on the subject." This latter assertion the Edinburgh reviewer thinks proper contemptuously to discredit. And the reviewer contends that Dr. Lingard, in the narrative of the Massacre, has exhibited so many instances of carelessness and haste, so many misconceptions and misrepresentations, so long a train of literary delinquencies, that he could not have read with attention, if at all, the works to which he had appealed. The reviewer, moreover, intimates that all the Doctor's knowledge on the subject was derived from Caveyrac*—that Caveyrac's dissertation had no authority, and its author no credit; but that through the medium of *that* writer, Dr. Lingard had seen and "diligently compared the original documents on this subject." Dr. Lingard first exposes "the artful manner of proof," and in the onset convicts the reviewer of *thrice* substituting his own words as a quotation from the Doctor! In exposing "the original and authentic documents" of the reviewer, Dr. Lingard shows that Masson's life of Charles IX., pompously referred to among other great authorities, consists merely of six loosely printed pages, "in which the immense number of fifteen lines is devoted to the history of St. Bartholomew;" the mere heads of a projected history, which its author never reprinted in his collected works! *Query*, whether the reviewer ever saw Masson, or whether, "like a feather in a peacock's tail," Masson was not adopted for the sake and display of the plumage of reference? Dr. Lingard then notices the *quo animo* evinced in the singularity of the reviewer hopping from the prefatory address to the very last paragraph of the memoir, to comment on the epithet "huguenot" being applied to three notoriously Catholic writers—a mere mistake of the Doctor's amanuensis, who seeing "Huguenot" in the margin of Dr. Lingard's manuscript (a private mark to aid his memory) erroneously copied it as a correction of the real text "national." Dr. Lingard mildly admits that the reviewer may claim the merit of having discovered the copyist's error, but doubts whether the merit of the discovery will atone for the unfair use to which it has been applied. As a set off, he detects similar errors in the reviewer's own article, but disdains to turn them to the same misconstruction.†

He then proceeds to defend and support his opinion of the improbability of the plot being preconcerted, which he chiefly founds—1. on the friendship of the king for Coligni, the leader of the huguenots; 2. the attempt on the life of that nobleman; 3. the visit of the royal family to the bed-side of the wounded man.

* "The reviewer tells us 'that this work had little success when it first appeared, and obtained no favourable reputation for its author,' p. 95. I know not whence he received his information; but the clamour which it raised among the infidel party in France, and their attempt to put it down, by falsely representing it as an apology for the massacre, are powerful testimonies in its favour. The reviewer lends a helping hand to its opponents, by charging Caveyrac with the omission of two words (*qu'autres*,) in a quotation from La Popelinière: I desired a friend to copy for me the whole page from the original, and in his copy the very same words are wanting." *Vindication*, p. 12.

† "Not uncommon even in the writings of the reviewer himself. Thus I have shown that in transcribing my words he has thrice substituted 'original' for 'authentic;' and thus again in p. 123, he refers to La Popelinière, ii. 67. for the massacre of Vassy, though in reality it is my reference for the massacre of Paris, which happened ten years afterwards."—*Vindication*, p. 11.

We shall not follow him into all the detail of evidence and reasoning on these points ; but they certainly form a very strong argument in Dr. Lingard's favour. He next defends his position, that there is " no credible authority for a preconcerted plot ;" and very fully discusses the objections of the reviewer to the testimony of Anjou and Tavannes. He enters into a minute examination of the circumstances attending the council before the massacre, the subsequent massacres, the public and private orders, and also the personal character of Charles.

The first chapter of the *Vindication* fully makes good Dr. Lingard's position. 1. That the charges against him of ignorance, and bad faith, and misrepresentation, were rashly and groundlessly advanced ; and goes far to prove—2. that the hypothesis of a preconcerted plot is unsupported by satisfactory authority, and liable, on the score of probability, to the most formidable objections ; 3. that the massacres in the provinces were confined to a few places, and originated principally, if not entirely, in the vindictive passions of the people.

The second chapter then notices other imputed misrepresentations of *French* history, which the reviewer had charged against Dr. Lingard. We cannot enter into the detail and minutiae of this controversy ; we can only state our opinion that Dr. Lingard is wholly and decidedly victorious. And as he justly says, the difference between himself and the reviewer is not so great as imagined, or (we will say) as the latter was desirous of representing it. They both agree that the attempt on Coligni is irreconcilable with the co-existence of a plan of general massacre, and that the latter was taken up afterwards, on account of the failure of the former ; in this only they differ, that the reviewer considers the massacre as the revival of an abandoned plot ; Dr. Lingard as the effect of an entirely new and sudden design. We shall not cite the numerous counter-detections, in which Dr. Lingard convicts his reviewer of suppressions and misrepresentations ; of bringing into juxta-position passages which lie at a distance from each other ; of converting the premises into the conclusion, and the conclusion into the premises. We have already shown that the reviewer's assertions were not entitled to credit, and that Dr. Lingard is innocent of the base charges of intentional falsehood.

We admire, and cannot too highly praise, the manly, temperate, and christian spirit of Dr. Lingard's *Vindication*. It is a model of controversial style and reply. The dignity and moderate spirit in which Dr. Lingard repels the coarse language and accusations of his antagonist, are no slight collateral assurances of his sincerity, and that truth is on his side. Dr. Lingard thus mildly but spiritedly closes his defence:—

" As far as regards the historical question in dispute, there can, I think, remain no doubt, that the opinion which I adopted, was the only one probable in itself, and supported by real authority. If this be so, I am satisfied : the cavils of the reviewer, with his vituperative and vindictive language, may be given to the winds.

" ' Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.' "

The last forty or fifty pages of the pamphlet are devoted to his reply to Mr. Todd and the Quarterly reviewer. We shall not now trouble ourselves with these minor victims. Dr. Lingard discusses and castigates them in as thorough and genteel a mode as he visits the sins of their

Edinburgh neighbours. The Quarterly reviewer had mentioned, with distinguished praise, "the severe and unrelenting vigilance with which Mr. Todd has *hunted* Dr. Lingard through his many mis-statements respecting Archbishop Cranmer;" and as Dr. Lingard says, the Quarterly is not content with paying this compliment, but aspires to a share in the honours of the chase. To preserve the metaphor, we may say that the doctor has completely run them out of scent; and he is far too old a controversial fox to let such hacks be in at his death. He shows that he has "no great reason to fear these literary Nimrods;" and throws off the Quarterly reviewer. "The reader has seen how easily I burst the gossamer nets of Mr. Todd; the toils spread by his brother huntsman are fabricated of the same light and flimsy materials."

We are inclined to think that those who thus assaulted Dr. Lingard, little anticipated that he would have made so stout and successful a resistance. The brief and quiet notice he had vouchsafed to afford his old enemies in the prefaces to the successive volumes of his history, made them indulge in the hope and belief of impunity.

Dr. Lingard, however, has vindicated himself, and yet avoided all irrelevant matter and unnecessary prolixity. He concludes—"on most of the subjects, I might with justice have said more: on none, with a due regard to my own character, could I have said less."

We do not envy or covet the feelings of the Edinburgh reviewer, when he reads the indignant and triumphant pages of Dr. Lingard's Vindication. His punishment reminds us of the end of the story of Mordecai—"So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai!"

We regret much that the widely circulated pages of the Edinburgh Review should have been used for the unworthy purpose of these dishonest and vindictive articles on Dr. Lingard. We do not say that the detection of their spirit or falsehood was easy, when the writer so plausibly coloured his representations, and entrenched them behind such a parade of authorities. But surely *two* articles on a History of *England*, singling out for their sole examination and animadversion, two isolated circumstances, one in *Saxon* times, the other of *French* history, ought to have excited a suspicion that all was not right. Our brethren will do well to attend to the following advice of Dr. Lingard—

"Reviewers should always bear in mind, that it is a dangerous experiment to sport with the public credulity. They hold office *durante bene placito*: as long as they fairly exhibit the merits and demerits of the writers, whom they call before their tribunal, they may be assured of support. But if they allow prejudice to guide their pens, if they make their pages subservient to private antipathies and resentments; if, under the pretence of diffusing information, they chiefly seek to injure the character of a supposed adversary; they violate the first of their duties, they break their word to their readers, and they infallibly forfeit, as they deserve to forfeit, the confidence of the public."

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE *Conversazioni*, or weekly evening meetings of the members, commenced for the season on Friday, January 26th, and they have continued to excite great interest in the scientific and literary circles, and to be most numerous frequented: the assembly of Friday last being attended by nearly two hundred persons, many of them of high distinction. The Duke of Somerset was present, it being the first meeting since his election as president.

In one of Mr. Brande's opening lectures, he has so well illustrated the good that may arise from this new arrangement of the Royal Institution, that we cannot do better than use his words:

"One feature of our constitution seems to me so important that I cannot overlook it. I mean the weekly meetings of our members, which are particularly characterized by a mutual friendly interchange of information; and at which, he that is so fortunate as to have any new discovery to impart, any new views to disclose, or any illustrations of art or science to offer, may explain and illustrate them to an audience destitute of critical severity, free from all feelings of jealousy and rivalry, unrestricted by useless forms and obsolete ceremonies, and always, as experience instructs me seriously to believe, ready, able, and willing to assist and promote the views of those who come forward, and thankfully to receive the information which they impart.

"This feature of our Institution seems to me a *very important one*, and I trust that the expectations of its benefits and advantages which I have ventured to hold out, will be more than realized; and that that which has begun so auspiciously, will continue to thrive: that such intercourse will tend to remove those petty jealousies and hurtful feelings of ill-will, which badly regulated minds are so apt to feel when they witness the success of contemporaries and the progress of rivals; and, in short, lead to one general independent feeling,—that of an earnest desire for the welfare of science, the promotion of literature, and the perfection and extension of the arts."

The nature of these meetings may not be perfectly understood, and it may, therefore, be as well to premise that the members and their friends assemble on Friday evenings, at half-past eight o'clock, in the library of the Institution, the tables being covered with various novelties or curiosities in science, literature, and the arts, for the purpose of inviting agreeable discussion. At nine o'clock, they adjourn to the great lecture-room, where some subject of novelty or interest is familiarly treated, the discourse being limited to half an hour; at the expiration of which, the company return to the conversation-room, to partake of the refreshments of tea and coffee, and separate about eleven o'clock.

We shall briefly state the subjects hitherto discussed at these evening meetings this season:

Friday, January 26.—Mr. Faraday illustrated the magnetic effects produced by metals when in motion. In the library were exhibited a new ornamental revolving lamp by Mr. Bartholemew: Mr. Blackadder's capillary wick'd lamp. Specimens of dried plants are by the Shakers in North America. Various valuable books lent by the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Stanley Smith, the cultural Society, &c. &c.

Friday, February 2.—Mr. Alcock, on the application of the chlorides or chlorurets of lime and soda as disinfecting agents. In the library, Mr. Sturgeon's form of Arago's magnetic experiment. A specimen of the deadly vegetable poison with which the natives of Assam anoint their arrows, presented by Sir Everard Home, Bart. A beautiful pen and ink drawing, by Mr. Train. Specimen of Mr. Robinson's *Vitruvius Britannicus*. First editions of Bacon's *Essay*, *Don Quixote*, &c. &c.

Friday, February 9.—Mr. Ainger, on the construction and principle of security in locks. Mr. Ainger stated that the common Egyptian lock, supposed to have been in use 4000 years, according to Denon, is upon the principle of security re-discovered by Barron and Bramah. A gentleman in the room mentioned that it is known in Cornwall and the Fara Islands, where it is probable it was introduced by the Phenicians. In the library, a curious fungus covered with a resinous coat taken from a birch tree. Chinese razors. Books presented by the Royal Society of Literature and Mr. Petch. A fine manuscript of Wickliffe's translation of the New Testament on vellum, &c. &c.

Friday, February 16.—Mr. Brande gave a most interesting view of the process used in the manufacture of dies for coining. In the library were exhibited a rare specimen of that beautiful bird the *Meleagris Ocellata*, or, as the French call it, *Dindon Ogillé*. A fine large specimen of the skull of the Walrus. First editions of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata*. Books presented by Mr. Matthias and Mr. Rankin; with the new publications of the week.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GREAT progress has been made in the establishment of this society, the formation of which we announced in the course of last summer. The museum is now open to the members, at the society's house in Bruton-street, and already consists of a numerous and well-arranged collection of subjects in every branch of zoology. In birds and insects it is particularly rich: the typical forms of almost every group in these classes, as well as the most prominent forms in the other departments of zoology, will be found arranged according to their natural affinities, thus exhibiting a comprehensive and instructive sketch of the animal kingdom. The works undertaken by the society in the Regent's Park are also rapidly advancing. The gardens are inclosed, and will shortly be laid out in plantations, walks, ponds, &c. with aviaries, sheds, and inclosures, for some of the rarer and more interesting animals. It is expected that they will be opened to the members, and to the public under certain restrictions, early in the ensuing summer. A general meeting of the society will take place during the first week in March, for the purpose of electing a president, in the place of the late lamented Sir T. Stamford Raffles, when the Marquess of Lansdowne will be put in nomination for that office; a choice which cannot fail to meet with the approbation of every lover of science. After the next anniversary day of the society, (29th April,) until which period original members will be admitted, the regular evening meetings of the society will commence, and morning lectures will be given on some of the most attractive branches of the science.

MAGAZINIANA.

RECIPE FOR THE COMPOSITION OF A TORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—The following will be found a most useful recipe for a good modern Tory History.—Take equal quantities of Clarendon, Brady, and Echard; small bits of Burnett (which require great care in picking and washing;) some dried preserved pieces of Sanderson, L'Estrange, and "Dugdale's Troubles;" bone some of the intemperate pieces on Freethinking; mince all the truth told of the most fanatical Puritans; carefully pick out and throw away every piece of Neal; grate into it all the stale falsehoods current on the most celebrated Papists and Non-Cons; quarter, cut up, and stew to rags, a few old Deists and Atheists: stir it all well together one way; strain the contents (after it has stood sometime) through the common-place book of a Laureat Historiographer, and let it stew a few months over the fire in his library: season it with a few newly made anti-radical drops. Pour it off for use early the next season: label it with sheets of a Quarterly Review, and advertise it. It will be immediately taken in *puffs*, is sure to sell, and will please the appetite of the most diseased historical Epicure. This recipe has been universally and most successfully adopted by the most fashionable Historical Confectioners of the present day.—*William Kitchener, M.D.*

SAGACITY OF IRISH POTATOES.—"Did you ever hear the ould fable of Jack Finnane, and the white eyes?" said Sandy. "To be sure, I didn't; for what should I?" "Sit aisy then, and I'll tell you it. This Mr. John Finnane, you see, was a kind of a half-sir, a middleman, that used to be great long ago, letting out land in acres, and half-acres, and quarter-acres, to the poor people, that would, may be, want a *gival* (armful) of the praties, coming on the idle season; and a hard and a bitter landlord he was, to the poor fellows that wouldn't have the rent agen the gale day; and good care he took, I'll be bound, that not a single connopp (potatoes) ever left the airth antil every camack (penny token) was paid, dead gale and all. Signs on, it often chanced, as most like it was, that the poor tenants not having the defference o' the rint, used to go into the pratie fields at night, pulling up the stalks, and filling their little Jack Daws (John Doe, a small bag) with what God sent up with the roots, which being made known to John Finnane, you see, he sat up of a night, to know would he catch any of the plunderers at their doings, which they having notice of, didn't come—as why should they? being marked for the quarter sessions, surely. Well! 'twas coming on midnight, and Mr. Finnane being, as it were, tired with himself, sat down on a ridge of the praties, with his feet in the furrow, and he very sleepy, it being Jerry Graham's quarter. 'Tis aisily known, he opened his eyes wide enough, whin he heard—what do you think? only Jerry's white-eyes talking to one another, in the ground under him! He stooped his head down, and began to hearken." "Will you grow any more?" says a little pratie to a big one. "No, a *gra gal*," says the big pratie: "it's big enough I am already." "Well, then," says the other, "move out o'the way with you a piece, and let us grow for Jerry Graham and the cratur's." "I'd be happy to oblige you then," says the big pratie; "but sure it's well you know none of us can stir from our places an inch, antil John Finnane gets his rint."—*Holland-tide; or Munster Popular Tales.*

COLLEGE WIT.—At a *viva-voce* examination in St. Luke's, I recollect Mr. Ashbridge, who was somewhat given to punning and other facetiæ, attacking Lynam (now preacher at the Magdalene) with, "Can you tell me, Mr. L., who was king of Israel when Jonas was in the whale's belly?" "The Prince of Wales," said Lynam; which being delivered instanter, disconcerted the examiner, and gave to the former a character for repartee at least equal to that of the latter.—*Alma Mater; or Seven Years at the University of Cambridge.*

PRINCE EUGENE AND MARSHAL BOUFFLERS.—I went back to the siege of Lisle ; but what a change ! The marshal had taken advantage of my absence to drive the besiegers from the first covered way, of which I had left them in possession. After regaining it, as well as the other posts that had been abandoned, I wrote as following to the brave Boufflers : “ The French army, M. Le Marechal, has retired towards Tournay, the elector of Bavaria to Namur, and the princes to their courts. Spare yourself and your brave garrison, I will again sign whatever you please.” His answer was : “ There is yet no occasion to be in a hurry. Permit me to defend myself as long as I can. I have still enough left to do to render myself more worthy of the esteem of the man whom I respect above all others.” I gave orders for the assault of the second covered way. The king of France apparently anticipated this, for he wrote to the marshal to surrender. Notwithstanding his repugnance to such a step, he was on the point of obeying, when, in a note which the duke of Burgundy had subjoined to the king’s letter, he read : “ I know from a certain quarter that they want to make you a prisoner of war.” I know not where he picked up this information ; but that prince, respectable as he was in peace, could neither say nor do any but foolish things in war. This note, however, produced some impression for a moment. Generals, soldiers, and all, swore rather to perish in the breach. Boufflers wept for joy, as I have been told ; and when on the point of embracing this alternative, he recollected my note, which got the better of the duke of Burgundy’s ; and after the trenches had been opened four months before the city and citadel, he sent me on the 18th of December all the articles which he wished me to sign, which I did without any restriction. I went very soon with the prince of Orange to pay him a visit, and in truth to do homage to his merit. I cordially embraced him, and accepted an invitation to supper ; “ on condition,” said I, “ that it be that of a famished citadel, to see what you may eat without an express order from the king.” Roasted horse flesh was set before us ; the epicures in my suite were far from relishing the joke, but were quickly consoled by the arrival of provisions from the city, on which we made an excellent repast.—*Memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy—Autobiography.*

A CURIOUS SPECIES OF MUD-FISH.—The river appears to abound with fish, particularly with mullet ; and porpoises were observed as high as the first falls, a distance of fifty miles from the sea. A curious species of mud-fish (*chironectes*, sp. Cuvier) was noticed, of amphibious nature, and something similar to what we have frequently before seen ; these were, however, much larger, being about nine inches long. At low water, the mud-banks near the cascade, that were exposed by the falling tide, were covered with these fish, sporting about, and running at each other with open mouths ; but as we approached, they so instantaneously buried themselves in the soft mud, that their disappearance seemed the effect of magic : upon our retiring and attentively watching the spot, these curious animals would re-appear as suddenly as they had before vanished. We fired at several, but so sudden were their motions, that they generally escaped ; two or three only were procured, which appeared from their lying on the mud in an inactive state to have been asleep ; they are furnished with very strong pectoral and ventral fins, with which and with the anal fin, when required, they make a hole, into which they drop. When sporting on the mud, the pectoral fins are used like legs, upon which they move very quickly ; but nothing can exceed the instantaneous movement by which they disappear. Those that were shot were taken on board, but on account of the extreme heat of the weather, they had become so putrified as to be totally unfit for preservation.—*King’s Australia.*

A SCENE AT COLLEGE.—In this vacation my finances running rather low, I numbered myself with those pupils ; and that I might the more conveniently receive them, was desirous of getting into more commodious and spacious apartments. I therefore applied for the empty rooms of a fellow-commoner. The *Deputy Doctor*, Mr. Evans, at once gave me leave to enter them, but the bed-maker, who had the key thereof, resolutely resisted the application, saying she had received strict orders from her absent master to give up the keys to no one. This being a very common practice, and the woman exceedingly abusive, not only to myself, but also to a friend who accompanied me to her house, I was resolved to bring her before the authorities. To the bishop I therefore applied, by a note sent by Jem Saunders, the coal porter, who was occasionally my deputy gyp, as honest a John-Bullish lump of simplicity as you would meet with in a day’s journey. The bishop sends Jem Saunders forthwith for the culprit, Mary Baxter, who declined waiting upon his lordship, rather unceremoniously requiring a regular footman to serve the summons upon her. The bishop sends the said footman, and requests the attendance of all the parties interested in the trial about to commence. At the upper end of the spacious council-room of the lodge, which is furnished

throughout in the most ancient style, and adorned with portraits of Bacon, Newton, and a number of other illustrious men, educated at the college, as also of a posse of kings and queens, its benefactors, sat the venerable Bishop of Bristol and master of the college. His lordship was supported on the right by Mr. Hustler, a doctor of the college, and a friend of the defendants; my friend and myself were honoured with seats in the centre of the room; and the bed-maker and the several witnesses were stationed on the left. Things being brought to this pass, the bishop, with a dignity quite easy upon him, opened the business with, "Mary Baxter, I have received from the gentleman opposite a most serious complaint against you, but not wishing to dismiss you from the college without an impartial hearing of the whole transaction, it being possible that mistakes may have arisen, I have summoned you to appear before me. The charge against you is, that although this gentleman had the tutor's leave to go into certain rooms, yet you not only refused to deliver up the key, but aggravated that part of your conduct by calling both of these gentlemen by various nick-names, such as flat-caps, trencher-men, and I know not besides. What have you to offer in defence?"—"I swear it's false, my lord," blubbered Mary Baxter. "O you shameless woman!" resumed the bishop; "do you wish to make me believe two gentlemen of the college would descend to such meanness as to falsely accuse a woman? What evidence have you to give, Saunders?"—"Please you, sir, my lord, howsmiver," said Jem, "she wouldn't give up the key. She called the gemmen, sir, my lord, howsmiver, all the most shockingest names she could lay her tongue to." "You know, Jem Saunders, you tell stories; you know you do," retorted the lady, still sobbing. "Peace, woman," roared the master; "go on, Saunders." "That here bad, good-for-nothing woman, for to say as I could tell a lie, saving your grace, your worship, my lord, howsmiver I scorn it, in the teeth o' her," quoth James. "Yes, yes, my good fellow, you're an honest man, and she, I fear, is a bad woman; but go on." "Yes, sir, my lord, howsmiver, she's a bad woman, sure enough; used foul, most indecentish words, sich as the like o' we ought never to say to the gemmen." "What did she say, man?" "She said, my lord, they was flat-caps, and she called 'em trencher-men in the streets, before that here man, and that here woman." A baker, the man pointed at by Saunders, was then examined, as likewise a bed-maker, who, corroborating the evidence already adduced, the bishop again addressed Mary Baxter, commenting upon the enormity of her sins, she all the while protesting, with a flood of tears, her innocence, and the guilt of the gownsmen, Jem Saunders, and everybody else. Sentence of expulsion was passed, leaving at my discretion the commutation to an humble apology. Mr. Hustler now put in his oar in her favour; and the thing was speedily, satisfactorily, and humanely adjusted; but the bishop, now recollecting her refusal to attend upon the first summons, again drew himself up, and commenced a fresh examination. "But, Mary Baxter, one thing I had forgotten. How was it you did not obey the orders I sent you by the man Saunders?" "I did, my lord, as soon as I could," was the reply. "What say you, Saunders?" "I say, sir, my lord, howsmiver, that I went up to her when she were standing on the hall steps. Says I to her, 'Mary Baxter, how do you do?' Says I, sir, my lord, howsmiver. Says she, 'Jem Saunders, how are you?' Says I, 'the bishop wants for to see you, Mary Baxter.' Says she, sir, my lord, howsmiver; says she—says she—saving your lordship—says she——" "Well, sir, and what said she?" "Says she, sir, my lord, howsmiver, says she, 'the bishop may be d—d.'" "Woman, dare you presume thus to speak of the master of the college? Know you not I can take your bread from you? Such monstrous insolence, such unparalleled, such unheard-of audacity, must be punished with the utmost severity! Gentlemen, I won't detain you any longer." We left the kind-hearted old prelate in a great passion, certainly, but great as was his wrath, he was exceedingly reluctant to injure the woman; and from her trudging her usual rounds the next day, we saw he also had told her to "go and sin no more."—*Alma Mater; or Seven Years at the University of Cambridge.*

NOVEL DISCOVERY BY CAPTAIN KING.—Three days after we left the port, a discovery was made of another addition to the number of the crew. Upon opening the hold, which had been locked ever since the day before we sailed, a young girl, not more than fourteen years of age, was found concealed among the casks, where she had secreted herself in order to accompany the boatswain to sea: upon being brought on deck, she was in a most pitiable plight, for her dress and appearance were so filthy, from four days' close confinement in a dark hold, and from having been dreadfully sea-sick the whole time, that her acquaintances, of which she had many on board, could scarcely recognise her. Upon being interrogated, she declared she had, unknown to all on board, concealed herself in the hold the day before the vessel sailed; and

that her swain knew nothing of the step she had taken. As it was now inconvenient to return to put her on shore, and as the man consented to share his ration with her, she was allowed to remain; but in a very short time heartily repented of her imprudence, and would gladly have been re-landed, had it been possible.—*King's Australia.*

COMMERCI AT THE BATTLE OF HERSAN.—This young prince of the house of Lorraine was inexpressibly brave. On this occasion he headed the volunteers. Observing that a cornet of his regiment had lost his colours in the skirmish previous to the general engagement, he requested permission of the duke of Lorraine to take another from the enemy. The duke yielded to his entreaties. Commerci perceiving a Turkish ensign carrying a small standard at the end of a javelin, ran up to him, and when very near, fired his pistol at him. Having missed his aim, he threw away his pistol and drew his sword. The Turk seized this opportunity to plunge the javelin into his side, and as he was endeavouring to draw it out again, the prince seized the weapon with his left hand, and with his right cleft the Turkish officer's head. He then pulled out the javelin, carried the standard, stained with his blood, to the duke of Lorraine, and sent for his cornet, whom he thus addressed: "There, sir, is a standard which I intrust you with; it has cost me rather dear, and you will do me the favour to take better care of it than of that which you suffered to be taken from you." This singular reprimand was almost as much admired as the action itself. Commerci recovered of his wound; and the emperor, Leopold the First, being made acquainted with the circumstances of this achievement, wished to see the Turkish standard. It was of red taffeta, with a crescent embroidered with gold in the middle. The monarch ordered it to be preserved in a church, and the empress with her own hands made another pair of colours, and sent it to the prince, in the place of that which his company had lost.—*Memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy, Note to.—Autobiography.*

ACCOUNT OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

I.—Libraries in England.

The Library of the British Museum contains about 200,000 volumes. It was founded in 1755; and in 1757 King George transferred to it the Royal Library collected by his predecessors, from Henry VIII. consisting of 9,000 printed books, and about 2,000 manuscripts. In 1762 the late King purchased for it a collection of pamphlets, published from 1564 to 1660, consisting of 32,000 articles, contained in 2,000 volumes. His present Majesty has recently added to this collection the Royal Library, begun by George III, soon after his accession, including the purchase in 1769, of the Library of Mr. Joseph Smith, British Consul at Venice, for the sum of 10,000*l.* From that time it has increased by the expenditure of about 2,000*l.* per annum, exclusive of the many presents of books to the king; and amounting, when added to the Library of the Museum, to 65,000 volumes.

Trinity College, Cambridge. The Library contains about 90,000; the several departments are very complete, and the collection is extremely rare and valuable. No pains have been spared in the selection and arrangement. The books are disposed in thirty alcoves finished with carved oak, and ranged along the sides of the hall, with a bust in front of each. This invaluable collection, embracing the science and literature of every country and of every age, is accessible to all the students, graduates as well as under graduates.

The University Library, Cambridge, contains about two hundred thousand volumes, and is constantly receiving accessions, consisting of new works of merit, and most of the periodicals of the day.

Bodleian Library, Oxford. This Library is one of the richest and one of the most valuable collections in Europe. It was founded by Sir Thomas Bodley, ambassador to many European courts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It contains 400,000 printed books, and between 25,000 and 30,000 manuscripts. No books are allowed to be taken out, but every facility is afforded to those who wish to recur to them. The present income of the institution is about 3,000*l.* sterling; and it receives, besides, a copy of every work printed in Great Britain. It lately purchased at Venice, a collection of valuable Greek, Latin, and Hebrew manuscripts, amounting in number to 2,040, the cost of which, with the expense of transportation, will exceed 6,600*l.* sterling. John Uri, a Hungarian, was employed for more than 25 years in preparing its catalogue.

II.—Scotland.

The Library of the University of Edinburgh consists of about 50,000 printed volumes, and a few manuscripts. The Advocate's Library in Edinburgh consists of about

80,000 printed works, and 1,000 volumes in manuscript. Its most copious subjects are the national history, Greek and Roman antiquities, and jurisprudence in general.

The University Library, Glasgow, contains about 30,000 volumes, besides which is the library of the late Dr. William Hunter, containing a choice collection of Greek and Latin books; many of which are of the earliest editions.

The Library of the University of St. Andrews contains about 36,000; and in the King's College at Aberdeen are 14,000.

III.—Ireland.

The Library of Trinity College, Dublin, contains about 50,000 classed books; besides about eleven hundred valuable manuscripts in Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, Greek, Latin, Irish, and English.

IV.—Russia.

The Library of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petersburg contains 60,000 volumes.

The public Library of the Academy of Sciences, which some time ago exceeded 40,000 volumes, was founded with 2,500 taken by Peter at the siege of Mittau. It contains numerous diplomatic papers of the reign of that Prince, and the most extensive collection of Chinese works in Europe, amounting to 2,800 different treatises, of which there is an exact catalogue; some Japanese manuscripts; and several of the Mongols and Thibet.

V.—Sweden.

The Royal Library at Stockholm contains upwards of 25,000 printed books, and 5,000 manuscripts.

The Library of the University at Upsal is stated to comprise 50,000 books.

VI.—Libraries in Germany.

(From the *Ephemerides of Weimar*.)

Vienna has eight public libraries, of which three only contain more than 438,000 volumes; viz. the Imperial Library, twenty years ago, contained 300,000 printed books, exclusive of 70,000 tracts and dissertations, and 15,000 manuscripts; the University Library, 108,000 volumes; and the Theresianum, 30,000. The number contained in the other five is not exactly known.

The Royal Library at Munich possesses 400,000 volumes; the Library at Göttingen (one of the most select) presents 280,000 volumes, 110,000 tracts and academical dissertations, and 5,000 manuscripts; Dresden, 250,000 printed books, 100,000 dissertations, and 5,000 manuscripts; Wolfenbuttel, 109,000 printed books, chiefly ancient, 40,000 dissertations, and 4,000 manuscripts; Stuttgart, 170,000 volumes, and 12,000 Bibles; Berlin has seven public libraries, of which the Royal Library contains 160,000 volumes, and that of the Academy, 30,000; Prague, 110,000 volumes; Gratz, 105,000 volumes; Frankfort on the Maine, 100,000 volumes; Hamburg, 100,000 volumes; Breslau, 100,000 volumes; Weimar, 95,000; Meitz, 90,000; Darmstadt, 85,000; Cassel, 60,000; Gotha, 60,000; Marbourg, 55,000; Mell, in Austria, 35,000; Heidelberg, 30,000; Werningerode, 30,000; Newburg, in Austria, 25,000; Kremsmunster, 25,000; Augsburg, 24,000; Meiningen, 24,000; New Strelitz, 22,000; Saltsbourg, 20,000; Magdeburgh, 20,000; Halle, 20,000; Landshut, 20,000.

Thus it appears that thirty cities in Germany possess, in their public libraries, greatly beyond three millions, either of works or printed volumes, without taking into account the academical dissertations, detached memoirs, pamphlets, or the manuscripts. It is to be observed, likewise, that these numbers are taken at the very lowest estimate.

VII.—Poland.

The king's library at Warsaw contains about 25,000 volumes, most of which are modern. The university of Cracow has a library, in which are 4000 manuscripts. A valuable and extensive collection of books called the Library of the Republic, or Zaluski Library, was formed and devoted to the public by two brothers of that name in 1745: but no funds were appropriated, either for its enlargement or suitable preservation. Originally, it consisted of 300,000 volumes, comprising 52,000 duplicates; from the sale of the duplicates, and from other circumstances, the collection was supposed, in 1791, not to exceed 200,000 volumes, while its value was not proportioned to its size. Having suffered many depredations, it was at length sent by General Suwarrow to St. Petersburg in 1795, where it was deposited in three elegant apartments, and opened for the use of the public in 1812.

VIII.—Libraries in France.

[From *Recherches sur les Bibliothèques anciennes et modernes*, par M. Petit Radet.]

In Paris there are five public libraries, besides almost forty special ones. The Royal Library contains about 450,000 volumes of printed books, besides nearly an equal number of tracts collected into volumes, and about 80,000 manuscripts. The

Library of the Arsenal, about 150,000 volumes, and 5,000 manuscripts; the Library of St. Genevieve, about 110,000 volumes, and 2,000 manuscripts; the Magazine Library, about 92,000 volumes, and 3,137 manuscripts; and the City Library, about 20,000 volumes.

In the Provinces, the most considerable are those of Lyons, 106,900; Bourdeaux, 105,000; Aix, 72,670; Besancon, 53,000; Toulouse, (two) 50,000; Grenoble, 42,000; Tours, 30,000; Metz, 31,000; Arras, 34,000; Le Mans, 41,000; Colmar, 30,000; Versailles, 40,000; Amiens, 40,000.

The total number of these libraries in France amounts to 273; of above 80, the quantity of volumes they contain is not known. From the data given, in this work, it appears that the general total of those which are known amounts to 3,345,287 volumes; of which there are 1,125,347 in Paris alone.

IX.—Denmark.

The Royal Library at Copenhagen is computed to contain between 3 and 400,000 printed books, and many volumes of manuscripts. At the sale of the fine library of Count Otto Thot, amounting to 116,395 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets, manuscripts and *incunabula*, the Royal Library obtained an accession of 50,000 volumes; and the count, by his will, had bequeathed to it 4,154 manuscripts, with his valuable collection of 6,159 works that had been printed before the year 1530. In 1799 the Danish government bought up the library of Luxdorf, rich in classical works, and in manuscripts, and it was annexed to the Royal Library. It afterwards received valuable acquisitions at the sale of the libraries of Oeder, Holmskiold, Rottboll, Ancher; and others, in 1789, 90, 91, 93, 94, and 98. In 1796 an accession was made of the immense library of Suhm, the historian. He had collected in the course of fifty years, 100,000 volumes, which he left to the disposition of the public. A little before his death he presented them to the Royal Library.

X.—Switzerland.

The public library at Zurich contains 25,000 volumes, and some curious manuscripts.

XI.—Spain.

The Royal Library at Madrid, founded by Philip V. in 1712, and enlarged by the succeeding monarchs, now consists of more than 200,000 volumes, besides a great number of valuable Arabic manuscripts. The library is open to the public, at stated hours, every day in the week.—The library of San Isidro, containing 60,000 volumes, is open to the public every day except holydays. The library of San Fernando is open to the public three days in a week.

The library of the Escorial is computed to contain about 130,000 printed volumes, and 4,300 manuscripts; of these letter 567 are Greek, 67 Hebrew, and 1800 Arabic.

XII.—Italy.

The Vatican Library at Rome was founded by Nicholas IV. who was elected to the papal chair in 1487. He supplied it with many manuscripts from Greece. Sixtus V. spared no pains on its embellishment; nor was it neglected by any of the Popes down to Pius VI. Some of its most valuable acquisitions came from the collection of Elector Palentine, which was taken in 1662 by the Duke of Bavaria, who presented them to Urban VIII. Queen Christina of Sweden also had collected 1900 manuscripts, which, on her decease, descended to the chief of the Ottoboni family, afterwards Pope Alexander VIII, who deposited them in the Vatican. The exact number of books found here is not known, as there is no printed catalogue of the library: it is generally estimated that there are 400,000 printed volumes, and 50,000 manuscripts; among the latter are some of great antiquity. The library is contained in a gallery 214 feet long, and 48 broad, and in other apartments, superbly decorated by the hands of eminent painters. This library is divided into three portions; one is public, whither all men resort on two days of the week: another of more difficult access; and into the third, none are admitted but by special privilege.

There are several other extensive libraries in the city; that of the Barberini contains 60,000 printed volumes, and several thousand manuscripts. The Colonna Library, distinguished by about 400 volumes of books and engravings of the fifteenth century; and the Library of the Roman College, wherein are contained the library and museum of the celebrated Kircher.

The Medicean Library at Florence is deposited in a spacious edifice, designed by Michael Angelo. It consists of above 90,000 printed volumes, and 3,000 valuable manuscripts. The latter have been described in a catalogue of eleven folio volumes, by Assemani, Biscioni, and Bandini; and 3,000 volumes printed in the fifteenth century, are also described in two folio volumes.

There are libraries at Bologna, Milan, Mantua, Pisa, and Venice, of which our limits prevent our giving an account.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton	100	142	Albion	500	60
Birmingham	17 10	268	Alliance	100	10
Coventry	100	1100	Ditto Marine	100	5
Ellesmere and Chester	133	99	Atlas	50	5
Grand Junction	120	288	Globe	100	142
Huddersfield	57	19	Guardian	100	10
Kennet and Avon	40	26	Hope	50	5
Lancaster	47	37	Imperial	500	50
Leeds and Liverpool	100	387	Ditto Life	100	10
Oxford	100	690	London	25	12 10
Regent's	40	33 10	Protector	20	2
Rochdale	85	85	Rock	20	2
Stafford and Worcester	140	750	Royal Exchange	100	245
Trent and Mersey	100	1850			
Warwick and Birmingham	100	268			
Worcester ditto	78	43 10			
DOCKS.			MINES.		
Commercial	100	70	Anglo-Mexican	100	80
East India	100	83 10	Ditto Chili	100	8
London	100	83	Holmes	400	275
St. Catherine's	100	40	Brazilian	100	20
West India	100	195	Columbian	100	20
			Mexican	100	20
WATER WORKS.			Real Del Monte	400	400
East London	100	120	United Mexican	40	30
Grand Junction	50	61			
Kent	100	29	MISCELLANEOUS.		
South London	100	30	Australian Agricultural Comp.	100	8
West Middlesex	60	68	British Iron Ditto	100	37 5
			Canada Agricultural Ditto	100	10
GAS COMPANIES.			Columbian Ditto	100	5
City of London	100	90	General Steam Navigation	100	13
Ditto, New	100	50	Irish Provincial Bank	100	20
Phoenix	50	30	Rio de la Plata Comp.	100	7 10
Imperial	50	26 10	Van Diemen's Land Ditto	100	2 10
United (General)	50	44	Reversionary Interest Society	100	65
Westminster	50	11 15	Thames Tunnel Company	50	32

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a few days, *Hamel, the Obeah Man.*

Elizabeth Evanshaw, being a sequel to the *Novel of Truth*.

Charles XII. of Voltaire upon the Hamiltonian System, with a double translation, as recommended by an eminent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. Works upon the same System in the Italian, German, and Spanish Languages in preparation.

Vol. XI. of *Autobiography*, will contain the Lives of the late William Gifford, James Creighton, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Dr. Dee.

Ju-Kiao-li, the celebrated Chinese Novel, translated into English, very shortly.

Adventures of British Seamen in the Southern Ocean. Three numbers, or one volume, will appear on the 10th March.

Memoirs of the Marchioness of Larochejaquelein, the War in La Vendee, &c. From the French. With Preface and Notes, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Three numbers, or one volume, will appear on 31st March.

Converts from Infidelity; or Lives of Eminent Individuals who have renounced Sceptical and Infidel Opinions, and embraced Christianity. By Andrew Crichton. Two volumes or six numbers. Volume First will appear on 21st April.

Table Talk; or Selections from the Ana; containing Extracts from the different Collections of Ana, French, Italian and English. One volume will appear on 2d June.

Birman Empire. An Account of the Embassy to the Kingdom of Ava, in the year 1795. Narrative of the late Military and Political Operations in the Burmese Territory. Two volumes will appear 23d June and 14th July.

A Treatise on the Natural History, Physiology, and Management of the Honey Bee. By Dr. Bevan. Will be published this Month.

In February will be published, (with several new Plates and many additional Literary Contributions,) a Second Edition of Death's Doings.

A Translation of the Second Edition of Niebuhr's Roman History is preparing for publication. This Edition will be far superior to the old one.

The Author of Head Pieces and Tail Pieces, is preparing for publication, a Moral Tale, in one volume, to be entitled, a Peep at the World, or, the Rule of Life.

Nearly ready, A Historical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey, illustrated with highly finished Engravings in the Line Manner, by John Cousen, pupil of the late John Scott, Esq. from Drawings by William Mulready, Esq. R.A. and Charles Cope.

Memoirs and Select Letters of the late Mrs. Anne Warren, with Sketches of her Family. By the Rev. Samuel Warren, LL.D.

The Sinner's Tears, in Meditations and Prayers. By Thomas Fettiplace. Edited from a scarce and valuable work, by the Rev. J. Burdall.

The Rev. Greville Ewing has just completed a new Edition of his Scripture Lexicon, very considerably enlarged, and adapted to the general reading of the Greek Classics. A Copious Grammar is also prefixed, which may be had separately.

The whole of Captain Basil Hall's Voyages are now published in Three Pocket Volumes. Price 10s. 6d. in boards, being the first three volumes of Constable's Miscellany, publishing in weekly numbers, three of which form a volume.

Mechanic's Magazine, Vol. VI. 8vo. boards, with a Portrait of Mr. Canning.

A half-length Portrait of Dr. George Birkbeck, President of the London Mechanics Institution, engraved in Mezzotinto. By Henry Dawe, Esq., after a Painting by Samuel Lane, Esq.

The Copious Greek Grammar of Dr. Philip Buttmann, is nearly ready for publication, faithfully Translated from the original German, by a distinguished Scholar.

Professor Lee's Lectures on the Hebrew Language, which have been so long in preparation, are now nearly ready for publication, and will appear in the course of the following Month.

Mr. Reynolds is at present employed on an admirable Likeness of Captain Parry, from a Picture, by Haines, and the Print, which is of a size to allow of its being placed in a 4to. volume, will appear in March.

A New Comedy, of which report speaks highly, by the author of Atheno, is very nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Sweet, the celebrated Botanist, is engaged in preparing a work, to be entitled Flora Australasica. It will consist of the most perfect Portraits of Plants, with their History and Cultivation, Natives of New Holland and the South Sea Islands.

A Reply to Dr. Lingard's Vindication is in the Press. By John Allen, Esq.

The Lettre de Cachet, a Tale. In one volume, post 8vo.

The first number of a work, to be entitled, The Quarterly Juvenile Review; or, a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors, in their Selection of New Publications. Will appear in the course of the Month.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Life of Augustus Von Kotzebue, forming Vols. IX. & X. of Autobiography. 18mo. 7s. boards, with a Portrait.

Cato Major of Cicero, upon the Hamiltonian System, with a double Translation. 8vo. 5s. in bds.

Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary abridged, in 4 vols. small 8vo. 1l. 12s. in bds.

Every Day Book, complete, in 2 vols. 8vo. Price 28s. in bds. Index to the Second Volume. Price 6d.

Illustrations of the Passion of Love, Part I., small 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

Facetiæ and Miscellanies. By William Hone. Second Edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The True Theory of Rent, in Opposition to Mr. Ricardo and others. By a Member of the University of Cambridge. Second Edition.

Alma Mater, or, Seven Years at the University of Cambridge. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 18s. bds.

Questions adapted to Mitford's History of Greece. By the Rev. J. R. Major. 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. bds.

Annual Biography and Obituary for 1827. 1 vol. 8vo. 15s. bds.

Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany. 8vo. 12s.

Napoleon in the other World.

Truckleborough Hall. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d.

Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 14s.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From January 24 to February 21, 1827.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	208 $\frac{1}{2}$	200 $\frac{1}{2}$	208
3 per Cent. Consols.....	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	80 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Reduced	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	82 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced.....	90	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	88 $\frac{1}{2}$
New 4 per Cents.	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	97
Long Annuities, expire 1860	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
India Stock, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	247	233 $\frac{1}{2}$	245
India Bonds, 4 per Cent.	57s. pm.....	45s. pm.....	52s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day	37s. pm.....	25s. pm.....	33s. pm.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	92	90	91
Brazil ditto, ditto	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	55	51	53
Chilian ditto, ditto	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	36
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto	37	29	36
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	38 $\frac{1}{2}$
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent.	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	61 $\frac{1}{2}$
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cent.	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	69
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent.	16 $\frac{3}{4}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican ditto	57 $\frac{3}{4}$	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	57
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent.	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	35	30	34
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	78	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	77
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	96
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	93	94 $\frac{1}{2}$
Russian ditto, ditto	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$
Spanish ditto, ditto	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$

ROBERT W. MOORE, Broker,
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

NEW SERIES. No. XXVIII.

CONTENTS OF THE L O N D O N M A G A Z I N E

FOR APRIL 1, 1827.

	Page
ALMA MATER, OR SEVEN YEARS AT CAMBRIDGE.....	441
HOOD'S NATIONAL TALES.....	454
WALLENSTEIN	460
THE LIVING AND THE DEAD	466
VIVIAN GREY : SECOND PART.....	472
FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM A YOUNG ARTIST IN ROME TO HIS FRIEND IN VENICE, in 1575 ; TRANSLATED FROM A FOREIGN ORIGINAL	483
DAW'S REMINISCENCES	494
DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.....	505
THE NEW CORN LAW	524
SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.....	533
BUCKINGHAM'S MESOPOTAMIA.....	536
SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE	559
SERVIAN POPULAR POETRY.....	567
MAGAZINIANA.—Caffer Driving ; How to Dispose of Old Pope ; Temptation ; Spring Buck of South Africa ; Portuguese Dances ; Misrepresenta- tions of Travellers ; Ladies of Valladolid ; Value of Time at Rome ; a Lion Hunt ; Great Breeches ; Curious Musical Instrument ; Holy Heads ; Fresco Painting ; a Jonas Crab ; Dr. Barry's Experiments in Cases of Poison ; a Conventual Kitchen at Amaranthe ; a Roman Preacher ; Honey-Hunting ; Military Theatricals ; a German Literary Character	583—589
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, &c.....	590
Literary Intelligence	590
Works lately published.....	591
Prices of the English and Foreign Funds	592

be well aware, that Mr. Wright is but a bad collector of stale jests, and but an indifferent describer and retailer of college customs, manners, studies, and character, and he will accordingly think meanly both of the writer and his book; while readers, totally unacquainted with the subject, will be informed by the measure of truth which it undoubtedly contains, and be wholly deceived by the false colouring which the author gives to the facts he narrates. A person unconnected with the university, and unacquainted with the gentlemen whose peculiarities and persons, and names, are most unceremoniously introduced, may even take pleasure in looking over the author's sketches. Mr. Wright is not wholly deficient in the talent of humorous description, and some of his friends are certainly placed in an amusing point of view. Above all, the public knows nothing of the writer, except what he chooses to say of himself. Listen to himself, and he ought to fill a large space in the public eye. The casual reader will take him for a dashing young fellow of genius, the light and life of his society—the spirit of the gay and the soul of the serious—one who accumulates learning by temporary fits of enthusiastic application—and acquires, in the intervals of study, all the accomplishments of the gentleman; and whose gaiety leads him, unfortunately, into all the follies of the man of pleasure and fashion. He is successively seen in his study—in a riot—on the cricket ground—in the tennis-court—driving tandems—solving problems with the most learned men in college—playing at billiards with the gayest—now keeping up the jollity of a party of high spirited fellow students—now struggling for the honours of a first class, and now wriggling through the iron bars of a window of his college, at three in the morning, to escape the punishment of late hours. We have him, in short, from one end of a brilliant career to the other—from his first entrance at Trinity, to his installation in a spunging-house in Chancery-lane. Such is the picture which the author draws of himself, and which the public will suppose a genuine portrait of Mr. Wright—the “flash bachelor,” as he says he was called. The idea which the author's contemporaries entertained of him is rather different.—Mr. Wright is of that stature which precludes heroic deeds; and of that personal appearance which excites a ridicule, he never would probably have heard of, had he not provoked it, by absurd boastings of the effects which he avers it always created. It is an adage, that poverty is no disgrace. Mr. Wright came to the university with his finances in so deplorable a state, that, as he himself states, he was compelled to inhabit the closet on the top of a staircase, which had never had previous occupant, except Lord Byron's bear, because it could be had gratis. One of the fellows of the college gave him gratuitous tuition; and another allowed him, as he said out of the funds of a charitable anonymous person, but, as Mr. Wright believes, out of his own pocket, thirty pounds a year. It does not appear creditable for a man to enter a society, the expenses of which he is not capable of meeting; but this, and a multitude of sins, might be forgiven, on the ground of an enthusiastic love of learning, which induced him to encounter all difficulties for the attainment of a worthy object. Mr. Wright puts them on the ground of the impoverishment of his father, who suffered great losses at sea, by the failure of banks, &c. It should be re-

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1, 1827.

ALMA MATER, OR SEVEN YEARS AT CAMBRIDGE.*

THE author of these volumes, as he himself indirectly tells us, is a Mr. Wright. After an unsuccessful residence at Cambridge, it seems, he has been driven to seek his livelihood among the booksellers of London; and finding that, during the existing discussions concerning education, his university experience was a saleable article, he has compounded a book of a very heterogeneous description. It is partly personal, partly literary, partly scandalous, partly a depot of examination papers, partly a repertory of ancient jests and stale stories. It is, in short, the scrapings of the author's life, collected industriously, for the laudable purpose of getting a dinner. The varieties of Mr. Wright's existence have not been such as to afford abundant matter for two volumes, and the book shows that they have been filled with difficulty. The work is somewhat in quality and character of the nature of those receptacles which are always found near the offices of a large establishment, in which the offals of the house are thrown for the ulterior use of the pigs. The author's adventures—his acquaintance—his reflections—his books—his studies—and all he has heard and read of gossip, and anecdote, and scandal, during his sojourn at Cambridge, and occasionally in London, are heaped together, with a large mass of examination papers, in order to expand the book to the size named in his bond. The contents are, and have been, long familiar to our apprehension. We believe that none but a university man can fully comprehend their cheapness and worthlessness; none but a person of a similar standing to the author, can understand the numerous misrepresentations of the writer—or can expose his absurd vanity, and we had almost said, his mendacity. At the same time we may observe, that it is impossible for a university man to appreciate exactly the value of the book with relation to the public. He may

* Alma Mater, or Seven Years at the University of Cambridge. By a Trinity Man. Black, Young, and Young, Tavistock-street. J. and J. J. Deighton, Cambridge, 1827. 2 vols. 8vo.

are, however, often found. No instance occurs of sizars associating with the wealthier or gay men of the university; there is a bar on both sides; it would be unbecoming for an eleemosynary person to assume the expensive habits of men of pleasure; and, on the other hand, aristocratic pride would exclude the poor man from the society of the wealthy patricians. With the soberer men of the second class, or the men of competency, the sizars associate freely, for the purposes of study, and sometimes of pleasure—we speak *generally*; it must be remembered—always, however, there is something of a *ban* upon the sizar, and his society will be chiefly found, as long as his state of sizarship endures, among his fellow sizars. From what we knew of this class in the university, and from the inferences naturally drawn from circumstances, we were led to believe, that though most distinguished specimens of learning and moral worth were constantly arising from them, that the state of manners and general cultivation of mind among them were deplorably *low*. Mr. Wright's book is a decided confirmation of this opinion; and it is a point which we are especially anxious to press upon his readers. It may appear to them, that the gaieties and pleasures, and altogether the mode of life, and the style of conversation, which Mr. Wright describes most abundantly, are applicable to the better and more generous portion of university society. We beg leave to contradict this inference in the most unhesitating manner. Mr. Wright's language, ideas, and experience, will be considered at Cambridge, in spite of the colouring he has attempted to give them, of the *lowest* description. The pleasures of the university are not of the most various or of the most refined description; it is true that the hours of relaxation are almost totally unprovided for; and that instances of violence, coarseness, and ignorance, frequently occur among the choicest classes of the university; but the vulgarity, dullness, and grossness, which prevails over all Mr. Wright's pictures of college life, are only characteristic of the peculiar portion of it to which he belonged. After this sketch of the different classes of the university men, and of the distinctions there maintained with unyielding punctiliousness, the reader will be better able to appreciate Mr. Wright's *uproariousness* and joviality. Mr. Wright's *Life in Cambridge*, holds about the same relation to the real manners of the university, that Mr. Pierce Egan's *Life in London* does to those of the superior part of the metropolis.

We have now put Mr. Wright in his proper position with respect to the public; and, in doing so, we fear it may be thought we have spoken illiberally of the rank to which he belonged during his undergraduateship. This has been far from our intention. Mr. Wright says nothing of himself which excites a friendly feeling towards him; his vanity and his folly alienate the reader—but from the class of sizars, the most respectable and distinguished members of the university, and many of the greatest ornaments of the country, have arisen. Talents are not confined to any sphere; and honour, narrow means, and the prospect of fame and wealth, are powerful stimulants. Our observations were intended solely to apply to the manners, opportunities, and advantages, which the sizars enjoy, or are deprived of, by their residence at Cambridge; and of the circumstances of education, and modes of life, previous to their entrance upon an academical

course. The disadvantages which too often attend the accidents of humble birth and confined education, are counteracted, and ultimately effaced, by the society of the university, by the cultivation of learning, and by the habits of respect and authority, which there quickly follow upon literary distinction. These advantages Mr. Wright had not acquired; and our object has been to show, that the representation of his university life could not, from the circumstances in which he was placed, be wholly true. Had he confined himself to an unvarnished narrative of his difficulties, in struggling to gain the honourable rewards which the university holds out to industrious talent—had he faithfully detailed the course of his studies, recorded his progress in science and literature, and have honestly pointed out the sources of his disappointments—his mixture of failure and success—his hopes and fears—his pleasures and his pains—we should, however humble his lot might originally have been, however low his circumstances in the university, have been interested in the story, and have considered him a benefactor and contributor to the stores of useful knowledge. The Remains of Kirke White were received by the whole country with the greatest interest—he was poor and of humble birth; but then he was a man of genius, animated by an ardent love of learning as well as distinction; and he was willing to take the only creditable means of arriving at them—severe application. In his history, however, much cant was infused by the laureate editor of his life; and with some little failing in this respect might the amiable subject of the biography himself have been charged. The colouring in which college life is there represented is undoubtedly deceptive; and many a lad who has been sent there on the statements in it, has miserably thrown away his time and prospects, disappointed the expectations of his friends, and exhausted the scanty savings which might have been so much better employed.

The advantages of a university education are of two kinds—the direct one, of cultivation of the intellect and acquisition of knowledge; and the accidental one, of a share in the emolument of the foundations. Cambridge and Oxford are liberally endowed with fellowships and livings; and as long as from two to four hundred pounds a year, and the certain succession, in time, to church preferment, are desirable things—it will be an object with the poor man to get to the university. But at Cambridge, where the prize is freely contended for, the number of candidates is proportionably great, and success is only to be obtained by a union of moral, physical, and intellectual strength, which does not fall to the share of the majority. It is only after a trial, and scarcely then, that an individual will be convinced that he is unqualified to run the race—the blank is only drawn after the consumption of a vast deal of capital time. Success at Cambridge depends, however, more upon the previous state of preparation in which the pupils arrive than on any other circumstance, except indeed in cases of very extraordinary powers of mind. The emoluments of Cambridge have been its ruin, as a place of genuine education. It ought to be considered not as a school, where anything is to be learned, but as an arena, where skill and practice are to be exhibited and displayed. Contests of one kind or other are continually going on; and the student ambitious of honour, is always kept in a feverish state extremely unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge.

are, however, often found. No instance occurs of sizars associating with the wealthier or gay men of the university; there is a bar on both sides; it would be unbecoming for an eleemosynary person to assume the expensive habits of men of pleasure; and, on the other hand, aristocratic pride would exclude the poor man from the society of the wealthy patricians. With the soberer men of the second class, or the men of competency, the sizars associate freely, for the purposes of study, and sometimes of pleasure—we speak *generally*; it must be remembered—always, however, there is something of a *ban* upon the sizar, and his society will be chiefly found, as long as his state of sizarship endures, among his fellow sizars. From what we knew of this class in the university, and from the inferences naturally drawn from circumstances, we were led to believe, that though most distinguished specimens of learning and moral worth were constantly arising from them, that the state of manners and general cultivation of mind among them were deplorably *low*. Mr. Wright's book is a decided confirmation of this opinion; and it is a point which we are especially anxious to press upon his readers. It may appear to them, that the gaieties and pleasures, and altogether the mode of life, and the style of conversation, which Mr. Wright describes most abundantly, are applicable to the better and more generous portion of university society. We beg leave to contradict this inference in the most unhesitating manner. Mr. Wright's language, ideas, and experience, will be considered at Cambridge, in spite of the colouring he has attempted to give them, of the *lowest* description. The pleasures of the university are not of the most various or of the most refined description; it is true that the hours of relaxation are almost totally unprovided for; and that instances of violence, coarseness, and ignorance, frequently occur among the choicest classes of the university; but the vulgarity, dullness, and grossness, which prevails over all Mr. Wright's pictures of college life, are only characteristic of the peculiar portion of it to which he belonged. After this sketch of the different classes of the university men, and of the distinctions there maintained with unyielding punctiliousness, the reader will be better able to appreciate Mr. Wright's *uproariousness* and joviality. Mr. Wright's *Life in Cambridge*, holds about the same relation to the real manners of the university, that Mr. Pierce Egan's *Life in London* does to those of the superior part of the metropolis.

We have now put Mr. Wright in his proper position with respect to the public; and, in doing so, we fear it may be thought we have spoken illiberally of the rank to which he belonged during his undergraduateship. This has been far from our intention. Mr. Wright says nothing of himself which excites a friendly feeling towards him; his vanity and his folly alienate the reader—but from the class of sizars, the most respectable and distinguished members of the university, and many of the greatest ornaments of the country, have arisen. Talents are not confined to any sphere; and honour, narrow means, and the prospect of fame and wealth, are powerful stimulants. Our observations were intended solely to apply to the manners, opportunities, and advantages, which the sizars enjoy, or are deprived of, by their residence at Cambridge; and of the circumstances of education, and modes of life, previous to their entrance upon an academical

course. The disadvantages which too often attend the accidents of humble birth and confined education, are counteracted, and ultimately effaced, by the society of the university, by the cultivation of learning, and by the habits of respect and authority, which there quickly follow upon literary distinction. These advantages Mr. Wright had not acquired; and our object has been to show, that the representation of his university life could not, from the circumstances in which he was placed, be wholly true. Had he confined himself to an unvarnished narrative of his difficulties, in struggling to gain the honourable rewards which the university holds out to industrious talent—had he faithfully detailed the course of his studies, recorded his progress in science and literature, and have honestly pointed out the sources of his disappointments—his mixture of failure and success—his hopes and fears—his pleasures and his pains—we should, however humble his lot might originally have been, however low his circumstances in the university, have been interested in the story, and have considered him a benefactor and contributor to the stores of useful knowledge. The Remains of Kirke White were received by the whole country with the greatest interest—he was poor and of humble birth; but then he was a man of genius, animated by an ardent love of learning as well as distinction; and he was willing to take the only creditable means of arriving at them—severe application. In his history, however, much cant was infused by the laureate editor of his life; and with some little failing in this respect might the amiable subject of the biography himself have been charged. The colouring in which college life is there represented is undoubtedly deceptive; and many a lad who has been sent there on the statements in it, has miserably thrown away his time and prospects, disappointed the expectations of his friends, and exhausted the scanty savings which might have been so much better employed.

The advantages of a university education are of two kinds—the direct one, of cultivation of the intellect and acquisition of knowledge; and the accidental one, of a share in the emolument of the foundations. Cambridge and Oxford are liberally endowed with fellowships and livings; and as long as from two to four hundred pounds a year, and the certain succession, in time, to church preferment, are desirable things—it will be an object with the poor man to get to the university. But at Cambridge, where the prize is freely contended for, the number of candidates is proportionably great, and success is only to be obtained by a union of moral, physical, and intellectual strength, which does not fall to the share of the majority. It is only after a trial, and scarcely then, that an individual will be convinced that he is unqualified to run the race—the blank is only drawn after the consumption of a vast deal of capital time. Success at Cambridge depends, however, more upon the previous state of preparation in which the pupils arrive than on any other circumstance, except indeed in cases of very extraordinary powers of mind. The emoluments of Cambridge have been its ruin, as a place of genuine education. It ought to be considered not as a school, where anything is to be learned, but as an arena, where skill and practice are to be exhibited and displayed. Contests of one kind or other are continually going on; and the student ambitious of honour, is always kept in a feverish state extremely unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge.

His time is undoubtedly occupied by intellectual pursuits—he has his books always open before him—but it is rather for the purpose of sharpening his weapons, and rivetting his armour, than of increasing his skill in the arts of attack and defence—instead of calmly advancing in knowledge, and strengthening and confirming the grounds of previous acquisition, he is hastily gathering together the results of former investigations, and crudely heaping in his mind the discoveries and reasonings of his masters. His only object is victory—it is the love of excelling, and not the love of excellence, which is taught at Cambridge; where, if the studies were the art of making watches and shoes, and the prizes, scholarships, and fellowships, the rewards, the same enthusiastic application would be displayed upon wheels and lasts which is now expended on Euclid and Newton. But this is an extensive and a difficult subject, and we reserve it for another and a better opportunity. We shall now turn to Mr. Wright's book, and extract as much good out of it as we can find in it.

If any thing would tend to bring the University of Cambridge into disgrace, it would be that implicit credit should be given to Mr. Wright's account of it; and yet he has the temerity to set out as if he were a champion in its defence, who had been called into the field by the host of calumniators who had attacked the fair fame of his Alma Mater. His preface enumerates these detractors, whom his statements are to put down. Among the unfortunate persons whom he denounces, we find certain writers in this periodical honourably alluded to. The passage is a specimen of the impudence and presumption of the rest of his book; he is ignorant of the very number of these writers, as well as of every other point concerning them, with whom he pretends to be so familiar.

The writers, however, in the "London," inasmuch as two of them are themselves well qualified to judge of the merits of the question, must be treated with higher respect, being distinguished members of the institution they have thought proper to calumniate. But, when the truth is told, even their aspersions will little avail them—when it is known and considered that these gentlemen, although Senior Wranglers, and otherwise *honoured*, were, by *their own fault*, excluded from the emoluments of the university. Instead of the degrading alternative of subsisting upon Reviews—of catering for those cormorants of scandal and calumny—at this moment, had not their common sense forsaken them after the Senate-house examination, these sons of Alma might be enjoying, with hundreds of others, the "*otium cum dignitate*" of a fellowship. But, actuated by disappointment, they have condescended to calumniate, and to deride the very source of all the knowledge they possess, and of all the distinction they now hold in the world.

It is amusing to find Mr. Wright lamenting over the degraded state of these writers, who are reduced, it seems, to the degrading "alternative" of catering for those cormorants of scandal and calumny, the Reviews. We can only judge of his own condition by his book—that man must be in a very calamitous condition who sells the names, conversation, and peculiarities of his intimate friends, and retails all the scandalous stories and impertinent jests which circulate in the rounds of Cambridge society, for the purpose of putting money into his pocket. However, our business is not that of recrimination, and we shall proceed.

Mr. Wright thus describes his arrival at Trinity College, Cambridge, and his first interview with the tutor. The scene is sketched with some humour; the vanity and self-satisfaction of the freshman, and the coolness of the fellow and tutor, are highly characteristic.

In the month of October, eighteen hundred and fifteen, I, and lots more, first saw the light as sons of Alma. A northern light I was, and that's about all I have to give you as to the source I sprung from. Furnished by a friend with a letter to the tutor, the present worthy and learned rector of Kendal, in Westmoreland, I made my way with all speed to that spot of all spots—Trinity College. I was received with all the politeness and cordiality for which that gentleman was, and is, conspicuous. In ascending the stony stairs which led to the chapel and dinner belfries, as well as to his rooms, I fell upon a certain dignified personage, powdered and perfumed to a degree, whom my freshman sapience forthwith designated as the "Great Mon" I sought. I accordingly capped him, but this same personage thereupon, as the cap fitted, slunk back to make way for the gownsman, most wisely thinking my obsequiousness was a mere hint that he ought to have been beforehand with me. This man was afterwards my man-milliner, famous for nothing but extortion, dunning, and amorous propensities. But let him pass, that I may proceed. The first question, after the customary civilities, put to me by my tutor, whom I had every earthly reason to venerate, not because he is now well stricken in years, but for the many kind things he did me, was "How much have you read, sir?" "In classical learning, sir, I have not made much progress, having gone through Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Anacreon, Dalzel's Collectanea, Homer, and part of Demosthenes only—but I have great thirst for more." This use of the word thirst, made me drink an extra bumper of "audit"* that very day at dinner—so ingenious and striking did I deem the thing. "Very well, indeed," was the reply. "But what do you know of the mathematics?" "Still less, sir; Ludlam's Elements being the only book, besides Walkinghame's Tutor's Assistant, which I have ever met with." "Well, sir, but do you believe, that, of all this reading, you remember the hundredth part?" was the next poser. "Last Christmas, during the holidays, I visited London for the first time, and there walked about the streets by day, and committed the whole of Horace's Odes to memory by night; but this is all I am certain of being able to repeat." "Very well again, sir, so far; but do you think you could write down, *after your own way*, any of the mathematics you have read." This was a settler. I hummed and hahed for a moment, and then confessed my inability. "Then know, sir, (was the fag-end of the examination,) that at this place all things—prizes, scholarships, and fellowships, are bestowed, not on the greatest readers, but on those who, without any assistance, can produce most knowledge upon paper. You must henceforth throw aside your slate, which doubtless you have brought with you, and take to scribbling upon paper. You must "*write out*" all you read, and read and write some six or eight hours a day; and then you will have no reason to repent of your labour. Don't be alarmed at your scanty progress in the mathematics. When I first entered college, sir, I knew less of them than you do."

Those who are curious in the *arcana* of university ways, which, arbitrary and distinct from all other manners as they are, are difficult to be learned, and not worth learning, will read the description of the student's initiation into the life of a gownsman with pleasure.

A pretty life is college life, internally ejaculated I, as I was preparing to evade this most formidable, though kindest of tutors. Mr. H. now presented me a list of such books as it would be necessary thus to "cram" for the first year's subjects, and finally gave me an introduction to Mr. Pope, a countryman of mine, (now *deservedly* one of the big-wigs of Emmanuel,) who was to have the honour of "taking me to table." The intervening period, however, was devoted to the metamorphosis of the simple rustic, into the high and mighty gownsman—a potentate of at least fifty subjects in the shape of bed-makers, gyps, shoeblacks, &c. &c., each and every one as humble and submissive as could well gratify the vanity of the vainest. It is true, that here and there you meet one of them scratching his poll when his conscience tells him he ought to be doing reverence, but "*exceptio probat regulam*"—a position more easily said than demonstrated. I have known, by the way, some instances of kicking, and similar irreverent chastisement, for the like evasions—especially from freshmen. In a word, it is an established rule that every under-graduate doffs to the master tutor, and other officers of state, and he in return is *capped* by every dependant snob of the college. Thus suddenly transformed from a snob-apparent (all townsmen *whatever* are designated by this low waxy appellation) to an empurpled Trinitarian, the

* Trinity has always been famous for the excellence of its ale. The very best is called "audit ale," because of being principally used on audit or feast days.

swelling folds of the robes, and the tasselled cap, did certainly a little inflate my youthful imagination, and not thinking "small beer" of myself, I strutted forth along the streets with a spring in my heels quite new to me, regardless of all but gownsmen. These I deemed as *pares cum paribus*; but whilst musing on my own and their importance, a shopman informed me respectfully, but with the wickedest, most rogueish-phiz imaginable, although grave enough for the presence of the Grand Seigneur, that my cap was wrong side foremost. "Down, proud spirit," was the first suggestion; I at once saw I was but a freshman, and that there were distinctions even beyond *snob* and *gownsmen*. The other and only humiliation of the kind in reserve for me, happened on the first Sunday at the University church. To chapel we repaired on Sundays and saints' days in surplices—but to church in the ordinary gowns. This distinction I could not get at by instinct; and accordingly, with two more, whose friends, like mine, had not been too lavish of their advice, marched thither and back "clad in robes of virgin white," to the great entertainment of folks, whose conduct, on the contrary, on such an occasion, ought to have been more heavenward. These and several other mistakes of freshmen form a sort of annual feast to those hungry starvelings on wit, whose only meal it is. But to return from the digression; the bell ringing for dinner was now forcibly reminding us of our necessities, when I, with Mr. P., who took me to a third-year man, alias Senior Soph, over head and ears, to my dismay, with French mathematics—Lacroix's three quartos on the Differential and Integral Calculus frightened me most—were attending to the summons, with a resolve to do our best to keep body and soul together as long as possible. We were proceeding along the principal square of the college in front of the master's lodge, surrounded by groups of masters of arts, noblemen, fellow commoners, in their silvery embroidered togas, (upon which my raw attention was strongly attracted,) pensioners, and sizars, in abundance, all treading the beautiful lawns, via the pavement, and evidently gay, as they seemed, all bent upon one object—"the one thing needful"—when a spruce, dapper, livery servant announced to me the master's desire to speak with me instant. Away goes your humble servant into the presence-chamber of that venerable personage, the *last-but-one* Bishop of Bristol. What for? To be reprimanded and threatened with being "put out of sizings and commons"* for daring to appear in *trowsers*. Nondescripts of this description had seriously offended his lordship, and he had proscribed them from his dominions, permitting breeches and gaiters only. So rigidly enforced were the enactments for their suppression, that I was obliged to use all the rhetoric I was master of, to make it clear this rhetoric was the lapsus of a freshman. After this escape I found my friend, and proceeded without further interruption to the magnificent Hall of Trinity. Ye readers who have not seen it, you can form but a very faint idea of it from any description of mine, however elaborate. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that in full term it usually accommodates from four to five hundred in the following disposition:—At the furthest extremity, under full length portraits of Newton, Bacon, and Barrow, runs the vice-master's table for noblemen, fellows, and fellow-commoners, with such strangers as they are privileged to invite. Along the right hand side as you enter there is another long table, for another portion of the same description, but headed by the Dean. The left hand is selvaged by two tables—one, the upper, for the B.A. gentlemen, and the other for "the scholars upon the foundation." In the spacious middle are tables for the pensioners. The wainscoting, throughout, is adorned with full length portraits of the illustrious dead, whose heavenly countenances have often reminded me of that fine saying of antiquity, "I eat to live, not live to eat;" but whether they, at the same time, diminished my doings by one mouthful, I cannot safely determine. All I can aver is, that I never observed such workings in others. The whole of the above-described learned and scientific assemblage do most certainly their full duty upon the "good things provided for their use," and with the exception of the pensioners' tables, (who happen to be independent enough, although their title is against it,) there is every day a profusion. The day I am describing was a saint's or *fast* day, and even the pensioners were handsomely regaled. Every table, on these occasions, which are *pretty numerous*, groans with the "rich licks" it invites you to. There is a difference, however, and the fellows take much the lead in the means of goutiness and Falstaffry. Indeed, many of them, like Stephen Kemble, might, without stuffing, personate the "*fat knight*;" but as to the

* By sending to the kitchen and butteries a scrap of paper, with the word "sizings," and your signature thereon written, you can "size" for eatables to the extent of 3s. 6d. worth. By "commons" is meant the privilege of dining in hall. The above punishment consists in a suspension of both privileges.

“witty knight,” the thing were problematical; and yet there is much good humour—yea, sparkling humour, here displayed—but then, if I am not mistaken, in my time, it generally came from the lean kine. Now-a-days the wits are thin enough themselves, God knows—it is their friends and patrons who “laugh and grow fat.” At least, so it is by those who “live by their wits.” By this time most of us had placed a comfortable and plenary substitute for the emptiness we had just been *enjoying*, and as a *sequitur* had somewhat augmented our rotundities. For my part I had played a good knife and fork into a defunct cod’s head, and limb of a bullock, and had somewhat diminished the pies, puddings, jellies, *bluemange*, (as the squint-eyed waitress behind me for years pronounced it,) and trifle. This last was no trifle with me, for I ever regarded it as a matter of great importance, so excellently well was it whipped up at Trinity. The conversation on this occasion, at the upper ends of the tables, where sat the seniors of the several species of flat-caps, was doubtless very superior; for it seemed to excite great merriment amongst all who heard it—and it may also be reasonably inferred, that these elder brothers should also strive to lord it over the youngsters. At the head of my table sat Whewall and Cape, who certainly did their utmost to astonish us, and argued upon topics many-kind with much *volubility*—to say the least of it. Much was neither required nor received from the freshmen. For myself, I never opened my lips, save to put something between them—but had just leisure enough to hear Pope, flattering himself, I suppose, that he was now in a fair way to evade so hard a fate, utter

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The deep unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.”

and F——ll, who was evincing a most shark-like appetite on that particular day, as he also did on every day of the year,

“Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

But how these *learned* quotes were introduced, whether by “hook or by crook,” I cannot call to mind; I recollect, however, the impression they made upon the heads—a smile betokening great self-elevation in the smiler over the smilee.

This is followed by a repetition of several anecdotes of Sir Isaac Newton, which have been told of almost every other philosopher, and are as well known as the letters of the alphabet. This is manifestly *bolstering* matter, made to fill the volume. A description of Trinity Chapel is little better; and the reflections with which it, as well as all the rest of the work, is interlarded, enable us to form an idea of the extent of Mr. Wright’s obligations to his Alma Mater.

There were busts of great men in every direction, and a full-length sleeping beauty of a warrior lying in as great state as the kings in Westminster Abbey; but the former wakened no such high thoughts even as the prism Newton holds in his hand; and as to the latter, why I thought about as much of him as I ever did of generals in general, their being great or little is all “the chance of war.” One frisk of fortune elevates them to the peerage, another “offs with their heads.”

Mr. Wright has given us a view of Trinity Chapel when filled by the students, which is not deficient in truth; his remarks on the compulsory attendance are more rational than usual, and we can vouch for the fact of the irreverent conversations that are constantly maintained during service.

Winter and summer to matins we are summoned at seven in the morning, and unless we arrive in time for the Markers to get a glimpse at, and run their pins* through us, we may as well be hugging the pillow. In my novitiate we had but two Markers, and one of them, whose Christian name was Anthony (surname he never had I believe, his mother residing in the Rookery at Barnwell; and his partiality for the gownsmen,

* Three or four Markers, with lists of the names in their hands, walk up and down chapel during a considerable part of the service, running a pin through the names of those present.

clearly evincing an alliance by blood thereunto), used to see many a one there, who, knowing he had a friend in *Mark Antony*, was loud snoring at home. These oblations at the shrine of *Morpheus* were gratefully received by that deity, who, in return, used to load the devotee with the rich gifts of *Plutus* and *Bacchus*. It was a common practice with some of these sluggards whom I could name, to make the boy "*Bacchi plenus*." Although I never had recourse myself to such evasions, so irksome and borish did I ever find this early rising, spite of the health it promised, that I was constantly in the black-book of the Dean, its presiding deity—one week being "put out of Sizings and Commons," another getting an "*Imposition*," in the shape of having to get by heart a satire of *Juvenal*, a book of *Homer*, to give an analysis of *Butler's Analogy*, to write a declamation criminating myself (by the way, this is not constitutional), and, in short, to do so many disagreeables, that the very recollection of them makes my pen drop. "There is no compulsion" in this Chapel-going, "only you must"—or abide the above consequences. Times many, on surplice mornings, my duty to his deanship has been so somnolent, that, having slumbered to the last tingle of the bell, sans inexpressibles, sans almost every thing, I have whipped on the full-flowing surplice, and just saved my bacon.

Were I to turn reformer, I should propose making a muster-room (on ordinary week days, the avowed use of chapel is to see that all men are in college), not of a place consecrated to religion, but should assemble them, at a reasonable hour of the day, in the Lecture Room or Hall. If this measure were adopted, the chapel then being kept holy, in being used but for solemn occasions, such as Sundays and Surplice-days, it is more than probable, that, instead of prayers being conducted as they now are, there would be somewhat more of reverence and devotion in them. As things now go, there is not one man who goes to *pray*—not even amongst the saints or Simeonites*. In the morning they muster, with all the reluctance of a man going to be hanged; and in the evening, although now awake, and enlivened by the convivialities of the bottle, there is much the same feeling. They contrive, however, when once assembled, not only to lose sight of the ostensible object for which they are called together, but also of the disagreeable necessity of thus congregating. Table-talk is much more abundant here than "at table,"—there being no other occupation, and the wine having by this time sufficiently (in many cases overmuch) warmed the imagination, it also smells more of the champagne. So effervescent is it, indeed, that the Dean, with all his eyes about him, cannot keep the cork in. Out it sparkles, spite of him, in sallies like these:

Enter two Reading Fresh-Men, W. and M., of the same standing (men of the same year sit together, the Freshmen together, Junior Sophs, Senior Sophs, Scholars, Bachelors of Arts and M.A., &c.)

W. [*Speaks in a low whisper.*] How did you like Brown's lecture?

M. O! tol lol. I thought he proved that *a* to the power of nothing equals one, very prettily.

W. By the bye, Pope showed me to-day how to prove two equal to one.

M. The devil he did: as how, pray?

W. [*Pencils it in the prayer-book whilst kneeling.*] Thus, look—

Because $a^2 - x^2 = x(x - x)$, and also $= (x + x)(x - x)$.

Therefore $x \cdot (x - x) = (x + x)(x - x) = 2 \cdot x \cdot (x - x)$

Therefore $1 = 2$.

Q. E. D.

M. Well, that's odd.

W. Yes, it's odd enough that odd should be even, and singular enough that singular should be plural. I've done with grammar after this.

M. Ha, ha, ha, "thank you, good sir, I owe you one."

W. If you owe me any, you owe me two. But "be quiet, I know it," Newby's coming with his long-pole.

M. That's the first time I've heard of his *long-head*, ha, ha.

W. Be quiet, or I'll shave yours for you—I don't relish, for my part, being "hauled over the coals" by either the Dean or his deputy—so have done with your giggling—if you please, sir. What! at it again!—"Never mind me, sir!" Lord, you would titter at your own tail, if you only had one.

M. Hoh, hoh, hoh.

When up comes Newby, who, with M.'s quickly-subsiding laugh, says, "The Dean will be happy to see you this evening, sir, immediately after chapel." Poor M., who, being as risible as irascible (his sensibilities of every kind were easily put in action),

* Every body knows that at Trinity Church, Cambridge, there has been, evangelizing the gownsmen for the last half century, a great saint called Simeon.

was in frequent scrapes of this kind. I used to take a wicked pleasure in thus setting in motion the muscles of his very funny face, which, when once off, he could never stop, but at every quaint expression or thought, would receive a fresh impulse, until at length he fell into a hoh, hoh, hoh (into a hoho, a Johnian jog me), and an imposition from the Dean.

An important feature in a gownsman's life is "lectures." Mr. Wright's description of Mr. Brown's first mathematical lecture is tolerably just, and may prove amusing. The portrait of the lecturer is certainly done with some skill.

After chapel I had scarcely time to breakfast before St. Mary's struck nine—the hour for the Mathematical Lecture. Palpitating at all points, I "wended my way" to the Lecture-room, which presently received about a hundred of us, Sizars, Pensioners, Fellow-commoners, and Noblemen, seating themselves indiscriminately at the several desks, which were amply supplied with all the implements of scribbling—pens, ink, and foolscap. The Lecturer was elevated upon a sort of rostrum, to produce, no doubt, an impression upon the youthful group, as to the dignity and importance of his duties. All was silent as the grave, each and every one of us, marvelling in breathless suspense, and eyeing each other with most funking physiognomy, when Mr. Brown very learnedly inquired of us, one by one, if we knew our own names. The first gentleman addressed, seeing that the portentous question was about to be popped to him, turned as pale as ashes, and with some difficulty pronounced the word most familiar to him. The rest grew gradually more courageous, insomuch that the last one did positively not once quake nor quiver.

Mr. B. having thus formed a nomenclature of the assembly, and glanced his eyes around him for some minutes, to associate the name with the person, he proceeded to inquire if we had furnished ourselves with a case of mathematical instruments. Out flew, with something like the precision of soldiery, a case before each man, with scarcely a defaulter; when the learned Lecturer, with a nondescript smile playing about his countenance, said, "I am glad, gentlemen, to see you come to lecture thus prepared, because it augurs well you will not be wanting in other respects; but I must inform you, these implements are here superfluous, inasmuch as in the theory we are about to expound, there are none other than straight lines and circles. Now all of you can draw a straight line I should hope, and as to the circle it is thus described"—placing his little finger of the right hand firmly on the paper, and at the same time moving the paper round it so as to come in contact with the pen during the entire revolution. "Thus, you see, gentlemen, you may omit bringing your instruments hither in future, and those gentlemen, also, who have slates before them, will be pleased to bring them no more, paper being the only thing scribbled upon, in order to prepare for the use of it at the Examinations. Very good. This being the first day, I shall dismiss you thus early, and hope to see every one of you at the same hour to-morrow, so prepared in Euclid, as to demonstrate *viva voce*, when called upon promiscuously, any proposition in the first book I may think proper to fix upon. Very good. Good morning, gentlemen."

In the second lecture Mr. Brown proceeds to business.

The hour of nine having now arrived, we again assembled at the Mathematical Lecture-room. Being seated, Mr. B. again went over the names, and praised our punctuality, there being not one absentee. After which, he asked, first one and then another, the several definitions of a point, a straight line, a curved line, a triangle, a square, a parallelogram, a pentagon, a circle, &c. &c. &c. and these questions being answered, with not more than fifty blunders, he came upon your humble servant with, "Mr. W., what is meant by an axiom?"

"An axiom, Sir" (quoth I), "is a truth so self-evident, that its terms need only be expressed in language, to be universally understood and admitted."

"Very good, Sir, though not precisely in the language of Euclid. But what is the first axiom of Euclid, or of Geometry, as I may say, the terms being synonymous?"

"Things which are equal to the same, are equal to one another."

"Very good, Sir. What the second, and what the third?"

"If equals be added to equals, the sums are equal. If equals be taken from equals, the remainders are equal."

"Very good."

Mr. B. next interrogated one and then another, until having got through the twelve axioms, or self-evident propositions, not one of which could we contradict, he gave a brief recapitulation of them, the definitions, and postulates, and concluded (or at least might have done) by the following eulogium :—

“ These Definitions, Axioms, and Postulates, constitute, gentlemen, simple and self-evident as they are, the foundations of all Mathematical and Philosophical science. Upon them, as upon an imperishable, and immoveable substratum, rests that towering fabric of science, which reaches the remotest penetralia of the heavens. Step by step, gentlemen, we hence shall climb successively, as by a tower of Babel, the several rounds of Geometry, of Algebra, of the Analytics generally, of Mechanics and Optics, winding our way to the topmost pinnacle—Astronomy.” As I have already said, Mr. Brown, little as he was given to heroics, either did, or did not deliver this speech. Certain it is, no London-lecturer, none of those self-dubbed Professors, would have let slip such a glorious opportunity.

After Mr. Brown had passed us over the “ Asses’ Bridge,”* without any serious accident, and conducted us a few steps further into the first book, he dismissed us with many compliments, and a few Deductions,† the latter of which we were to “ prove,” by the next day, and bring back with us.

We add the account of the first classical lecture, for the sake of the information it contains concerning the species of knowledge which is in request in the university. Immediately after the mathematical lecture, the students procced to an upper room, where Professor Monk, at that time classical tutor, now Dean of Peterborough, awaits their presence.

The first Lecture in Mathematics being thus abruptly terminated, we had just time to trudge home with the slates and instruments, and take a turn or two in the walks to stretch our understandings, when the two-tongued bell of Trinity gave us a duplicate of the hour of ten—the summons for attending the Greek Lecture, in the room immediately over the former. Here we found Professor Monk, now Dean of Peterboro’, prepared to give us a reception something similar to that of Mr. Brown.

After having ascertained our names with great precision, and taken care to inform us he shall hope to find us the next day at the same hour, prepared to construe any part of the opening of the “ Seven against Thebes,” to give the geography of the scenes in it, and the history of the dramatis personæ, events and allusions, Professor Monk broke up the assembly by, “ I hope, gentlemen, your attendance will be regular throughout the term. Good morning to you, gentlemen.”

The Lectures for the day being over, we dispersed in all directions, something like a regiment after a review in the Park. Having no more sights to see, and, from the expectations expressed by both the Lecturers, much to prepare for the next day’s Lectures, I went as straight homewards as the irregular streets and lanes of the ancient town of Cambridge would permit, and soon found myself surrounded by such books as I had procured from the Public Library (this is done, as I have already intimated, under the rose, by the connivance of some M. A.), from Trinity Library, and from Maps’ excellent Circulating Library. Those recommended by the Tutor, Mr. Hudson, for the Greek play, were Porson’s *Hecuba*, the preface containing the most valuable Treatise ever written on the Greek Metres, Barlow Seale’s and Herman’s more lengthy discussions of the same subject—Burney’s *Tentamen de Metris* (being nothing worth) having no place in my collection. Scapula’s *Lexicon*, Dawe’s *Miscellanea Critica*, Bentley’s *Phalaris*, the *Travels of Anacharsis*, Hoogeveen’s *Particularum Doctrina*, Boss’s *Ellipses*, Franklin’s *Translation of Sophocles* (for its prefatory matter relating to the Grecian Stage), Cumberland’s *Observer* (for the same use as the work last named), Brumoy’s *Greek Theatre*, Tyrwhit’s *Aristotle*, Horace’s *Ars Poetica*, Gillie’s *History of Greece* (Mitford’s, I wished to have, but it was so expensive to purchase, and so much in request at the libraries, that I was compelled at first to put up with Gillies), D’Anville’s *Ancient Atlas*, Butler’s *Æschylus* (a more stupid chaos of confusion than which does not exist—a real *Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν*), and finally, the luminous and erudite comment upon the *Ἑπτὰ ἐπὶ Θήβας* itself, by Dr. Blomfield, formed, as far as I can recollect, the remainder of the catalogue.

* The fifth Proposition is so called, or rather “ Pons Asinorum,” from the difficulty with which many get over it.

† Arc propositions not given by the “ Book-work,” but derivable from it.

The contrast between these two lecturers is drawn with some delicacy, and perfect justice.

It was now ten o'clock, and up-stairs we therefore flew to gobble Greek with the Professor. Enthroned he sat, with "head erect and all-important brow," more vastly great, I ween, than ever looked Æschylus himself, or even those ancient schoolmasters who spoke this "language of the Gods"—Aristotle, Socrates, or Plato. In his manner and person, the Professor was a striking contrast to the mathematical lecturer. Stiff and formal to a degree, he could never relax into a smile, much less could he endure any thing bordering upon jocularly, however pleasant might be the subject of his lectures, or admit the slightest familiarity with these grown-up young gentlemen. Equally solicitous was he to elevate his diction, and succeeded, so as to deliver himself in a style—to say the least of it—semi-bombastic. Like all other pickers of choice words and expressions, his voice, naturally harsh, although sonorous, would ever and anon dwell, not in the style of a *sostenuto*, but closely resembling the drone of a bagpipe, thus stealing time for the selection, and making his speech continuous. Mr. Brown, on the other hand, was as distinguished for the affability of his demeanour, as for the ease and chasteness of his language. With the exception of his favourite phrase of kind encouragement, "very good," which from habit, I suppose, he often complimented even himself withal, his sentences, although on a less wordy subject, from being less forced and excogitated, greatly exceeded the Professor's in every natural grace, and consequently, were much more agreeable to the audience.

Mr. Wright is always apprehensive that his materials will fall below the measure in his bond—the account of these lectures is followed by a dissertation on the ancient drama, which he puts into the mouth of Professor Monk. It is probably with the same view that Mr. Wright introduces the following illiberal tirade against the design of a London University. It is very plain to be seen, that a man may pass through Cambridge without acquiring either the feelings or the language of a gentleman. Of this we are very sure, that the men whom Alma Mater does not blush to own, would not entertain such opinions as are to be found in this extract.

Such being the extent of the usefulness of a Scotch education, what advantages are we to expect from an establishment in London, originating and progressing under the auspices of a handful of individuals thus initiated? It need scarcely be observed I allude to the projected London University, inasmuch as all must have noticed the striking circumstance, that the thing has been fathered by Campbell (without being the true progenitor, perhaps; for, according to some, Orator Henley has the first claim to that honour), fostered by Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck the physician—Scottish all. Now, I should like to be informed, what just pretensions can this *Poet*, this *Lawyer*, or this *Doctor*, maintain as to the direction of the education of London? By dint of uncommon perseverance, and good natural talents, for aught I know, each of the triumvirate has attained considerable pre-eminence in his proper profession; but surely, because one can jingle rhymes, another cross the bumpkins, and the third sign a man's doom in dog-latin, they are not to "rule the roast" over the intellects of this huge metropolis. Permit it, ye people of London, and ye reduce this magnificent, this glorious city, as to intellectual worth, to the level of "Modern Athens." Scottish are the originators of the scheme, and their immediate disciples, nine out of ten, are Scottish. Who, then, are to fill the situations of Chancellor, Vice Chancellor, Professors, &c. (great names, forsooth, for an establishment, the entire capital of which will fall far short of the annual income of either University, properly so called) I would ask? Why Scotchmen. No, I stand corrected—it being an equal chance that a few dissenters at the instance of the *great Mr. C-r*, whom his friends of the London University address by the *hackneyed M. A.* little as he is intitled to letters; of the unparalleled seceder from the Caledonian church, Mr. F——, &c. &c. &c. may have an opportunity of proselytizing; and a dead certainty, that the radicals will have permanent stalls to Jesuitize in, inasmuch as the abettors or patrons consist, almost without an exception, of these three classes of his majesty's subjects. Scotticism, Dissentism, and Radicalism were never so closely united. But the two former classes will prove the dupes of the last—or the course things usually take will strangely alter.

This disposition of the few situations being effected, after due jostling and scram-

bling for them, the only learning to be had for your subscription will be a "mouthful," whilst a "bellyful" of disaffection to Church and King will be crammed into you *gratuitously*. If, however, the Scotch Lecturers should presume to teach Latin and Greek, what with their own brogue, their ignorance of the "longs and shorts" above alluded to, and the cockney dialect of their pupils, we may anticipate as rare a compound of Attic refinement, as uncome-atable a jargon of incomprehensibleness, as ever mankind listened to.

If an institution be established for the education of the cocknies, in the name of good sense let it begin with the beginning, and first engage Thelwall to teach them their letters—the difference between v and w, and w and v. After this important acquisition is indisputably ascertained, call in a few writing-masters, accountants, and teachers of navigation and the *use of the globes*, and these, with a little reading of the Bible, under the surveillance of parents, on Sundays, and a few nocturnal lucubrations over the *luminous* pages of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, will prove amply sufficient for the successful prosecution of the occupations of those who cannot meet the expenses of the "finish" at Oxford or Cambridge.

We have now nearly exhausted the favourable parts of the volumes, and shall certainly not consume our space, nor abuse the time of our readers, by proving by examples the justice of our sentence upon the more disgraceful portion of the work. Vulgarity, impudence, scandalous aspersions, and impertinent familiarity, will meet the eye of every intelligent reader on his opening the book.

Our extracts are entirely taken from the first volume; the second consists almost wholly of extracts from the Cambridge Calendar, and of the stores of examination papers which every reading man collects during his under-graduateship. This is the readiest mode of book-making.

We believe Mr. Wright to be possessed of some talents; they are not, however, of a description calculated to procure success at Cambridge. He himself gives the most ridiculous reasons for his failure; some extraordinary accident is always interfering between him and good fortune; at one time it is a bull by which he is tossed in the market-place; at another, a spunging-house stops the way; at another, the neglect of an examiner. It may serve as a specimen of the candour with which Mr. Wright has written his experience, that he studiously conceals the fact of his having *degraded*—that is to say, of his having descended from a struggle with his equals, to contend with the men of the year below.

NATIONAL TALES.*

TWICE before have we had occasion to speak of Mr. Hood; first as one of the authors of *Odes and Addresses to Great People*; and next, by name, as the writer of the very agreeable collection of humorous ideas, entitled "*Whims and Oddities*." In both instances our task has been the light and agreeable one of praise—the only labour was that of discriminating between one term of eulogy and another. In relation to the book before us, although we cannot condemn with justice, it is nearly as impossible to approve. If ever talent were thrown away, and utterly lost, in consequence of the subject on which it was employed, the *National Tales* are a striking instance of such a shipwreck. The *Italian Tales* of Boccaccio, of Sacchetti, of Grassini, and of Bandello, are the well-known models of which Mr.

* *National Tales*. By Thomas Hood, author of "*Whims and Oddities*." 2 vols. 8vo. London, Ainsworth, 1827.

Hood has availed himself. We allow to these productions much of the merit which has been claimed for them; we allow that Mr. Hood's imitation is very close; and yet we shall have no difficulty in maintaining, that he has lost his time and his labour. The Italian Novello were very early, if not the earliest, European attempts at tales of fiction, the mere object of which is to please by a narrative of events. There had been invented previously, some fictitious stories and continuous narratives of imaginary events; but their object was either satire, or the illustration and exemplification of particular tenets. The Novello were partly imitated and adopted from the East, and partly developed from the anecdotes and facetiæ which were very early collected after the revival of letters, or rather during their dark state, in imitation of certain classical models—as the Bon-mots of Cicero. The Novello is, in fact, little more than the anecdote lightly expanded. Characters we find none—the incident is generally single, and the dialogue usually amounting to little more than a few questions and answers. Inasmuch as a Novello was itself a novelty, it was not necessary that its subject should be of any very remarkable kind; sufficient that there was a story. When stories became abundant, in order to attract attention, storytellers were obliged to select more striking incidents, to heighten the interest in the characters, and to excite the feelings of suspense and surprise, by intricacy and complication of plot. It may hence be concluded, that that which was a great prize in its day, were it to appear in all its perfection now, would be received with a mighty difference. The palate of a matured public requires more highly seasoned stuff than the plain food which nourished its infancy. Had Mr. Hood's Tales possessed the truth and natural pathos, the unadorned simplicity, and, at the same time, the quiet force and power of the early Italian novelists, his productions would still have been thought tame and pointless. It may readily be supposed, that with all Mr. Hood's talents for imitation, and they are extraordinary, that he has fallen somewhat short of his originals—that *somewhat* includes the only qualities which by possibility could have excited the interest of the present race of readers; it is the *nature* which speaks in every particle and participle of the Novello—the truth of feeling and expression which comes from the heart and goes to it—which indicates that the writer is possessed with his story—that it is before his eyes, and that he is alternately animated with the passions he describes. The beauties of these Novello are commonly called the beauties of style; but they are of that kind which no art can ever reach—the language is that which naturally clothes the sentiments as they are uttered. It is only necessary to polish the style when it is the head which writes. What man under the influence of real passion ever thought of *style*? Who under such circumstances picks his words? And yet the aptness of the phrase, the force of its construction, and the very order of the words, are beyond the most laborious efforts of a cool moment. A patient observer, and a competent judge of the language, feels these unobtrusive excellencies; he dwells on the propriety of expression, on little turns of phrase, which to him are full of meaning; by a calm contemplation, and the exertion of a simple taste, he brings out all the hidden traits of the design, and the little picture at length stands out, a

piece instinct with truth and life. The very same picture, another observer, accustomed to the striking and brilliant execution of modern times, would pass over as a rude and unmeaning production of semi-barbarous times.

Mr. Hood has succeeded in giving a most exact resemblance of this species of composition; the style is highly wrought, and may be generally called elegant; the incidents are simple, and arise naturally out of the manners, or the supposed manners, of the times—the manners of the Italian Novello, though it would be difficult to say of what age such manners are characteristic; and there is much simplicity and unity in the development of the story. But a vital fault besets the National Tales; they do not arise out of reality; are not conceived of the spirit of the age; they are a cold imitation of a beautiful model, it is true; but, like all imitations, are destitute of the freedom of originality and the grace of truth.

We shall exemplify and verify our observations, by quoting two of the stories; they are favourable specimens. The first is called Michel Argenti, and describes the unhappy hallucinations of a man whose imagination the terrors of the plague have disordered.

THE STORY OF MICHEL ARGENTI.

Michel Argenti was a learned physician of Padua, but lately settled at Florence, a few years only before its memorable visitation, when the destroying angel brooded over that unhappy city, shaking out deadly vapours from its wings.

It must have been a savage heart indeed, that could not be moved by the shocking scenes that ensued from that horrible calamity, and which were fearful enough to overcome even the dearest pieties and prejudices of humanity; causing the holy ashes of the dead to be no longer venerated, and the living to be disregarded by their nearest ties: the tenderest mothers forsaking their infants; wives flying from the sick couches of their husbands; and children neglecting their dying parents; when love closed the door against love, and particular selfishness took place of all mutual sympathies. There were some brave, humane spirits, nevertheless, that with a divine courage ventured into the very chambers of the sick, and contended over their prostrate bodies with the common enemy; and amongst these was Argenti, who led the way in such works of mercy, till at last the pestilence stepped over his own threshold, and he was beckoned home by the ghastly finger of death, to struggle with him for the wife of his own bosom.

Imagine him then, worn out in spirit and body, ministering hopelessly to her that had been dearer to him than health or life; but now, instead of an object of loveliness, a livid and ghastly spectacle, almost too loathsome to look upon; her pure flesh being covered with blue and mortiferous blotches, her sweet breath changed into a fetid vapour, and her accents expressive only of anguish and despair. These doleful sounds were aggravated by the songs and festivities of the giddy populace, which, now the pestilence had abated, ascended into the desolate chamber of its last martyr, and mingled with her dying groans.

These ending on the third day with her life, Argenti was left to his solitary grief, the only living person in his desolate house; his servants having fled during the pestilence, and left him to perform every office with his own hands. Hitherto the dead had gone without their rites; but he had the melancholy satisfaction of those sacred and decent services for his wife's remains, which during the height of the plague had been direfully suspended; the dead bodies being so awfully numerous, that they defied a careful sepulture, but were thrown, by random and slovenly heaps, into great holes and ditches.

As soon as was prudent after this catastrophe, his friends repaired to him with his two little children, who had fortunately been absent in the country, and now returned with brave ruddy cheeks and vigorous spirits to his arms; but, alas! not to cheer their miserable parent, who thenceforward was never known to smile, nor scarcely to speak, excepting of the pestilence. As a person that goes forth from a dark sick chamber is still haunted by its glooms, in spite of the sunshine; so, though the plague had ceased, its horrors still clung about the mind of Argenti, and with such a

deadly influence in his thoughts, as it bequeaths to the infected garments of the dead. The dreadful objects he had witnessed still walked with their ghostly images in his brain—his mind, in short, being but a doleful lazaretto devoted to pestilence and death. The same horrible spectres possessed his dreams; which he sometimes described as filled up from the same black source, and thronging with the living sick he had visited, or the multitudinous dead corpses, with the unmentionable and unsightly rites of their inhumation.

These dreary visions entering into all his thoughts, it happened often, that when he was summoned to the sick, he pronounced that their malady was the plague, discovering its awful symptoms in bodies where it had no existence; but above all, his terrors were busy with his children, whom he watched with a vigilant and despairing eye; discerning constantly some deadly taint in their wholesome breath, or declaring that he saw the plague-spot in their tender faces. Thus, watching them sometimes upon their pillows, he would burst into tears and exclaim that they were smitten with death; in short, he regarded their blue eyes and ruddy cheeks but as the frail roses and violets that are to perish in a day, and their silken hair like the most brittle gossamers. Thus their existence, which should have been a blessing to his hopes, became a very curse to him through his despair.

His friends, judging rightly from these tokens that his mind was impaired, persuaded him to remove from a place which had been the theatre of his calamities, and served but too frequently to remind him of his fears. He repaired, therefore, with his children, to the house of a kinswoman at Genoa; but his melancholy was not at all relieved by the change, his mind being now like a black Stygian pool that reflects not, except one dismal hue, whatever shifting colours are presented by the skies. In this mood he continued there five or six weeks, when the superb city was thrown into the greatest alarm and confusion. The popular rumour reported that the plague had been brought into the port by a Moorish felucca, whereupon the magistrates ordered that the usual precautions should be observed; so that although there was no real pestilence, the city presented the usual appearances of such a visitation.

These tokens were sufficient to aggravate the malady of Argenti, whose illusions became instantly more frequent and desperate, and his affliction almost a frenzy; so that going at night to his children, he looked upon them in an agony of despair, as though they were already in their shrouds. And when he gazed on their delicate round cheeks, like ripening fruits, and their fair arms, like sculptured marbles, entwining each other, 'tis no marvel that he begrudged to pestilence the horrible and loathsome disfigurements and changes which it would bring upon their beautiful bodies; neither that he contemplated with horror the painful stages by which they must travel to their premature graves. Some meditations as dismal I doubt not occupied his incoherent thoughts, and whilst they lay before him so lovely and calm-looking, made him wish that instead of a temporal sleep, they were laid in eternal rest. Their odorous breath, as he kissed them, was as sweet as flowers; and their pure skin without spot or blemish: nevertheless, to his gloomy fancy the corrupted touches of death were on them both, and devoted their short-lived frames to his most hateful inflictions.

Imagine him gazing, full of these dismal thoughts, on their faces, sometimes smiting himself upon his forehead, that entertained such horrible fancies, and sometimes pacing to and fro in the chamber with an emphatic step, which must needs have wakened his little ones if they had not been lapped in the profound slumber of innocence and childhood. In the meantime the mild light of love in his looks, changes into a fierce and dreary fire; his sparkling eyes, and his lips as pallid as ashes, betraying the desperate access of frenzy, which like a howling demon passes into his feverish soul, and provokes him to unnatural action: and first of all he plucks away the pillows, those downy ministers to harmless sleep, but now unto death, with which, crushing the tender faces of his little ones, he thus dams up their gentle respirations before they can utter a cry; then casting himself with horrid fervour upon their bodies, with this unfatherlike embrace he enfolds them till they are quite breathless. After which he lifts up the pillows, and, lo! there lie the two murdered babes, utterly quiet and still,—and with the ghastly seal of death imprinted on their waxen cheeks.

In this dreadful manner Argenti destroyed his innocent children,—not in hatred, but ignorantly, and wrought upon by the constant apprehension of their death; even as a terrified wretch upon a precipice, who swerves towards the very side that presents the danger. Let his deed, therefore, be viewed with compassion, as the fault of his unhappy fate, which forced upon him such a cruel crisis, and finally ended his

sorrows by as tragical a death. On the morrow his dead body was found at sea, by some fishermen, and being recognized as Argenti's, it was interred in one grave with those of his two children.

The next tale is that of the Fall of the Leaf.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

There is no vice that causes more calamities in human life, than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenuous persons it hath reduced from wealth unto poverty; nay, from honesty to dishonour, and by still descending steps into the gulph of perdition. And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chiefest merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of fortune, toiling like so many abject turnspits in her ignoble wheel. Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative chance; or rather he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned, like the monies in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In our parent city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded at last into humble retainers upon rich men, but the most part perishing by an unnatural catastrophe; and if the same fate did not befall the young Marquis de Malaspini, it was only by favour of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time for any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents, whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this manner, he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tiber, and which he further enriched with some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired; and his friends remarked with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes, that he should form a matrimonial alliance that should be worthy of himself, and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful Countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honourable house; so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relations on both sides, and especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other.

For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of this judicious opportunity, but chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a very profligate and a gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspini.

It was a dismal shock to the lady, when she learned the nature of this connexion, which Malaspini himself discovered to her, by incautiously dropping a die from his pocket in her presence. She immediately endeavoured, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love; neither was it without some dreadful struggles of remorse on his own part, and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to such desperate habits, but the power of his Mephistophiles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspini to the lady of his affections became still less frequent; he repairing instead to those nightly resorts where the greater portion of his estates was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspini, declaring that he was a ruined man, in fortune and hope; and that at the cost of his life even, he must renounce her hand for ever. He added, that if his pride would let him even propose himself, a beggar as he was, for her acceptance, he should yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspini, to the richest nobleman in the popedom. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing his letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth; and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation of the spites of fortune: but the wretched Malaspini had withdrawn himself no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving

over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed to sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villainous part his betrayer had taken; for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most vehement indignation at Malaspini's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, towards his sister; protesting that it was an insult to be only washed out with his blood, and with these expressions he sought to kill him at any advantage. And no doubt he would have become a murderer, as well a dishonest gamester, if Malaspini's shame and anguish had not drawn him out of the way; for he had hired a mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of Autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries; but others are dewy and dull, with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour, Malaspini happened to walk abroad, and avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason of their extent, he wandered into a bye place in the neighbourhood. The place was very lonely and desolate, and without any near habitation; its main feature especially being a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honours, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on a topmost bough to the cold evening wind, and threatening at every moment to fall to the damp, dewy earth. Before this dreary object Malaspini stopped sometime in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing many apt comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition.

"Alas! poor bankrupt," says he, "thou hast been plucked too, like me; but yet not so basely. Thou hast but showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat!"

With these and many more similar fancies he continued to aggrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended unto death, and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as the signal for his own departure.

"Chance," said he, "hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me, in my last cast between life and death, which is all that its malice hath left me."

Thus, in his extremity he still risked somewhat upon fortune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. Malaspini interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labour very earnestly: and the soil besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and trying it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very hard substance; whereupon, digging a little further down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine; and in such quantity as made Malaspini doubt, for a moment, if it were not the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself, however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence; notwithstanding, he hesitated for a moment, to deliberate whether it was honest to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and by making two or three more trips in the course of the night, he made himself master of the whole treasure. It was sufficient, on being reckoned, to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but not being able to enjoy it in the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad; and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst our Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle with either trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail

their own produce, and wine especially,—yea, marry, and with an empty barrel, like any vintner's sign, hung out at their stately palaces. Malaspini perhaps disdained from the first these illiberal prejudices; or else he was taught to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from the fruits of their traffic. At any rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably, that in three years he had regained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then speedily returned to his native country, and redeeming his paternal estates, he was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were therefore before long united, to the contentment of all Rome; her wicked relation having been slain some time before, in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate wind-fall which had so befriended him, Malaspini founded with it a noble hospital for orphans; and for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This wicked man it was who had buried the money in the sand: but when he found that his treasure was stolen, he went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

We have mentioned with eulogy the style of these Tales. It is a clever imitation of the elegance and simplicity of some of our older writers, who have these qualities in common with the Italian novelists. It is, however, exceedingly difficult to prevent the party-coloured appearance of words and phrases of different ages—of turns of expressions that are antique, and others that manifestly arise out of modern feeling and experience. The *puristi* of our language would detect a vast number of counterfeits in the phrases which Mr. Hood, by the aid of a little rust and rudeness, would pass for the produce of an ancient mint. Any one intent upon producing a specimen of our ancient classic style—the style of our Ennius and Plautus, would reject such terms as the following, which occur in the tale just quoted, and are evidently of the nineteenth century: “abject turnspits,” the “mere mintage of his fancy,” a “moral cancer,” “main feature,” “with *all* a woman's devotedness,” &c. &c.

WALLENSTEIN.*

If it be too much to say that Wallenstein is the first dramatic work of the present age, it may be safely asserted, that no work of our time contains greater beauties, and those too of a kind strictly dramatic. Yet there is no German play with which, notwithstanding the translation of Mr. Coleridge, English readers are less acquainted. When we think of what our own modern dramatic literature consists—of the mawkish sentiment, the puerile declamation, or the mere insipidity and dullness of our modern tragedies, it is a little disgraceful to us that we are so lost to all sense of what is excellent in an art in which we had once the unrivalled superiority, that we do not seek it out where it is to be found, when we cease to produce it at home. We know not whether we have to blame for this, the wise provision of modern law, by which the monopoly of theatrical exhibitions is confined to two great houses, in which all classes being congregated, every thing must

* Wallenstein, a dramatic poem, from the German of Frederick Schiller. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1827.

be reduced low, (enough in the desperate efforts to avoid that insolvency with which a monopoly so frequently threatens its unfortunate possessors,) to please the most ignorant classes, of which the numerical majority of the audience must consist.

The two parts of *Wallenstein*, to which Schiller prefixed a dramatic sketch, called *Wallenstein's Camp*, contain a tolerably faithful narrative of the revolt and assassination of the celebrated imperialist-general, in the thirty years' war; a subject which, from the magnitude of the interests at stake, the character of the enterprize and the actors, and the nature of the catastrophe, is better suited for an historical drama than any other transaction in modern history. Admirable as the poem is, which Schiller has constructed upon this foundation, it is a striking exemplification of the defects as well as the excellencies of the German school. It is not to be imputed to the author as a fault, that his hero is metaphysical and speculative—because one man out of twenty may be metaphysical and speculative, without passing the bounds of probability—but all the characters,—the ambitious general, the old intriguer, the generous youth, the tender maiden, the violent matron, the Irish colonel of dragoons—all are metaphysical. They are metaphysical in council—they are metaphysical in love—they are metaphysical in superstition—they are metaphysical in murder. Schiller also seems to have considered the strong effect produced by the extravagancies of his earlier plays vicious; and he softened down facts and characters, lest they should be too decided for matured taste, throughout the play:—

The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their current turn away,
And lose the name of action.

Action is the essence of the drama; but *Wallenstein* does not act; he is acted upon. He goes only when he is driven, and perseveres only because he sees the impossibility of turning back. This is scarcely the best aspect in which to represent a general of extraordinary decision, firmness, and resources, even though he may have been a believer in judicial astrology. In a similar style the characters of the enemies of *Wallenstein* are explained away:—

Nor Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that,
Not birds, not beasts, but just a kind of bat—
A twilight animal.

If it were allowable to make any man a decided scoundrel, it might be the colonel of dragoons, who had been promoted from a groom, and who murdered his general and benefactor, to whom he had sworn unconditional fidelity. Yet *even he* is provided with so fair an excuse, and performs the business with an air of so much honour, that we feel it difficult to say any thing harsh of him. Not only are characters frittered away, but events are obscured. It is not quite the thing to invite men to supper, and to place armed men behind their chairs to murder them, just after you have drunk their healths. This scene is kept out of sight, perhaps prudently; but it is less excusable that the striking close of the life of *Wallenstein* is not even described in the drama. When the Scotch or Irish assassins came upon the general, in his

chamber—startled from his bed, upon which he had laid himself in full confidence and peace, he was not tempted to offer any fruitless or indecorous remonstrance or resistance to his assailants, who paused, as in expectation of it; but opening wide his arms, received the halberd of the murderer in his breast, and fell without uttering a sound; the belief in destiny, which had been his false guide in life, giving grace and dignity to his death. Shakspeare, who had been himself an actor, would not have overlooked such a scene.

Yet the works of Shakspeare were evidently the model which Schiller had proposed to himself. A contemporary critic, who says that the author had come fresh to the composition of *Wallenstein*, from the study of “the transcendental idealism,” shows only that he misapprehends the meaning of the words, and the scope of the study. The defects of *Wallenstein* have no more connexion with the theories of Kant than with those of Locke and Newton. Schiller had studied the greatest models of the dramatic art; but his imitations are formed on a mistaken notion of his archetypes.

The characters of Shakspeare are distinguished from the common herd of poetical creations by their humanity; by the traits of common weaknesses and common feelings by which men, however strong their will, or exuberant their vices, are connected with their species. The superstition of Cæsar—the sentiment of Macbeth—the compunction of Lady Macbeth at the sight of the sleeping king—the repentance of Edmund, are traits of this kind; but they do not impair the distinctness of their characters, or lessen the admiration or abhorrence which is felt for their qualities or defects. But in Schiller, vice and ambition are rendered human, not by super-inducing traits of other natural qualities, but by enfeebling or obliterating the defects themselves. There is a striking illustration of this in the character of Buttler. The critic in the *Quarterly Review* says, that an inferior artist would have made the assassin of *Wallenstein* a consummate villain. Dramatic effect, certainly, as well as historic truth, required that he should have been made so. Schiller himself, in his own history of the thirty years’ war, observes, that “Nemesis willed that the ungrateful should fall under the blows of ingratitude.” The assassins of *Wallenstein* were an Irishman, whom he had particularly favoured and confided in, and two Protestant Scotchmen, who, in stabbing their general and benefactor, stabbed also their religion, to which it was the object of *Wallenstein* to have given toleration in Germany. There is no doubt that these men were among the most profligate villains that a nation, fertile in good as well as in bad men, has sent forth—that they were men like those who, in our own days, have performed the part of the bravoës and assassins of literature. Their villany, though probably covered by some slime of loyal hypocrisy, should have been made as visible by the poet as it was by the historian.

By the emasculating of human vices in his drama, not only is the absolute truth of representation impaired, but the proportions of nature are destroyed. It is well known, that in painting, when it is necessary, as it commonly is, to make the lights less vivid than those of nature, the shadows must be less dark, or not only the absolute resemblance of the parts, but the coherence of the whole is destroyed. So in

poetry, on the other hand, when some affections and habits of the mind, which it is the business of the poet to delineate, are represented in the strongest colours, others cannot be softened without conveying a false impression of their relative importance, and weakening the poetical as well as moral effect. The beautiful scenes between the younger Piccolomini and Thekla, are marked with all the enthusiasm and lawful exaggeration of poetry; but the splendour of youth and love in this episode, makes the mistiness of the rest more apparent, and completes the enervation of a drama, intended to display the force of ambition and the rancour of intrigue. The lovers are the most decided and the most resolute characters of the tragedy.

But the faults of this poem, striking as they are, do not arise from imbecility, or feebleness of execution. If it falls short of the masterpieces of Shakspeare, it is only in comparison with such works that it should be talked of and judged. If its defects prevent it from being a favourite on the stage, for which its very length renders it unfit, it will always have charms for the lovers of poetry, and even of dramatic poetry.

There is one scene only of Wallenstein, which seems to be formed on the vicious principles of the French dramatic school, that in which Buttler and Gordon bandy phrases concerning the propriety of killing Wallenstein, part of which reminds us of the dialogue "in the modern heroic way," between Cat and Puss, among the miscellaneous poems of the author of Hudibras.

The anonymous translator of the edition before us, says he, "has never yet seen the previous translation of these dramas by Mr. Coleridge, and is acquainted with it only by having, several years ago, perused some extracts which were then published in a periodical work. But the impression produced by the perusal of those passages, would have been sufficient to deter him from the attempt, had he not understood that the translation of Mr. Coleridge, being executed from a manuscript copy, differs essentially from the play as it now exists, with the final corrections of Schiller. He understands from those who have had an opportunity of comparing the translation with the original, that not only is the arrangement of the acts and scenes materially altered, but also that many passages in the translation were subsequently rejected by the critical taste of Schiller, while many others, some of which are the finest in the play, are not to be traced at all in the translation of Mr. Coleridge." Without intending at all to detract from the merits of the present translator, it will be fortunate for him if his readers know as little of Mr. Coleridge's translation as he does.

The Germans translate our poetry exceedingly well, and we return this good office very ill. We are bad translators; we have scarcely any medium between paraphrases in which the very idea of the original is lost, and flat, and lifeless, and vain attempts to adhere to the original expressions. Mr. Coleridge's translation, except that it is, in many places, not English, and that here and there he mistakes the German, is a very good one—after the manner of translations, and contains passages of great beauty. Some of Mr. Coleridge's friends are, indeed, persuaded (we know not whence they have derived the idea) that the most splendid passages are not to be found in the

original. This opinion, injurious as it is to the honesty of the translator, we assure them is altogether unfounded. The following passages may give an idea of the comparative merits of Mr. Coleridge and his rival. The speech of the elder Piccolomini, beginning, "*Mein Sohn! Lass uns die alten engen Ordnungen,*" &c. is rendered thus:—

My son! of those old narrow ordinances
 Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
 Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
 Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
 For always formidable was the league
 And partnership of free power with free will.
 The way of ancient ordinance, tho' it winds,
 Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
 The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
 Of the cannon ball. Direct it flies, and rapid,
 Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.*
 My son! the road the human being travels,
 That on which *blessing* comes and goes, doth follow
 The river's course, the valley's playful windings
 Twines round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
 Honouring the holy bounds of property,
 And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

The anonymous translator renders the same passage thus:—

My Son! despise not these old narrow forms,
 Precious, invaluable weights are they,
 With which oppress'd mankind have over hung
 The tyrannizing will of their oppressors:
 For arbitrary power was ever terrible.
 The way of order, though it lead through windings,
 Is still the best. Right forward goes the lightning,
 Straight cleaves the cannon ball its murd'rous way:
 Quick by the nearest course it gains its goal,
 Destructive in its path and in its purpose.
 My son! the peaceful track which men frequent,
 The path where blessings most are scattered, follows
 The river's course, the valley's gentle bendings
 Encompasses the cornfield and the vineyard,
 Revering property's appointed bounds,
 And leading slow, but surely, to the mark.

The following passage in Coleridge's translation may be reckoned among the finest pieces of poetry in the language, even though the commencement recalls to us, "*Duncan is in his grave,*" &c. Wallenstein is musing on the appearances of the planets, after the death of the younger Piccolomini.

He is more fortunate! Yea, he hath finished:
 For him there is no longer any future.
 His life is bright; bright without spot it was,
 And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
 Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
 Far off is he above desire and fear;
 No more submitted to the change and chance
 Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
 With *him*! But who knows what the coming hour
 Veiled in thick darkness brings for us!

* * * * *

This anguish will be wearied down, I know;
 What pang is permanent with man? From th' highest

* This is a variation of the metre, in introducing which Coleridge follows the example of Schiller himself.

As from the vilest thing of every day
 He weans himself: for the strong hours
 Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
 In him. The bloom is vanished from my life;
 For O! he stood beside me like my youth,
 Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
 Cloathing the palpable and the familiar
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.
 Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
 The beautiful is vanished and returns not.

After this translation, which (if we pardon the omission of five lines—lines overloading rather than aiding the ideas,) is as faithful as it is poetical; the version of the anonymous translator would leave an impression less favourable than his work, taken as a whole, would justify. The reflection—

Denn ihn besiegen die gewalt'gen Stunden,
 which Coleridge renders so faithfully yet forcibly—

————— For the strong hours

Conquer him—

is converted into a common-place—

————— From things most dear

Even as from things most common, is he wean'd
By the omnipotence of circumstance.

The conclusion of the passage is almost as unhappy.

The beautiful is vanished and returns not ;

(Das schöne ist doch weg, das komm't nicht wieder !)

is flattened into—

The dream of life is gone *that comes no more.*

The two concluding lines of this speech are omitted in Mr. Coleridge's; and it would have been better for the anonymous translator also to have omitted them, than to have treated them as he has done. The original verses are characteristic of the poet, and the English ones are a fair specimen of the manner in which the flowers of German sentiment are bruised by the hard hands of a translator. Schiller says—

Deun über alles Glück geht doch der Freund
 Der's fühlend erst erschafft der's theilend mehrt :

Of which the meaning is this: "For a friend still exceeds all the favour of fortune—a friend who first creates our happiness by feeling it—who increases it by sharing it." The translator gives it as follows:—

For what are Fortune's gifts without the friend
 Who feels our joy and doubles while he shares it.

The unhappy Germans, under the hands of translators, suffer a fate which people, who strive to be profound or subtle in society, often fall under. After they have flattered themselves that they have enounced a truth at once delicate and novel, a cursed explanatory friend supervenes, who by a slight alteration of the terms, and a more lucid arrangement of the proposition, turns with great complacency the supposed discovery into a truism. Thus it is, that not unfrequently German authors dread translation into a language, in which it is difficult to keep the proper medium between the flat and the unintelligible.

The alterations which he supposes the author to have made subsequently to the translation of Coleridge, are not sufficient to justify

another, and an inferior, version; and are, indeed, when we consider that neither part of *Wallenstein* is likely to be acted in its present shape in England, quite insignificant; for the principal change is a mere transfer of many scenes from the end of the *Peccolomini*, to the beginning of the death of *Wallenstein*. We wish the writer had undertaken some other play of Schiller; he has a fair talent for versification, and shows a competent knowledge of the German language; (though not always of the German mode of thinking;) and as he is superior to the common herd of translators, we are sorry that we have been compelled to compare him with one still more superior to himself.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.*

THE *Living and the Dead* is written by one certainly not destined to die a country curate. The author has too much talent, too much pliancy, too much of that most correct and inoffensive kind of orthodoxy, which is always held a paramount recommendation to preferment. Were he raised to rank in his profession, he would always be found on the respectable side of power—no fanaticism would disturb the decorum of his life—no impertinent zeal give unnecessary trouble in high quarters. There is a certain quantity of intellect, which, though it does not enable a man to see too deep, prevents him from appearing shallow; there is a certain worldly sense of the immediately useful, which prevents a man from involving himself in difficulties and labyrinths from which he cannot escape with a good grace; there is a certain love of order and respect for opinion, which guarantees a society from scandal; there is a certain reverence for authority, and rank, and power, which almost unconsciously hoodwinks the observer when he turns his attention to the sources of advancement. When these valuable qualities meet in a churchman, and when they are combined with a moderate portion of industry, learning, and outward piety, the individual may be expected, in due time, on the cross benches of the Upper House. It strikes us, that in the visions of the author of the *Living and the Dead*, the sweets of preferment are sometimes typified to his mind's eye in the form of a mitre:—

—————Oh royal object!

M. Thou dream'st awake: object in the empty air?

D. Worthy the brows of Titan—worth his chair.

M. Pray thee what mean'st thou?

D. See you not a mitre—empale the forehead of the great *Doctor*.

The *Living and the Dead*, though a regularly professional book, and though it is but too evident all through, that the author exercises a judicious discernment in the distribution of praise and blame, is not on the whole a disagreeable work. The chief excellence of the writer is not a clerical merit: he has a talent for humorous description. His perception of the ridiculous is somewhat fine; and the management of his materials evidently indicates a practised hand.

* The *Living and the Dead*. By a Country Curate. London, Charles Knight, 1827.

This may be his first volume, but is not his hundredth composition for the press.

The writer is manifestly a Cambridge man, and certainly not of an old standing. He probably took his bachelor's degree about the year 1819 or 20. His allusions to the University and its arcana, are constant; and no one but a Cambridge man will fully relish them.

A great part of the volume is *serious*, and turns on some of the more melancholy duties of a parish priest. There is also a due portion of decorous piety—a very sufficient infusion of cant—and a great deal of one-sided argumentation. From this view of the work, we turn with pleasure to the more amusing part, where, if we judge aright, the writer is much more in earnest, than when he deems it proper to raise his eyes, clasp his hands, and ejaculate odds and ends of his breviary. This peeping out of the real Simon will be more carefully concealed in future writings, when his fate arrives nearer the crisis.

It is difficult to say what the *Living and the Dead* really is. It is not a novel—it is not a volume of sermons—it is not an ecclesiastical Spectator—it is not a collection of essays, nor a bundle of letters of advice, direction, and consolation. Books are now-a-days compounded of such miscellaneous materials, that it is difficult to find a name for some of them. It may afford some notion of these to say, that they are akin to papers or articles in a magazine. *My first Parish*, the first paper for instance, is a sketch of the author's feelings on taking possession of his first curacy, of the more remarkable characters of the parish, and a diary of some of the professional visits he made in his capacity of spiritual comforter. Next follows *Sermonizing*, which discloses the necessities, difficulties, and appliances of clergymen not accustomed to composition. The third paper is entitled *Mr. Benson*: this contains a criticism of this gentleman's preaching, and some sketch of his character and life. *Love Matches* consists of two *historiettes*, controverting the prejudices entertained against contracts whose basis is simply *love*. *The Wages of Sin* is a violent and improbable story of a youth who saw his elder brother tumble into the water, and suffered him to perish without making an effort to save him—the *Wages of Sin* are the tortures of his conscience and the elopement of his wife. *A glimpse of Joanna Baillie* is a little blue-stockings revelation—akin to many publications of private life that have lately taken place: this line is again taken up in making certain disclosures and comments on Lady Byron and her late husband. This part of the book has called forth an angry letter in the newspapers, signed, "A Relation of Lady Byron;" and dated, Christ's College, Cambridge. A postscript of this letter attributes the authorship of this volume to Archdeacon Nares. The venerable archdeacon, by return of post, "contradicted the same." Of a similar character with the writer's criticism or sketch of *Mr. Benson*, is the paper on *Mr. Rennel*—a fragment, and *Archdeacon Daubeney*. *The Sorrows of a Rich Old Man* is a very clever diary of an elderly gentleman in a boarding-house on the Devonshire coast. *The Riches of the Church* is an attempt to prove, that the riches of the church are in fact poverty. This is very logically attempted, by citing in detail the immense number of poor curacies. There are

other papers which we have not named. We shall, however, now proceed to make some selections of the parts which appear to us the best and most amusing.

The author, arguing against a very prevailing notion that the Church of England is a wealthy establishment, quotes several cases of extreme poverty, and confined means in curates, which are doubtless a scandal to any well-governed community.

I.

"I remain in circumstances similar to those of last year, though not exactly in all points the same, for a *gracious God* has sent me an *increase of family*. Though Mrs. — has been the mother of thirteen, I *cordially welcome the last*, and as it is a boy I *give him* [back again] to his God. I have a family of *eleven* persons to support,!! in a most expensive situation, upon 130*l.* per annum—the whole amount of my income."

II.

— "I am still curate of —, have a *wife and ten children!!* [a *gracious God* again!] seven of whom are wholly dependent on me. My curacy is barely *fifty pounds* per annum; five of my little ones have had the typhus fever, and my medical attendant's bill has been unusually heavy."

Any symptoms of "overgrown wealth" here? In the next case we find incumbent and curate equally distressed—the latter in the receipt of a third-rate journeyman's wages!

III.

—"My incumbent, with a large family, continues to be very poor, which, unfortunately for me, involves me in difficulties. Of *forty pounds*, my nominal income, I have received no more than half during the last twelve months. I have a wife and *four* young children dependent on me."

IV.

"Imperious necessity alone could induce me again to appeal to the society; but my stipend is quite inadequate to the support of my family, and my inability to discharge some debts, contracted solely on this account, preys upon my mind, and creates a care and anxiety to the last degree painful and distressing. My income is *eighty pounds*, on which I have *nine little claimants*."

Exactly eight pounds annually for each person! The next case will exhibit a clergyman receiving a mere pauper's parish pay.

V.

—"With great reluctance I state my circumstances. My whole income from the church is only *twenty pounds* per annum, including the surplice fees, which do not amount to five pounds! I have a wife and *six children*, four of whom are entirely dependent on me for support. I have no other income."

Six human beings to be fed, clothed, and sheltered, on twenty-five pounds annually, or nine shillings and sevenpence weekly!! Why the veriest hedger and ditcher would scorn it!

The last case is a sad but appropriate sequel to the whole. It portrays the clergyman of the Church of England applying for relief to the parish.

VI.

—"I am curate of —, containing about two thousand persons; eight hundred of whom attend divine service. My salary is *fifty-two pounds* per annum, with a wife and *six children* dependent on me. I have no private income of my own whatever. Within the last two years my family have been so reduced as to be forced to seek the aid of the parish!"

In these cases, nothing is more striking than the uniformly large families which, according to their own phraseology, a *gracious God* has given these poor men. Since the natural consequences of marriage are children, and since nothing can be more *certain* by the income of these unfortunate clergymen, and others similarly situated, we presume, that they may be charged with a culpable improvidence in contracting an engagement which must involve themselves and others in misery. The Rev. Mr. Malthus and his brethren in political economy, make no exception in their laws for the children of the church.

The next extract describes, with some feeling, the author's approach to his first parish.

Monday, June 5, 182 .—The ordination over, my papers delivered, and my fees paid;—my parting bow made to the bishop, and my grateful acknowledgments offered to his chaplain—I had nothing to do but proceed to my parish. I rode slowly, for my heart was full. What a change in feeling—in sentiment—in profession—had a few hours produced? “The vows I have pronounced are sacredly binding, and can only be cancelled by death. Of the commission, which I have voluntarily undertaken, how paramount the importance—how ceaseless the responsibility!” Thus musing I had reached the boundary of the parish. It was the close of a lovely summer's day. The birds were singing their evening hymn to their Great Creator—the peasant was returning from his toil—the last rays of the sun were taking leave of the surrounding landscape with a smile—and all nature wore that look of sabbath stillness which we can fancy prevailed when God rested from his labours, and “saw that it was very good.”

The portraits of some of his parishioners are drawn with humour—for instance, Mr. Neophyte Neversage.

Tuesday, June 27.—I have just parted with a most facetious gentleman—a kind of general executor to the whole county—a sort of testamentary Caleb Quotem. He came up with a smile—introduced himself as “Mr. Neophyte Neversage,” and “begged for my company when agreeable.” He assured me that he was particularly partial to clerical society—had been extremely fortunate in that respect. “I once, Sir, spent a clerical day with the late worthy vicar Mr. Peyton. Allow me to give you an account of it. It runs thus. In the morning at eight o'clock I had the pleasure of giving away my respected friend Mrs. Diana Doublestakes; she was the widow of my late partner Mr. Zerubbabel Doublestakes; and a very sensitive sympathising woman she was. The ceremony was over by nine: and as we left the church, we crossed the grave of her first husband, over which, in passing, she shed a flood of tears. At eleven I had the satisfaction of meeting the same excellent incumbent at a christening—that of my nephew's eldest son, my god-child. Most appropriately was the ceremony performed! I was a guest at the christening dinner, but could not long enjoy it. I left ‘the feast of reason and the flow of soul’ at seven, to attend as chief mourner the remains of my esteemed cotrustee to the grave. This lamentable, but alas! requisite service, was very feelingly performed by the same dignified divine. I was present at the reading of the will; in which I found myself named sole executor and residuary legatee. These little matters satisfactorily adjusted, I joined the wedding party at supper, when we kept it up to a late hour in the morning. This, Sir, I call one of my ‘clerical days’—shall be most happy (with a very low bow) on any future occasion, to go the same round of duty with you!”

The hit at the poet preacher Crabbe is somewhat good.

Monday, Sept. 25.—I have been diverted this morning almost against my will. A poor woman came to me from Trowbridge to request my interference with the secretary of a benefit club to which her husband belonged; and from which, though disabled by disease, he could obtain no relief. After some preliminary conversation, I observed, “You are very fortunate at Trowbridge, in having for your minister so celebrated and so gifted an individual as Mr. Crabbe.” “It's in what that I'm fortunate?” asked she, with her sharp, blue, interrogatory nose. “In the ministry of a man so justly famed as Mr. Crabbe.” “Ah! Mr. Crabbe! You've heard of him, I dare say; he's a great *pote*. Perhaps you've read his books of verses? I never did; I haven't time. They say he's made a mint of money by his *potery*. I'm sure it's more than he'll ever make by his sermons. They are so very d—r—y:” and she pursed up her thin, spare, skinny lips till her mouth was like the top of a vinegar cruet. “Besides he is so stiff and solemn; no life in him.”

“Well, but that does not affect the matter of his sermons.”

“O! ha! He's a great scholar, I dare say. Too much learning by far for me; for I can't understand him half my time. There was a sermon he preached us, all about the queen of Sheba—very fine, I make no doubt—I'm sure there wasn't one word in ten that I ever heard before! Then it's nothing but question and answer. Quite provoking! I said to him one day—It's a shame for your reverence to stand up in the pulpit and put question after question, when you know it's an *unpossible* thing for any poor creature to get up and give an answer to ye. It's all on one side, as a

body may say. You have it all your own way.—Ay—ay, it's very well for the great folks in London: but poor creatures so illiterate about their future state as I am, wouldn't care if they was never to hear again one of your *pote* parsons."

The death of a parishioner, though, perhaps, not a proper subject of fun to the parson of the parish, is amusingly described. The foundation of a "Kick scholarship" will cause a smile at Cambridge.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—I am concerned to record the death of Miss Eunice Kick. This melancholy event took place at an early hour this morning. I am afraid it is a species of *felo de se*. Her enemies, indeed, roundly assert that she killed herself; while her intimate friends as strenuously maintain that she was only "accessary to the fact." Truth lies between. Miss Kick was a female quack. She was the greatest patroness of patent medicines in the village; and prescribed with singular readiness for all complaints, classes, ages, and conditions, "Dr. James's Powder"—"Widow Welch's Pills"—"Daffy's Elixir"—and "Dalby's Carminative:"—she could "speak from experience" to the virtues of them all! At last she fell ill herself. Medical advice was called in; but after some consideration, Miss Eunice "was satisfied she understood the treatment of her complaint" better than her doctor. Mr. Ravenscreech was of course dismissed. Miss Kick undertook the management of her own case—consulted Buchan's Vade Mecum—and died three days afterwards. After all there was no such great mistake! She merely inserted in the prescription mercury for magnesia! Peace to her memory: she was a bustling woman; and will be much missed at the Sunday school, where she put every class into confusion. She has bequeathed—so Miss Goggs informs me—the sum of twenty guineas to this her favourite charity; and a further sum of two guineas, annually, to that girl who shall pass the best examination at Christmas—to be expended in appropriate clothing. The successful candidate to be called "the Kick Scholar."

The writer makes an observation on the frequency of very undistinguished undergraduates at the university, turning out, in after-life, very distinguished men. This topic is worthy of consideration to those who are interested in the selection of university studies, and the regulation of university literary discipline. The author's instances are the late mineralogical professor at Cambridge, Dr. Clarke, and the present rector of St. Giles's, Mr. Benson. Of Dr. Clarke, we have the following sketch; allowing for some exaggerated eulogy, the resemblance is striking, and the praise tolerably just.

Among these very numerous instances, the subject of the present paper may be included. He is the son of a most respectable solicitor at Cocker mouth; was sent, at an early period of life, to Cambridge, and entered at Trinity College. At this magnificent college he graduated in 1809, but took *no honour*. It is singular, that neither Benson nor Clarke arrived at anything beyond mediocrity in the stated studies of the University. They both appear to have been admired and esteemed—the one for his social qualities and rare conversational powers—the other for his moral excellence and private worth; but neither seem to have given any promise of their future fame. We search in vain for Benson's name as a prizeman, even on his own peculiar and favourite subject; yet it would be difficult to name two individuals who have reflected greater credit on their University. Dr. Clarke's claim to genius—genius of the highest order, of the most varied kind, and consecrated to the noblest purposes—who is prepared to deny? His energy and enterprize as a traveller—his accuracy and industry as an author—were only surpassed by his ability as a professor. As a lecturer where shall we find his equal? To fix the capricious attention of the youthful student—to clothe his subject in the most perspicuous language, and adorn it with the happiest illustrations—to turn from the veins in a pebble to the proofs of the Being of a God—to deduce from the consideration of a bed of strata some direct and striking testimony to the authenticity of Scripture—to surprize the mind, engaged in the dullest and driest mineralogical details, into the noblest aspirations after God and goodness; and this without the slightest appearance of affectation or effort, and while the glow of genius was irradiating one of the finest and most expressive countenances with which man was ever gifted—were traits in his character as a public instructor, which those who attended his lectures have often witnessed, though they may not be able to describe.

The character of Mr. Benson is the very best part of the book. It is just, discriminative, and forcible; and we are glad of an opportunity of circulating the eulogy of so deserving a man.

With Benson these objections are idle. He convinced the understanding, but—he touched the heart. He swayed, by his arguments, the judgment; and he alarmed, by his inferences, the conscience. He pleaded most powerfully to the reason; but he engaged your sympathy, and led captive your affections. And as to his manner—how simple—how humble—how devout—how utterly devoid of pretension, yet how invariably impressive—let those who have heard him determine.

Encircled by all the insignia of *Ακαδημία*, and supported by that air of imposing solemnity which the University church breathes around the preacher—at St. Giles's, surrounded by all the flutter and fashion of a metropolitan audience—at the Foundling, where every eye was fixed upon the orator, and every ear was drinking in those gently-persuasive accents with which he pleaded the cause of charity—under all these circumstances I have listened to Mr. Benson; but never, I am free to confess, with such feelings of unmingled pleasure, or with a more grateful testimony to his powers, than in the small, still, quiet chapel of Magdalen College. It was my privilege, for such I deem it, to have heard him, on two distinct occasions, address the under-graduates of that society, previous to the administration of the sacrament; and even at this moment of time, when long years have intervened, I can listen to the music of his voice—can remember some of those sentiments so fraught with humility and devotion and piety, in which our privileges and duties were pressed upon us—and can trace the effect with which, in more than one instance, his affecting exhortations were blessed. There are those in existence who, amid the turmoils and temptations of the world, have recurred to the observations which followed the text, and have been strengthened, and supported, and comforted!

It is true, that on each of the occasions to which I have referred, the man was the same. In voice, in attitude, in manner, in look and gesture, in all he was unchanged. Though carried along on the full tide of popularity—though wealth, and rank, and fashion sat around him in unbroken attention—there was still the same deep, sustained, sincere devotion—the same dignified and elegant simplicity—the same absence of every thing like pretension—the same subdued but persuasive earnestness—the same low, soft, sweet voice with which he used to read morning prayers, at the early hour of eight, in the College Chapel, to an auditory of a dozen under-graduates. And yet—let the frankness of the confession plead for its selfishness—I admired him most when we “had him to ourselves.”

In taking this rapid sketch of Mr. Benson, his voice must not be forgotten. It is one of the most attractive things about him; and, I am inclined to think, peculiar to himself. I can hardly define what it is. I must describe it by what it is *not*. It is neither loud—nor clear—nor strong—nor sonorous; you can hardly call it *bass*; it undoubtedly is not *treble*; it is singularly plaintive, touching, and persuasive—very flexible—very musical. It conveys an idea of great delicacy of constitution, but is in exquisite harmony with the matter and manner of the owner.

To this peculiar combination of mental and physical powers—of the acquirements of mind with the graces of manner—much of Mr. Benson's popularity among, and influence over, the under-graduates may be *mainly* ascribed. When he preached at St. Mary's you would find the grave and the gay, the studious and the idle, the mathematical and the sceptical, the serious and the dissipated—all listening to him with pleasure—not a few with profit.

We should be glad to extend our extracts, and make some quotations from the very amusing diary of the rich old gentleman, Mr. Gaius Gompertz of Fenchurch-street, but we can afford no more room; and indeed, the space we have already devoted to it is beyond the proportionate value of the work.—

VIVIAN GREY: SECOND PART.

Thou rapid Aar! thy waves are swollen by the snows of a thousand hills—but for whom are thy leaping waters fed?—Is it for the Rhine?

Calmly, oh! placid Neckar, does thy blue stream glide through thy vine-clad vales—but calmer seems thy course when it touches the rushing Rhine!

How fragrant are the banks which are cooled by the dark-green waters, thou tranquil Maine!—but is not the perfume sweeter of the gardens of the Rhine?

Thou impetuous Nah! I lingered by thy islands of nightingales, and I asked thy rushing waters why they disturbed the music of thy groves?—They told me, they were hastening to the Rhine!

Red Moselle! fierce is the swell of thy spreading course—but why do thy broad waters blush when they meet the Rhine?

Thou delicate Meuse! how clear is the current of thy limpid wave—as the wife yields to the husband, do thy pure waters yield to the Rhine!

Such is the commencement of the second part of Vivian Grey, from which we were at first inclined to infer, that the gentleman had gone out of his mind; on maturer consideration, however, we are disposed to ascribe these flights rather to the intoxication of conceit, than to respectable phrenzy. Our conclusion may be a wrong one; but of this we are certain, that if he indeed be crazy—and appearances are unquestionably suspicious—it is a case of *la folie par l'amour*, and the love, is love of himself. Never did we observe the evidence of a more sincere, fervent, and devout admiration, than the author discovers of his own parts: he seems most potently persuaded that there is but one man in the world—the writer of Vivian Grey; and that the rest of mankind is divisible only into two classes—his pious worshippers and his unworthy detractors. These he treats with all magnanimity, blighting the one simply with his silent contempt, and blessing the other with the bounties of his great mind. So have we seen in Bedlam, a poor creature dispense straws as sceptres, and graciously bestow rubbish as riches—“here is a jewel above all price,” he would proudly say, displaying a pebble, “and here the wealth of Peru,” liberally handing to us some chips of slate. It is thus with Vivian Grey: he gives us the cobwebs and sweepings of that narrow cell, his cranium, with the air of one who confers inestimable treasures on a grateful world. He treats us as the Barmecide, in the Arabian Nights, regaled his guests—sets before us a number of bare platters, with infinite show and ostentation of entertainment; licks his lips at his own imagined dainties; and hospitably bids us enjoy his luxuries, while we see nothing but the cameleon's fare. Acting as fugalman, he goes through all the motions of feeding, rattles his knife and fork, and says, “this is good; and I flatter myself that it is to your taste:” or, “not a cook in Europe can match the *bonne bouche* before you;” and we observe a feast on which, in two hours, a grasshopper would die of famine. The courteous public, like the Barmecide's guests, find every thing excellent that is so authoritatively recommended to them, and rise from the regale perfectly surfeited with inanity; and protesting, that if life and soul depended on it, they could not swallow another morsel. Here the parallel stops, for no real follows the mock feast, and the host, like the member of parliament who had poured

forth a cento of nothings, concludes his bounties by chaunting the modest *Non nobis Domine* for his magnificent performance. There is something mighty engaging in all this; but what the cause of it is, whether it arise from conceit, or self-love *melancholy*, as old Burton would term it, we must leave the competent tribunals to determine. The author, somewhat in the manner of Horace's madman, sits a glad applauder in the empty circus of his head, and sees most excellent thoughts; but this delusion may be cured by the hellebore of criticism, as the party appears to be one

Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem.

The disease, if we do not err most egregiously, is wind in the head, a disorder too often mistaken for genius, and the encouragement of which leads to the most unpleasant consequences. It is a particularly unfortunate thing for the world, that Minerva came out of the cranium of Jupiter. The consequence is, that every man who feels any little nonsense in that quarter, instantly conceives it to be Wisdom herself, and forthwith he "assumes the god, affects to nod, and seems to shake the spheres." Johanna Southcote, in her seventieth year, observing that her zone or her apron string, whichever it was, was becoming insufficient for its purposes, by reason of an enlargement of her waist, immediately conceived that she was *enceinte*, (we love to be delicate, like the newspapers,) and with a Messiah at the very least. It turned out, however, to be only a tympany. There are more Southcotes than Jupiters in the world; there are more watery and windy commotions than divine conceptions; though every brain, big with worthless, peccant matter, fondly lays it to the account of the latter cause. Having written thus far nosologically, we must now proceed to Mr. Vivian Grey's particular symptoms. The young gentleman begins in the Byron vein, complaining, but disdainful. The universe, from Ganges to Peru, has dealt unfairly with him. At Timbuctoo, they say that the author has painted his own character in Vivian Grey; and it has been malignly whispered in the Andes, that he wrote for the defunct Representative; at Kamtschatka too, he has been reproached for personality. "I am blamed," he pathetically observes, "for the affectation, the arrogance, *the wicked wit* of this fictitious character." Here we would entreat him, in some measure, to be comforted. Believe us, Mr. Grey, no creature ever blamed you for your *wicked wit*, or any description of wit whatever—you are wholly free from the imputation. Some smart things, some acute observations, some piquant sallies of satire, amuse in the first part of your history; but of *wit* you are wholly innocent. You have, we perceive, extremely erroneous ideas on the subject of wit. It is not wit to thrust a corking pin up to the head into mortal flesh; nor is it wit to draw a chair from under a man when he is about to sit down; nor is it wit to make apple pies in drowsy men's beds, or to give somnolent persons cold pigs for breakfast; or to administer jalap in soup. These are the lively strokes akin to your particular style of pleasantry, but witty they are not. So never again talk of your wit, and vex thyself no more about its wickedness, for of Zero no bad quality can be predicated. If, however, you persist in troubling your repose with the idea of the wickedness of your wit, you must be classed with those too imaginative persons who fancy themselves possessed of glass sterns, and noses

of bullock's plucks, and teapot spouts for arms. It is in vain to attempt to argue these poor people out of the supposed extraordinary nature of their sterns, and noses, and arms; and perhaps it may be equally impracticable to persuade Mr. Grey, that he is not reproachable with wit, the fancied wickedness of which will doubtless embitter his last hour. But though Mr. Grey is not a wicked wit, he is a prodigious philosopher. His discoveries are, indeed, surprising. Doubtless much has been said of OBLIVION since the beginning of things; but it was reserved for this *wicked wit* to find out that "OBLIVION, *after all*, is a just judge." (p. 11.) What does he mean? Surely a delicate compliment to the venerable chancellor who forgets causes. OBLIVION stands for Eldon. The qualities of oblivion are certainly, when we come to consider it, highly judicial. But if it, *after all*, be a good judge, we think that Anticipation, before all, is a good Recorder. This is a pleasant manner of writing: we have half a mind to adopt it. There is what the Americans call a slick-right-away manner in it, which is vastly engaging. No one has, we believe, ever composed or said any thing upon EXPERIENCE. It is an intact subject—a virgin topic. It has never been whispered, that all men like to purchase their own experience, just as epicures like to buy their own fish, on the full assurance that they will be the losers by their bargains. It has never been uttered that every one is above making use of second-hand experience; that we prefer paying the first price for it; and having the taste of the sin, together with the advantage of the knowledge. There being this void in moral philosophy, Mr. Grey thus supplies the deficiency:—

EXPERIENCE—word so lightly used, so little understood! Experience,—mysterious spirit! whose result is felt by all, whose nature is described by none. The father warns the son of your approach, and sometimes looks to you as his offspring's cure, and his own consolation. We hear of you in the nursery—we hear of you in the world—we hear of you in books; but who has recognised you until he was your subject, and who has discovered the object of so much fame, until he has kissed your chain? To gain you is the work of all, and the curse of all; you are at the same time necessary to our happiness, and destructive of our felicity; you are the saviour of all things, and the destroyer of all things; our best friend, and our bitterest enemy; for you teach us truth, and that truth is—despair. *Ye youth of England, would that ye could read this riddle!*

The thing's impossible. The sphynx was a poor simple-minded creature compared with our genius. The youth of England are not a generation of Ædipuses. We will give them a puzzle more proper for their parts.

BIRCH—word, so lightly used, so little understood! Birch—mysterious spirit! Whose result is felt by all, whose nature is described by none. The father warns the son of your approach, and sometimes looks to you as his offspring's cure, and his own consolation. We hear of you in the nurseries—we hear of you in the world—we hear of you in brooms; but who has recognized you until he was your subject, and who has discovered the object of so much fame until he has kissed your rod. *Ye youth of England, would that ye could read this riddle!*

"The genealogy of Experience," ingeniously adds Mr. Grey, "is brief; for Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action." And Action is the child of Thought, and, handy

dandy, which is the father, which is the son? "Sometimes one, sometimes to'ther." But marry, this is philosophy.

We are now in possession of two notable truths:—

That Oblivion is a just judge.

That Experience is little master Thought, and the grandchild of Action.

And we may add to these, that "indifference is the boon of sorrow; for none look *forward* to the *future* with indifference, who do not look back to the past with *dread*." (p. 17.) Read it either way, and it is equally sound. Like the domestic contrivance called a cat, the proposition is as much on its legs when turned topsy turvey, as in its original order. "None look back to the past with indifference, that do not look forward to the future with dread." How does the just judge Oblivion feel in these cases? Poor fellow, he has not got a past to his back. He stands on a fore quarter, and gives his decisions as the Lord Chancellor both retires and performs in the paulo-post future tense. He sets the scourge of conscience at defiance, for he has not the posternal rump whereon she is wont to bestow her favours. Of the nature of HAPPINESS we had not the slightest conception, till we read the writings of Mr. Grey, who confidently informs us that it is A TALISMAN—(p. 17.)—a poetic idea, which the reader will observe is as original, as that of the judicial capacity of OBLIVION is profound.

Of grammar, too, we had but very imperfect notions before we took up this book, wherein we find this mode of speech, "really these burghers have managed the business exceedingly *bad*," p. 35. Again, p. 140, "no *one* now will own, by any chance, *they're* ever wrong."

In similes the author is particularly refined—"the soft thought dwelt on his soul only for an instant—as the shadow of a nightingale flits over the moonlit moss." Nightingales never come amiss. It is always so pretty to talk of nightingales. The shadow of a bat, or an owl, would have served the purpose of the simile quite as well, but the bare mention of a nightingale melts a Christian reader's heart.

But in giving a passing notice of these rare beauties we are neglecting the story, about which, however, it is not our intention to say much, simply because it is an extremely fatiguing task to give a detailed account of a series of outrageous improbabilities, inconsistencies, and extravagances. It is like reporting a dream, or this nonsense story by Foote—"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple-pie, and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop—'what, no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber," &c.

In the first volume of the second part, Mr. Grey, who is travelling in Germany, visits Ems, where he contracts an intimacy with a Baron Konigstein, and forms an acquaintance with two Englishwomen of the usual circulating library manufacture, Lady Madelina Trevor and Miss Fane. The baron is a very gentlemanly well-informed man, who has but one fault, namely, that he cheats at cards, for which, however, he is extremely sorry, when he is found out. On being detected, lest this failing should be imagined "his custom in the afternoon," he tells Mr. Grey that he has been most unjustly suspected of having fleeced Miss Fane's brother in England; but that in fact, he, the baron, was robbed of his honour, and ruined in his sleep, thus: he

went to a play party, consisting of his own acquaintances, in the capacity of guardian angel to his imprudent friend, young Fane; and happening to slumber, most unlike a protecting cherub, on the sofa, the sharpers won the youth's money, and people were malicious enough to suppose, that the baron was concerned in the conspiracy. Stung to the quick, the baron returned to the Continent, and being in want of cash, and a friend having proposed the expedient of cheating at cards, the baron adopts the suggestion, and makes the attempt we have described, but behaves in the most genteel manner on detection. This is all very absurd as respects the character of the man; but the scene of the fraud is well worked up, and the machinery of the trick is ingenious. Observe how an idle story introduces the cards.

"It's the chevalier's turn now [for a story]. Come, de Bœffleurs—a choice one!"

"I remember a story Prince Salvinski once told me."

"No, no—that's too bad—none of that Polish bear's romances; if we have his stories, we may as well have his company."

"But it's a very curious story," continued the chevalier, with a little animation.

"Oh! so is every story, according to the storer."

"I think, von Koningstein, you imagine no one can tell a story but yourself," said de Bœffleurs, actually indignant. Vivian had never heard him speak so much before, and really began to believe that he was not quite an automaton.

"Let's have it!" said St. George.

"It's a story told of a Polish nobleman—a count somebody—I never can remember their crack-jaw names. Well! the point is this," said the silent little chevalier, who apparently, already repented of the boldness of his offer, and, misdoubting his powers, wished to begin with the end of his tale, "the point is this—he was playing one day at *écarté* with the governor of Wilna—the stake was trifling; but he had a bet, you see, with the governor, of a thousand roubles; a bet with the governor's secretary—never mind the amount, say two hundred and fifty, you see; then, he went on the turn up with the commandant's wife; and took the pips on the trumps with the archbishop of Warsaw. To understand the point of the story, you see, you must have a distinct conception how the game stood. You see, St. George, there was the bet with the governor, one thousand roubles; the governor's secretary—never mind the amount, say two hundred and fifty; the turn-up with the commandant's lady, and the pips with the archbishop of Warsaw. Proposed three times—one for the king—the governor drew ace—the governor was already three and the ten. When the governor scored king, the archbishop gave the odds—drew knave queen one hand—the count offered to propose fourth time—governor refused. King to six, ace fell to knave—queen cleared on—governor lost, besides bets with the whole *etat-major*; the secretary gave his bill; the commandant's lady pawned her jewels; and the archbishop was done on the pips!"

"By Jove, what a Salvinski!"

"How many trumps had the governor?" asked St. George.

"Three," said the chevalier.

"Then it's impossible: I don't believe the story; it couldn't be."

"I beg your pardon," said the chevalier; "you see the governor had—"

"For heaven's sake, don't let us have it all over again!" said the baron. "Well! if this be your model for an after-dinner anecdote, which ought to be as piquant as an anchovy toast, I'll never complain of your silence in future. I'm sure you never learnt this in the Palais Royal!"

"The story's a true story," said the chevalier; "have you got a pack of cards, von Koningstein? I'll show it you."

"There is not such a thing in the room," said the baron.

"Well, I never heard of a room without a pack of cards before," said the chevalier; "I'll send for one to my own apartments."

"Oh! by-the-bye, perhaps Ernstorff has got a pack. Here Ernstorff, have you got a pack of cards? That's good; bring it immediately."

The cards were brought, and the chevalier began to fight his battle over again; but could not satisfy Mr. St. George. "You see there was the bet with the governor, and the pips, as I said before, with the archbishop of Warsaw."

"My dear de Bœffleurs, let's no more of this. If you like to have a game of

écarté with St. George, well and good; but as for quarrelling the whole evening about some blundering lie of Salvinski's, it really is too much. You two can play, and I can talk to Don Vivian, who, by-the-bye, is rather of the rueful countenance to-night. Why, my dear fellow, I haven't heard your voice this evening—frightened by the fate of the archbishop of Warsaw, I suppose?"

"*Ecarté* is so devilish dull," said St. George, "and it's such a trouble to deal."

"I'll deal for both, if you like," said de Bœffleurs; "I'm used to dealing."

"Oh! no—I won't play *écarté*; let's have something in which we can all join."

"*Rouge-et-noir*," suggested the chevalier, in a careless tone, as if he had no taste for the amusement.

"There isn't enough—is there?" asked St. George.

"Oh! two are enough. you know—one deals,—much more four."

"Well, I don't care—*rouge-et-noir* then—let's have *rouge-et-noir*:—von Konigstein, what say you to *rouge-et-noir*? De Bœffleurs says we can play it here very well. Come, Grey!"

"Oh! *rouge-et-noir*, *rouge-et-noir*," said the baron; "haven't you both had *rouge-et-noir* enough? A'n't I to be allowed one holiday. Well! any thing to please you; so *rouge-et-noir* if it must be so."

"If all wish it, I have no objection," said Vivian.

"Well then, let's sit down; Ernstorff has, I dare say, another pack of cards, and St. George will be dealer, I know he likes that ceremony."

"No, no, I appoint the chevalier."

"Very well," said de Bœffleurs; "the plan will be for two to bank against the table; the table to play on the same colour by joint agreement. You can join me, von Konigstein, and pay to receive with me, from Mr. St. George and Grey."

"I'll bank with you, if you like, chevalier," said Vivian, very quietly.

"Oh! certainly, Mr. Grey—certainly, Grey—most certainly; that is if you like—but perhaps the baron is more used to banking; you perhaps don't understand it."

"Perfectly; it appears to me to be very simple."

"No—don't you bank, Grey," said St. George; "I want you to play with me against the chevalier and the baron—I like your luck."

"Luck is very capricious, remember, Mr. St. George."

"Oh, no! I like your luck; I like your luck—don't bank."

"Be it so."

Playing commenced: an hour elapsed, and the situation of none of the parties was materially different to what it had been when they began the game. Vivian proposed leaving off; but Mr. St. George avowed that he felt very fortunate, and that he had a presentiment that he should win. Another hour elapsed, and he had lost considerably. Eleven o'clock.—Vivian's luck had also forsaken him. Mr. St. George was losing desperately—Midnight—Vivian had lost back half his gains on the season. St. George still more desperate; all his coolness had deserted him. He had persisted obstinately against a run on the red; then floundered, and got entangled in a *see-saw*, which alone cost him a thousand.

Ernstorff now brought in refreshments; and for a moment they ceased playing. The baron opened a bottle of champagne; and St. George and the chevalier were stretching their legs and composing their minds in very different ways—the first in walking rapidly up and down the room, and the other by lying very quietly at his full length on the sofa. Vivian was employed in building houses with the cards.

"Grey," said the Chevalier de Bœffleurs; "I can't imagine why you don't for a moment try to forget the cards; that's the only way to win. Never sit musing over the table."

But Grey was not to be persuaded to give up building his pagoda; which, now many stories high, like a more celebrated, but scarcely more substantial structure, fell with a crash. Vivian collected the scattered cards into two divisions.

"Now!" said the baron, seating himself; "for St. George's revenge."

The chevalier and the greatest sufferer took their places.

"Is Ernstorff coming in again, baron?" asked Vivian, very calmly.

"No! I think not."

"Let us be sure: it's disagreeable to be disturbed at this time of night, and so interested as we are."

"Lock the door then," said St. George.

"A very good plan," said Vivian, and he locked it accordingly.

"Now, gentlemen," said Vivian, rising from the table, and putting both packs of cards into his pocket—"Now, gentlemen, I have another game to play." The chevalier started on his chair—the baron turned quite pale, but both were silent.

"Mr. St. George," continued Vivian, "I think you are in debt to the Chevalier de Bœffleurs, upwards of two thousand pounds; and to Baron von Königstein, something more than half that sum. I have to inform you, sir, that it is utterly unnecessary for you to satisfy the claims of either of these gentlemen, which are founded neither in law, nor in honour."

"Mr. Grey, what am I to understand?" asked the quiet Chevalier de Bœffleurs, with the air of a wolf, and the voice of a lion.

"Understand, sir!" answered Vivian sternly; "that I am not one who will be bullied by a black-leg."

"Grey! good God! Grey! what do you mean?" asked the baron.

"That which it is my duty, not my pleasure, to explain, Baron von Königstein."

"If you mean to insinuate," burst forth the chevalier, "if you mean to insinuate—"

"I mean to insinuate nothing, sir; I leave insinuations and inuendos to shuffling *chevaliers d'industrie*. I mean to prove every thing."

Mr. St. George did not speak, but seemed as utterly astounded and overwhelmed as Baron von Königstein himself; who, with his arm leaning on the table, his hands clasped, and the forefinger of his right hand playing convulsively on his left, was pale as death, and did not even breathe.

"Gentlemen," said Vivian, "I shall not detain you long, though I have much to say that is to the purpose. I am perfectly cool, and, believe me, perfectly resolute. Let me recommend to you all the same temperament—it may be better for you. Rest assured, that if you flatter yourselves I am one to be pigeoned, and then bullied, you are mistaken. In one word, I am aware of every thing that has been arranged for the reception of Mr. St. George and myself this evening. Your marked cards are in my pocket, and can only be obtained by you with my life. Here are two of us against two; we are equally matched in number, and I, gentlemen, am armed. If I were not, you would not dare to go to extremities. Is it not, then, the wisest course to be temperate, my friends?"

"This is some vile conspiracy of your own, fellow," said de Bœffleurs; "marked cards, indeed! a pretty tale, forsooth! The ministers of a first-rate power playing with marked cards! The story will gain credit, and on the faith of whom? An adventurer that no one knows; who, having failed this night in his usual tricks, and lost money which he cannot pay, takes advantage of the marked cards, which he has not succeeded in introducing, and pretends, forsooth, that they are those which he has stolen from our table; our own cards being, previously to his accusation, concealed in a secret pocket."

The impudence of the fellow staggered even Vivian. As for Mr. St. George, he stared like a wild man. Before Vivian could answer him, the baron had broke silence. It was with the greatest effort that he seemed to dig his words out of his breast.

"No—no—this is too much! it is all over! I am lost; but I will not add crime to crime. Your courage and your fortune have saved you, Mr. Grey, and your friend, from the designs of villains."

After this, the baron tells the story of the affair which gave rise to the unjust suspicion that before attached to him, and he is of course implicitly credited. Indeed, Mr. Grey is quite afflicted at the idea of having marred his scheme so rudely, and is made to think in this strain. "Openly to have disgraced this man! How he had been deceived! His first crime"—[poor innocent]—"the first crime of *such a being*; of one who had suffered so much—so unjustly. Could he but have guessed the truth, *he would have accused the baron in private*." He would have said "my noble and honest friend, you know how I esteem your character, but really you must not cheat at cards. You may do what you please with me, Königstein, except pick my pocket, and on my word that is not genteel behaviour, and it is what I cannot permit."

This baron is a man of prodigious talent and acquirement. He is as wise as the author himself! The author makes him speak, and then praises him in this manner for what he has spoken. "The baron's lecture," says he, "was rather long, but certainly, *unlike most other lecturers, he understood his subject*." (p. 55.) This is praise

of clever Freischützism, (if we may be allowed such a coinage,) which we now quote for the *horrification* of our readers. Mr. Grey and his man Essper are benighted in a forest.

"My horse has stumbled," continued Essper, "and your's, Sir, is he not shying? There's a confounded cloud over the moon—but I've no sight in the dark if that mass before you be not a devil's stone. The Lord have mercy upon our sinful souls!"

"Peace! peace! Essper," said Vivian, who was surprised to find him really alarmed; "peace! peace! I see nothing but a block of granite, no uncommon sight in a German forest."

"It is a devil-stone, I tell you, Sir,—there has been some church here, which he has knocked down in the night. Look! look! is it the moss-people that I see! As sure as I'm a hungry sinner, the Wild One is out a hunting to-night."

"More luck for us, if we meet him. His dogs, as you say, may gain us a supper. I think our wisest course will be to join the cry."

"Hush! hush! hush! your Highness would not talk so if you knew what your share of the spoils might be. Ay! if your Highness did, your cheek would be paler, and your very teeth would chatter. I knew one man who was travelling in a forest, just as we are now, it was about this time, and he believed in the Wild Huntsman about as much as your Highness does—that is, he liked to talk of the spirit, merely to have the opportunity of denying that he believed in him; which showed, as I used to say, that his mind was often thinking of it. He was a merry knave, and as firm a hand for a boar-spear, as ever I met with, and I've met with many. We used to call him, before the accident, *Left-handed Hans*, but they call him now, your Highness, *the Child-Hunter*. Oh! it's a very awful tale, your Highness, and I'd sooner tell it in blazing hall than in free forest. Your Highness didn't hear any sound to the left, did you?"

"Nothing but the wind, Essper; on with your tale, my man."

"It's a very awful tale, Sir, but I'll make short work of it. You see, your Highness, it was a night just like this; the moon was generally hid, but the stars prevented it from ever being pitch dark. And so, Sir, he was travelling alone; he'd been up to the castle of the baron, his master—you see, Sir, he was head-ranger to his lordship—and he always returned home through the forest. What he was thinking of, I cannot say, but most likely of no good; when all on a sudden he heard the baying of hounds in the distance. Now, your Highness, directly he heard it—I've heard him tell the story a thousand times—directly he heard it, it struck him that it must be the Spirit Huntsman; and though there were many ways to account for the hounds, still he never for a moment doubted that they were the hell-dogs. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Now, your Highness, I tell you this, because if ever,—which the Holy Virgin forbid!—if ever you meet the Wild Huntsman, you'll know how to act:—conduct yourself always with propriety, make no noise, but behave like a gentleman; and don't put the dogs off the scent; stand a-side, and let him pass. Don't talk, he has no time to lose, for if he hunt after day-break, a night's sport is forfeited for every star left in the morning sky. So, Sir, you see nothing puts him in a greater passion than to lose his time in answering impertinent questions. Well, your Highness, *Left-handed Hans* stood by the road-side. The baying of the dogs was so distinct, that he felt that in a moment the Wild One would be up: his horse shivered like a sallow in a storm. He heard the tramp of the Spirit-steed: they came in sight. As the tall figure of the Huntsman passed—I cannot tell your Highness what it was—it might have been, Lord forgive me for thinking what it might have been! but a voice from behind Hans, a voice so like his own, for a moment he fancied that he had himself spoken, although he was conscious that his lips had been firmly closed the whole time, a voice from the road-side,—just behind poor Hans, mind,—said 'Good sport, Sir Huntsman, 'tis an odd light to track a stag!' The poor man, Sir, was all of an ague; but how much greater, your Highness, was his horror, when the tall Huntsman stopped! He thought that he was going to be eaten up on the spot, at least: not at all, your Highness—'My friend,' said the Wild One, in the kindest voice imaginable; 'my friend, would you like to give your horse a breathing with us?' Poor Hans, your Highness, was so alarmed, that it never entered into his head for a single moment to refuse the invitation, and instantly he was galloping by the side of the Wild Huntsman. Away they flew! away! away! away! over bog, and over mere; over ditch, and over hedge; away! away! away!—and the Ranger's horse never failed, but kept by the side of the Wild Spirit without the least distress; and yet,

Grey, poor deluded youth, fondly imagined that Miss was attached to him, but it is too obvious that the valet behind his chair was the real object. Vivian had contracted a sort of friendship with a vagabond *charlatan*, or mountebank, or juggler, who insists on becoming his servant. This person discovers the scheme of the baron against his master's purse. He observes that the cards are marked, and being, from professional habits, a man of extraordinarily nice morality, he is terribly shocked at the circumstance. On hearing of this service, Miss Fane says, "I must go and see him this instant." Now we all know that it is not by any means the way of the world for a young lady to go and pay a visit to a single gentleman's man-servant! We thought the hussy was "no better than she should be," when we found her making this delicate proposal, which has called the blush of modesty into our decorous cheeks. Shortly afterwards the matter becomes still more unequivocal. There is no sign of love more certain than extravagant commendation of every ordinary action of a particular object. Self-love is discoverable by the same symptom. When the author of Vivian Grey, for instance, is in perpetual wonderment at his own wonders, and uttering his common-places as bon-mots, who can fail to perceive that he is a literary Narcissus? He sees the copy of his own mind in his book, and conceives an unbounded admiration and ardent passion for every plain feature of the production. A woman too who likes a man, finds every thing that he does admirable, and unrivalled by the rest of the species. The footman, Essper George by name, (who is the machine of all work, the Meg Merrilies of the book,) plays a number of monkey mountebank tricks at a fête champetre; among others, walks upon stilts, and then plays the mandolin, whereat Miss Fane is in ecstasies. "Ah, inimitable Essper George," she cries out, "how can we sufficiently thank you. How admirably he plays." What sort of language is this for a decent young lady to hold to a footman?

Considering her mood, very well for her fame it is, that she dies before any decided mischief happens. As she is going home from the fête, she is attacked by what we at first imagined, the common symptoms of champagne; but it turns out to be sudden death, and really under circumstances we cannot lament her early end, which alone prevented an *esclandre*.

It must be confessed, that our author's production is a raiment of many colours, or rather it is a huge darn of motley hues. He works with one thread till it breaks or is exhausted; then, very coolly, takes another of a different tint, passes it through the eye of his needle, and stitches away with it again, most industriously and complacently, until he arrives at the knot, when he again repairs to his housewife, and botches on as before. The result is a piece of patch-work, which indicates more thrift than wealth. With Cleveland, his scane snapt at the end of the second volume; he therefore took up Miss Fane, and worked till, at the conclusion of the third, the sheers of Atropus, in mercy to her fame, severed her rose-coloured thread; ransacking his depository of odd and ends, he then draws forth some German worsted, and weaves a strange kind of linsey woolsey tissue, in the fourth volume. As we never like to include any thing good in general condemnation, we must acknowledge that there is, in this part, one piece

to those who have not been fatigued with the unutterable folly of some imitations of the German in Vivian Grey. We refer particularly to a description of a debauch, which is indeed "an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." What may follow this performance we know not, for it ended our weary attempts to struggle through the book, as we flung it aside in disgust, and dropping into a doze, dreamt more reasonable things.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM A YOUNG ARTIST IN ROME TO
HIS FRIEND IN VENICE, IN 1575; TRANSLATED FROM A FO-
REIGN ORIGINAL.

Rome, October 1575.

At length the fondest dream of my early youth is realized! I have trod the soil of the "eternal city." I have stood amidst the awful relics of the Capitol; and, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage, I have mused over the vestiges of departed empire, and have compared the moral grandeur of Rome in the days of the Scipios, with the fallen state of her existing and priest-ridden children. I have gazed with awe upon the daring conceptions of Michael Angelo; with kindling rapture upon the glorious creations of the poet-painter Raphael; and I have stood in mute astonishment before the gods and heroes of antiquity, until I became a statue amongst statues.

No, my Angelo! not even Pygmalion, when his sculptured fair one bounded from her pedestal in breathing and voluptuous reality, felt ecstasy more rapturous than mine, when these grand productions of human genius, which I had hitherto known only in casts and copies, beamed upon me in radiant and intellectual vitality.

Until the current of my feelings was turned by domestic calamity, the most ardent and absorbing impulse of my youth was to study the rich spoils of Italy and Greece, and the wonders of modern art, accumulated in Rome. So fervent and unruly was this inclination, that it haunted alike my nightly visions and my waking dreams. Thus incessantly indulged, it became a master passion, a feverish and aching want, a modification of insanity, which, like a rapid and consuming flame, defied every effort to subdue it. At length this diseased influence yielded to the stronger excitement created by the untimely death of my father, and the determination to inflict a just retribution upon his assassin. Now that I dwell within the sacred walls, that the soothing task of just revenge has been accomplished, and that my mind has regained comparative health and elasticity, my ruling passion for the arts has revived with a force exceeding even its original intensity. The pictured glories of the Sistine and the Vatican shine out encouragingly upon me; the stern statues of antiquity relax their iron features, and extend their fostering arms to the most ardent of their votaries. My departure for Greece is indefinitely postponed; and I yield unresistingly to the enchantment which confines me within the magic circle of Rome and its environs.

My progress has hitherto been rather the rush of a wandering and fiery meteor, than the motion of a rational being. The intoxication of my spirits has communicated a restless and sweeping energy to every movement; and, in a period inconceivably short, I have explored each

your Highness, it's very singular that Hans was about to sell this very beast only a day before, for a matter of five crowns:—you see, your Highness, he only kept it just to pick his way at night from the castle to his own cottage. Well, your Highness, it's very odd, but Hans soon lost all fear, for the sport was so fine and he had such a keen relish for the work, that far from being alarmed, he thought himself one of the luckiest knaves alive. But the oddest thing all this time was, that Hans never caught sight for one moment of either buck or boar; although he saw by the dogs' noses that there was something keen in the wind; and although he felt that if the hunted beast were like any that he had himself ever followed before, it must have been run down with such dogs, quicker than a priest could say a pater-noster. At last, Sir, for he had grown quite bold, says Hans to the Wild Huntsman, 'The beasts run quick o' nights, Sir, I think; it's been a long time I ween, e'er I scampered so far, and saw so little!' Do you know, your Highness, that the old gentleman was not the least affronted, but said, in the pleasantest voice imaginable, 'A true huntsman should be patient, Hans, you'll see the game quick enough; look forward, man! what see you?' and sure enough, your Highness, he did look forward. It was near the skirts of the forest, there was a green glade before them, and very few trees, and therefore he could see far a-head. The moon was shining very bright, and sure enough, what did he see? Running as fleet over the turf as a rabbit, was a child. The little figure was quite black in the moonlight, and Hans could not catch its face:—in a moment the hell-dogs were on it. Hans quivered like a windy reed, your Highness, and the Wild One laughed till the very woods echoed. 'How like you hunting mossmen?' asked the Spirit. Now when Hans, your Highness, found it was only a mossman, he took heart again, and said in a shaking voice, that 'It is rare good sport in good company;' and then the Spirit jumped off his horse, and said, 'Now, Hans, you must watch me well, for I'm little used to bag game.' He said this with a proudish air, your Highness, as much as to hint, that hadn't he expected Hans, he wouldn't have rode out this evening without his groom. So the Wild One jumped on his horse again, and put the bag before him. It was nearly morning, your Highness, when Hans found himself at the door of his own cottage; and bowing very respectfully to the Spirit Hunter, he thanked him for the sport, and begged his share of the night's spoil. This was all in joke, your Highness, but Hans had heard that 'talk to the devil, and fear the last word;' and so he was determined, now that they were about to part, not to appear to tremble, but to carry it off with a jest. 'Truly, Hans,' said the Huntsman, 'thou art a bold lad, and to encourage thee to speak to wild huntsmen again, I have a mind to give thee for thy pains, the whole spoil. Take the bag, knave, a mossman is good eating, had I time I would give thee a receipt for sauce;' and so saying, the Spirit rode off, laughing very heartily. Well, your Highness, Hans was so anxious to examine the contents of the bag, and see what kind of thing a mossman really was—for he had only caught a glimpse of him in the chase—that instead of going to bed immediately and saying his prayers, as he should have done, he lighted a lamp and undid the string; and what think you he took out of the bag, your Highness? As sure as I'm a born sinner—his own child!"

This is good *in its way*; but what follows in the German style, is abominable, however we consider it. Many German writers have fallen into the mistake of supposing, that the merit of imagination is due to sheer extravagance and wild absurdity. This error our author has adopted; and, accordingly, he labours indefatigably to produce that kind of nonsense which vexes us in a dream. Let any one sup off half a pound of toasted cheese, and we will engage that he shall see, at that moderate price, a vision which shall surpass the best scene of the would-be grotesque in Vivian Grey. Let the author exert himself to the utmost—he is yet no match for the night-mare. Indigestion is superior to his invention, and the mightiest efforts of his brain will be excelled by the workings of a foul stomach. Imagination is a very fine faculty of the mind, when happily directed or judiciously controlled; but there is no kind of merit in the imagination of unalloyed nonsense; and when we give play to the imagination, we should have a care of playing the fool. This may seem a very unnecessary lecture

haste of a lover, to gaze upon the proud masses and enormous outline of the Coliseum. The eye cannot measure, nor the memory retain, the huge proportions of this vast and venerable pile; and on each successive view it appears larger to the startled eye. This magical effect is also produced by the gradual disappearance of daylight. As the detail becomes indistinct, the masses gain importance, and stand out in loftier and bolder magnificence. No language can convey an adequate conception of the sublime and tranquil beauty of Rome by moonlight. Every minor object is absorbed in the great masses of light and shade, and the grander features of this august assemblage of noble edifices rise into rich and prominent relief.

Amidst them towers the Coliseum, pre-eminent in size and grandeur, and throwing every contiguous object into insignificance and shade. Even the boldest of Rome's successive conquerors gazed with awe upon the frowning elevation and vast dimensions of a structure, in comparison with which the boasted amphitheatre of Verona was trifling and provincial.

The builders and pedants of the day delight in the detection of petty inaccuracies in the circling lines of arcade and column, which enliven the exterior of this massive ruin, and without which it would have looked a fortress or a prison. These irregularities can offend only the worshippers of mere art, who will industriously trace the deviations of a moulding, while they overlook the perfect beauty of the elliptic form, the unrivalled and mountain grandeur of the mass, and the sublime effect of the immense outline. It is impossible to gaze upon these without acknowledging, that the builder of a Coliseum, like the architect of a gothic cathedral, may sin against all rule, and yet, if a man of bold and original conceptions, he will inevitably produce a sublime result.

Returning yesterday from my daily visit to the Vatican, I wandered out of the gate along the ancient Via Ostia, and sought shelter from the meridian blaze in the church of San Paolo. The external appearance is mean, but the effect of the interior is indescribably rich and imposing. Picture to yourself a grove of one hundred and twenty columns, eighty of which are exquisite in colour, material, and form, dividing this immense oblong into five naves, the central nave distinguished by great breadth and appalling elevation, all of them eminently beautiful, and forming collectively a basilica unrivalled in the world. This edifice was designed before the practice of building, in the model of a cross, was carried to absurdity, and it exhibits that figure in its most simple form: the cross nave is hardly perceptible, and the noble effect of this great and august oblong is unimpaired. The temporary and inconsistent roof over the great nave, and the various sizes and orders of the columns, are blemishes; but, as a whole, the grandeur of this Christian temple is unequalled, and will never be effaced from my memory. I gazed upon the rich symmetry of its beautiful columns, until I almost fancied each of them an imprisoned fair one, an Iphigenia in Tauris.

It is believed that Honorius, the Goth, who built this church, removed the finest of these pillars from the mausoleum of Adrian, which is not improbable; but, when I look at their perfect condition, I suspect that the Romans experienced from the Goth the same menace

classic hill and hollow within the eternal walls, and have traced each spot hallowed by great events and deeds of heroism. Too impatient for slower conveyance, I have, upon a rapid courser, invaded the groves and solitudes of the sunny hills which environ the Roman crater. From Tivoli, Palestrina, and Frascati, I bounded across the Campagna to the Alban mount and lake. From thence I plunged into the dark woods which wave over the classic shores and bright blue waters of the Mediterranean; and, after briefly pausing at the ports of Nettuno, Ostia, and Civita Vecchia, I returned to Rome. Thus have I drawn a warrior's line around the glorious and imperishable city; and have endeavoured, as vehemently and as vainly as Hannibal, to make it all my own.

Each morning, since my arrival, I have risen with the sun, and ascended the tower of the Capitol. How glorious from thence is the view of Rome and its environs! How fresh and lovely the distant and villa-crowned hills; how calm, how silent, and forsaken, the intervening Campagna, spanned by the bold arcades of interminable aqueducts; and how proudly the imperial city reposes on the sides and summits of its swelling hills, and on the margin of the Tiber, which, like a yellow serpent, winds through its centre, forming a line of attraction to the streets innumerable which radiate from its focus. This imposing metropolis is not exempt from local disadvantages; but where is the city so happily, so proudly placed, for the purposes of universal empire, and for rapid and easy communication with its vassal states in Europe, Africa, and Asia!

After a few days devoted to repose, and to a more tranquil investigation of the most striking objects around me, I resume the pen. Fear not, however, that I shall fatigue you with dull details of architectural dimension and execution. These I abandon to Palladio and others, and shall confine my remarks on ancient and modern Rome to those edifices only which fascinate the eye by picturesque effect, or the imagination by associated recollections of the past.

There is little, however, in the existing ruins to gratify the feelings of the scholar, whose memory is haunted by visions of free and republican Rome. With few exceptions, the chaos of magnificent vestiges before me, dates from the more splendid, but corrupt and cruel period, of imperial Rome; and the most imposing of these edifices were planned and executed by the savage and slaughter-loving Cæsars. How few of these magnificent barbarians possessed any redeeming virtues! The noblest of them contributed to swell the tide of human blood, which rolled through their splendid amphitheatres, and hunted to torture and death numbers of weak and unresisting Christians. And yet these men, whose cruelty differed in kind rather than in degree from that of Nero and Caligula, were worshipped by the Romans as demi-gods, and are still honoured by the epithets of great and good.

I am, nevertheless, too ardent an admirer of all that is sublime and beautiful in art, to view with indifference these noble relics of departed grandeur; and although the largest portion of my time is devoted to the rich and inexhaustible treasures of the Vatican, I confess that some of these splendid ruins have laid so powerful a hold on my imagination, as to make me indifferent, and probably unjust, to those of secondary importance. As the day declines, I repair, with the eager

haste of a lover, to gaze upon the proud masses and enormous outline of the Coliseum. The eye cannot measure, nor the memory retain, the huge proportions of this vast and venerable pile; and on each successive view it appears larger to the startled eye. This magical effect is also produced by the gradual disappearance of daylight. As the detail becomes indistinct, the masses gain importance, and stand out in loftier and bolder magnificence. No language can convey an adequate conception of the sublime and tranquil beauty of Rome by moonlight. Every minor object is absorbed in the great masses of light and shade, and the grander features of this august assemblage of noble edifices rise into rich and prominent relief.

Amidst them towers the Coliseum, pre-eminent in size and grandeur, and throwing every contiguous object into insignificance and shade. Even the boldest of Rome's successive conquerors gazed with awe upon the frowning elevation and vast dimensions of a structure, in comparison with which the boasted amphitheatre of Verona was trifling and provincial.

The builders and pedants of the day delight in the detection of petty inaccuracies in the circling lines of arcade and column, which enliven the exterior of this massive ruin, and without which it would have looked a fortress or a prison. These irregularities can offend only the worshippers of mere art, who will industriously trace the deviations of a moulding, while they overlook the perfect beauty of the elliptic form, the unrivalled and mountain grandeur of the mass, and the sublime effect of the immense outline. It is impossible to gaze upon these without acknowledging, that the builder of a Coliseum, like the architect of a gothic cathedral, may sin against all rule, and yet, if a man of bold and original conceptions, he will inevitably produce a sublime result.

Returning yesterday from my daily visit to the Vatican, I wandered out of the gate along the ancient Via Ostia, and sought shelter from the meridian blaze in the church of San Paolo. The external appearance is mean, but the effect of the interior is indescribably rich and imposing. Picture to yourself a grove of one hundred and twenty columns, eighty of which are exquisite in colour, material, and form, dividing this immense oblong into five naves, the central nave distinguished by great breadth and appalling elevation, all of them eminently beautiful, and forming collectively a basilica unrivalled in the world. This edifice was designed before the practice of building, in the model of a cross, was carried to absurdity, and it exhibits that figure in its most simple form: the cross nave is hardly perceptible, and the noble effect of this great and august oblong is unimpaired. The temporary and inconsistent roof over the great nave, and the various sizes and orders of the columns, are blemishes; but, as a whole, the grandeur of this Christian temple is unequalled, and will never be effaced from my memory. I gazed upon the rich symmetry of its beautiful columns, until I almost fancied each of them an imprisoned fair one, an Iphigenia in Tauris.

It is believed that Honorius, the Goth, who built this church, removed the finest of these pillars from the mausoleum of Adrian, which is not improbable; but, when I look at their perfect condition, I suspect that the Romans experienced from the Goth the same menace

which they had previously bestowed upon the Greek, when Mummius told the bearers of the plundered spoils of Corinth, that they should replace every damaged work of art with another of equal merit.

When I emerged from this cool and classical retreat, which conveys to the heated frame the refreshment of a bath, I pursued my walk with renewed vigour, to the gate near which two frowning towers of the middle ages, the old city wall and the noble pyramid of Cestius, invited me to their pleasant shade. From thence I proceeded, under the dark foliage of cypress, chesnut, and evergreen oak, to the cool wine-cellars of Monte Testaccio, and entered the tavern of a gay old Sicilian, a genuine son of Etna. I partook with keen relish of a simple repast, cheered my spirits with delicious wine, retired to an apartment fronting the shady north, and fell into profound and refreshing sleep.

The afternoon had considerably advanced, when I was roused by the sounds of festivity, and by the sprightly tones of the violin and tambourine ascending from the garden. I hastened to the window, and beheld the fine, full forms, the brilliant eyes, and the bounding feet, of a group of Roman girls, dancing to a lively measure, under the arching trees. The effect was so picturesque, that I quitted my apartment, intending to sketch some of the figures and attitudes of the lovely dancers. Passing the open door of a public saloon, I observed a party of young men in animated dialogue, and the magic sounds of "Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the antique," struck upon my sympathetic ear. I distinguished at a glance the ardent eyes, and intellectual features of a group of artists; and, recognizing amongst them a young Florentine of my acquaintance, I forgot the festive scene below, and entered the saloon during an altercation so vehement, that I joined the party unobserved. The speaker was a slender youth of eighteen, exhibiting in his person the classic elegance, the graceful symmetry of an Apollino; and, in his countenance, the flashing eye, the regular and well-chiselled features of a Greek. "Tell me not," said he, addressing the young Tuscan with wild and graceful animation; "tell me not that Buonarotti was a painter, unless you are prepared to prove that every man who thoroughly understands counterpoint is an able instrumentalist. He was no painter, but a powerful and eccentric teacher, who delighted in every thing that was singular and daring in design, difficult and perplexing in execution. He preferred the vain display of skill and science to the genuine object of art, which is beauty of character and expression, and thus invariably sacrificed the end to the means. He was indebted for no small share of his celebrity to the eloquent and exaggerated praises of that contemptible Florentine, Vasari, who lauded the peevish despot in golden periods that he might gain employment through his recommendation.

"I admit his elevated rank as a professor of art; but, I ask you, what has he performed? What has he painted? His wearisome Sistine chapel. That huge congregation of such monsters as the world ne'er saw. His God the Father, his Prophets, and his Sybils; and, though last, not least in atrocity, the outrageously indecent and revolting groups in his Last Judgment. These figures are not painting, nor do they resemble any thing in nature. They are the phantasma of a painter's dreams, and originated in a diseased and irritable temperament. They display a colossal imagination, a boundless

power of design, a minute and ostentatious knowledge of muscular action, and have benefited students by contributing immensely to the common stock of elementary studies; but they are destitute of all that can interest the eye and the heart, and they fail entirely in the noblest aim and ultimate object of art, which is to refine the taste, to elevate the feelings, and to expand the intellect of all mankind.

“I have hitherto sought only to maintain by argument, that Michael Angelo was deficient in sound taste and judgment, and that he was unworthy of the name of painter. I will now unanswerably demonstrate, that he was mean and illiberal as a man, and I dare his Tuscan idolaters to disprove that conclusive evidence of a little mind, which appeared in his persecution of the mild and heavenly Raphael. Conscious of his hopeless inferiority as a colourist, and fearful that the rising reputation of his unassuming rival would eclipse his own, he secretly exerted all his skill and science in sketching designs for Bastian del Piombo. The rich colouring of the Venetian was to poison the shaft, and these mongrel productions were intended to dim the splendid achievements of the unconscious painter of the Vatican.

“How beautifully contrasted with this degrading malice, was the pure and lofty integrity, the angelic forbearance, of the single-hearted and enthusiastic Raphael! Incapable of envy, aiming only at the perfection of art, and prompted by an engaging deference to the feelings of his irritable rival, he studied and made his own all that was really valuable in Michael Angelo. And herein consists the essential difference between these extraordinary men. Raphael could avail himself of the knowledge and skill of Buonarotti; but that which made Raphael the unrivalled king of painters, could neither be imparted nor acquired. It was the celestial spark—the radiance within—the wondrous instinct, so deep, so certain, and so true, which is the noblest gift of Heaven.

“Finally, while I concede to Michael Angelo an exalted station amongst the master spirits, who compose the base and the gradations of the great pyramid of art; I maintain, and I glory in the conviction, that Raphael alone has reached the crowning point. There he sits enthroned, and soars above all other artists at an elevation which it is impossible to surpass or to attain!”

Although a Tuscan, and a friend of Vasari, I was so rapturously excited by the impassioned eloquence of this young Demosthenes, and by the poetical beauty of his climax, that I could not refrain from a burst of applause. I regretted, however, the indulgence of this impulse, when I beheld the mute consternation, the Delphic horror of my young countryman. Although habitually fluent, he was so astonished and overwhelmed by the fiery philippic of his beardless antagonist, that I expected every moment to see him retreat, like Cicero, before the rebellious and handsome Clodius; and when I observed that he vainly attempted to recal his scattered senses, I roused my own in defence of him and Michael Angelo, and thus replied to the youthful worshipper of Raphael:—

“I am no exclusive idolater of Michael Angelo, and I admit the force and truth of many of your assertions, but I cannot assent to your sweeping conclusion that he was a mere professor of drawing;

nor can I believe that you, who possess so much poetry of mien and language, such fervour and such eloquence, are incapable of appreciating that awful power in his conception which strikes the intellectual beholder like the sound of the last trumpet. Certainly his God the Father resembles nothing in nature, and a sounder judgment would have prompted him to substitute a radiant shekinah, but modern art has produced no form of greater sublimity. His Prophets and Sybils are mighty personifications of more than human zeal, enthusiasm, and fire, and ought therefore to exhibit somewhat of an unearthly character. In his Last Judgment there is an appropriate grandeur of expression in the God-like severity of Jesus, who, with extended hand, menaces the souls of the Wicked, while his tender mother meekly folds her arms across her breast; and bids the souls of the righteous ascend into the regions of the Blessed. I admit that the lower portion of this immense design abounds with revolting absurdities, that the figures of the damned are merely multiplied versions of the Torso of Apollonius, and that the single figures are utterly destitute of that expression which ought to characterize their awful situation; and yet you cannot but acknowledge that the groupings of the numerous figures are original and masterly, and that no one but Michael Angelo could, with such amazing truth and certainty, have delineated the human form in every conceivable variety of position.

“It has always been asserted by the admirers of this great man, that he would not condescend to paint in oil, and by his enemies and critics that he wanted the ability. Believe it not! His ruling foible was a painful consciousness of his incompetence in colouring; he affected to regard oil-painting with contempt, and the Michael Angelo of the public painted only in fresco. But that in his hours of seclusion and privacy he attempted to accomplish oil-paintings, is a fact verified by the existence of pictures which could have been executed by no other hand. The colouring of these is common-place or inefficient; but in drawing, in design, and in anatomical precision, they bear a stamp of power, of passion, and of science, which cannot for a moment be mistaken, and which precludes the possibility of their being copies. I have recently seen in Rome one of these paintings, of small dimensions, but full of poetry and feeling, and representing the Crucifixion.

“The Saviour has just said to his mother, Woman, behold thy Son! and to the disciple whom he loved, Son, behold thy Mother! The virgin stands on the right of the cross, St. John on the left, and above them two angels appear amidst fiery clouds in a lurid and stormy sky, and minister unto Jesus. The Christ and the Madonna surpass in tragic sublimity every pictured representation of them I ever beheld. His countenance is that of a dying Tiberius Gracchus, ennobled by a super-human and blended expression of suffering, of resignation, and of grandeur. The Virgin Mary is another Cornelia, whose fine features are characterized by greatness of soul and intensity of grief. How poor, how common-place, in comparison, are all other Madonnas, even those of Raphael, whom I venerate and love as another Apelles. She is represented of lofty stature, of matured and matronly, but undiminished beauty; and her mien is that of self-possession and majesty. Her countenance is finely and eloquently expressive of deep anguish, blended with lofty indignation at the cruel death inflicted upon her.

son, and a consoling sense of his divine origin, and of his high and sacred office. To a superficial observer, this unrivalled Madonna displays only the pathetic grandeur of a Niobe; but to the more searching and serious eye, it unfolds the sublime character of a Christian mother, supported in her hour of need by resignation to the will of God, and by the knowledge of a future and a better existence.

“The form and features of the crucified Jesus exhibit that vigorous pencil, and that unrivalled knowledge of the human frame, which at once identify the artist. The countenance beams with a divine expression of benevolence and of resignation to the tortures inflicted by the multitude he came to save and to reform. The forehead, pale and contracted with suffering, the mild and uncomplaining eye, and the racking position of the body and limbs upon the cross, are painted with startling and dreadful accuracy. The swollen arteries, the collapsed and exhausted muscles, the agonizing tension of the bones and sinews, and the combined expression of anguish and vitality diffused over the whole figure, have no parallel in art, and are drawn with a degree of science, freedom, and boldness, far beyond the reach of a copyist.

“Vasari was a man of strong prejudices, and was betrayed by an overweening attachment to his native country and her school of painting, into positive injustice towards the three great apostles of art, Raphael, Titian, and Correggio; but I could not gaze upon the painting I have described without acknowledging the general justice of his eloquent and impassioned praises of Michael Angelo, whom he once described to me, in allusion to a larger design on this subject, as a powerful and heaven-created genius, who descended from the skies to teach all other artists how to delineate that most sublime and pathetic of sacred subjects, the Crucifixion of the Saviour.”

The young Tuscan now accosted me, and, with glowing cheeks, expressed his lively sense of the ready kindness with which I had advocated his cause. “You must not, however,” he said, “do me the injustice to suppose that I am unconscious of the extraordinary powers of Raphael. In confidence,” he added in a lower tone, “the bitter and hostile jealousy existing amongst the Roman artists, renders it impossible to glean any practical knowledge from them, until they are roused into communication by an angry impulse. It is therefore my practice, when associating with painters of talent, to make a preconcerted attack upon their favourite opinions and prejudices, that, in the fiery collision of argument, I may seize and appropriate the sparks of genius which are thus elicited. I am well acquainted,” he continued aloud, “with the admirable little picture of Michael Angelo. How many attempts have been made to copy it, and how uniformly poor the result! His minute and accurate display of human anatomy is the envy and despair of all existing painters. I regret, however, that the figures in this painting are not larger; and that Michael Angelo should have descended from his high ground, to paint on that diminutive scale which has always been the refuge of mediocrity. It is a vicious style of painting, and is perpetuated only by the encouragement of women, and of superficial amateurs, who prefer finish and detail to the more spirited and noble effect of full-sized figures.”

I assented to the general truth of his remarks; but observed, that genuine talent and fine drawing would emit lustre from the pannel of

a miniature; and that Michael Angelo had redeemed himself from any suspicion of a preference for the diminutive, by those children of Enoch, his Sybils and Prophets. After some comments upon the various and conflicting opinions entertained of Buonarotti, I proceeded to infer from his deficiency in colouring, that an artist might rise above all other men in power of intellect and sublimity of conception, and yet fail essentially as a painter.

"And I contend," said a deep and rolling voice, "that an artist of moderate intellect may become not only a successful, but a celebrated painter."

I looked around for the speaker, and saw a man of middle age and majestic person rising from a chair, where he had been partially concealed by the group before him. He extended his right arm as he advanced, and his falling mantle revealed his manly chest and finely formed shoulder. His garb was plain, rustic, and threadbare; his teeth of dazzling whiteness glittered as he spoke, through a black beard of singular magnificence, while his classical features, and eyes of lustrous black, betrayed another Greek; and, if I might judge from his amplitude of brow, and from the powerful and sarcastic expression of his lips, an antagonist more formidable than the brilliant youth I had already encountered.

"The assertion may be startling to professional ears," he continued, "but I contend that a man destitute of original conceptions, of inventive faculties of mind, or whatever you term that light within which raises the individual above the species, will, in painting more easily than in any other of the arts, obtain the applause of the multitude, if, with a good eye, he combines that mechanical readiness and finish which application will bestow upon any one; and judgment enough to devote himself to those subjects only which are most acceptable to the opulent collectors of his time. He must beware of attempting what is termed 'the Sublime' in art, and be contented with a close adherence to nature, and to 'the Beautiful' in nature, which he may accomplish. And he must take high ground, and boldly maintain that the copyist of nature is the only genuine painter, and that all pictorial flights of imagination originate in eccentric or insane perceptions. And he must ask his opponents, as I now ask you, what is 'the Sublime?'"

So absolute was my new opponent's command of feature, that I could not immediately determine whether this attack was made in seriousness, in jest, or in petulance; but it roused in me a spirit of antagonism, which struck out an immediate reply.

"The Sublime?" I exclaimed. "Is it not that which strikes the mind as thunder strikes the ear; and which flashes out, like a spirit, from every thing which rises above the powers and conceptions of man? Does it not radiate from the lineaments, the form, the bearing, the language, and the actions, of great and extraordinary men? Does it not glow in the Iliad of Homer—in the Prometheus of Eschylus—in the god-like statues of the Greek sculptors—and in that wondrous work of yesterday, the Moses of Michael Angelo? Does it not burst upon us in the battle-call of the trumpet—in the howling whistle of the blast—in the roar of the mountain storm—in the plunge everlasting of the cataract—in the surging thunder of the ocean? Does it not thrill and almost suspend our faculties in the silent march of pestilence—in

the deep low muttering which precedes the earthquake—in the magnificence of universal nature—and in the awful mystery which invests the Deity?”

“We shall not arrive at any conclusion,” he coolly replied, “until we have clearly defined the nature and limits of each of the arts. At a more convenient season I shall rejoice to meet such a gladiator in the arena, and to try whether our differences are reconcilable by argument. But we must not forget that the sun is setting in splendour, and that we assembled here for a festal purpose. In Rome, the month of October is ever sacred to social enjoyment; and I propose that we abandon the endless labyrinth of argument to follow the joyous mazes of the dance.”

This proposal being warmly seconded by the more youthful of the assembled artists, we descended into the sheltered garden, where we found numerous groups of happy Romans, and amongst them the fair wives and mistresses of several of our party. Our arrival was hailed as a signal to renew the dance, and the handsome youth who had so fiercely assailed Michael Angelo, singled out the loveliest of the assembled fair ones. She was a noble specimen of the full and majestic style of beauty peculiar to the Roman women, and which would betray too much of Gothic ancestry, were it not redeemed by the dark lustre of their eyes, and the superlative and classic grandeur of their profiles. The dance was of that lively, bounding, dramatic character, in which the Italians delight; full of imagination and sentiment, and imparting life and eloquence to every limb and every feature. The flying grace of the young Greek, and the slender symmetry of his perfect form, were beautifully contrasted with the imposing air, the Juno stature, the more measured and stately movements of his partner, and every eye was fixed upon them in admiration. In the classical and perfect beauty of their forms and attitudes, they resembled two antique statues just descended from their pedestals, and enjoying their new existence in the circling dance. I could have imagined him a nymph of Diana in male attire, and her the Greek Apollo in the garb of woman; and I was no longer at a loss to explain his antipathy to the skeleton school of Michael Angelo, when I saw the fiery flash of his dark eye subdued into Ionian softness as he gazed upon the Titianesque grace and voluptuous contours of his fair companion.

I discovered, on inquiry from our Sicilian host, that the elder of the two Greeks was named Odysseus; that he was a native of the isle of Scio, and was pensioned and patronised by the Giustiniani family, in consideration of certain literary services. He was employed also by the learned in Italy, and other parts of Europe, to collate and to copy the Greek manuscripts in the Vatican library. The young Apollo, Tolomeo, was his nephew, and under his superintendence while studying the art of painting, to which he was professionally devoted.

As I had declined dancing, I occupied myself in observing the grand and regular features of Odysseus, as he gazed in contemplative enjoyment upon the group of dancers. Viewed more at leisure, his noble exterior lost none of its power over my imagination; and, notwithstanding his evident disposition to depreciate the art and the professors of painting, I felt myself strongly attracted by many indications of a mind of the highest order, and by something indescribably different from all other men which I discerned in him. Nature had be-

stowed upon him a head of wonderful properties and unequalled grandeur, displaying, in might, majesty, and wisdom, a personification of the Phidian Jupiter. His eyebrows were prominent, strongly marked, and bushy; and a mind well regulated, fearless, and independent, looked out of his clear and well-opened eyes. His person was not unworthy of the lofty brow, and thick ambrosial curls, which crowned its tall proportions. It was cast in the grandest mould of masculine strength and symmetry, and there was in his deportment, and in his tread, that dignity which is the offspring of self-respect and conscious superiority. The sarcastic expression which played around his lips during the heat of discussion, had disappeared; but when he spake, there was occasionally a good-natured irony in his tone and look which led the listener to doubt whether the opinions he expressed were his own, or assumed only to sound the intellect, and draw out the knowledge of those with whom he conversed.

I accosted him, and proposed a walk up the adjacent hill, to view the glories of the sunset. He assented, with a benignant smile, and we proceeded slowly up Monte Testaceo, on the summit of which we found several artists sketching the varied scenery which glowed around them in the golden hues of an Italian sunset. The ever-lovely pyramid of Cestius, the churches of San Paolo, Pietro Montorio, and Stefano Rotondo, the tower of Cecilia Metella, and the Coliseum, rose in a flood of brightness; beyond them glittered romantic villas, vine-covered slopes, and ancient aqueducts; and the lovely distance was crowned by the hills of Tivoli, Frascati, and the Sabine land.

The broad disk of the sun now touched the horizon, and the sublime and still unfinished cupola of St. Peter's threw up its giant head in luminous and imposing magnificence. Its noble outline was well defined, and apparently brought nearer to the eye, by the transparency of the atmosphere; and, as we gazed upon it, our thoughts simultaneously turned upon the colossal mind and daring hand of the architect.

"That cupola," remarked my companion, "well illustrates the gigantic and imperious mind of the man who designed it. It is the wonder of modern architecture, and would have astonished the boldest Greek or Roman builder. The heroic daring, and sublime perseverance of Michael Angelo would have raised him to distinction in any other career; and had France or Spain produced this fiery and ambitious spirit, his choice would have been politics or arms; but, in prostrate and divided Italy, where could his mighty soul seek occupation and renown, but in the pursuit of arts and letters? How few of these ethereal spirits has any age or nation produced! Even Greece, beyond all comparison the most intellectual nation of antiquity, can display but a scanty group of really great men. Lycurgus, Themistocles, Pythagoras, Socrates, Aristoteles, Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Pericles, Demosthenes, Phidias, Apelles. When I have named these, I have included all. Other bright names illumine the pages of her history; but their radiance was a borrowed light, and their strength was the minor power which the needle steals from the magnet."

The glorious luminary had now sunk in solemn grandeur, and the ruddy tints of evening were rapidly following his career.—"Were I a landscape painter," exclaimed Odysseus, as we returned to the tavern,

“I would for a year paint only atmospheric tints, and, above all, sunsets. What enchanting and harmonious blending of light and shade, of cloudy forms, and clear azure! It is the poetry of nature, and all the prominent features of landscape shine out with new and tenfold lustre when the god of day descends in a glow of fire.”

“The tints of sunset,” I replied, “are too evanescent to be accurately fixed in the memory, and from thence slowly transferred to canvas: nor can any artist approach this kind of excellence who does not combine wonderful skill with a creative imagination, and a deep feeling for the beauties of nature.”

“True,” rejoined Odysseus, “the finer features of nature cannot be faithfully copied until they are deeply felt. They must reach the intellect through the feelings, and thus become interwoven with the man. It was by the daily contemplation and study of the naked human form in public baths and gymnastic exercises, that the Greek artists attained such unrivalled excellence in painting and sculpture. The picturesque attitudes, and finely developed figures of the wrestlers, boxers, runners, and throwers of the discus and the spear, at their public games, afforded opportunities of study and improvement which modern artists may look back upon with envy, but will never attain in the present state of society. The warmer clothing required in the variable climate of Italy, and the absence of athletic games in the education of her youth, prevent that perfect development of strength and beauty in the human frame which distinguished the Greeks: and it is to be feared, that any attempt to remedy this defect by the introduction of gymnastic exercises, would be crushed in its infancy by the iron arm of ignorance and prejudice, and by the withering influence of that monkish power, which knows that it exists only by the blindness of the people, and has cunning enough to foresee the prodigious mental impulse which the full expansion of physical power would convey to the vivacious youth of Italy.”

On our arrival at the tavern, we found the company reduced to our own party, the dancers reposing from their fatigues, and a garden banquet in preparation. Tolomeo and his lovely partner had been proclaimed the king and queen of the feast. Their dark eyes were sparkling with gaiety, their brows were wreathed with chaplets of laurel, and their lips with involuntary smiles, as they were conducted in regal state to an elevated seat at the end of a long table. The scene of the banquet was a spacious arbour of vine-trellice, and under the spreading branches of a lofty chestnut, but open on one side to admit the amber light and soft effulgence of an Italian moon. Our Sicilian host was a man of ingenuity and taste; and his supper table was decorated by several small fountains, which played their pure waters in fanciful and graceful jets, flashing like drifted silver in the moonbeams, and soothing our senses with the gentle cadence of their soft and ceaseless music. The assembled artists, their lovely wives and friends, were grouped around the table, while Odysseus and I occupied the seat opposite to the regal pair, and now began a scene of social and genuine enjoyment. There are no men so richly fraught with spirituality and gaiety as artists in their hours of leisure. All of them possess much general knowledge unconnected with their pro-

fession, and not a few are men of exalted and poetical imagination, and full of refined and generous feeling. With such materials for convivial enjoyment, the hours flew like moments. The delicious wines and fruits of southern Italy, the guitar, the song, the tale, and the repartee, the bright eyes and brighter wit of lovely women, and the speaking glances of youthful lovers; such were our elements of pleasure, and the evening passed as swiftly as a pleasant dream. It was an hour after midnight, when, during a brief pause in the conversation, the melodious voices of Tolomeo and his queen burst like Arcadian flutes upon our ravished ears, and sang in thrilling harmony a joyous and appropriate strain, the chorus of which was chaunted with exulting enthusiasm by all assembled.

SONG.

Qui se un piacer si gode
Parte non v'ha la frode ;
Ma lo condisce a gara
Amore e fedeltà.

Chorus. O care selve, o cara
Felice libertà.

Qui poco ognun possiede,
E ricco ognun si crede :
Nè più bramando impara,
Che cosa é povertà.

Chorus. O care, &c.

Senza custodi, o mura,
La pace è qui sicura,
Che l'altrui voglia avara
Onde allettar non ha.

Chorus. O care, &c.

We now arose to depart in a glowing tumult of friendly and social feeling. It was a night of surpassing splendour, and we walked homeward in the brilliant light of the full-moon, singing in chorus as we skirted the still waters of the Tiber. We moved in gay procession under triumphal arches, and amid ruins of shadowy grandeur, until we reached the Tarpeian rock, where we paused a moment, and separated amidst cordial and resounding wishes of "*Felicissima Notte.*"

DAW'S REMINISCENCES.

MR. EDITOR,—I want to know from you, for I think it is in your line of business, how much money it may fetch me to publish my *Reminiscences*. If you back me, I will set-to, and cudgel my knowledge-box for as pleasant a "*Life and Times*" as ever was writ by that play-wright Reynolds, or the arch-composer Michael—and by George! I'll beat them hollow, even on their own *stage*.

By the law! I've as big a budget of the like characters to show off, as would feed a hungry author for a twelvemonth. None of your flash adventures, to make people laugh, like comical story-books, but downright serious things, that happened to myself during my eventful

life. But the mischief is, I never had much scholarship; elegance of style, therefore, I won't lay claim to—nor fine grammar either; at least, not that I know of—for to say truth, I never could write—that is, small text, having spoilt my hand by beginning with letter-writing on a large scale. Yet my works have been read by all the world, and my midnight *lucubrations* have gone through numberless editions; nevertheless, I'm as innocent of grammar as the child unborn. Fact was, I never had occasion to write, but with a whiting-brush on dead walls, but I never heard that any critic ever found fault with my *Syntax*.

You will observe, therefore, that I employ an amanuensis, who is answerable for the bad spelling and grammar of my memoirs. He blows me up, by telling me, that 'twas he who edited for some of those life-writing folks, who had no more school-learning than I—but, however, I insist on his being particular, and not cramming in too many fine words of his own, lest people should suspect the hodge-podge not to be genuine, and lest I should not be able to understand my own book, as happened to some of his employers. He promises to put a dash under such wares as he furnishes himself, and to write down *verbatim* nothing, but what I comprehend after his explaining it—so that I shall speak for myself, though in his words.

The main point is to lay before you in brief, who, and what I am, that you may judge how far I am fit to write a book, bigger than the History of England, of myself and the nobility and rabble with whom I kept company. I am both a musician and a comic actor by profession, though not on the books of either house; but for all that, my business has given me as many opportunities of observing the Great and Little, as ever any of those gentry had. I once was manager of a theatre as popular as any in London; but this is *anticipating*, as my amanuensis says; for that, if I mean to spin out two volumes, I must begin as far back as I know any thing about my origin. I shall then give you a hurried sketch of my *career*, from the time when I was first thought on till now; and beg you to inform me, whether it will be a good *spec*; as it won't answer me to be keeping an amanuensis here in the compters, at eleven pence three farthings a day, tobacco, snuff, and ale not included, without which we should never feel any *inspiration*, as he says.

All my ancestors, that I ever heard of, were of the mother's side, and she, good woman, was no way given to brag of them! though I have heard her acknowledge that she was indebted to her mother for all the great qualities she possessed. She was a *fine* woman—for her situation in life, and had, I am told, in her youth, a fine contralto voice, that sometimes was heard above every other in Covent Garden——. In reality, some of her notes were so shrill, yet welcome, that even when she was walking in the streets, persons, attracted by her voice, would run to their doors, and invite her with the greatest civility to rest herself, while they commended or criticised the *burden* of her song. She always received some little presents from her admiring hearers, which she, for she was uncommonly high-spirited, returned in fruit and vegetables out of her garden, which was agreeably situated in the purlieus of the theatres. Indeed, I have no doubt she might have accumulated a fortune in this way, had she laid out her money to

interest, but she had a *ginerous* soul, and preferred all her life-time assisting *public-houses*—of refuge, and increasing the revenue, to laying up any provision for the morrow. Her *public* spirit was unbounded, and private virtues appeared ridiculous to her in comparison with the general good; not that I mean to disparage those same private virtues, for hers were private enough, God knows—more so than any miser's charities—but she was none of your over strict people, “too good on earth to stay;” for it was a common saying of her, that she was no better than she ought to be—a negative compliment to her worth, which implies her to have been quite as good as she might be; but nothing *uncommon*—no, by my faith! she was all the reverse of that.

However, though I may have lost a fortune by her noble *thirst* for the good of *the public*, I have no disposition to blame her for indulging it, because it is owing to her love of freedom, that I ever was born—moreover, she threw no tedious forms, or any of the “law's delays” between me and this goodly world; but the good creature, not content with *conceiving* the notion of me, hastened to take out a patent or copyright, to prevent any one else from fathering her young idea, but those to whom she might assign it in her affidavit. Several gentlemen were anxious to have the forthcoming edition dedicated to them, else why did they deposit their subscriptions? but genius is wayward! my lady-mother most disinterestedly named as trustee, a gentleman who had never contributed to her production. She was the means too of bringing him into notice, by the tribute which she paid to his taste; in consequence of which, a gentleman pensioner of the parish, with a gold-laced hat and coat, waited upon him, bearing an address of congratulation, signed by the churchwardens, &c.

I did not come into the world without some such fuss as always attends the entrance of a prodigy. A great house was appointed for my mother's lying-in, and a physician was ordered to attend her free of expense, so grateful was the community for her devotion to their service. I cannot say, however, that their gratitude was without exception, for it was wholly wanting in the quarter one would have least expected; that is to say, in the person whom she had *gratuitously paternised*, and laid under a mighty obligation. Well! well! it's the way of the world! I won't speak ill of him, because he is my namesake, mother having, out of regard for him, honoured him by calling me by his name, a proceeding that was very useful to me in after life, as it enabled me honourably to choose which name I should prefer, of Jay or Daw, my excellent mother being familiarly called Nelly Jay, and her adopted assignee Mr. John Daw.

So clever a woman could not but have particular notions about education, and it was her system that man should become useful from his very childhood. Now as a child could not be a profitable servant in the church or law, it was useless to teach him reading or writing, when he might never live to enter those professions. At least, it was better to instruct him in any art that he could turn to immediate advantage. She soon found out one, that promised to unfold my mental and bodily powers, and produce a certain return, without the expenditure of much capital.

The *alto tenore* of a respectable strolling company happening to

be seized with a locked jaw, in consequence of some mistake in the rehearsal of a tragic opera, my mother applied for the vacancy for me, before indeed I could well articulate; but I was not a bit the less qualified for the part, which consisted in moving the pity of our hearers. Heaven knows how many people I made cry, at the deep pathos of my "Cherry ripe, ripe I say," and "March, march, Ettrick, &c.!" Nothing could be more melancholy than my "Buy a Broom," for it drew abundance of halfpence from buyers' pockets. But at the same time I could be airy and funny on occasions; and though it scarce becomes me to assert it, yet I have seen many a *sorry* fellow stop in the midst of a smart shower, to laugh at my comical delivery of "Home, sweet Home." But, indeed, no one was better disposed to relish the conceit of the song than myself, for there was something very laughable in calling our abode *sweet* home; but the thing is plain, after travelling about for hours under the pelting storm, sometimes barefoot and half-clad, as the costume of the melodram required, it was natural to have thought "no place like home," even though it were a sty, which ours was not by any means, for pigs never go down stairs or ladders to their homes.

I shall not trouble you with my various *debuts* in several new operas performed by our corps, nor with the names of the sonatas, cantatas, and cavatinas, in which I figured before my audience as successfully as Michael Kelly before his. I became a *morning star*, and was offered repeated engagements in other companies, which my mother declined for me, as she had a truly philosophical plan of education laid out for my *perfectibility*. She had rightly judged that the physical powers are first susceptible of development, and that youth is the season for rendering them active and pliant. The manager, who was also thorough-base of our small, select band, happened just then to be taken off by a violent attack of sore throat, which is, I have remarked, both chronic and epidemic in London, occurring once a quarter among the starving poor of the metropolis. This of course deranged the affairs of the troop, which could not be remodelled *instantly*, and gave my mother an opportunity of prosecuting her intentions in regard to me, without violating any stipulation. She bound me for three years to the celebrated professor of gymnastics, Will. Swing. Under him I acquired all the flexibility of limb that could be wished. I learnt to walk on my hands, as a resource in case I should ever lose my legs; to stand upon my head for variety; and to cut all manner of summersaults for exercise. Swing had a peculiar mode of teaching, that enforced his meaning on the very joint in contumacy; and I do believe, if he had lived long enough, I should not have retained one unruly bone in my body; however, he had not studied anatomy, and this proved the cause of his untimely loss to the profession. He knew no difference between the clavicle of the neck and other joints, and therefore Government decreed that he should be *suspended* until he was fully enlightened on that point, for having practised with *intent*, as it was termed, upon the *vertebræ* of one of his pupils. However, they were kind enough to allow him to take a benefit, and got up a platform expressly for his exhibition on the tight rope. The first fall proved fatal to him, not through want of any skill or agility, but from some defect in the

stage, and mismanagement of the attendants. Poor fellow! we all felt *sore* for him long after he was gone. All I inherited by his death was a red waistcoat, trimmed with copper-lace, sooty white breeches, with stockings to match, and an infinity of capers, not forgetting some black and blue ornaments of choice workmanship.

I had now picked up a number of valuable accomplishments, and, what I shall always prize most, a precious set of acquaintance, many of whom have figured in the annals of their country, and others, who will be handed down to posterity in *measured lines*. My genius began to expand itself in lofty flights; but my mother perceiving the bent of my talents, insisted upon my not pursuing my studies without some guide, at such a critical period of my career. I submitted to her sage counsels, and entered myself a novice of the college of Trappists, in the city.

Those not acquainted with the existence of that seminary, may inquire the nature of its doctrines, and its situation. The latter I am not at liberty to reveal; but it is well known to the police, as the great nursery of juvenile assessors, collectors, tax-gatherers, purse-bearers, chancellors of the exchequer, and all those other officers of the nation, who force money out of people's pockets.

The discipline of the academy is this: an image of stuffed ticken is dressed like a gentleman; and to carry on the resemblance, a corner of a silk handkerchief peeps out of the pocket; inside a small bell is suspended, that will tinkle upon the least motion. The scholar advances, and endeavours to extricate the silken commodity. If he succeed without any perceptible alarum, well and good; he is commended, and sometimes paid for his address; if not, for every tinkle he receives a severe reprimand from the lecturer. This is never a verbal one, for fear of *hurting* his spirit only. When he is sufficiently a proficient in these feats of adroitness, he is allowed to practise on living models. Nor are the experiments confined to silk or muslin. The higher grades are exercised upon weightier objects—purses, snuff-boxes, watch and seals, &c. that require greater sleight of hand, without which a youth is not qualified to practise this species of refined legerdemain. As I meant always to be a traveller, and explorer of unknown regions, I perfected myself in all these manœuvres, and acquired such surprising dexterity, as put the professor himself more than once on his vigilance against the rapid flirtation of my hand. He offered to take me into business with him, and give up his college to retire into domestic life with six female friends of his; on condition that each of the eight should share a like portion of the profits. This generous offer I refused; because my mother would not allow me to incur such weighty obligations, unless she were allowed to repay him in some measure, by taking upon herself the office of receiver and treasurer. He could by no means think of encumbering her with such drudgery; and thus, through over-delicacy on both sides, the proposition fell to the ground.

It was just about this time, I got into acquaintance with some of H. M.'s ministers, and representatives of the executive. Some of them wore scarlet, and bore coronets, and all of them had insignia of great consequence about them. None of them were lord high marshal, nor constable of the tower, I am sure; but still many of them were constables and marshals of other places. I say nothing in disparagement of

the king's right of bestowing honours; but still, it behoves him to be extremely particular on whom he bestows such splendid dignities as the baton. Some of these aristocratical gentlemen, for instance, were undeserving of such high favour. It will scarce be believed, that they took advantage of my *free-making* disposition, to inform his majesty of something that *dropt* in my *haste* from me; and in consequence of which, his majesty himself went to law with me, and directed (I must say in the handsomest manner) his own counsel to proceed against me, without putting me to the least charge, not so much as for a counsel to defend me. There was nothing but the height of complaisance throughout the whole proceeding: the judge left it to me to say whether I was guilty or not; I answered "not guilty," but left it to my country; the counsel left it to the judge, and the judge left it to the jury; the jury knew nothing of the matter, but did as his lordship seemed to think proper, that is, they found me guilty of petty larceny—a thing that was absolutely ridiculous and impossible; for as I live, that was the first day I had ever heard of such a crime; and how, in the name of common sense could I be guilty of *knowingly* committing what I did not know to exist, even in name? But the above mentioned coronetted witnesses swore to the fact, and his lordship was polite enough to imagine me as well read in the law as himself; and so, when he most condescendingly asked me if I had any thing to say for myself, I was ashamed of avowing my ignorance in open court, and rather than do so, suffered myself to be removed, for change of air and opportunity of study, to Coldbath-fields for the summer months.

I fell off greatly in my learning during my stay here, for there was small opportunity of practice. Most of the young gentlemen boarders never took snuff but out of other people's boxes, and were equally careless of self in the articles of handkerchiefs and purses. There was a delightful community of goods among them, without any great regard for the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, which feed so many hungry law-choppers. But what could be done, where there was but one wisp among twenty? Nothing remained for me, in this dearth of subjects, but to give private lessons in the science of ways and means, to such of the active young pensioners as took my—fancy. We mutually communicated our progress in the *abstract* sciences; and I never remember a time when I acquired so much desultory information on things in general, though my particular avocation was for awhile suspended. Nor was the government neglectful of the health and education of its most active citizens. We were taught to dance on a new principle, and to keep time with a huge cylindrical organ, that greatly improved our elasticity. There was an *ordinary* kept on purpose for our restoration; and on Sundays a farce was always acted, morning and evening, for our amusement. Every now and again a tragedy was performed, and some of our body were invited to act the principal part; and it must be allowed, that after some advice and preparation, they managed to do the death-scenes in good style. The trainer was a very social fellow, who would often come down after dinner, to chat an hour or so with some of us, and charitably give us an opportunity of trying our skill in the old line.

We scarce ever went empty-handed away from the good man's lec-

tures. I acquired such a relish for this congenial society, that I was almost sorry to leave it, when the three months of my rustication expired, and when it became quite proper for me to make my arrival with the fashionables in town. But I had almost forgot to mention, that some patriotic individuals, of truly evangelical character, had undertaken our instruction in reading and writing on *a new principle*; for most of us would have scorned the old way, as too slavish for genius. They called themselves the Tract Society, and very tractable scholars they made us. Part of the system was this: a regular pack of A. B. C. cards were dealt out among us, and whoever could make a word out of his hand, obtained a certain stake; thus, we gambled for learning. Another plan was this; a tract was given to the head scholar to read; if he read it through correctly, he earned a deposit; if not, whoever set him right got so much out of it; so that altogether, reading and spelling were as agreeable to us as pitch and toss. But whether we won or lost, we always received a quantity of printed papers to study in private: bless their considerate liberality! I never should have been able to alliterate the walls, and consecrate them to learning, nor to mount the tub and preach to the honest Southcotians, had it not been for the charitable edification of the Tract Society; but we will come to all that by and bye; at present it is my business to inform you, how I, and two verily converted brethren of mine, managed to circulate more tracts in a day, than the society had disseminated in a month; and I hope that the charity of the act will cover a multitude of my sins; I say the charity, because, as for *good works*, I no more value them than the society itself.

Well, then, young Griffin, Jim Ferret, and I, were booked for town on the same day, and into a more devout or sanctified department it was impossible to get us. I, in particular, sang psalms more affectingly than I had ever sung *Cherry Ripe*, and was allowed to have had a *call*, and become a sincere penitent. The situation of psalmist to one of the "Little Houses of the Lord" was offered to me; but I had higher objects in view, and meant to *convert* on a larger scale; namely, on the highways and public places. We three volunteered to labour in the same vineyard with the society, and they furnished us abundantly with materials, and a *viaticum*. The morning fixed for our departure (I shall never forget it) had also been selected for the farewell address of some of our brightest companions, who were bound on a journey in quite an opposite direction. They had removed to the neighbourhood of the Saracen's Head, for the purpose of starting early in the morning. We just reached the hotel in time to see them on the top of the new drop, as I think that swiftest of all *stages* is called, and of course we stayed to hear their adieus, and to see them *off*. We profited by the good advice they gave at parting—for how should we have been unconcerned and inattentive to our duty, when the most indifferent spectator appeared so wrapt up in the scene, as to be quite unconscious of what was going on at his very skirts? One of the travellers bade us make the most of time—and so we did, for each of us provided himself with a watch to note it correctly. After which, we set off westwardly, to promote the circulation of the tracts, as we had projected. As these were pretty little sermons adapted to solemn occasions, we thought it but allowable rhetorical art, to fit them with a

text suitable to the melancholy reflexions which the morning's scene had awakened: and to make it more impressive, by an oratorical fiction, we feigned these tracts to be "the last speeches and dying words" of some confessors, who had bequeathed a word of exhortation to their survivors.

There was such a similarity in the style of these two prosy compositions, that persons seldom perceived the pious fraud, until we were far away; for we made it a point not to loiter on our road, but to scatter a grain of advice here and there, collecting at the same time penny subscriptions for the benefit of the society.

Our habits being similar, we agreed to go into partnership, and to purchase a small theatre and orchestra, out of the fruits of the sale of the society papers. I was appointed manager, Griffin money-taker, and Ferret conductor of the band; for this last was a first-rate player on the pandean-pipes and big drum. We had acquired so much reverence for religion and the laws, that we always took care to introduce a grave clergyman, or rebuking magistrate, among the characters personated; and this for the purpose of inspiring the multitude with respect towards those orders. We invariably represented them as doing their duty in spite of blows, stripes, kicks, and other disasters. Our plots were generally of a simple nature, tending to illustrate the felicity of the marriage state, not in the dull, insipid, Darby and Joan life; but in the most animated and *striking* style.

We amassed a tolerable sum each day for all the purposes of life, and a surplus, which we laid out for encouragement to malt-growers; for we always had a public motive in view. During the height of my success, the venerable Mrs. Jay was *confined* in the Borough, whither she had been directed to retire for some months; but as the Morning Post made no mention of her, under the head of births, we think it right, out of delicacy, to keep all relating to that matter a secret.

Fortune rarely favours the deserving for any length of time! A variety of accidents occurred to diminish the profit of our partnership—the loss of my mother, who was the property-woman and *box-keeper*, much embarrassed us—the disputes between the landholders and manufacturers, too, rendered people so suspicious, that they either went without any thing in their pockets, or having it, refused to contribute to the relief of others. How, therefore, could we expect to amerce them? but the most ruinous measure of all, was the appointment of a dramatic censor, in Mr. G. Colman, who refused to license such pieces as contained good, round, old English ejaculations; and, consequently, the entertainments became so insipid to the nation at large, that no one would attend them; and, in fact, the theatre has been retrograding ever since. As we had neglected to obtain the lord chamberlain's license, the reformists adopted summary process of fine, &c. against us. During the examination on oath, before a magistrate, it having appeared that Mr. Griffin had taken upon himself one of the highest privileges of the House of Commons, that of taxing the subject, we were deprived of his valuable services, and he was ordered to appear at the bar, to answer for the breach of privilege.

These accumulated misfortunes obliged us to shut up the theatre, and not long after a docket was struck against me as lessee, by a pawnbroking scoundrel, who put the whole property to the *hammer*.

The poor actors luckily found engagements in other companies. I have here said very little about them, because their lives are familiar to the dramatic public; but should this sketch appear promising enough, I will deck it out with anecdotes of these stage-characters, which will be read with avidity, by all the lovers of the drama.

Having thus suddenly sunk down on the very high-road to wealth, honour, fame, and consequence, no resource remained for me but to turn writer. I chose a grand ornamental style, and adopted a peculiar system of contrast; if the matter on which I wrote was dark or obscure, I composed in a light, brilliant manner, that set off the subject to great advantage. On the contrary, if I had to deal with a plain, lucid subject, I endeavoured to give it an air of gravity and sombre shade, that greatly impressed it on the imagination. However, I generally preferred the light style, because my studies were carried on by night, at which time images of darkness were not adapted to my disposition. But clearness and distinctness were my chief characteristics; and I succeeded so far, that it was usual to say of my writings, that those who ran might read them. How often I have been near being prosecuted for them, is well known to my contemporaries. That, however, is no discredit to me, as the greatest authors have also been prosecuted in this age. I say no more, lest I should be accused of vanity, but refer my readers to the walls about Brompton and Kensington, for specimens of the sublime and beautiful.

I might have subsisted very comfortably by this literary occupation, enlightening the world and helping to polish mankind, had not the subjects on which I wrote been speedily exhausted. The field of my exertions became so narrowed from being, like the other genteel professions, overstocked, that invention was completely foiled for new, untouched matter to write upon. Nothing remained but to publish fresh editions of my works, as fast as they *went off*: but a man of genius flies from the tedious labour of correcting and revising former ideas—such monotonous employment sickens him—add to which, the emolument seldom repays him for his trouble. I did not altogether discard letters, but united them to the more successful mode of instructing mankind morally. Having, in the course of my meditating rambles by moonlight, been one evening suddenly surprised by certain inquisitive meddlers, while in the act of composing a majestic ode on a country church-yard, I broke off the strain in a pet, leaving my instruments behind me, and took refuge from the impertinent spies in the body of the building. Here a gentleman of dignified mien was holding forth upon sheep and goats, lambs, oxen, and asses, as if he were a grazier; and, indeed, he proved to be the greatest *feeder* in the parish. There is no accounting for the unseasonable hour, in which conviction may be forced upon us. Here now was I, dreaming of nothing but cattle, and yet I received as sincere a call in this place, as ever I received. I began to mourn within me, that I had so long neglected the lessons of the Tract Society, and determined instantly to set about teaching men the vanity of earthly possessions.

In effect, on the descent of the grazier from the elevated place whence he delivered his lecture, I went up to him in an unostentatious way, and used certain private arguments, that could not fail to produce in him, conviction of the uncertainty of human possessions. I

showed him how much better it was to keep a good *watch* on himself, than to allow his *flock* to engross his *hourly* concern; I made him take heed, lest the fleecer should himself be *fleeced*, yea, in the very act of *wool-gathering*; and then I modestly retired, not wishing to encounter his self-upbraidings. Having begun the pious work, I hastened back to town that night, reasoning with myself, and strengthening my resolution, to become henceforth an enforcer of the instability of worldly goods.

With this view I waited on an adopted *uncle* of mine, a truly benevolent man, who had always maintained that doctrine by precept and practice, lending money to all such as showed a disregard of their property. I gave him a *pledge* of my conversion; and he fitted me out as an itinerant teacher. I brushed up my divinity, and attended several conventicles before I commenced lecturing, always inculcating by my practice the maxim with which I set out. At length I took the field as a Southcote militant, and *drew* from my congregation as many proofs of their profound attention as ever were elicited. There was such an *outpouring* at my meetings, that the *plate* was found to contain watches, rings, and trinkets, besides coin, extracted from my audience by the powerful appeals I made; and many wept for days after, at the lessons which I had given them. Of course I took not the merit of these zealous efforts on myself, nor did any one attribute to me such selfseeking worldly-mindedness. No! it was no sort of suspicion of my appropriating *gifts*, which did not belong to me, that threw me into discredit with my hearers, who more and more delighted in my discourses, from the zeal with which I denounced picking and stealing. I fell a martyr to the infidelity that spread itself among some of the juvenile females of my auditors. Alas! they might have become the mothers of young Shilohs, had they had the faith of Joanna! But it seems they were moved by the evil one, to read their recantation before a civil magistrate, and to accuse me of having seduced them to *conceive*, that they might give birth to the prince of the millenium. I was bound here and there to keep the *peace*, which it was said I had violated; and to put myself forward as the *sworn* promoter of the *infant* society, which I had helped to form. I was, with all my efforts, unequal to the task; and, in consequence, my ungrateful audience forsook me—that is, they would have forsaken me, if I had not anticipated their design. I left the faithless, frail creatures to shift for themselves, and directed all my abilities to *informing* the great ones of the earth. This country was once ruled by a statesman, who sought *information* from every quarter, high or low, whence it could be attained. I need not name the lowly man, he did one act—for which, if he had never done any other, we ought to be eternally grateful; he died for his country's good. It is this part of my life that gives me the greatest pride, as it enables me to unfold my services to the state, and to relate the high estimation in which I was held by the governors of the land. Judge you, whether Mr. Kelly, or any other, can detail such interesting anecdotes of the great, as fell under my observation, during this nobleman's administration. He was the best patron I ever had; but I scorned to make use of his interest, without rendering myself worthy of his esteem, and of my country's gratitude. I gave him all the secret instructions

which it was in the power of memory and invention to afford. All the Cato-street business was managed by me ; and so indefatigable was I, that, night or day, I ceased not to do every thing at his bidding. I got up moonlight meetings in the disturbed districts ; and was made a member of the *privy council*, on account of my sagacity. A pension was allowed me, which, however, I resigned on conscientious principles ; because I could not reconcile it to myself to be a party man, though I do not blame others for connecting themselves with whatever side they please. My dismissal from the cabinet arose out of this circumstance. One of the ministers held the *great seals*, the emolument of which induced me to endeavour to deprive him of so lucrative an appendage, for the sake of retrenchment. I made a glorious but unsuccessful trial, and in consequence received my *cong  *, conveyed to me by one of H. M.'s judges—and all for not consenting that a tory should enjoy, in quiet, such manifest appurtenances of a *time-server*. But this dismissal was signified in the most gracious manner ; and it was left at my option, whether I would serve in the colonies, or go out as foreign ambassador to a court, upon the lake of Como. I chose the latter, for I preferred the latitude of Italy to the vicinity of the *line*. How I served the administration in that post, shall be told in the subsequent volumes ; here a mere outline of my private history will suffice. I did not neglect my previous cultivation in this classic land, where I amassed a rare collection of coins and antiques, and thoroughly studied music under Hurdigurdini, and Tamborino, the two great Cisalpine masters, and finally returned to England, a finished performer, and an accomplished traveller.

I brought home with me, from Geneva, a grand harmonicon, capable of playing, if properly managed, any overture, in any time or tune yet imagined. I have played some of the most *original* airs in the world on it, and never yet met any body who was not fully enchanted with its *stops*. This is now my great resource—as an amusement, I mean—for, in point of profit, I exact nothing but what the patrons of music choose to give towards my *pipe* and *barrel*.

Thus, sir, I have given you a hasty draft of my diversified life ; and it remains for you to say, whether it is not capable of being woven into as entertaining a narrative as any of the theatrical memoirs heretofore published, or to be published. I have been more than ever was required of an actor—a chorist, a tumbler, a juggler, an enthusiast, a manager, an author, a preacher, a minister, an envoy, and a leader of an orchestra—What else can I add to this catalogue of fascinating employments ? Have I not signalled myself in all of these, each of which is the extent of another man's ambition ? If you think the details would make a selling book, and encourage other men of genius to benefit the world by their adventures behind the scenes, pray send me an offer, and if it is at all reasonable, I will set about it *instantly*, and push it into the hands of the public, before any more Reminiscences can appear ; for I have plenty of time now upon my hands, having taken quiet lodgings in the computer, a large hotel, where my mother has been living in retirement for some years past.

JACK DAW.

DIARY

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

A LUMINARY of the law is wont to observe, that there is no such thing as bad wine ; some wine, he admits, is better than other, but none is bad. The same may be said of discussion of public affairs. There is no such thing as useless discussion ; some discussion is more profitable than other, but none is bad. As stagnant waters corrupt, so undisturbed institutions deteriorate. Let in a breeze to ruffle them, and they are purified by the commotion. But then to hear the distracted voices of the discomposed tadpoles, who call the stars out of the firmament, to witness the turbulence of the tempest, and avert its dire rage ; and protest that heaven and earth are coming together by reason of the agitation of their element ! If tadpoles had their way, waters would be ever stagnant and green ; but the world is not made for tadpoles, and breezes ruffle and fresher currents purify the lakes. Great is the virtue of agitation ; but wherever it takes place, there is sure to be some small fry of little creatures to be disturbed, and petulant is their resistance—angry and dismal their remonstrance. We should like to know the terms in which a certain unfavoured insect, which politeness would rob not only of its life, but even of its name, (albeit it is euphonous) would speak of a small-tooth comb. Would he not condemn it as something more horrible than a French Revolution. How he would paint the terrors of its ravages ! What dreadful images he would present of the bleeding, mangled forms, and impaled bodies of his fellow l— ! and how impossible it would be to raise the little thing's little mind to the contemplation of the utility of the small-tooth comb ; and to make him understand the justice and propriety of his being sacrificed to the comfort of the human head. And yet a l— might have much to say too. He would point to the woods and waters, and observe, that they were all peopled with myriads of living creatures ; and he would ask whether nature had not provided the abundant head of hair for his shelter and retreat, and those of thousands of his kind. He would inquire whether it was credible, compatible with divine wisdom, that those auburn tresses should have been made merely for show ; and then philosophically passing to the examination of their nature, he would prove it to be vegetable, and argue thence, that it was intended for sporting cover to animal life. He would then proceed to draw a touching picture of the happiness of l— living peacefully and innocently in the luxuriant pastures of a head unprofaned by a comb, and to describe the sudden and utter devastation produced by the introduction of that scourge to the l— race. Boroughs desolated at a scratch ; whole people swept in an instant to destruction ; fathers torn from their daughters ; weeping mothers from their sons ; fond husbands from their distracted wives ; or whole families impaled together and writhing in common torture on one tooth. In vain should we urge to the spokesman that the head must consider what is most agreeable to its own ease ; he would refer us to that great knob the world, and

desire us to observe, that the history of human policy shows that its ease, peace, and interests, are perpetually sacrificed to those privileged two-legged l— that prey on it; and he would entreat us to remember, in what a dreadful light a small-tooth comb revolution is regarded by us, when it unfortunately is provoked by an excess of irritation; and how, for years afterwards, we resist any purifications, by expatiating on the past horrors. How could we answer this remonstrance?—by putting the back of our nail with an ex officio pressure on the speaker. It certainly is strangely difficult to make little creeping things believe that man is not made for them. As Gay says:—

“ When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide watery world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beast that range the wood or plain,
And know all these by heaven design’d
As gifts to pleasure human kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I ! ”
“ Not of the importance you suppose : ”
Replied a flea upon his nose :
“ Be humble, learn thyself to scan ;
Know pride was never made for man.
’Tis vanity that swells thy mind,
Was heaven and earth for thee design’d !
For thee made only for our need,
That more important fleas might feed.”

Thus it is with the fleas on the noses of society all the world over—man is invented for their need, that more important fleas may feed. What is the ease and tranquillity of a nose compared with the pleasure of an established flea? All Ireland is kept in irritation simply that some important shovel-hatted-fleas may feed on her delicate bits. As I said before, however, great is the virtue of agitation, and even fleas are discomposed by flappers. Discussion is therefore as ungrateful to certain insects, covetous of that kind of retirement which the mouse sought in the Cheshire cheese, as the light of publicity is to dirty doings; and hence the spokesmen of the insects, or the advocates of the dirt, arraign the discussion or the light as the cause of mischief, instead of tracing the evil to the nature of the two things that suffer by them. We heard of a housemaid, the other day, who, on having some filth pointed out to her in a remote nook of a chamber, exclaimed, “ Lord, Ma’am! it’s all along with the nasty sun that comes into the room, and shows every speck of dirt!” Here was a housemaid fit for an all-work place in the House of Commons. Is there any member on the treasury benches who could hit off a defence of dirty doings more orthodoxly? Could the Attorney General Wetherell have made a better speech than this unlearned maid? Really I should be glad to see the girl placed where her parts might serve his majesty’s government, and if Mr. Holmes will apply to me, I will procure her address for him. She will be worth all the old women of the gown now in the House, put together. Consider that her talent is natural, uncultivated, unpractised; and yet by her own lights, she has arrived at the established form of reasoning in resistance of all reforms. If we find any thing amiss in the jurisprudence of the country, or the administration of the laws, what is to blame? not the blemish, but

the housemaid's "nasty sun" that discovered it—the foul press, the filthy publicity. The housemaid would gladly pluck the "nasty sun" out of the heavens, and fling it into the slop-pail instead of the filth; and our sluts of all-work in Parliament would fain pursue the same course with the press, or any other engine of publicity. Whatever discovers the necessity for brushes and brooms, is accounted a great evil. Exclusion of light, and consequent ignorance of dirt, is the policy. Ventilation and discussion should be deprecated in the political liturgy, more energetically than battle, murder, and sudden death.

The question of flogging in the army has this month been agitated, and the mischief of discussion has of course been bewailed in the most piteous terms. This is, however, one of the many illustrations of its benefits. Within a few years, flogging has become (compared with former periods) extremely unfrequent, and this, from a conviction that the arguments against the punishment were so strong, that any abuse of it would provoke its entire abolition. It is now continued on sufferance, on the understood condition that it will be inflicted only in cases of the last necessity. Whether it would be better to get rid of it altogether, is a more difficult question than many humane people seem to imagine. The opinion of some of the best and most liberal and enlightened military heads, is, that in time of peace, the power might be dispensed with, if it could be again resumed, as the army is then excellently composed, and the threat of dismissal is sufficient to deter from crime; but in a state of war, it is thought that the punishment is necessary to the discipline of an army recruited from the dregs of a populace which is, perhaps, the most brutal in Europe. When Sir Robert Wilson refers us for imitation to the discipline of the armies of France, he overlooks this material fact; that the principle on which it depends is one which has no influence on our lowest classes—namely, that of honour. The people must be elevated, before we can reckon on acting upon their minds by those means which have the most powerful sway in a country, where civilization, if not carried to so high a point, is more equally diffused. The superior orders in France do not hold their inferiors aloof as if they were infected with pestilence, or that *vulgarity*, our dreaded plague, were infectious. It is delightful to see the familiarity, the kindly intercourse, between the higher and lower classes in France, and we are satisfied that both are gainers by the communion. In the French army we have observed with more pleasure than we can describe, the obvious reliance which the men have on the sympathy of their officers, and the confiding readiness with which they communicate to them their petty cares, troubles, and concerns, and the interest with which their commanders listen to them. There is no *hauteur*, no distance preserved between the parties, and yet nothing is lost to authority by the concession of a little human kindness. Until the materials of our army resemble those of France—and we know not when the insolent prejudices of our aristocracy will allow that time to come—we cannot hope to see it governed by the same mild means, and resort must be had to harsher punishments to restrain natures which our unsocial system has rendered callous. While, however, we incline to think that it may be necessary to retain the power of inflicting corporal punishment with a view to a

state of war, we must observe that nothing can be conceived more absurd than the extravagant arguments advanced in defence of them by the official *approvers* in the House of Commons.

“The Right Honourable Sir John Beckett (the advocate-general) said, that it had been granted upon the other side of the House, that the army, under its late commander-in-chief, had been brought to an admirable state of discipline. It was therefore fair to infer, that the practice of corporal punishment had been put upon the most judicious basis, and it was wise not to alter or tamper with a system that had produced such a fair result.”

Here we have the old original fallacy of “cum hoc, ergo propter hoc;” the error in reasoning which would surely prevail in the orations of the less intelligent brutes, if brutes could speak, and which is every day found in the speeches of the country gentlemen.* *Æsop’s Fly on the Chariot Wheel* doubtless argued “cum hoc propter hoc,” “Seeing that I am on this chariot, which proceeds so gloriously, is it not rational to imagine that I am a cause of its speed?” Uncivilized people, savages, and country gentlemen, can seldom distinguish between coincidence and consequence. If the wild man sees an operation performed with a variety of gestures, his reason does not instruct him how far they are or are not necessary to the result, and he takes it for granted that none of them can with safety be omitted. Hence the mummary of charms. In like manner, country gentlemen, when they see a system “working well,” as the parliamentary phrase goes, conceive that all things coexistent with it, are causes. If the state vehicle rolls on in spite of a drag chain, they imagine that the drag chain is the principal cause of its advance, and that to take off the drag chain would be to stop for ever the progress of the machine. Sir John Shelley argued that the game laws were the main cause of the prosperity of Great Britain; for, said he, as it has attained to such greatness while these laws have existed, is it not fair to infer that they have been instrumental to it? The corollary is an argument against all innovation. A country manager, after the performance of Mrs. Siddons, observed, that “It was *very well*, but not equal to Mrs. Abingdon. For when Mrs. Abingdon,” said he, “spoke such a passage, she used always to stand upon that trap door; now I observe that Mrs. Siddons, when she came to that part, stood in another place.” This man had the mind of a Shelley. He fancied the trap door essential to fine acting, as Sir John fancies steel-traps necessary to national prosperity; but in the one case, the circumstance mistaken for cause was indifferent, in the other it is positively baneful.

The fallacy in question, says Bentham, consists in representing the obstacles, or at least the uninfluencing circumstances, as the cause of the beneficial results.

The army has been improved while flogging has been allowed, (cum hoc ergo propter hoc,) therefore, argues Sir John Beckett, it is not

* Let it be always understood that in speaking of country gentlemen we mean those in Parliament who are distinguished above all the children of earth for prejudice, selfishness, and stupidity. They are the representatives of the class, but bad ones we hope, and indeed believe. There must be an abundance of intelligence in the country, but it is not in the great houses.

wise to tamper with the cat-o'nine-tails that has produced such a fair result. Now I differ with Sir John Beckett on his own ground; I rather incline to think that the short swallow-tailed coats are the cause of the improvement of our army, for I have observed that its discipline and efficiency have been advancing ever since those tails were worn by its officers. And here I must observe that his majesty is not well advised in altering, as he so frequently does, the fashion of the uniforms; for who knows but that the cut of a jacket may have been the secret of our military glory; it is at least as likely as that it turns on the cut of a back. Next to the reasoning, we admire the tact and taste of the judge advocate. In continuation he observed, that he could put the question of flogging upon the prerogative of the crown. Oh, excellent Beckett! This of a truth is a judicious ground of defence. When next soldiers are exhorted to "fight for the crown," let it be added, "and for its glorious prerogative of whipping you, my boys." "Die for your king and his cat-o'nine-tails."

Mr. Hume was visited with a strange hallucination in the course of this debate. Sir J. Hardinge had objected to the substitution of solitary imprisonment for flogging, because it had been found in the Penitentiary that this punishment had no good effect, and that the fear of corporal chastisement was thought requisite by a committee, including Lord Bexley, whom Sir Henry facetiously described as one "who would be foremost to censure any measure of unnecessary severity." Mr. Hume, upon this, was thrown into a wondrous agitation, conceiving that Sir Henry Hardinge meant to class our most respectable friends and natural allies, the soldiers, with convicts! Now, taking Mr. Hume to be a man of great solidity of judgment, strength of nerve, and vigour of stomach, I yet think it extremely probable, that after hearing that pleasant joke about the great tenderness of Lord Bexley, he must have been affected with some qualms which must have disturbed the bile and brought on an attack of dysentery within four-and-twenty hours. I know that such was the effect on me. Indeed the very name of Bexley affects my bile in a most grievous manner. If Mr. Hume then sent for an eminent practitioner, and the doctor told him, "I will not give you such a drug, because we find in the Penitentiary, where dysentery of this character prevails, that it is inoperative;" would Mr. Hume have been wise had he gone into tantarums and said, "Doctor, I don't know what you mean by comparing my bowels with the bowels of convicts; give me leave to tell you, sir, that my bowels are not locked up, they are not confined, sir, but quite the contrary! and the physic fit for the diseases of felon intestines is no physic for mine."

This might or might not be true; but I have more than doubts whether a culprit in the guard-house, is one whit more respectable than a culprit in the Penitentiary.

— It has been frequently remarked that there is no office so generally ill filled as that of coroner, and that few duties are so zealously discharged as those of the inquest juries. The jurors find themselves, for the most part, in a new situation, the melancholy business of which is calculated to excite their feelings and give a strong impulse

to their inquiries. The coroner, on the other hand, is commonly a small lawyer of some kind, who has driven, perhaps, a good many miles to the spot, and is mainly anxious to drive back again to his private affairs, or his dinner; sitting on dead bodies is no new occupation to him; he is more deeply concerned about the loss of time than about the loss of life; and more anxious to despatch the business than to search out the truth. The verdict is the release which leaves him free to attend to his other affairs, and the verdict he accordingly desires with as little delay as possible. There are of course exceptions to this sketch; and there are also cases, the circumstances of which will overcome the indifference of office, and rouse the coroner to activity; but they are of rare occurrence. With the jurors the more extraordinary causes of excitement are unnecessary, because being less used to the duty, they are moved by the common event of a mysterious or violent death, rendered impressive by the view of the particular subject under their eyes. Acting under such different feelings, it is not strange that the coroner and his jury should, in nine cases out of ten, be pursuing diametrically opposite objects—the jury pushing their inquiries as far as possible—the coroner endeavouring to limit them to the narrowest conceivable point. The jury investigating every particular connected with the deceased, and in any manner bearing on the immediate cause of death; and the coroner confining them to the barren question, “Of what did he die.” A poor creature labouring under cold is turned away from the door of the workhouse; lies in the street exposed to the weather, and perishes. An inquest is summoned. The body viewed. A surgeon examined, who deposes, that the cause of death was an inflammation of the lungs. This satisfies the coroner. Gentlemen, he says, you hear that the deceased’s death was occasioned by an inflammation of the lungs. The jury would inquire whether any kind of wrong or ill treatment had led to this inflammation of the lungs, but the coroner’s authority prevails; and they find, “died of an inflammation of the lungs,” though “died of a brutal overseer” would be a more strictly apposite verdict. If a man be found shot in the high road, the coroner who presides at the inquest knows perfectly well that a verdict of “died of a bullet in his brain,” would neither appear very wise nor satisfactory to the public. He feels that it is necessary to go beyond the fact of the bullet in the brain, and to inquire how it came there; and in certain cases juries desire to ascertain the circumstances which have caused the disease of which a person has died. The other day, a poor waterman confined for an assault, we think in Tothill-fields, died in consequence of his having been exposed in a partly open shed to the inclemency of the weather. The surgeon who examined his body would find only a common disease, which is the destruction of hundreds of whom the tenderest care is taken; but the jury carrying their researches further, would discover that this common disease was the consequence of the improper place of confinement. The open shed was as directly the cause of the death of this man, as the pistol ball was the cause of the death of the man found in the highway. No malice, it is true, is to be supposed in the former instance; but the law has its penalties for *chance medley*, and with excellent effect might they be enforced,

so as to make people suffer for the destruction of life from carelessness.* Three years ago, two men improperly, nay, illegally confined in a cage, were burnt to death. The verdict was, "died of burns, &c." It would more properly have been "died of a ——— magistrate." These remarks have been called forth by the late inquests in the Fleet Prison, in which we observe the usual searching spirit of the jury checked by the contrary habit of the coroner. The two go together like candle and extinguisher. It seems the genius of the one to throw light, and the province of the other to put it out. The sufferer in the first of the cases before us, was a Mr. Devenish, who had surrendered himself, as a prisoner for debt, to the Fleet Prison, when ill of an inflammation of the lungs.

The following extracts from the evidence will show how he was treated in this state.

"Mrs. Devenish, the wife of the deceased, said, that her husband being in a state of bad health, on entering the prison, she applied to Mr. Brown for a room. Mr. Brown [the warden, we believe] said that, when he had paid his fees, he would have a chummage. She offered to pay for a room; but Mr. Brown said, there was only a large room, without beds; and she must put her husband on the boards.

"Mr. Charles Snitch, a surgeon, of Brydges-street, Covent-garden, said, that he attended the deceased on the 1st instant, at his residence, and took forty ounces of blood from him in consequence of a violent inflammation on the lungs; after the deceased's arrest, witness visited him in the Fleet Prison, and saw him in a room with fourteen or fifteen other persons; the place was filled with smoke, and calculated to aggravate his disorder; the deceased walked into the passage to converse with him.

"Mr. Brown deposed, that when the deceased entered the prison, a person applied for a room for him, and he told the party that he would have a chummage ticket in twenty-four hours after he had paid his fees, and in the interim he was directed to go into the warden's room, where he slept on the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday nights.

"The sister of the deceased stated to the jury, that her brother slept but one night in the warden's room.

"Mr. Brown here asserted that he did not say to Mrs. Devenish, 'that the deceased might lie on the boards.'

"Mr. Shelton, the coroner, inquired why the deceased was not put into the infirmary?

"*Mr. Brown replied, that there was no infirmary on the master's side.*"

We request the reader to note this jesuitical reply. It shortly appears that there was an infirmary on the other side of the prison.

* The injury by carelessness, for which the negligent party is most rarely held responsible, is injury to life. The person legally charged with the care of a horse, is answerable for any damage he may receive while in his hands; but he who is legally charged with the safe keeping of a man, the support, perhaps, of a whole family, may destroy him by inattention, negligence, or improper treatment, and escape with complete impunity. Why would it not be as just that a wife or a child should be enabled to recover damages for the injury done to a husband or a father, "*per quod*" they lost their support, as that a trader should recover damages for the mischief done to a bale of merchandize, or a more analogous case, a father for the seduction of his daughter?

“A solicitor, on the part of the relatives of the deceased, stated that Mr. Devenish, when he first arrived at the prison, in consequence of not paying the fees demanded, was put on the poor-side, where there is an infirmary, and he wished to know why Mr. Brown removed him from thence?”

“Mr. Brown said that *he had been informed that the deceased's disorder was contagious.*”

By whom? By the surgeon, by any person competent to give information, or by a turnkey that made money of the infirmary beds?

“A juror asked Mr. Brown what was charged per night to the prisoners for lodging in the warden's room?—He replied that they were charged *one shilling each, according to Act of Parliament.*”

“John Juddery, the head turnkey, was examined: He deposed that, on the prisoner's arrival, he showed him into a room where there were six persons.

“Juror: And he was kept out of the room because he did not pay?”

“Witness replied, that the deceased did not apply to him about his being excluded from the room. *He accommodated the deceased in the warden's room, and charged him 2s. a night; he could not afford to do it for less.*”

This was done, be it observed, in contravention of the Act of Parliament, just before quoted by Mr. Brown.

“Dr. Clutterbuck deposed, that he visited the deceased on Monday, the 19th instant, in room 21, called the infirmary-room, at the top of the prison; he was in bed, and appeared in a hopeless state; he was again bled, and the next day he died.

“The coroner observed, that it was quite lamentable that there was no surgeon or infirmary within the walls of this prison.

“Juddery, the turnkey, was recalled: he deposed that he permitted the deceased to sit in his room, till he went to his bed in the warden's room; he had the privilege of letting out beds to any persons in the prison who possessed none; he charged at the rate of 5s. 6d. a week for the use of a bed.—Several questions were put, to show that the witness let beds to prisoners, who were well, for their use in the infirmary, to show that the infirmary was not appropriated to sick persons only.

“Mr. Shelton observed, that the management of the prison was not so much the object of their inquiry, as the cause of the poor man's death.”

Here we come to the customary coroner's doctrine; the genuine, the original “Crowners's quest law.” The cause of the poor man's death was, nosologically speaking, undoubtedly an inflammation of the lungs; but the main end of the inquiry was to ascertain whether the inflammation of the lungs had not been rendered fatal by the manner in which the deceased had been lodged in prison—and this necessarily involves the prison management.

“Mr. Brown, jun. a son of the warden, stated, that the deceased was received into the prison on the 3d Feb. and that on the 7th,

witness gave him what is called a "chum ticket," by which he became entitled to the use of the room, No. 14, in the third gallery, in common with two other prisoners. The rule of the prison is, that a prisoner shall be located, or, as it is termed, chummed within twenty-four hours of his entrance, provided that within that period he had paid his fees; and the delay in the present instance occurred in consequence of the deceased not having paid his fees. The usual practice is to send for the prisoner to the lobby, and there give him his ticket; but as Mr. Devenish was ill, his ticket was sent him by the crier. The room in which deceased was placed, was that to which he became entitled in regular rotation, the day on which he paid his fees.

"By Mr. Watlington.—Was the deceased apparently very ill when he came into the prison?—I did not see him.

"Mr. Watlington.—Is there no examination when a prisoner comes in, to ascertain whether he is ill or well?—No.

"Mr. Watlington.—Then supposing he was afflicted with a contagious disease, it would not be discovered?

"Witness.—It would not. The prisoner would be passed into his chummage without any observation."

Why the other Mr. Brown had stated, that the prisoner was removed from the poor side of the prison, where there was an infirmary, because he had been told that his disorder was contagious.

"Coroner.—Is there any sick-room on the master's side?—None; but prisoners taken ill on that side would be admitted into the infirmary on the other side, as a matter of course.

"In reply to a question from Mr. Watlington, the witness stated that he did not know whether or not the infirmary was full when the prisoner came into the prison.

"Mr. Brown, sen. was asked the same question, and stated that it was partly occupied by persons in good health, who could not get accommodation elsewhere in the prison. *Did not know whether the turnkey derived any advantage from letting out the room to those persons.*"

The knowledge of this witness may be matched by the famed Majocchi. The Fleet Prison must be marvellously well regulated, if one of the superintendants really does not know what perquisites the turnkeys receive.

"On referring to the evidence of the head turnkey, it appeared that he had put some of his own beds in the room, and had let them out at 2s. per night to the prisoners.

"Mr. Watlington observed, that this fact was contrary to the intended use of that room.

"William Ellison, crier of the prison, stated that shortly after the deceased came into the prison, he went, by Mr. Juddery's desire, with his compliments and the key of the sick room, for which kindness the deceased expressed his gratitude. He then seemed very unwell. Witness also took him his chum ticket.

"Mrs. Devenish here stated, that the prisoner upon whom the deceased was chummed refused to admit him, or to open his door. He, however, afterwards paid him 4s. 6d. which is the sum regulated by the Act.

“Verdict—That the deceased died a natural death, by the visitation of God.

“The jury added, ‘We regret that there is no resident medical man to attend to the sick; and no place suitable for the accommodation of such persons.’

The last clause of this verdict is obviously not quite accordant with the evidence. The jury had not to regret that there was no place suitable for the accommodation of the sick; but rather that the place for their accommodation was applied to other purposes. They should therefore have said, “We regret that the beds in the infirmary intended for the sick, were let out at 2s. per night to the healthy prisoners, by which the sick were deprived of them.”

On another inquest held in this prison, Mr. Shelton again resisted an inquiry which involved the management of the jail. The question was very likely irrelevant, and the insinuation conveyed, probably unfounded; but still we cannot help thinking, that it was resisted on a wrong ground. The deceased’s complaint was consumption; and it was asserted that the prison had thirty gin-shops in it, which would certainly, if resorted to by the patient, be very likely to quicken the course of that disease; but Mr. Shelton declared, that the gin-shops had nothing to do with the death of the deceased; and refused to inquire into their existence.

“Mr. Shelton.—We are here to inquire into the cause of death, and not the management of the prison; the deceased had a right to drink spirituous liquors, if he could get them.

“Mr. Gilpin.—But the laws of the country forbid the sale of spirituous liquors in a place of this description.

“Mr. Shelton.—I will not put your question; you must make your complaint elsewhere.”

A man in a consumption may have as much right to drink spirits, as another in affliction has to pass a ball through his brains; but if a man in a state of despondency, shot himself; and it were alleged that pistols were let out in the prison for the accommodation of gentlemen who had a mind to commit suicide; surely, Mr. Shelton might think it not wholly foreign to the object of the inquiry, to ascertain whether such was fact.

This, it is true, is not so strong an instance as the other; but we observe in it a part of the grand system of narrowing investigation; and sorry we are to see, that it has been in some degree sanctioned by a very high authority. The case, to be sure, in which the doctrine we are about to quote was broached, was one of libel; and we know, that when the object is to coerce the press, all other considerations of policy are lost sight of. A newspaper was to be put in the wrong; to do this, it was necessary that a coroner’s jury should be put in the wrong; and therefore, wrong they were made, *ex cathedrâ*. The journal had merely reported the proceedings of an inquest; but the proceedings being pronounced irrelevant and injurious, the report was declared libellous. The action alluded to was *East v. Chapman*, tried in the Court of King’s Bench; the libel, the following report published in the *Sunday Times*:—

“On Wednesday an inquest was held before Thomas Stirling, Esq.

one of the coroners for Middlesex, at the sign of the Sovereign, in Taunton-place, Regent's Park, on the body of Maria Webb, only sixteen years of age. The deceased was a remarkably fine and handsome girl; and to her personal attractions were added great vivacity and a good disposition. She was the daughter of very respectable persons residing in the country, and was in the service of John Henry Buckingham, Esq. of Park-street, Mary-le-bonne. The evidence first taken was that of the brother of the deceased.

"Mr. W. Webb, a cheesemonger, residing in Boston-street, who stated that the deceased was unmarried. She had been in good health previous to that day week. Her mistress sent for witness; he went to Park-street, and found deceased very poorly, complaining of violent pains in her back. Believing that she had caught cold, and that she did not require medical assistance, he returned home. In the evening deceased came to witness's house, and repeated her complaint, and witness's wife gave her a few drops of turpentine, and some gruel—the latter she took home with her. Witness was again sent for by Mrs. Buckingham, at ten o'clock at night. Witness found deceased sitting by the fire, still complaining. A surgeon was sent for, he took a little blood from her, and she was put to bed. It was suspected that she was with child, and going to miscarry; but on being questioned she denied it. Witness took her to his own house next morning, where the doctor continued his attendance, and she miscarried on Saturday morning, and died in witness's arms on Sunday evening. Some hours before she expired, she was sensible of her danger, and witness closely questioned her. She then said, that William East had been taking liberties with her, and had committed the act of violence. It appeared that a short time ago the deceased lived as servant to Mrs. East, who keeps livery stables near Finsbury-square, and that William East, who is her nephew, manages the business for her. The deceased further informed her brother, that during the absence one day of Mrs. East, William East rudely attacked her, and she locked herself in a room whither she had fled for refuge; after remaining there some time, she opened the door, thinking East was gone; but he instantly rushed into the room, and being unable to protect herself, he accomplished his purpose. He threatened her, should she make any disclosure of what had passed. She quitted her place in consequence.

"John Hoskins Shearman, of 20, Dorset-place, Mary-le-bonne, surgeon, and Mrs. Buckingham, corroborated the evidence of the first witness.

"The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict—That she died, having miscarried.

"The jury warmly declared their sentiments as to the conduct of Mr. East, and expressed their readiness to assist, as far as possible, in any measures that might be pursued for the bringing him to justice."

The correctness of the report was proved in evidence, but nevertheless the Chief Justice in his charge to the jury said:—

"That the question for their consideration was, merely the amount

of the damages, and not whether they should find for the plaintiff or defendant; he reminded them, that counsel for the defendant had urged that the publication was a correct report of the trial before a coroner, and that the question was then raised, whether, as the record now stood, evidence could be allowed for the purpose of establishing the truth of the publication; the question was entirely novel; but upon the best consideration he was capable of giving the point, he still adhered to his opinion of its admissibility, not that it might govern the verdict, but that it might determine the amount of the damages. His lordship was further induced to admit it, being always inclined to receive evidence when offered, in the hope that it might prevent the parties from coming before him again; but the evidence in the present case, whether admitted under a plea of justification or otherwise, would not have sustained the publication, because it failed in one point, namely, that the evidence of Webb had been corroborated by other persons. Much had been said of the duty of editors. His lordship did not pretend to know the duty of editors, or whether it differed from the duty of other men—but this he did know, that it was the first duty of editor, printer, and publisher, to say nothing that could injure the reputation of any individual, unless he be prepared to prove the truth of what he puts forward; this was an important duty, to which all connected with the press ought carefully to attend. They should be cautious how they give circulation to that which, though false, would be readily believed. The manner in which it was published, often induced those who knew nothing of the circumstances to adopt it as true. The present case, his lordship remarked, afforded a strong proof of the great inconvenience resulting from the indulgence, on the part of those engaged in the administration of public justice, in any remarks not called for by the duty they were performing, no matter in what department they served; whether they presided as judges, or were assembled as a jury, they ought to feel the necessity of taking care that all they said or did was confined to the subject matter solemnly before them. They should abstain from offering any opinions as to facts into which it was not competent for them to inquire, and which did not form part of their investigation. If the jury, in the present instance, had not yielded to their feelings, this action would not have been necessary. Honest men, sometimes, did that which, upon sober and cool consideration, they would not wish to do. It was no part of their duty to inquire whether the young girl in question had been seduced by Mr. East. They had merely to say whether she came by her death through violence, or died by the visitation of God; and Mr. Stirling was, therefore, correct in refusing to investigate any other matters. It could be of no benefit to publish her declaration, inasmuch as it would not be admissible evidence in any proceeding against the plaintiff; nor could any man have been put on his trial, on account of what she said. The law, it was true, admitted the declaration of a person who had met his death by violence, provided his declaration was made under the impression that he was then about to die. The publication, therefore, could not tend in any way to the benefit of society, or the advancement of public justice. His lordship concluded

by observing, that it was the duty of the jury not to allow themselves to be betrayed into exorbitant damages, by any angry feelings which the evidence was calculated to excite."

If juries, in such cases as the above, were merely required or expected to find a verdict of *suicide*, this doctrine might be very sound; but while they conceive themselves bound to do more, we cannot but regard it, with all becoming deference to authority so high, as extremely questionable. The state of mind of the deceased previous to, or at the time of self-destruction is a customary inquiry; nay, the law renders it an essential one, as there is forfeiture of property to the king in cases of *felo de se*. In order to ascertain this fact, it is surely necessary to discover what causes of uneasiness, or distress of mind, may have existed; and this can hardly be done without involving, as in the above instance, the conduct of other parties. A trader commits suicide. What is more germane to the business of the coroner's inquest than to ask whether he laboured under pecuniary embarrassments? and thus the authors of them, if such persons there are, are necessarily implicated. It may appear in evidence, for example, that an individual for whom the deceased was bail to a large amount, had absconded, or that another had dishonourably failed to acquit himself of his obligations. Would the publication of these facts, explanatory as they would be of the action of the suicide, be deemed irrelevant and consequently libellous? It certainly would, according to the doctrine of the Chief Justice. Statements affecting the conduct of persons not before the court, whether strictly founded or unfounded, are certainly grievous to the parties; but it seems necessary to the business of justice, that they should be made in numberless different modes, and the pain to particular individuals is probably sufficiently compensated by the general advantage to the public. In inquests on suicides they might perhaps most safely be dispensed with, if the law of forfeiture did not exist, and the jury were not consequently instructed, that it is their duty to discover the state of mind in which the deceased committed the act; for while this investigation is expected of them, we do not see how they can avoid the inquiry which is pronounced irrelevant and injurious, nor how the press can give a faithful report of their proceedings without incurring the risk of libel. The doctrine of the Chief Justice is capable of a very wide application. If the report of irrelevant matter compromising the character of individuals is libellous, it is scarcely possible to give an account of a single trial without transgressing the law; and the legal reports, in their most grave and approved forms, contain a tissue of libel; the remarks of both barristers and witnesses being frequently at once irrelevant and defamatory.

— If there is any thing certain in this world, it is that the Morning Chronicle is incorruptible. This being the indisputable fact, and its ability being as much beyond the reach of suspicion as its honesty, I look upon its criticisms on literary productions as perfectly oracular, and entitled to the profoundest respect. Whatever it says is right. Such being its authority, it is very fortunate for the public, that whenever a new work issues from particular presses, the Chronicle

publishes impartial paragraphs, of a dozen lines or so, about it, every other day for months. Just now it is fully occupied with Vivian Grey. Thus saith the oracle:—

“Vivian Grey is somewhat altered in spirit since last, *in the triumph of his wit and satire*, he passed over the London world of fashion. He comes forward now, more in sorrow than in anger, to review the follies and vices of high life, to paint lofty and original character, and to luxuriate among the whimsical fancies which a moody imagination conjures up. But his caustic vein is by no means dried up, though his bitterness does not flow so profusely: he still delights as much as ever to ridicule the blues and to laugh at coxcombs. The spirit of his wit, if not so abundant in quantity, is more highly rectified; and when he chooses to show its activity in occasional sketches of living characters, he proves, that, like a vitriolic acid, its solitary biting drops are sharper for their condensation.”

The Chronicle had not exhausted its great mind in this effort; accordingly a few days afterwards it again girded itself up for criticism, and in a moment of leisure from pugilism and politics, the fancy and philosophy, thus held forth again on Vivian Grey. A sweeter piece of writing it has not been my happiness to see for many a day. How the Editor must luxuriate in the work he so eloquently commends.

“CONTINUATION OF VIVIAN GREY.—To readers of a higher order than the lovers of mere scandal, the volumes of Vivian Grey, which have just appeared, will come recommended by qualities which prodigiously outweigh all the commoner attractions of the first two volumes, heightened as they were by the exuberant wit, the occasional bursts of warmth and poetry, the felicitous and facile satire, and the bold and sketchy portrait painting of their brilliant author. Combined with all the gaiety and spirit—the rapidity and variety of the first series, the continuation displays powers of a much loftier order. The author’s moralizing vein has more tenderness and solemnity in it—his pathos is deeper—his pictures of society are more finished—and his views of mankind and their affairs far more philosophical. In his *generalizing* mood, he throws out, with all the prodigality of excessive wealth, a profusion of bold and new ideas, expressed with incomparable neatness and brevity: as an example of which, we may refer our readers to the reflections which occur in vol. 1, p. 287.”

As I have not had time to read Vivian Grey, I rejoiced in the short cut thus offered to its beauties, and turned eagerly to vol. 1st, p. 287. What I found there, the reader shall see at the foot of the page.*

* “The sudden departure of Baron Von Kenigstein (a diplomatist) from the baths excited great surprise and sorrow. . . . There must be something in the wind—perhaps a war. Was the independence of Greece about to be acknowledged, or the dependence of Spain about to be terminated? What first-rate power had marched a million of soldiers into the land of a weak neighbour, on the mere pretence of exercising the military? What patriots had had the proud satisfaction of establishing a constitutional government without bloodshed—to be set aside in the course of the next month in the same manner? Had a conspiracy for establishing a republic in Russia been frustrated by the timely information of the intended first consuls! Were the Janissaries learning mathematics!—or had Lord Cochrane taken Constantinople in the James Watt steam packet? One of these many events must have happened—but

It may be "*a profusion of bold and new ideas expressed with incomparable neatness and brevity,*" but to my mind it looks extremely like very ordinary balderdash, animated but nonsensical, like a fool in spirits, and by no means new.

The Chronicle, however, pronounces the brown bread excellent mutton, and the Chronicle is infallible. His mind yet unexhausted, again its editor rushes to Vivian Grey, and pours forth his soul on it once more in these words:—

"Vivian Grey has been styled a 'Prose Don Juan,' but we are really at a loss to conceive in what the similarity between the two works and their heroes consists, except that both display great talents, and that both Juan and Vivian Grey are wanderers over the surface of high and brilliant society, scorning its follies, ridiculing its peculiarities, and exposing its shallow pretensions when put into competition with the real aristocracy of genius and intellect."

These are in the unbought outpourings of the Chronicle's critical mind; but in the following eulogy from the John Bull, we trace the hand of the author himself—it speaks the partiality of the parent:—

"Vivian Grey has been styled 'a prose Don Juan.' In our opinion, judging at least from the three volumes just published in continuation, Vivian Grey may be much more properly regarded as a *new Anastasius*. The Author has *all the eloquence, the pathos, the pungent wit, and agreeable satire*, which distinguished the powerful novel we have named; and if Mr. Hope be really not the author of Vivian Grey, as well as of *Anastasius*, the latter novel has met with a formidable rival."

As little Isaac says, "Good Lord! how blind some parents are!" But there is more than the paternal folly here; for the author is not content with lauding his production; he carries the praise to himself—his eloquence, pathos, pungent wit, and agreeable satire—all this, however, be it observed, will be duly charged against him in the bookseller's bill:—

To praise of your eloquence.

Ditto, ditto, pathos.

Ditto, ditto, pungent wit.

Ditto, ditto, agreeable satire.

At so much per line.....

which? At length Fitzloom decided on a general war. England must interfere either to defeat the ambition of France—or to curb the rapacity of Russia—or to check the arrogance of Austria—or to regenerate Spain—or to redeem Greece—or to protect Portugal—or to shield the Brazils—or to uphold the bible societies—or to consolidate the Greek church—or to monopolize the commerce of Mexico—or to disseminate the principles of free trade—or to keep up her high character—or to keep up the price of corn. England must interfere. In spite of his conviction, however, Fitzloom did not alter the arrangements of his tour—he still intended to travel for two years. All he did was to send immediate orders to his broker in England to sell two millions of consols. The sale was of course effected—the example followed—stocks fell ten per cent.—the exchange turned—money became scarce. The public funds of all Europe experienced a great decline—smash went the country banks—consequent runs on the London—a dozen baronets failed in one morning—Portland-place deserted—the cause of infant liberty at a terrific discount—the Greek loan disappeared like a vapour in a storm—all the new American States refused to pay their dividends—Manufactories deserted—the revenue in a decline—the country in despair—orders in council—meetings of Parliament—change of ministry—and new loan!"

The worst part of the business is the comparison between Vivian Grey and Anastasius—there is something absolutely profane in that. It is as like Anastasius as Aley's coffee-house with Wyatt's plaster, is like Westminster Abbey.

— That distinguished luminary, Mr. Justice Park, holds, that any representation concerning a man, which causes laughter, is libellous. If this be true, nothing can be conceived more atrociously libellous than the reports of those law proceedings in which Mr. Justice Park has figured as judge. The account of a trial before Park seldom fails to provoke a laugh.

9th. In manfully rejecting a compliment paid to his cautious reforms at the expense of his colleagues, Mr. Peel observed, last night, that, "whether a criminal code was altered a year or two sooner or later, was of little importance." It should be added—except to those select few that are hung under it.

— There are persons who seem to think, that injury is never handsomely completed until it is crowned with insult. Of this number is The Courier, who, in the triumph of his heart at the defeat of the Catholic claims, speaks of the *droves* of Irish as if they were beasts; scoffs at their ignorance, and makes merry with their misery, which are the shame and reproach of his patrons; and, finally, brings them into a direct parallel with the slaves in the West Indies.

"The poor droves of Irish, who are stirred up to sedition by the agitators who infest Dublin, and indeed all parts of the Sister Island, no doubt understand, that, emancipation conceded, potatoes, and pigs, and whiskey, will become more abundant than ever; and, in fact, that they will live at their ease, in the enjoyment of all they have as yet learned to covet. We need not say, the idea is preposterous. The slaves in the West Indies are not more out in their calculation, when they suppose, that to declare slavery at an end, would be to relieve them altogether from labour."

If this worthy scribe justly represents the tone of sentiment of his faction, we ought to be surprised that the state of Ireland is not even worse than it is. The parallel between slavery and Catholic disqualification, is happy, and illustrates both the merits of the question and the liberal ideas of the writer. An apt comparison between the scourge of the West Indies, which The Courier has before now commended with extreme unction, and the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, would give the finishing stroke to this felicitous performance.

Abroad, where it is ignorantly imagined that The Courier is the organ of our government, what discreditable inferences must be drawn from these effusions of factious spleen.

STYLE AND DIALECTICS OF THE MORNING HERALD.

"*If we were a Bishop*, with an income of 20,000*l.* a year, should we wish for a reform, or any thing that should put in jeopardy our 20,000*l.* a year. *Reasoning* (!), therefore, on the same *principle*, is it not likely that the thoughts of the Portuguese and Spanish bishops are the same as our *thoughts* (!) would be, supposing that *we were a bishop*."—*Herald*, March 16.

This idea has quite disturbed my imagination. In my mind's eye, I see the we-we editor of The Herald, sitting on a tall stool, with a

conical decoration on his head, the meet reward of his parts, and apt emblem of his wisdom. It is not exactly of the mitre form, but more closely resembles the steeple of the church, and, like it, is furnished with a goodly set of bells, which, however, are hung outside, for within all is emptiness; and as the wearer listens to their jingle, he fancies it the immediate inspiration of reason, mistaking the tinkling of his outward brass for the inward voice of Minerva. Hence the strange misapprehension which has led to the use of the words "*reasoning*," "*principle*," and "*thoughts*," in the above peal of the Bob Major.

I remember to have witnessed, at a mess table, after more than the quant. suff. of wine had been taken, a droll altercation between two newly caught Scotchmen, from the fencibles, or some such corps. One of them made what Mathews would term the very severe remark to the other—"Sir, you're a dommed blackgaard." Upon which M—— retorted, "Blackgaard! sir; what sort of language do ye call that, to use to a *gentleman*?" On the assumption of this last title, the whole company roared out with one accord, and in the manner of expostulation, "Gentleman!" M——, "Oh, you must not call yourself a gentleman, you know." "I'm as much a gentleman as he is, at any rate," modestly replied the party. Now when we remonstrate with the *we* editor of The Herald, on his talking of his "*reasoning*," like Spanish bishops, and his "*principle*," and his "*thoughts*," and tell him that he must not imagine such qualities in himself, he will perhaps reply, like M——, that "he is as much a reasoner and a thinker as Spanish bishops are;" which assertion, though a sore scandal to Spanish bishops, is one that we cannot take upon us to gainsay.

— I had almost neglected to record in my annals, the memorable fact, that there was, on Monday the 12th March, 1827, new style, a sensible theatrical article in the Morning Chronicle, with only one Latin quotation, and that, like the young Miss's baby, "a very little one." This looks like reformation; and when the critic has renounced the polyglott, he will be a very agreeable writer. Provided always, that he does not vituperate Madame Vestris, or too extravagantly bepraise Mrs. Humby.

DELICATE INVESTIGATION.

"Guildhall—John Dignan, a labouring man, was charged with stealing twelve and three-quarter ounces of human hair. The complainant, Mr. John Kennedy, of Westmorland-buildings, Aldersgate-street, human hair *manufacturer*, said, the prisoner was in his employ, and a few days ago he stole the hair in question, from a bale of French hair, which they had purchased a few days previously, and offered it for sale to Mr. Turner, of Snow-hill. Sir P. Laurie asked the complainant, if he knew the difference between French and other human hair? Witness: Oh, yes; French is a great deal finer than any other; but German is more valuable, on account of the colours imported. Sir Peter: Why are the German colours so valuable? Witness: Because they run lighter than the French; and a light hair untinged with red is the dearest. Sir Peter: How do you know French human hair? Witness: *By the smell. Persons conversant*

APRIL, 1827.

2 M

with the business can tell every nation by the smell in a moment.

Sir Peter: Then which of them has the strongest smell? Witness: *The Scotch* (a burst of laughter, in which the alderman joined) and the Irish. Sir Peter: And which hair carries the most delicate? Witness: That I cannot tell. It is a matter of taste."

It would be well if some of our philosophers, curious in the races, would apply themselves to this subject, and endeavour to ascertain the exact scents of the original breeds. They may then, by smelling a Scotch head, for example, discover the precise crosses which it has undergone, and the various infusions of capillary perfume. This science might occasionally serve to throw light on questions of legitimacy. A learned philosopher might be called to smell a head, and to declare whether it was of the genuine Caledonian, Hibernian, or English odour, or in what proportions adulterated.

19th. A morning paper, favoured with the contributions of Mr. Paul Pry, contains this remarkable piece of news:—

"The Rhenish wines are *becoming* very popular in this country, especially those produced in the neighbourhood of Johannesberg, the estate of Prince Metternich, and the almost unequalled vineyards of the Prince of Nassau, on the right bank of the Rhine."

To this it may be added, that turtle is becoming very popular in the city of London, especially the green fat; that champagne too is coming into favour; and that a meat called venison is beginning to be relished by gourmands; and further that, as Smith's song has before notified, "pigeon pies of water rats are very seldom reckoned good." All of these we conceive to be unsuspected facts, well worthy of publication; but then care should be taken to prevent the newsmen from bellowing them about the streets, to the torment of our ears, in these words—"Great news! great news! Morning Chronicle! Extraordinary intelligence! The Rhenish wines popular! 'specially Johannesberg! Great news! great news!"

Mr. Paulus Pry does not confine himself to telling the public that lobster sauce is eaten with turbot; and that currant jelly is the condiment for hare: he goes further a field for notable facts and rare news, and is good enough to gratify us with accounts of the parties, and fashionable arrangements at Florence. No distance daunts him, and his news comes fresh from every quarter. He would tell you who took tiffin in Lieutenant Ramrod's bungalee, at Tingkamacoo, on the banks of the Ganges. The other day he revealed to us, that Captain Medwin was to have given a dinner party at Florence, on the — of —, at half-past six exactly, but that it was postponed in consequence of the death of the Duke of York. Had it taken place, he would have blessed us with the intelligence, what there was at the head of the table, what at the bottom; what side dishes, and who supplied the confectionary. Oh, he's a well-informed man, and such a master of the pen! To-day he acquaints us that Lord Burghersh has given a party at Florence. Think of that, ye people of the earth! And that Lady Burghersh was "attired as a lady of the Westmorland family, taken from a picture in her noble

father's gallery." "A lady taken from a picture!"—a most incomprehensible proceeding, I must observe. He further intimates, that Lady Burghersh, as the lady taken from a picture, "looked AWFULLY beautiful."

— The author of the Preliminary Treatise to the Library of Useful Knowledge, emphatically winds up an eloquent sketch on the pleasure of knowledge, with this forcible argument, *ad crumenam*. "It is so pleasing, that *you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it.*" This finishing stroke to a very glowing and highly wrought description, strikes me as inexpressibly droll; and I question whether any man who had not drawn his first breath in Edinburgh, could have arrived at the felicitous climax. "You will give something out of your pocket"—there is the brogue in the phrase. The gratification of knowledge is so great, so sublime, that you would give,—aye, you would give, a *baubee* for it! Language cannot rise higher.

— Let the epicure imagine that he has discovered an exquisite and yet unknown dainty—let him suppose himself revelling in the anticipated exclusive enjoyment of it for many dinners—and let him conceive the shock, the mortification, of suddenly seeing his airy structure of gourmandism demolished, by the publication of the existence and nature of the delicacy, in a Mrs. Rundell's cookery book. The thing is blown. Every body eats it; it is scarce—dear; and he is undone. Similar to this has just been my disappointment. In my last Diary, I remarked on the rarity of a certain quality; and observed, that the true British dunderhead was now seldom to be met with. Well, for some weeks past, I have had my eye on a very promising lord. I noted him as he came out of his egg-shell—as he made his *debut*—and at once marked him for my own. I soon resolved that he should be the support of my Diary; for as he began to toddle, or twaddle, I saw in him the promise of a fund of entertainment, and I revelled in the idea of many a merry bout with him. Here is some one, said I, to supersede the sage Lethbridge; but let us not alarm the game too soon; let him acquire confidence, and the habit of displaying himself without reserve. Well, in the midst of those anticipations, when undisturbed by an apprehension of danger, out comes an article in the Morning Chronicle, giving a scientific description of my young bird of wisdom, and advertising his points and marks with as much exactness as if he were a stray lap-dog, so that no one can fail to recognise him. It is now idle to affect mystery—Lord Winchelsea is the man; but I have done with him. As the monopoly is not mine, I say to the Chronicle editor, "What you've touched you may taste—*high-church champion*, adieu."

It is painful, however, to come to this resolution. I read in the debates his maiden speech, on presenting an anti-catholic petition; I discovered in the space of six lines his scarcely then budding genius, and watched him shooting up like the prophet's gourd, and promising a prodigious pumpkin, which I would one day scoop out, and carve into a goodly No Popery *shoy-hoy*. But vain are all human calculations. Yea, he is cut down, in the flower of his youth, by the remorseless editor of the Chronicle. Indeed, it is barbarous to

nip them so young. Sportsmen spare partridges till they are strong enough to take wing; and scribes ought to show a like forbearance to peers. We ought to make some bye-laws for the prevention of the destruction of the white bait and callow birds. Peer squibbing should not commence before the 1st of April at the earliest; and here was my poor dear Lord Winchelsea stuck upon paper, as flat as one of his own speeches, on the 19th of March.

— It seems to be the opinion of a number of highly respectable people in this country, that they must persecute somebody, and they have accordingly fixed upon Catholics. God forbid that I should object to their gratifying themselves in this innocent way; but I cannot help thinking that they have not chosen the best sport. If they must persecute, why not get up a nice persecution of the Jews? A Catholic may, like a fox, give a good run, I grant; but when you have run him down, there is no booty in him. Now the Jew would be the hare, and we should devour his dainty substance. Imagine a roasted Rothschild, with current-coin sauce. What a rich meal he would make! Really, the very thought of it gives me an appetite. Let us, by all means, revive the old laws, devised by the wisdom of our ancestors, for the coercion of that stiff-necked race, and repeated only by the mistaken liberality of their unthinking posterity. The Jews are obtaining a fearful ascendancy in the state. They have already their feet on, instead of in, the stocks, and control the money markets; and who can guarantee us against the danger apprehended in the case of the Catholics—that of their coming to the throne? Suppose a Jew should be king!—as Mathews says, “here would be a circumstance!” What would become of protestantism or pork? Imagine a monarch with the beard of an old clothesman, striking at our hierarchy and our hams, abolishing bishops and bacon. The church demolished, and triumphant sin agog. Remember their old tricks; think of the days of Pontius Pilate, and smite them hip and thigh, in good time, before they get the upper hand again, as they infallibly must do, like the Catholics, unless disabled by the laws, and hunted down by the friends of established order, and the preachers of peace and good will among men.

THE NEW CORN LAW.

ONE of the gravest and best conducted hoaxes of modern times, is that which has been recently played off by his majesty's ministers on the question of the Corn Laws. It is, we think, about two years since it was first announced, that a plan for the amendment of the Corn Laws was in agitation. Combined with the indications which Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Robinson had given in small matters, of a desire to establish something approaching to a system of free trade, this announcement gave rise to the most extravagant expectations among the friends of improvement. Since the pregnancy of Johanna Southcote, we doubt whether there was ever a birth looked forward to with so much delight by a band of faithful believers. It is, perhaps,

hardly fair to charge the ministers with having created these expectations; but they certainly humoured the thing with amazing skill. How tender and touching their reproaches to all who would force them to a premature accouchement; how solicitous their care not to bring out the Shiloh in an inclement season.—Poor Mr. Whitmore was last year considered a perfect brute for having rudely jostled against a ministry in their condition; and endangered the fond hope of a nation. Mr. Huskisson held forth to the shipowners, the advantages which they would derive from the trade in corn that was to be. Who could doubt, that something very fine was about to be produced. For two years the ministry drew on the credit of this opinion. It was a liberal ministry, less for what it had done, than for what it was to do. Even at the moment, when the imposture was necessarily to be revealed; the magnificent style of pretence continued; Mr. Canning was brought from his sick bed to open the subject—no one else could, with propriety, take the responsibility, if he could possibly encounter the labour; but, on the other hand, rather than the country should encounter the misery of a delay, Mr. Peel was willing to hazard himself in the undertaking. What caution, yet what devotedness—what modesty, yet what boldness!

With such a plan as the ministers have produced, the practical comment on which is, that its announcement raised the price of grain 3s. per quarter, what was the necessity for all this mystery? There are some people who put an air of significancy into all they do; and tell us it is a fine day, with an air, as if they had discovered the author of Junius; but when a minister shakes his head for two years together, surely there ought to be something in it.

The new Corn Law project is a cumbrous plan for leaving things as they are; for letting not good, but bad, alone.

The plan proposed by the ministry, after all the parade with which it has been preceded, is one for the free admission of wheat when the price is at or above 70s. per quarter of 1s. duty; and when the price is lower, of a duty augmenting as the price falls, according to the following table:—

	s.	s.	s.	
If the Price be ..	70 and upwards	1	Duty.
	69 and under	70	2	
	68	69	4	
	67	68	6	
	66	67	8	
	65	66	10	
	64	65	12	
	63	64	14	
	62	63	16	
	61	62	18	
Assumed Point of Protection. }	60	61	20	Leaving to the Importer of Foreign Wheat 40s.
	59	60	22 37
	58	59	24 34
	57	58	26 31
	56	57	28 28
Average of the last six years. }	55	56	30 25
	54	55	32 22
Average Price of 1827, to Feb. 15. }	53	54	34 19

It will be seen, that in this scale there is a point called the assumed point of protection; a phrase used in the tables printed for the use of the House of Commons; and below this point, it is presumed, that by the scale of duties, the British grower of corn is protected from competition; while above that point, he is exposed to a constantly increasing importation of foreign corn.

Now it will be immediately perceived, that in its *principle*, a plan which aims at this end, is precisely similar to, and as far as it attains the end, is the same as the Corn Law now in existence. (The details we shall presently speak of.) The assumed point of protection is fixed lower in this plan than in the Corn Laws of 1815 and 1822.

The assumption in this plan, as well as in the former laws, is, that a certain price, here taken at 60s. is necessary for the remuneration of the farmer; the plan taken to secure it to him is to shut out corn when the price here is at less than that rate—to admit it when the price is greater.

Such a plan would be undoubtedly effectual, if the production of corn were exactly like the manufacture of stockings or hats; if the farmers could exactly ascertain the quantity usually wanted, and the quantity which a given number of acres in tillage would produce every year. They might then grow exactly enough for the supply of the markets to which they resorted; and receiving the remunerating price, foreign corn would be neither needed, nor, on the supposition, admitted to competition with their own.

But the supply of corn is not like the manufacture of stockings, and varies from year to year, not in proportion to the quantity of land tilled, or labour bestowed on it; but in consequence of rain or drought, of cold or heat, over which the farmer has no controul. Mr. Hodgson, who gave evidence before the Committee of 1822, as to the inquiries made by the house of Cropper and Co. in which he is a partner, concerning the produce of the crops of several years, a subject on which they have taken great trouble, and obtained most accurate information, gave the following as the results:—

In 1815—37 bushels per acre; in 1816— $25\frac{3}{10}$ bushels per acre; in 1817— $38\frac{1}{10}$; in 1818— $32\frac{1}{8}$; in 1819— $27\frac{7}{10}$; in 1820— $37\frac{3}{10}$.—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 264.

The variation between the best year and the worst, amounted to a third, and yet in this time there was not one year equal for scarcity or abundance to many known at other periods; and even in this period, if the quality were taken into amount, the difference would be greater per acre than the mere *quantity* in bushels indicates.

If we suppose, that our farmer, satisfied with “the assumed point of protection,” cultivates boldly enough land to supply, on the average of years, enough corn for the consumption of the kingdom, let us see how the protection will be felt. In the first year, or series of years, we may imagine, that as in 1816, the crop is to the average produce as 25 is to 32, or one-fourth below it, and bad in quality to boot. It would be, therefore, necessary for the farmer to sell his bad grain at 76s. 9d. in order to remunerate himself: but this is far above the assumed point of protection; foreign corn would, therefore, be poured in, (if the supposition on which the plan is founded be true,) long before prices mounted so high. If, in spite of the supply, the price

ascended above 70s. there would be free and unlimited importation; so that the farmer could not realize throughout the year, or series of years, a price which would compensate for the deficiency of his produce.

The deficiency of a crop, however, it may be said, is a curse which cannot be guarded against; we will suppose in the year, or a series of years after that, the farmers are blessed with a crop as much above the average as the other was below it. Now "the protection" begins to operate—but there being on the supposition, one fourth more corn in the kingdom than the people want to buy, the exclusion of foreign grain avails nothing, and the prices are forced down as much as they would be, if a quantity of grain, equal to one fourth of the consumption of the kingdom, had been imported duty free, or even cost free. The corn cannot be sent abroad; for one object of the plan is to keep corn permanently so much above the price of other countries, that a fall to their level must be ruinous, and scarcely conceivable. It cannot be a favourite object of speculation, to hold it over to future years; since there would be no chance of a price much higher than 60s. There would be a moral certainty, that in such a state of things, the markets would show the usual effects of a glut, that the price would fall in a much greater proportion than the quantity had increased; and that as the farmers did not get quite their remuneration in the year of scarcity, they would get nothing like it in the year of abundance;—that they would be in such a state as we actually witnessed in 1822.

It is manifest that under this system, an average of corn equal to the consumption of the kingdom, cannot be grown with safety to the growers; because as corn, on the supposition, is to be imported in many cases, there will be this imported corn in addition to the corn grown at home: so that if the corn grown at home be on the average equal to the consumption, there must, on the average of years, be an excess equal to the importations; an excess which must at some or other period produce a glut, since the system precludes all relief by exportation.

The very essence of the system, therefore, is discouragement to agriculture, by the evident hazardousness of the occupation whenever the average growth equals the average demand of the kingdom.

We have kept out of view the evils of the farmer, (still greater than those which we have enumerated,) which might arise if he were tempted, by a series of insufficient crops and high prices, to extend his tillage. Because the evils of an excessive production, arising from this cause, are not peculiar to the "protecting" system; though they are felt the more when the natural evil of this system, which we have described above, should be superadded to it.

It is demonstrable, from the nature of the case, that the inherent evils of this system cannot be removed by any scale of duties, or any regulation of the averages. So long as foreign corn is brought into this country in seasons of scarcity, while British corn cannot be exported in seasons of abundance, the agriculture of the country must suffer from the evils we have noted; unless our supply be, which it is not on the average, very much below the wants of the kingdom—

and to permit importation in the first case, is the express object of the scale of duties—to prevent exportation, its unavoidable effect.

But if this reasoning be supposed to be inconclusive, let us look to the experience of those years during which the law of 1815 has been in force, and consider what would have been the effect, if, instead of that law, the new scale of duties had been, during that time, in operation. We will in the first instance take Mr. Canning's own account of the law of 1815.

In the year 1815, the principle of absolute prohibition, up to a certain point, was adopted by the legislature, and this principle, sir, was qualified by the opposite principle of unrestricted importation. It does appear to me, on a calm review of the character of that Act of Parliament—(not at all pretending, that if I had happened to be among those, from whose deliberations that measure proceeded, I should have been at all wiser than my neighbours)—it does appear to me, sir, as if this was an experiment to combine the most opposite principles in one and the same act of legislation. In the act of 1815, sir, here is absolute prohibition, up to eighty shillings; but the moment you turn the point of eighty shillings, you arrive at unlimited importation.

Now, what was the consequence of this measure? Not that the extreme forces produced, by their operation, a mean power, and went on amicably together; but that, each in its turn prevailed with its own peculiar mischief—and that you had, within the extent of seven years, from 1815 downwards, every result that could deter men of observation and experience, from ever resorting again to the principle either of absolute prohibition, or of unlimited importation; and, most undoubtedly, from any attempt to unite again the two together.

Let us now inquire what was the operation of this law? It passed, as I have said, in 1815. I say nothing at present of price; I shall come to the consideration of that point presently. The law of 1815 imposed absolute prohibition up to the price of 80s. The harvest of 1816, it is well known, was one of the most unfavourable that this country ever experienced. It was known to be so, as early as the beginning of August in that year. It was on the 15th of August, 1816, that that average of prices was to be prepared, which was to govern the question of exclusion on the one side, or importation on the other, for the next three months. On the 15th of August, the price of wheat was above the importing price of the law of 1815; but it had not been so for a sufficiently long period, to give an average price above the importing price. The result was, therefore, that the ports remained closed during three starving months from August to November, 1816; and did not open until the 15th November of that year, after the price had been, for about fifteen weeks, above the importing price, and when all the northern ports of Europe were shut against supply. The ports opened in November 1816, and remained open till the November of the following year; when they closed, the average price being less than eighty shillings by the fraction of five-pence. The harvest of the year 1817 having been nearly or quite as bad as that of 1816, we had again a scarcity of supply, but the ports thus closed in November, 1817, of course did not open until February, 1818.

Although the harvest of that year (1818) was most abundant, not only in this country, but in all the corn-growing countries of Europe; yet, by some accident, or by some contrivance, the ports were continued open on the 15th of November 1818, by a fraction of two-pence: and by consequence, for the next three months, from November 1818, to the quarterly average of February 1819, an extraordinary influx of foreign corn continued to inundate the country, already inundated by a plenty of its own growth; prices were in consequence depressed to an extraordinary degree. Indeed, the effect of these three months importations, produced, and as I have said, by a fractional difference of two-pence, was felt in the depreciation of the market for the three succeeding years.

Thus by the system of 1815, the ports were shut when the supply at home was deficient, and *when the introduction of foreign grain was loudly called for*—and opened when the home market was glutted, and when it was most expedient to shut out foreign supply: and the one operation and the other were produced by fractions of five-pence and of two-pence respectively.

The consequence, then, sir, of setting these two extreme principles in action, of setting them in conflict with each other, was this—that *each class of the community in*

its turn became a sufferer.; and that each class applied to this House for relief. We all remember what the summer of 1817 was. And any hon. gentleman who will take the trouble of turning back to the journals of this House, will see with what hundreds of petitions our table was loaded, in the years 1819, 1820, and 1821, when the agricultural interest was suffering from the extraordinary fluctuation of prices. The extreme difference of prices during the period for which this system was in operation, that is, from 1815 to 1822, was no less than this—on the one hand, 112s. per quarter (this was in the year 1817)—on the other hand, 38s. (this was in the year 1822), a fluctuation being no less than seventy-four shillings per quarter!—*Corrected Report of the Speech delivered by the Right Hon. G. Canning, &c. &c. on the Corn Laws. 1827. pp. 14 to 18.*

Now the prices in the period referred to by Mr. Canning were the following, taking the *highest* week of each month; which highest price it is necessary to take, in order to show the operation of the proposed plan, which rests on *weekly* averages:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
1816... August	86	6	1818... January	87	6
September	88	4	February	86	4
October	96	1	March	85	7
November	98	2	April	91	3
December	103	11	May	98	8
1817... January	103	4	June	83	9
February	100	11	July	86	7
March	103	0	August	84	7
April	103	4	September	81	0
May	104	1	October	80	6
June	112	7	November	80	10
July	108	5	December	80	6
August	89	3	1819... January	77	8
September	81	7	February	78	11
October	79	9	March	77	9
November	84	7	[The average of all 1819 was 73s.]		
December	87	9			

It is plain from this enumeration of prices, that if, during this period, instead of the six-weeks' averages and the absolute prohibition till prices reached 80s. (then "the assumed point of protection,") a scale of duties had existed, by which the importation would have been made profitable whenever the price exceeded that sum; the only difference would have been, that the ports would have been practically open in August, September, and October, 1816; in November and December, 1817; and in January, 1818—when, as Mr. Canning tells us, they were shut; and shut in January and half of February, 1819, when Mr. Canning tells us they were open.

Now that the effect of the closing of the ports during those months could not have been material, a very little reflection suffices to show. As to the first period, Mr. Canning attributes importance, not to the three months themselves, but to the circumstance, that after these three months had elapsed, the navigation of the Baltic was impeded by the season. Now is it possible to conceive that, when it was well known in August that the crop was most defective, and with the certainty that the ports would be opened in November, *duty free*; the merchants, whose business it is to attend to the state of the demand, and who do not require to be told that the Baltic freezes in winter, did not bring corn to the warehouses of this country for the winter supply, almost as readily as if the ports had been actually open? Besides,

what is wanted when a crop fails, is not corn for immediate consumption ; (for the failure must be dreadful indeed, if it leave not a half-year's supply,) but for the few months preceding the harvest. And in illustration of this, we see that the price was much higher in June 1817, long after the supply from the Baltic had commenced, than in December 1816, when it was for a time stopped. It is evident too, that if, no matter how, prices had been lower in the autumn of 1816, and the consumption had consequently been greater than it actually was, the scarcity would have been still greater in the spring of 1817, than in spite of all the foreign supply it was found to be.

As to the second period, Mr. Canning himself lays no stress on it ; and it is apparently as clear to him as it must be to any one else, that the temporary closing of the ports was then of no consequence.

As to the third period, the facts amount to this, that the ports were open for about six weeks, when the scale of duties would have excluded imports. But that the imports in that short time could not have much affected prices, is proved by the fact, that in the two months after, the price was only 2s. and for the whole year only 7s. below " the assumed point of protection."

We have here taken for granted, that the effect of the scale of duties would have been, to have permitted importation whenever the average was above " the assumed point of protection ;" and in quantities sufficient to bring the price constantly down towards this point. But if we suppose that it would have shackled and lessened importation when the prices were thus high, the evil of dearth, which Mr. Canning justly complains of, would have been felt in a still greater and indeed intolerable degree, in 1816, 1817, and 1818, " when the introduction of foreign grain was loudly called for ;" and one class of the community would have been a greater sufferer than it was, without rescuing the other from the evils which in its turn it fell under.

From February 1819, the ports were closed under the law of 1815. They would have been but shut under the new plan. If we have proved that the new plan could have had no operation differing from the old in time of dearth, unless, perhaps, for the worse, it could have had no operation in any degree differing from it in the time of low prices which followed.

The alteration of the assumed point of protection is certainly of importance ; but this alteration might have been as well made by a simple modification of the old law. Beyond this alteration all is pretence and deception ; probably unintentional, but not the less pernicious ; as the farmer is led to believe that the new measure is different from that of which he has experienced the evils, and against which his experience, in the want of some better guard, furnished him with some sort of security.

The adoption by the ministers of such a plan as that which we have described, with the experience before them of the effects of a scheme nearly similar to it, (the mischief of which they did not attempt to under-rate,) is an example of a kind of compromise by no means uncommon in our legislation, though it is seldom that an opportunity occurs of effecting it on so important a subject as the trade in grain. After the premises are admitted which should lead to the adoption of

one line of policy, that concession is followed up by the adoption of measures directly opposed to it. It seems as if both parties were to be satisfied by this false logic in politics, the reason being conceded to one side, the law to the other.

In the whole of Mr. Canning's speech there was not the least attempt to define with distinctness the objects that were to be aimed at in a law to regulate the trade in grain, or even to ascertain what circumstances rendered any artificial regulation on the subject necessary. After two years' preparation and pretension, it was surely proper that the ministers should tell what they thought on these points. What cause has given rise to the difference of the price of grain in this and other countries? Is it the greater expense of cultivation, in consequence of the inferior quality of the soil to which we are obliged to have recourse, or of the greater burthen of taxes thrown upon the cultivators, or both these circumstances combined? or is it the difference of the value of money here and in the countries of the continent of Europe? and what causes have given rise to *this* difference?

It is not from idle curiosity that we should desire a minister to give us information on these subjects. Unless he has made up his mind upon them, he is not competent to propose a plan with rational confidence; for it is on the judgment which he forms on them, that the objects which he has to aim at, ought to be determined.

If, for instance, the cause of the dearth of corn in this country be the poverty of the soil to which we are driven to have recourse, the extent of tillage is a serious injury to the nation, and a waste of national wealth, which only some clear and countervailing advantage should induce us to continue, and which, in the absence of that advantage, we should seek to diminish as rapidly as possible.

If, on the other hand, the cause of the dearth be the difference of the value of money, in this and other countries, as some contend; and if that difference arise from the system of restrictions, by which the import of all commodities, except gold and silver, has been impeded, it might happen that a free importation of grain might lead to injury to the growers, and a diminution of the cultivation at home, without any permanent benefit to the country, and even, perhaps, with some injury to them from a change in the value of the currency. But whether he and his colleagues had formed any, or what opinions on these points, Mr. Canning has not given us the least room to conjecture.

The same want of clearness in investigation, and we had almost said of sense, is apparent in the talk about equalization of prices. The fluctuation of the prices of grain, are without discrimination talked of as evils which it is the object of a legislation to remove by artificial means, instead of being (what they in a great measure are) the natural and necessary accompaniments of the uncertainty of produce, with which all a wise legislator can do is to avoid to aggravate them.

If it be supposed necessary, for the sake of the agriculturists, to keep grain at a higher average price here than on the continent, we cannot hope, in this artificial state of things, to attain greater steadiness than would exist under a free trade, and we have seen in the examination of the effects of the present law, and of the new plan, that

the result of both of these attempts to obtain a steady average, is to create gluts which the farmer cannot get rid of without a depression of price (below that which he is taught to consider as the average), out of proportion to any fall which could take place, if the price of grain were allowed to equalize itself by a free commerce.

But if Mr. Canning considered what the object which might legitimately be aimed at was, viz. the same degree of steadiness which exists under a free trade, he would find that it was produced by importation in years of scarcity, from countries where the scarcity was less, and by importation in years of abundance, to countries where the abundance was less; and that every plan which should admit of relief to the consumer in one year, should admit of relief to the grower in another. This is the only equalization of prices *not* inconsistent with remuneration to the grower.

This degree of equalization can be only effected by imposing a fixed duty on importation equivalent to the difference which it is desired to maintain, between the price of grain in this country and on the continent, permitting importation at all times, subject to the payment of this duty, and by giving a bounty to the same amount on the exportation of British grain—permitting exportation at all times, aided by this bounty. Let us suppose this duty and bounty to amount, each of them, to 15*s.*, the growers of British corn has an advantage of 15*s.* over the foreign grower, as well abroad as at home; and, with the exception of this difference, which, upon the supposition, it is desirable to maintain, the trade is perfectly free, and the commerce in grain goes on as if no artificial regulation existed.

It is possible, that the short-sightedness, alarm, and avidity of the landholders, may have contributed to prevent the execution of some such plan as this—because they have desired to grasp at so high a duty, that the grant of a bounty on exportation equal to it, would appear monstrous. They have preferred to be deluded with the prospect of a monopoly—while they obtain, in reality, a monopoly which is to be broken in upon whenever its continuance could be useful to them; and to be secure only, when the glut at home renders the absence of foreign competition of little consequence.

We are anxious, in conclusion, to preserve a few more of Mr. Canning's words. Very nearly the same prediction was uttered as to the probable effect of the law of 1815, by one of his colleagues, who certainly cannot be reckoned among the prophets. If the prophecy of Mr. Canning be fulfilled, he will have an indisputable claim to the character of inspiration, for his judgment is certainly not founded either on reason or experience.

“I think this project will tend to equalize the prices, and keep that equalization of prices steady. The market will indeed assume such a steadiness, that, instead of a fluctuation between one hundred and twelve shillings at one time, and thirty-eight shillings at another, the vibrations will probably be found to be limited within the small circle of from about fifty-five shillings to about sixty-five shillings.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott at a public dinner lately declared, apropos to nothing, that he was the man who had so long concealed his features under the mask of the author of Waverly, all the world stared, not so much at the unexpectedness of the disclosure, for it was virtually well known before, but that the declaration should be made at that particular moment, when there appeared no reason for exploding the *quasi* secret. A document we have lately seen, however, explains the circumstance, and puts to flight many sage conjectures. The unfortunate position of the affairs of Constable and Co. and of Ballantyne and Co. with the latter of which firms Sir Walter Scott was connected, has rendered it necessary that their accounts should not only be looked into, but exposed to the creditors. The transactions recorded there, show explicitly enough who was the author of Waverly;—we not only find Sir Walter Scott receives payment for these works, but we find him stipulating for the purchase-money of works then unconceived, and of which he is hitherto undelivered. We find him, moreover, not only yielding up every stiver or its worth which he could command, but actually pledging future labours akin to former ones, for the liquidation of his debts. These and a variety of other particulars are to be found in the excerpts of the *sederunt* book of the meetings of Messrs. Ballantyne's creditors, a copy of which has lately been in private circulation. Hence the sudden, and, it must be added, rather awkward avowal of the authorship on the part of Sir Walter. As he was well aware that the circumstances would soon make their way through the press, he determined to catch at some little *eclat*, while yet there was time—some little credit for disclosing that himself, which all the world were soon to learn from others.

These are items from the accounts.

VALUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LITERARY PROPERTY.

1. Copyright of published works, estimated at the rate obtained from Constable and Co. for similar works:

St. Ronan's Well	£ 1,300
Redgauntlet	1,300
* Crusaders	2,000
	<hr/>
	£ 4,600

2. Eventual rights to works sold to Constable and Co. for which bonds to the extent of 7,800*l.* are granted, but for reasons above stated, no value can be rated in this state.†

3. Works in progress.‡ As none of these are completed, no value put on them at present beyond what is before stated as due to Ballantyne

* This price is that given for the subsequent editions after the first of 10,000.

† It is a condition of these bonds, that if they are not paid, the copyrights revert to the author; so that, in spite of the failure of the granters, it is supposed they will be paid.

‡ This alludes to the Life of Napoleon.

and Co. for printing works in progress, and in the value of Messrs. Constable and Co.'s paper on hand; but ultimately will be very valuable. See appendix as to these works.

In the debtor and creditor account of Constable and Co. with Ballantyne and Co. the following item occurs on the credit side:—Sums advanced by Constable and Co. to Sir Walter Scott, being their two-third shares of sums stipulated to be paid in advance for two works of fiction not named, and not yet written, as per missives, dated 7th and 20th March, 1823.

N. B. These works being *undelivered*, it is considered the author has an undoubted right to retain them,* and impute the sums paid to account in the general balance owing to Constable and Co.

In *Appendix No. II.* being estimates of funds that may accrue to Ballantyne and Co. within a year, occur several curious particulars relative to Woodstock and the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Produce of new works by Sir W. Scott, at present in the course of publication:

1. <i>Woodstock</i> , 3 vols. 9500; shop-price 3 <i>l</i> s. 6 <i>d</i>	£ 14,926	10	0
Deduct one-third, to reduce to trade price, and cover expences of sale	4,987	10	
Cost of paper and printing (same as Redgauntlet)	2,225	0	
Sum to cover contingencies	1,000	0	

8,212 10 0

Remains.....	6,750	0	0
Add value of copyright, after first impression.....	1,300	0	0

Produce of Woodstock..... £ 8,050 0 0

2. <i>Life of Napoleon Buonaparte</i> , 5 vols. 8,000 copies, shop price 52 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i>	£ 21,000	0	0
Deduct one-third as above	7,000	0	
Ditto for paper, &c.....	3,706	0	
Ditto contingencies	1,200	0	

11,906 0 0

9,094	0	0
Add value of copyright after first edition	2,166	13 4

Produce of Buonaparte's Life... £ 11,260 13 4

3. Literary productions by Sir Walter Scott already finished, but not yet published, though in the course of publication, which may be safely stated £ 1,000

* Were the right the other way, it would be a very difficult matter to enforce it. An author of works of fiction is not to be delivered against his will—a legal process to force Sir Walter Scott to produce a couple of novels, would be the Cæsarean operation in literature.

At the second meeting of creditors, held 3d February, 1826—

A resolution is entered, that the printing establishment should be continued, both as a source of profit, and as necessary for the publication of Sir W. Scott's works; *who had requested of Mr. Gibson to communicate, that he was to use every exertion in his power on behalf of the creditors; and by the diligent employment of his talents, and adoption of a strictly economical mode of life, to secure, as speedily as possible, full payment to all concerned.*

The cause of the delay in the publication of the Life of Napoleon, will be found in the following minute:

"The circumstances connected with the two literary works, entitled 'Woodstock,' and the 'Life of Napoleon Buonaparte,' considered; and the trustees expressed their opinion, that so far as they understood the nature of the bargain between Sir Walter Scott and Constable and Co. that the latter had no claim in law for the proceeds of either of these books; but think it desirable for all parties that they should be finished, which should be communicated to Sir Walter; and also, that he should be requested to give his aid to the sale of them to the best advantage. Mr. Gibson instructed to endeavour to concert some arrangement with Constable and Co. for consigning in some bank the price of the works, until all questions concerning them were decided."

On the 26th May, 1826, a meeting was held, when Mr. Gibson reported particulars of sale of Woodstock, 7900 copies of which had been sold to Hurst and Robinson, at 6,500*l.*; but they being unable to complete the bargain, they had been transferred to Longman and Co. on same terms. The money had been paid, and was deposited with Sir W. Forbes and Co. to wait the issue of decision as to the respective claims of Constable and Co. and Sir W. Scott's trustees, regarding this work. The remainder of the impression had been sold to Constable and Co.'s trustees, at 18*s.* 6*d.* each copy, "at a credit of ten months from delivery, with five per cent. discount for any earlier payment," of which the trustees approved. In consequence of advice from Sir Walter Scott and Longman and Co. it had been thought advisable to restrict the first edition of the Life of Napoleon to 6000, instead of 8000 copies, as originally intended.

The excerpts contain a great number of items, which lay open the precise state of Sir Walter's private affairs;—a hundred years hence they may be a great curiosity, and their publication may then be correct; at present it would certainly be indelicate and unhandsome, not only to the admirable writer himself, but also to several other private individuals. Every thing belonging to a great national genius is public property, and in the course of a short time these Excerpts will be sought for with avidity; and published with as little hesitation as Mr. Todd lately printed Milton's pecuniary squabbles with his mother-in-law.

BUCKINGHAM'S MESOPOTAMIA.*

THIS is a book exceedingly rich in almost every topic that can gratify public curiosity. There are personal adventures, description of singular manners and extraordinary countries, geographical information, industrious historical research, with full accounts of numerous places of the greatest classical and scriptural interest. We were much interested with the perusal of the former portions of Mr. Buckingham's voyage; this, however, decidedly surpasses its elder brethren, both in the variety of its contents, and the talent displayed in the narration. We think we cannot do better than by going regularly through it, and condensing into as small a space as we can not only a collection of the more striking passages, but a general enumeration of the objects, places, and scenes which the traveller encountered.

Chapter I. contains Mr. Buckingham's journey from Aleppo to the banks of the Euphrates. He did not proceed by the ordinary route to Bagdad, across the desert, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. The Wahabee Arabs were in great commotion, in consequence of the abduction of a beautiful virgin from a neighbouring camp, by Mohanna, the great chief of the Anazies, who assumes the title of sultan of the desert. To avoid the hostile movements of the Arabs, a small caravan was about to travel by a circuitous route to Mardin and Muosul on the Tigris. Mr. Buckingham joined the train of a wealthy old merchant, Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhman, who was returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca. He thus describes his own dress, accoutrements, and preparations, for the arduous and hazardous expedition he was about to enter upon.

My dress and arms were like those of his nephew, Hadjee Abdel Ateef, a young man of twenty-five, who had accompanied his venerable uncle on the pilgrimage. The former consisted of the blue-cloth sherval, jubla, and kemish, of the Arab costume; a large overhanging tarboosh, or red cap, falling over the neck and shoulders behind; a white muslin turban, and a red silk sash: the latter, of a Damascus sabre, a Turkish musket, small carbine, and pistols, with ammunition for each. The conveniences borne on my own horse were, a pipe and tobacco bag, a metal drinking cup, a pocket compass, memorandum books and inkstand on one side of a pair of small khovidj, or Eastern travelling bags; and on the other, the maraboot, or chain-fastenings, and irons for securing the horse, by spiking him at night to the earth, on plains where there are no shrubs or trees. A small Turkey carpet, which was to serve for bed, for table, and for prayers; and a woollen cloak for a coverlid during the cold nights, in which we should have to repose on the ground, without covering or shelter, were rolled up behind the seat of the saddle with straps; and my equipment for any length of route, was thus thought to be complete. The supplies I had taken with me for the journey, included a bill of exchange for six hundred piastres (then about 100*l.* sterling) on a merchant at Bagdad; and nearly two thousand piastres in small gold coin, which, with such papers as I considered of importance to me, I carried concealed in one girdle round my waist, called, by the people, a khumnir, and generally used for this purpose, as it cannot be lost or taken from a traveller, without his being absolutely stripped.

On leaving Aleppo, Mr. Buckingham and his party proceeded north-

* Travels in Mesopotamia; including a Journey from Aleppo across the Euphrates to Orfah, (the Ur of the Chaldees,) through the Plains of the Turcomans to Diarbekr in Asia Minor, from thence to Mardin on the borders of the Great Desert, and by the Tigris to Mousul and Bagdad: with Researches on the Ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia. By J. S. Buckingham, Author of Travels in Palestine and the countries East of the Jordan; Travels among the Arab Tribes, &c. London, Colburn, 1827, 1 vol. 4to.

wards, and at the end of a day's journey joined the main body of the caravan, at its first station. On the 28th of May the station was broken up at sunrise, and advanced on its route across. The caravan consisted of about four hundred camels, which is thought a small one; the asses and mules might amount to another hundred, and the number of persons three hundred at least. The course lay now to the north-east: the first village they arrived at was Oktereen. All the villages hitherto had the air of being ruined ones. The style of building in Oktoreen is singular, each separate dwelling having a high pointed dome of unburnt bricks, raised on a square fabric of stone; so that at a little distance they resembled a cluster of bee-hives on square pedestals. The vessels here used for carrying water from the wells are curious; they are not of earthenware, but all of copper, tinned without and within, are broad at bottom, narrow at top, and about two feet high, with a thick handle on each side. In an hour they arrived at another village called Oktereen, where the mode of churning was observed: the milk is first put into a goat's skin, which is suspended on pegs in the walls, or on poles inclining together and forming a conical rest, like a gypsy's spit or pot-holder; it is then pushed to and fro, until the butter is separated from the watery part, which is then thrown off. The tents were pitched about noon on a wide plain, on which were encamped a horde of Turcomans. The range of Taurus was visible to the west-north-west, distant about fifty miles; its highest part covered with snow. A lamb was killed for supper, and a fine fat sheep, bought for a gold roobeah, about half-a-crown. The tents were struck at night, to be ready to depart at sunrise, and all slept in "the open air, beneath a starry canopy of unusual brilliance; and the purity of the atmosphere, with the sweet odour of the fresh young grass, was such as to make even perfumed halls and downy couches, inferior by the contrast."

May 29th.—They depart at sunrise, and proceed nearly east over the plain. At nine, the caravan reached Shahaboor.

The men at this place were dressed nearly as in those through which we had already passed. The women wore on their heads the large red Syrian tarbooh, the loose part overhanging before, while the men permit it to fall behind. These Turcoman females were much better dressed than the Arab women ever are, some of them having red, and others white trowsers; striped silk upper robes, gold ornaments about their heads, their hair hanging in long tresses as in the towns; and their whole appearance neat and interesting. The language used here was Turkish; and, indeed, scarcely any other was heard in the caravan, as the Arabs speak Turkish much more frequently than the Turks do Arabic, from the superior ranks of the military and the government being filled by Turks, who are too proud and too indolent to learn; while the necessities of the others compel them to acquire the language of their masters.

About an hour after leaving Shahaboor, the caravan was attacked by about fifty Turcomans, all well mounted, and armed with a short lance, musket, pistols, and sabre. They were frightened away, rather than repelled, by the noisy travellers of the caravan.

We had scarcely left Shahaboor an hour behind us, before we were alarmed by a troop of horsemen making towards the caravan, in full speed from the southward. The camels were widely scattered, so much so, that there seemed to be a distance of nearly two miles between their extremes. The design of the enemy being to attack and cut off the rear, all who were mounted rushed towards that quarter, leaving only the men on foot, who were armed, to protect the other parts. The enemy checked their horses, advanced, retreated, wheeled, and manœuvred on the plain, with great skill; and, as

they were all mounted on very beautiful animals, it formed as fine a display of horsemanship as I had ever witnessed.

On the other hand, nothing could exceed the confusion and disorder which prevailed in our train. As there was no acknowledged leader, a hundred voices were heard at once, all angry at not being attended to; the women and children shrieked, the asses brayed at the noise of other animals, and the men set up the wildest shouts of defiance. When our enemies, however, betrayed fear, it was the moment chosen by those attacked, to affect courage; and accordingly, all who were dismounted, young and old, came out from among the camels, behind which they had before taken shelter; and those who had muskets without powder, of which there were several, borrowed a charge or two of their neighbours, and idly wasted it in the air. There were at least two hundred balls discharged in this way, in the course of the hour that the Turcomans harassed us by changing their apparent point of attack, and flying round us with the velocity of the wind.

The caravan proceeded—when it halted for a moment to water, and to collect the animals in close order; on the opposite side of the stream most of the people gave loose to their joy, and triumphed in their late escape.

In the expression of these feelings, some danced with their naked swords and khandjars, or dirks, in their hands, singing the wildest songs at the time, like the guards of the dolas, or chiefs of the Arab towns in the Yemen, when they precede their governors in their march; and others discharged their pieces in the air. This display of warlike disposition at length terminated in occasioning two or three frays in the caravans, by exciting disputes, as to who had been the foremost and the bravest among them in repelling the late attack; the consequences were serious, for not less than five persons were more or less hurt or wounded in this affair among friends, though not one had received any injury in the attack of the enemy.

May 30th.—The travellers still proceeding across the extensive and fertile plain, halt at a village of huts and houses, and visit the sheikh.

The tent occupied a space of about thirty feet square, and was formed by one large awning, supported by twenty-four small poles, in four rows, of six each, the ends of the awning being drawn out by cords, fastened to pegs in the ground. Each of these poles giving a promoted form to the part of the awning which it supported, the outside looked like a number of umbrella tops, or small Chinese spires. The half of this square was open in front and at the sides, having two rows of poles clear, and the third was closed by a reeded partition, behind which was the apartments for the females, surrounded entirely by the same kind of matting.

It thus gave a perfect outline of the most ancient temples; and as these tents were certainly still more ancient as dwellings of men, if not as places of worship to gods, than any buildings of stone, it struck me forcibly on the spot, as a probable model from which the first architectural works of these countries were taken. We had here an open portico of an oblong form, with two rows of columns, of six each, in front, and the third engaged in the wall that enclosed the body of the tent all around; the first corresponding to the porticos of temples; and the last as well in its design as in the sacredness of its appropriations, to the sanctuaries of the most remote antiquity.*

The sheikh, whose name was Ramastan, was an old man of eighty, of fine features, combining the characteristics of the Turkish and Arabic race, with large expressive eyes. His complexion was darker than that of the people of Yemen, though somewhat less so than that of the common order of Abyssinians, and this was strongly contrasted by a long beard of silvery white. His divan was spread out with mats and cushions, covered with silk; his dress and arms were plain, yet of the best qualities of their kind; before his tent were two fine mares, well caparisoned, and everything about his establishment wore an appearance of wealth and comfort.

Some of the customs and prejudices of the Turcomans who inhabit this plain, are curious.

Their horror of a certain indiscretion is said to be so great, that the most violent pains, occasioned by a suppression of it, will not induce them to commit so heinous an

* See the representations of the primitive huts in Vetruius.

offence. Mr. Maseyk, formerly the Dutch consul of Aleppo, related to me, that being once on a journey with another Frank of the same city, they halted at a Turcoman tent. The latter, from fatigue, a hearty meal, and a cramped attitude, had the misfortune to be unable to prevent the sudden escape of a noise loud enough to be heard. Every one looked with astonishment on each other, and from that moment shunned communication with the offender. About four years after this event, one of the men who were of this party coming to Aleppo on business, called on Mr. Maseyk, when, by accident, his friend was with him. The Turcoman blushed on recognising this disgraced individual, when Mr. Maseyk, asking him if he had known him before, he replied, with indignation, "Yee; is it not the wretch who defiled our tent?"

Of the jealousy of their honour, the most remarkable stories are told. Mr. Buckingham relates an anecdote of these people which is a complete Eastern romance. These Turcomans appear to be on the borders of Turkey what the Bedouin Arabs are on the borders of Syria. They dwell chiefly in the plains south of the range of Mount Taurus, and extend from the sea coast near Antioch, to the borders of the Euphrates.

Chapter II. Passage of the river Euphrates at Beer.—The travellers continuing their route over a fertile plain, came in full view of the Euphrates, winding in its course to the southward. Ascending the stream about half an hour, on the west bank of the river, they came opposite Beer. The transport of the caravan from one side of the Euphrates to the other, was long and tedious. The stream is rapid, and whirling the boats four or five times in their passage over, occasioned them to fall at least a quarter of a mile below the point immediately opposite to that at which they started. The Euphrates here is at least as broad as the Thames at Blackfriars, but in its greatest depth seemed to be not more than ten or twelve feet. The current in the centre is about three miles an hour, and on the east bank considerably more. The waters are turbid, and of a dark yellowish colour. Just below the town of Beer the stream divides itself into twenty smaller channels, running between low grassy inlets. The banks on both sides, where steep, are of a chalky nature, and where flat, they are fertile, and covered with trees and verdure. The town of Beer—the BIRTHA of antiquity, contains from three to four thousand inhabitants. It stands on the side of a very steep hill, and there are perpendicular cliffs within and around it, in different directions. It is under the dominion of the pacha of Orfah, and is governed by an aga.

Chapter III. From Beer across the plains of the Turcomans to Orfah.—On the caravan's breaking up to quit Beer, Mr. Buckingham was seized by a party sent from the aga, under the pretence of his being a janissary making his escape from Aleppo. Mr. Buckingham represented himself as a Mugrebbin trader. He thinks his story was believed; but as the purpose of his arrest was extortion, it made no difference. It was decided, at length, that the most prudent way was to confess the truth of the charge, and administer a bribe.

I accordingly returned, agreeably to his advice, and no longer denied the charge of being really a janissary, who had lately entered the service, and had come from Cairo, where Turkish is but little spoken. As they had concluded that, for some mutinous conduct there, I had been obliged to seek my safety in flight, I now threw myself upon the clemency of the governor, as a brother soldier—pleaded poverty from my being obliged to escape in haste, but thrust twenty-five gold roobeas, or about sixty shillings sterling, into his hand at the time of my kneeling to kiss it, and this in

secret a manner, that no one could see the gift, or claim a share. I was then ordered to be set at liberty immediately, and distributing a few piastres among the servants, was quickly mounted, and soon rejoined the caravan.

The aspect of the plains of Mesopotamia is dull and uninteresting; the traveller bears testimony to the accuracy of Xenophon's description.

The country was a plain throughout, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood; if any other kind of shrubs or weeds grew there, they have all an aromatic smell; but no trees appeared. Of wild creatures, the most numerous were wild asses, and not a few ostriches, besides bustards, and roe-deer, (antelopes,) which our horsemen sometimes chased.

At this period the caravan was reduced to depend upon itself for supplies. Mr. Buckingham gives this account of their fare.

Our supper consisted of boiled wheat, warm bread, baked on a fire of camel's dung, and steeped in clean melted butter, and some wild herbs, gathered from among the grass around us. This was followed by a pipe and a cup of coffee, and afterwards about an ounce of brown sugar, made into a round hard cake, was served to us out of a little tin case. This was the travelling fare of one of the richest merchants of Mosul, who had property to the amount of ten or fifteen thousand pounds sterling, in money and goods, embarked in the present caravan, and who every night fed, from his own table, not less than twenty poor pilgrims, besides his own immediate dependants.

The caravan arrives (June 2d) at a Turcoman tent. This race is well contrasted with the Arab, in the following passage:—

The men of this camp, as I had noted elsewhere, were fairer, cleaner, better dressed, and more at their ease, than Arabs of the same class; and all of them wore turbans, which were generally of white cloth in broad folds. In most of the countenances that I had yet seen, there seemed to me to exist traces of resemblance to the Tartar physiognomy. The face is short, broad, and flat, with high cheek bones, small sunken eyes, flat nose, broad mouth, and short neck, with a full black bushy beard. The Malay and the Chinese face are but exaggerated examples of the same cast of countenances seen here, and form perhaps the extreme, of which this is the first marked commencement. In the Arab race, the face is long, narrow, and sharp; the cheek bones flat and low; and all have large expressive eyes, a prominent and aquiline nose, small but full-lipped mouth, long graceful neck, and generally a scanty beard. As a race or caste, the Turcomans are therefore widely different from the Arabs; though the same habits of life have brought them, from the north and the south, to border upon each other.

The women of this tribe were quite as well dressed as those we had seen before. We noticed one, said to be newly married, who was driving goats to her tent, dressed with red shalloon trowsers and yellow boots, a clean white upper garment, a red tarboosh on her head, overhanging in front, and three rows of gold Venetian sequins, bound round her brow. She was fair, ruddy, and her skin was not disfigured by stains; but, above all, she was remarkably clean, and perfectly unveiled, two marks of more distinctive difference from the Bedouin women than even those which are noted as separating the male race.

June 3d.—Mr. Buckingham begins to feel the irksomeness of caravan travelling. The rate of going scarcely exceeded twelve miles a day, and the time consumed in performing this was from four to six hours.

In walking my horse a gentle pace, if I mounted the last in the caravan, I could gain the head of it in two hours, though our line extended nearly two miles in length; when, as was the practice of most of the other horsemen of the party, we dismounted on the grass, suffered our horses to feed there, and either laid down or smoked a pipe for nearly an hour, until the caravan had all passed us again. This was repeated at every similar interval; so that, in an uninteresting tract of country, where there was no picturesque landscape to charm the sight, not a tree to relieve the monotonous outline of the hills, nor sufficient verdure to clothe their rocky sides,—where either we were lighted only by the stars, or scorched by the sun an hour after its rising,—its tediousness may be easily conceived.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott at a public dinner lately declared, apropos to nothing, that he was the man who had so long concealed his features under the mask of the author of Waverly, all the world stared, not so much at the unexpectedness of the disclosure, for it was virtually well known before, but that the declaration should be made at that particular moment, when there appeared no reason for exploding the *quasi* secret. A document we have lately seen, however, explains the circumstance, and puts to flight many sage conjectures. The unfortunate position of the affairs of Constable and Co. and of Ballantyne and Co. with the latter of which firms Sir Walter Scott was connected, has rendered it necessary that their accounts should not only be looked into, but exposed to the creditors. The transactions recorded there, show explicitly enough who was the author of Waverly;—we not only find Sir Walter Scott receives payment for these works, but we find him stipulating for the purchase-money of works then unconceived, and of which he is hitherto undelivered. We find him, moreover, not only yielding up every stiver or its worth which he could command, but actually pledging future labours akin to former ones, for the liquidation of his debts. These and a variety of other particulars are to be found in the excerpts of the *sederunt* book of the meetings of Messrs. Ballantyne's creditors, a copy of which has lately been in private circulation. Hence the sudden, and, it must be added, rather awkward avowal of the authorship on the part of Sir Walter. As he was well aware that the circumstances would soon make their way through the press, he determined to catch at some little *eclat*, while yet there was time—some little credit for disclosing that himself, which all the world were soon to learn from others.

These are items from the accounts.

VALUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LITERARY PROPERTY.

1. Copyright of published works, estimated at the rate obtained from Constable and Co. for similar works:

St. Ronan's Well	£ 1,300
Redgauntlet	1,300
* Crusaders	2,000
	<hr/>
	£ 4,600

2. Eventual rights to works sold to Constable and Co. for which bonds to the extent of 7,800*l.* are granted, but for reasons above stated, no value can be rated in this state.†

3. Works in progress.‡ As none of these are completed, no value put on them at present beyond what is before stated as due to Ballantyne

* This price is that given for the subsequent editions after the first of 10,000.

† It is a condition of these bonds, that if they are not paid, the copyrights revert to the author; so that, in spite of the failure of the granters, it is supposed they will be paid.

‡ This alludes to the Life of Napoleon.

very handsome room, with gilded ceiling, carpeted divans furnished with silk cushions, and other marks of the occupier's wealth. Among our party were the two Indian fakirs, who knew their interest too well ever to desert their patron, so that they constantly hung about his person. These men, clad in a bundle of loose rags, scarcely holding together, though bound with many cords and threads, and swarming with vermin, from their never having changed their garments, or perhaps washed their bodies, for the last three years, were seated among the rest along the sofa, and served with exactly the same attention as others of the company.

This practice of admitting the ragged and dirty to an equal place with the well-clad and clean,—as well as that of suffering the servants of the house to sleep on the divan at night, which equally prevails among the Turks,—occasions the houses of the rich to be almost as subject to vermin as those of the poor. It is thus by no means rare to see the most wealthy and polite among them arrest the crawling intruder in his march over their benishes; and, rather than defile their nails by killing it on them, as is the practice of the poor in Spain and Portugal, they usually blow it off into the middle of the fire room. They say that they themselves thus remain clean, and there is but a chance at least of the little crawler's ever reaching them again: whereas, though the practice of killing it at once renders that impossible, yet, in their estimation, this act is in itself too grossly shocking to decency to be permitted.

Our supper was served on a large metal salver, highly ornamented with Arabic devices and inscriptions, and containing at least forty dishes; the central one of which was, as usual, a pilau, and the surrounding ones stewed meats, fruits, and various made dishes. Among our drinks were, iced milk and lebben; a fine iced sherbet, made with honey, cinnamon-water, and spices; and the iced juice of pomegranates of the last year, diluted with water of roses; so that one could not regret the want of wine to crown the banquet. The napkin which surrounded the salver, so as to leave a portion large enough to cover the knees of all who sat before it, was of fine silk gauze, embroidered at the edges and ends, and was in one piece of six or eight yards long by a yard broad. Water was served to us in a silver cup, called, in Arabic, "tassé;" and we washed afterwards over silver ewers. Our evening pipes and coffee were taken on the terrace of the house; which, being lofty, and seated nearly in the centre of the town, gave us a panoramic view of great extent and beauty.

After sun-set, we retired to the Khan Khoolah-Oghlee, without the town, as the Hadjee still persisted in refusing to give the marked preference of a permanent abode with any of his friends. They all accompanied us, however, to the gate of the khan itself, where we separated. Here, too, we found a party formed for our entertainment, by the servants and charitable dependants of the worthy pilgrim; and, though of a humbler kind than that which we just quitted, it was much more vivacious, and equally entertaining.

The chief personages who figured in this assembly were two Christians, returning from the Easter festival at Jerusalem, to Mardin, called, by the Turks, Mokhoddesy, and not Hadjee; these titles being derivative from the respective places visited. The names of these pilgrims were Eesa, or Jesus; and Abdallah, or the Slave of God. The names of Jesus and Mohammed are borne only by the followers of their respective prophets; but Abdallah is common both to Moslems and Christians, though less frequent among the latter, where it is sometimes replaced by the name of Abd-el-Meseeah, or the Slave of the Messiah.

Eesa was crowned with a high-pointed bonnet, fringed at the edge, gilded on the sides, and adorned at the top with a bunch of small tinkling bells. Abdallah made a still more grotesque figure, as he was naked to the waist, and had contrived to decorate his head with coloured feathers and cotton wool, which, added to the blue stains, (the symbols of the holy pilgrimage,) with which his body and arms were covered, gave him an appearance somewhat between that of a savage Indian and an ancient Briton, as they are generally represented to us. To complete the resemblance, these men threw themselves into the wildest attitudes, like those of the aboriginal war-dance of America, and to as rude a music.

The band was composed of a drummer, who beat with the palm and fingers of his hands on a large copper pan, turned bottom upwards, and a fifer, who blew into the upper end of a long cane, holding it as a clarinet, and using six stops, as in a flute. These produced, as may be imagined, no sweet or seductive sounds, though they were sufficiently musical to charm most of the party, who kept time by clapping their hands, as is commonly done in Egypt.

Besides these, there was a little slave boy of the Hadjee's, born in his house, of Abyssinian parents, who, though not yet eight years old, had accompanied his master

At the second meeting of creditors, held 3d February, 1826—

A resolution is entered, that the printing establishment should be continued, both as a source of profit, and as necessary for the publication of Sir W. Scott's works; *who had requested of Mr. Gibson to communicate, that he was to use every exertion in his power on behalf of the creditors; and by the diligent employment of his talents, and adoption of a strictly economical mode of life, to secure, as speedily as possible, full payment to all concerned.*

The cause of the delay in the publication of the Life of Napoleon, will be found in the following minute:

“The circumstances connected with the two literary works, entitled ‘Woodstock,’ and the ‘Life of Napoleon Buonaparte,’ considered; and the trustees expressed their opinion, that so far as they understood the nature of the bargain between Sir Walter Scott and Constable and Co. that the latter had no claim in law for the proceeds of either of these books; but think it desirable for all parties that they should be finished, which should be communicated to Sir Walter; and also, that he should be requested to give his aid to the sale of them to the best advantage. Mr. Gibson instructed to endeavour to concert some arrangement with Constable and Co. for consigning in some bank the price of the works, until all questions concerning them were decided.”

On the 26th May, 1826, a meeting was held, when Mr. Gibson reported particulars of sale of Woodstock, 7900 copies of which had been sold to Hurst and Robinson, at 6,500*l.*; but they being unable to complete the bargain, they had been transferred to Longman and Co. on same terms. The money had been paid, and was deposited with Sir W. Forbes and Co. to wait the issue of decision as to the respective claims of Constable and Co. and Sir W. Scott's trustees, regarding this work. The remainder of the impression had been sold to Constable and Co.'s trustees, at 18*s.* 6*d.* each copy, “at a credit of ten months from delivery, with five per cent. discount for any earlier payment,” of which the trustees approved. In consequence of advice from Sir Walter Scott and Longman and Co. it had been thought advisable to restrict the first edition of the Life of Napoleon to 6000, instead of 8000 copies, as originally intended.

The excerpts contain a great number of items, which lay open the precise state of Sir Walter's private affairs:—a hundred years hence they may be a great curiosity, and their publication may then be correct; at present it would certainly be indelicate and unhandsome, not only to the admirable writer himself, but also to several other private individuals. Every thing belonging to a great national genius is public property, and in the course of a short time these Excerpts will be sought for with avidity; and published with as little hesitation as Mr. Todd lately printed Milton's pecuniary squabbles with his mother-in-law.

poli in Syria, are the only ones that have come to Mr. B.'s knowledge of Christians being allowed the same privileges of dress as Mahomedans, even when in the actual service of the government. At the house of the Patriarch Mr. Buckingham remained the night, and gives this account of his entertainment.

I had been so pressed to remain the night here, that it would have been an ill return for my host's kindness to refuse, so that I sat down with the rest to supper. Previous to the meal, a small plate of fried fish (stolen, it was admitted, from the Birket el Ibrahim,) was placed before us, of which all partook. Rakhee, or brandy distilled from dates, was then served from a rude image of a bird moulded in clay, the stream being made to issue from its mouth, and each of the guests drank from ten to twelve china coffee-cups of this strong spirit, before supper began. In serving the Patriarch, the same reverence was shewn to him as had been done below. When the cup was given to him, or when it was taken away, when his pipe was presented, or when he wiped his mouth with a napkin after drinking, his hand was invariably kissed by the priests who attended him.

Our supper was composed of several good dishes, and a bright moon was the lamp by which we ate. Towards its close, a cannon was discharged to announce the execution of a janissary, that mode of proclaiming their death being an honour reserved for their class, as beheading is for the nobility in England, while inferior persons, not belonging to this class, are here sent out of life without such a formality. One of the priests having unfeelingly exclaimed, "Ah! there is another child of the devil gone to his father's bosom," was followed by several others, saying, "Al humd ul Illah," or, "Thanks be to God;" and all prayed rather for the destruction, and utter rooting out of the Turks, than for their conversion to a purer faith. In this the Patriarch did not actually join, nor did he, on the other hand, at all rebuke it. It led to a conversation of the most fanatic and blood-breathing kind, in which they seemed to pant only for an occasion to persecute their oppressors with more than tenfold return for injuries received.

From the library of the Patriarch, a sort of General History was then produced, describing in one volume the leading events of the world, from Adam down to the first taking of Jerusalem by the Mohammedans. This was written in the Arabic language, with the Syriac character, and called therefore, "Gurshoonee;" as the Arabic and Syriac are distinct languages, having each a distinct character, while in this dialect they are both mixed together. From this book, some horrid details were read of the cruelties practised on the Christians, and it was then asked, "What! if the occasion offers shall we not revenge ourselves?" I answered, that the head of that religion himself had said to his followers, "Bless them that persecute you, pray for them that despitefully use you;" and, "if thine enemy smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other, or if he take away thy cloak from thee, give unto him thy coat also." All of them knew these passages of scripture well enough, but said they applied only to personal injuries, and not to those inflicted on the cause of their holy faith; an interpretation which, however ingenious, served only to prove how pre-eminent are the feelings of our nature over doctrines and precepts intended to counteract them.

The remainder of our evening was passed in theological disputes, as bitter as they could well be, though between members of the same church, and on points held to be unimportant, merely appertaining to faith and doctrine, uniformity in which is considered far less essential than in ceremonial rites; for all were considered by this party to be orthodox Christians, who made the cross and took the sacrament in the same manner with themselves, however much they might differ from them in other respects.

Chapter V. contains a History and Description of Orfah.—Orfah is generally understood to have been the Ur of the Chaldees, from whence Abraham went forth to dwell in Haran, previous to his being called from thence, by God, to go into Canaan, the land promised to himself and to his seed for ever. Edessa is the name given to it by the Macedonians. Before the conquest of this city by the Romans, it was the capital of Oschaene, an independent kingdom, which occupied the northern and most fertile part of Mesopotamia, and whose inhabitants, in the time of Alexander, were a ruined race of Greeks, Arabs, Syrians, and Armenians. Mr. Buckingham gives a sketch of

wards, and at the end of a day's journey joined the main body of the caravan, at its first station. On the 28th of May the station was broken up at sunrise, and advanced on its route across. The caravan consisted of about four hundred camels, which is thought a small one; the asses and mules might amount to another hundred, and the number of persons three hundred at least. The course lay now to the north-east: the first village they arrived at was Oktereen. All the villages hitherto had the air of being ruined ones. The style of building in Oktoreen is singular, each separate dwelling having a high pointed dome of unburnt bricks, raised on a square fabric of stone; so that at a little distance they resembled a cluster of bee-hives on square pedestals. The vessels here used for carrying water from the wells are curious; they are not of earthenware, but all of copper, tinned without and within, are broad at bottom, narrow at top, and about two feet high, with a thick handle on each side. In an hour they arrived at another village called Oktereen, where the mode of churning was observed: the milk is first put into a goat's skin, which is suspended on pegs in the walls, or on poles inclining together and forming a conical rest, like a gypsy's spit or pot-holder; it is then pushed to and fro, until the butter is separated from the watery part, which is then thrown off. The tents were pitched about noon on a wide plain, on which were encamped a horde of Turcomans. The range of Taurus was visible to the west-north-west, distant about fifty miles; its highest part covered with snow. A lamb was killed for supper, and a fine fat sheep, bought for a gold roobeah, about half-a-crown. The tents were struck at night, to be ready to depart at sunrise, and all slept in "the open air, beneath a starry canopy of unusual brilliance; and the purity of the atmosphere, with the sweet odour of the fresh young grass, was such as to make even perfumed halls and downy couches, inferior by the contrast."

May 29th.—They depart at sunrise, and proceed nearly east over the plain. At nine, the caravan reached Shahaboor.

The men at this place were dressed nearly as in those through which we had already passed. The women wore on their heads the large red Syrian tarbooh, the loose part overhanging before, while the men permit it to fall behind. These Turcoman females were much better dressed than the Arab women ever are, some of them having red, and others white trowsers; striped silk upper robes, gold ornaments about their heads, their hair hanging in long tresses as in the towns; and their whole appearance neat and interesting. The language used here was Turkish; and, indeed, scarcely any other was heard in the caravan, as the Arabs speak Turkish much more frequently than the Turks do Arabic, from the superior ranks of the military and the government being filled by Turks, who are too proud and too indolent to learn; while the necessities of the others compel them to acquire the language of their masters.

About an hour after leaving Shahaboor, the caravan was attacked by about fifty Turcomans, all well mounted, and armed with a short lance, musket, pistols, and sabre. They were frightened away, rather than repelled, by the noisy travellers of the caravan.

We had scarcely left Shahaboor an hour behind us, before we were alarmed by a troop of horsemen making towards the caravan, in full speed from the southward. The camels were widely scattered, so much so, that there seemed to be a distance of nearly two miles between their extremes. The design of the enemy being to attack and cut off the rear, all who were mounted rushed towards that quarter, leaving only the men on foot, who were armed, to protect the other parts. The enemy checked their horses, advanced, retreated, wheeled, and manœuvred on the plain, with great skill; and, as

One cannot, indeed, but be struck with the remarkable intelligence of the youths of this country, whose understandings seem to be matured before the age at which it first unfolds itself in more northern regions. Their acuteness of perception is often followed up by a corresponding power of reasoning, which very soon fits them for the society of their elders, so that, notwithstanding they are kept at a very humble distance by their own immediate parents, they are admitted to a great equality with grown-up strangers. When men salute them, a proper answer is always sure to be returned; and if they in their turn address a stranger, it would be considered an unpardonable rudeness for the stranger not to return them some complimentary expression. It is thus, that they become early habituated to social intercourse, and I scarcely remember an instance of what we call "mauvaise honte" among them, though this is so common among the children of our own country.

Every thing at Orfah is Turkish, and what that is, Mr. Buckingham tells us in a picturesque manner.

Beards are so general at Orfah, that there were only two of our whole party who were shaved, and these were both young men. Turkish was the only language spoken; and except the Hindoo dervish, our camel-driver Mohammed, and myself, the features of all the company were more or less Turkish also. The distinguishing marks of these are a full round face, a wide mouth, a strait nose, thick eyebrows, a full beard curling down the sides in long locks, and a remarkably thick neck, which is often deeply furrowed behind, in cross lines, like that of a young bull.

At length the intelligence came that the Arabs, whose hostility was dreaded, had removed to the east, and Mr. Buckingham prepared for his journey by a bath. He gives a luxurious description of the enjoyment and the economy of a bath at Orfah. It concludes thus:—

As we continued to be perfectly uninterrupted by the visit of a single person, during the whole of my stay, I remained a full hour under the hands of the operator, had every joint cracked, every muscle moulded, and the hair entirely removed, excepting only from the eyebrows and beard, which were carefully trimmed and set in order by the same person, according to the fashion of the country.* An hour's repose upon a clean bed in the outer room, where coffee, nargeels, and iced sherbets of raisins were brought me, and afterwards a dinner of minced meat patties and salad, taken also in the bath before dressing, completed a course of considerable pleasure; the whole expense of which was only fifty paras, or scarcely an English shilling.

Chapter VII. From Orfah to the encampment of El Mazar.—The caravan advances in its route, the travellers constantly alarmed by the appearance of horsemen as they crossed the plains, who however retire without doing mischief. These plains are navigated like seas.

In these extensive plains, minute objects are seen at quite as great a distance as on the ocean, and the smallest eminences are discovered, (or "made," as the sea phrase is,) by degrees, just as islands and capes are at sea, first perceiving their tops, and then raising them gradually above the horizon, till their bases appear on the level of the observer. Many of these, like rocks and headlands to sailors, become, among the Desert Arabs, so many fixed marks of observation, and fresh points of departure. The bearings and distances of wells are noted and remembered from such objects; and they are seen by caravans, going slowly across the Great Desert, for many days in succession, as they approach to and recede from them.

On the 17th June, the caravan gradually ascending, reached the brow of an eminence which overlooked a boundless prospect. This was the Great Eastern Plain, which presented an horizon like the

* It is one of the many remarkable contrasts between European and Asiatic usages, that, on the parts which Europeans most carefully shave, Asiatics suffer the hair to grow, and as carefully preserve it; while on those where the former suffer it to remain, the latter as studiously remove it—on all occasions of their visiting the bath. It has been thought that depilatory powders are sometimes used for this purpose, but I have never known any thing to supersede the common razor.

sea, broken only in two or three places by little mounds, arising like rocks or islets out of the water. Soon afterwards two horsemen were seen riding to the caravan across the plain; they were Arabs of the Beni-Meilan, under Abn-Aioobe-Ibn-Temer Pasha, who were on the look-out on behalf of their tribe, with orders to let no caravans pass without payment of the regular demand of tribute.

These men were mounted on fine mares, though very wretchedly caparisoned; and their dress was rather like that of the Fellahs or cultivators of the country, than like the Bedouins I had been accustomed to see. They wore the large overhanging tarboosh, and white muslin turbans, with a serge cloak, resembling in colour, form, and substance, the white Muggrebin burnoosh, used in the west of Africa; except that this had large sleeves, and, instead of being woven like the former without seam, it was joined in the middle, like the Syrian Arab cloak, by a red cord, going horizontally across the back.

Their arms were, a sword, a brace of pistols, and a long light lance, of twelve or thirteen feet in length. Both of these men were shaved, wearing only mustachios, and one of them had light blue eyes, a fair complexion, with yellow hair and eyebrows; but neither of them had a single feature at all resembling those I had been accustomed to see in the pure Arab race, from the southern extremity of the Yemen to this the most northern limit of Arabia.

To these persons actual homage was done by the caravan travellers, who surrendered themselves to their guidance, and were led to the encampment of El Mazar. The scenes at the camp of the robber chief are very curious, and though long, they are worth extracting.

The first tent was scarcely raised, before we were visited by three of the chief's dependants, mounted on beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, and drest in the best manner of Turkish military officers, with their cloth garments highly embroidered, and their swords, pistols, and khandjars, such as Pashas themselves might be proud to wear. Every one arose at their entry, and the carpets and cushions of the Hadjee, which had been laid out with more care than usual, were offered to the chief visitor, while the rest seated themselves beside him. All those of the caravan who were present, not excepting the Hadjee himself, assumed the humiliating position of kneeling and sitting backward on their heels, which is done only to great and acknowledged superiors.

This is one of the most painful of the Mohammedan attitudes, and exceedingly difficult to be acquired, as it is performed by first kneeling on both knees, then turning the soles of the feet upward, and lastly, sitting back on these in such a manner, as that they receive the whole weight of the body, while the knees still remain pressed to the ground. I at first assumed this attitude with the rest, but an incapacity to continue it for any great length of time, obliged me to rise and go out of the tent, on pretence of drinking; which simple incident, though I returned in a very few minutes afterwards to resume my seat, from its being thought a disrespectful liberty to rise at all in the presence of so great a man, without a general movement of the whole party, gave rise to very earnest inquiries regarding a person of manners so untutored.

The answers to these inquiries were highly contradictory. Some asserted that I was an Egyptian of Georgian parents, and of the race of the Mamlouks of Cairo, from their knowing me to be really from Egypt, and from my speaking the Arabic with the accent of that country, where I had first acquired it, while they attributed my fairer complexion than that of the natives to the same cause. Others said that I was a doctor from Damascus, and suggested that I had probably been in the service of the Pasha there, as I had given some medicines to a little slave-boy of my protector, by which he had recovered from an attack of fever; coupled with which, they had heard me talk much of Damascus as a beautiful and delightful city, and therefore concluded this to be the attachment of a native. Some again insisted that I was a Muggrebin, or Arab of Morocco, acquainted with all sorts of magical charms and arts, and added, that I was certainly going to India to explore hidden treasures, to open mines of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; to fathom seas of pearls, and hew down forests of aloes-wood and cinnamon, since I was the most inquisitive being they had ever met with, and had been several times observed to write much in a small book, and in an unknown tongue; so that, as it was even avowed by myself that I was going to India, and had neither merchandize nor baggage with me of any kind, it could be for no other purposes

than these that I could have undertaken so long a journey. Lastly, some gave out that I was a man of whom nobody knew the real religion; for, although I was protected under the tent of Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhmān, and treated as an equal with himself, I was certainly not a Moslem of the true kind; because, at the hours of prayer, I had always been observed to retire to some other spot, as if to perform my devotions in secret, and never had yet prayed publicly with my companions. A Christian they were sure I was not, because I ate meat, and milk, and butter, on Wednesdays and Fridays, as well as on other days; and a Jew I could not be, because I wore no side locks, and trimmed the upper edge of my beard, after the manner of the Turks, which the Israelites or Yahoudis are forbidden to do. As I had been seen, however, at every place of our halt, to retire to a secluded spot and wash my whole body with water, to change my inner garments frequently, to have an aversion to vermin which was quite unnatural, and a feeling of disgust towards certain kinds of them, amounting to something like horror, as well as carefully to avoid being touched or lain upon by dirty people, and at night to sleep always aloof from, and on the outskirts of the caravan, they concluded, that I was a priest of some of those idolatrous nations of whom they had heard there were many in India, the country to which I was going, and who, they had also understood, had many of these singular aversions, so constantly exhibited by myself.

All this being openly declared, by one mouth or another, from individuals of the caravan, who had crowded around our tent, and in the hearing of the Hadjee himself, he found it necessary to clear me from all these imputations, by declaring me at once to be an Englishman, whom he had taken under his protection. These Arabs had never heard of such a people; but when it was said a Franjee, (or a Frank,) "Oh!" said one of them, "they are the people who come from Ajām, and I know how to prove or try them." A cup of water was then at this man's request brought to me, and I was requested to drink out of it, being first told that the cup belonged to a Jew of the caravan. I drank, as requested, and then the man declared, with a loud voice, that I was an impostor, since the Franjee were all Ajāmi, and the Ajāmi would rather die than drink out of the cup of a Yahoodi, or Jew.

I know not how so strange an assemblage of ideas had been formed in this man's brain, but it was such as to produce on the minds of all who heard him, the firmest conviction of my having deceived even my companions. I was then questioned about the country of the English, and that of India, and my answer to these questions only made the matter still worse. As they believe the world to be a perfect plain, surrounded by a great sea, so as to be like a square mass floating in water, the Moham-medans generally inquire how the countries lie in succession, one *within* another, in the different quarters, taking their own for nearly the centre of all. My replies to such questions were directed by truth, for the sake of avoiding self-contradiction, to which I should have been very liable if I had been cross-examined, and had endeavoured to shape my answers to their absurd theory. I admitted, however, in conformity to their own notions, that the eastern world ended at the Great Sea beyond China, the western world in the Pacific Ocean, the southern in the Sea of Yemen, and the northern in the Frozen Ocean. The details of dog-headed nations, of women growing on trees and falling off when ripe for marriage, of men forty yards high, and other equally absurd matters of Eastern fable and belief, were then all inquired about, and my answers to these being less satisfactory than even those to preceding questions, the opinion of my being an impostor was confirmed, more particularly as some one had mischievously mentioned my having been already detained at Beer, as a chief of Janissaries, who had committed some crime, and was therefore flying from Aleppo.

While all this was going on beneath the tent, a scene of a different description was passing without. The two horsemen whom we had first met were employed in arranging all the goods and baggage, according to their respective owners, in separating the Christians from the Moslems, and in making the necessary preparations for the levy of their tribute from the caravan. A paper was then brought, containing a written statement, drawn up by one of our party, at the command of their surveyors, and by him read to the chief; for neither himself, nor any of his attendants, appeared to be able to read or write. While all the rest humbly knelt around him, this chief stretched himself, with an affectation of contempt, along the carpet on the ground, and threw his legs occasionally in the air. It was neither the attitude of weariness, nor the rude carelessness of unpolished life; but a barbarian or savage notion of dignity, which consisted only in showing to those around him how much he despised them.

It was just at this moment that the Hadjee contrived to lay before this chief, with

his own hands, and with an attitude of the greatest humility, a box of presents, containing a rich Cashmeer shawl, some female ornaments, an amber mouth-piece for a Turkish pipe, and other articles, amounting in value to at least fifteen hundred piastres, or fifty pounds sterling. These the brutal despot turned over, with a look of as much indifference as he had assumed from the beginning, and neither deigned to praise them, nor to seem even pleased with the gift. The list of our goods being then read to him, a certain sum was commanded to be affixed to each name, and, to judge from his manner of naming it, the amount of this was entirely arbitrary. The owners of the merchandize were then ordered to pay twenty piastres for each camel-load, fifteen for each horse or mule, and ten for every ass. The leader of the caravan was to pay a thousand piastres, to be levied by him in any way he thought proper on the persons composing it; the merchants were to give a thousand Spanish dollars for the members of their class; the Mokhōdessy, or pilgrims from Jerusalem, were to raise fifteen hundred piastres among themselves, which was a still harder condition than the preceding; and I was condemned to pay one thousand piastres, instead of five thousand, which it was contended would have been demanded of me, if I had not been under the protection of Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhmān, who had smoothed his way by his presents to the chief.

The sums named for the merchandize were instantly agreed to be paid; but the other assessments were not so easily to be obtained; as their amount was not only exorbitant, but the persons named were really unable to raise it. The leader of the caravan reduced his tribute to five hundred piastres, of which he paid the half himself, and raised the other half by subscription. The merchants compromised for two thousand, which was furnished by about ten of the principal ones; and the pilgrims could not raise altogether five hundred piastres, though they formed, in number, nearly two-thirds of the caravan.

The two men who exercised the duty of collectors, and who, being on the look-out on that day, were perhaps interested by a specific share of the prize-money, behaved with the greatest insolence and cruelty. They ransacked the private baggage of such as they suspected to have any thing worth taking, and selected from amongst it whatever they pleased. When they came to mine, I trembled for the result, as, though consisting only of a pair of small khoordj or saddle-bags, and a portmanteau, these contained all that was necessary, not merely for my journey, but for the success of my views in the East. In them were the money with which Mr. Barker had furnished me for my journey, a gold watch, all my Indian letters and papers, which if seen would have made them think me a greater man than they had yet imagined me to be, and induced them to augment their demand; a thermometer, compass, and other instruments, all now crowded, by the advice of the Hadjee, into this small space, to escape observation, from the fear that if seen they would occasion my being taken for a magician, and this idea would be confirmed by their finding among the rest of the things some few medicines, and broken specimens of mineralogy, of which no one would have known or even imagined the use.

I made all the efforts in my power to prevent the portmanteau from being opened, but, whenever I advanced to interfere, I was driven back by blows and insults, until seeing them proceed to loosen the straps, I entreated the Hadjee to intercede for me, saying, that it had cost me much trouble to get the things there into a small space, and begging that they might not be ransacked. The motive was suspected, and occasion was taken of it to say, that if I chose to pay the thousand piastres demanded of me, nothing should be disturbed. I had before declared, that I had no more money with me than the few piastres shown to them in my purse, and said that, as I was poor, I hoped to get along by the help of the faithful, and by such sum as should be produced by the sale of my horse at the journey's end. All the money that I had, indeed, except these few piastres, which were necessary for the current wants of the road, was really within the khoordj, the greater amount being in a bill on a merchant of Bagdad, and the remainder in gold coin, carefully secured, and I could not pay it, if disposed to do so, without opening this package. I was allowed a moment to consult with the Hadjee, to whom I stated my wish rather to accede to these terms, hard as they were, than to have my baggage opened, which might perhaps lead to still worse consequences, as in it money would be found, which would betray my having deceived them, and other articles of still greater value, which would be, perhaps, taken from me altogether. He then, after fruitless efforts to reduce it lower, agreed to pay the sum required, on condition that my effects should not be disturbed; and it was of course understood, that I was to return this sum to him either on the road, or on our arrival at Mardin.

After the duty of exacting and paying the tribute, the travellers were commanded to go up to the camp to supper.

We found in this tent two persons, superior even to the chief who had visited us below. These were seated on fine divans, lolling on rich cushions; and one of them, a corpulent man, with a long white beard, was dressed in silk cloths and furs, with a high cap, of a kind between that of a Delhi and a Tatar. We knelt humbly around on the earth, and were barked at by large dogs, stared at by dirty and ill-dressed children, and eyed by the women from the openings in the partitions of the tent; the whole presenting a greater mixture of the rudeness of Arab manners with the luxurious indolence of the Turkish, than I had ever before seen.

Supper was served almost instantly after the first cup of coffee had been taken. This consisted of a whole sheep, two lambs, and two kids; the former set before us with its limbs unsevered, the four latter in separate dishes of a large size, cut into pieces, and hoiled with wheat in the husk. We had warm bread, and an abundance of lebben or sour milk, for which last only spoons were used, the boiled wheat being eaten by handfuls. The whole was despatched with the haste of beasts devouring their prey, and fearing to lose it by delay; and as every one, after washing his hands and mouth, poured out the water on the ground before him, without using a towel or a basin, the whole space within the tent was speedily inundated. The earth at length, however, absorbed it; but so rudely was every thing done amidst this abundance, and even luxury, that hands and faces were wiped in the sleeves of shirts, or skirts of cloaks, or else left to dry in the air. Coffee was again served, and as the sun was declining we prepared to return.

We were detained, however, by an affray that was likely to have proved fatal to many, and did indeed end in the wounding a considerable number on each side, of the combatants. During the supposed moment of security, while we sat beneath the tent of the chief, we observed a party of Turcoman horse, belonging, it was afterwards said, to another tribe, passing through the camp, leading with them several camels and their lading, taken from our caravan. Immediately, the whole camp became a scene of warfare. Our legitimate pillagers, roused with indignation at the interference of other intruders on their sacred ground, rushed to horse and to arms. All the members of the caravan who had come up here by command, some mounted, and some on foot, rushed out to join them. A battle ensued: the horsemen, with their spears and sword, the men on foot with their muskets, pistols, and daggers, were previously engaged, hand to hand. Many were run through and through, with the long lances of the cavaliers, and afterwards trampled under their horses' hoofs; several others were wounded with sabre cuts, and still more had severe contusions and bruises. All were hotly engaged, at close quarters, for half an hour at least, and it fell to my lot to come into grappling contact with three individuals in succession, neither of whom escaped unhurt from the struggle. It ended, however, in victory declaring on our side, in the recovery of the plundered property, and the chasing the intruders from the camp.

It was faint twilight when this contest ended, and as it was desirable to get to our tents before it became dark, those who had ridden up to the camp, mounted the same horses to go back; but as I was on foot, a saddled mare was presented to me. I declined to ride, and begged to be permitted to walk. It was answered, that it would be a great breach of politeness to suffer one like me to depart from the tent of the chief on foot, and, in short, my riding was insisted on. I was obliged to yield; and, when mounting, my sword, which after the affray I had still continued to conceal, as before, was, as I expected, discovered. As the people of the country never see arms of any kind without examining them, it was in vain to resist their inspection of this. I was accordingly taken in to the sheikh, who expressed himself pleased with it. He asked how much it had cost me: I was afraid to say any sum; because, if I told him justly, he would have concluded that I was rich; if I stated its value at a low estimate, he would have excused himself for taking it from me as a thing of little value. I therefore said it had been given to me by a friend whom I respected; and added, that I valued it so highly on that account, that I would suffer my life to be taken from me rather than part with it. This was uttered in a very determined tone, as the only method which presented itself to my mind, of escaping from extortion. It had, in part, the desired effect; but to compensate to the sheikh for his relinquishing all further claim to it, on account of the motive of my estimating it so highly, I was obliged to give him another sword, belonging to the nephew of my host, for which I engaged to pay this young man two hundred and fifty piastres, or return him one of equal value at Mardin.

After being thus literally floored, we returned to our camp, fatigued as much by the vexations of the day, as by the privation of our usual noon-sleep, and the bustle we had undergone in the mid-day sun.

Chapter VIII. From the Arab camp at El Mazar to Mardin.—In this route they arrive among the Koords, a peculiar people, boasting of no very high character in the East. This is Mr. Buckingham's sketch of a Koord.

In our way we had seen some of these koords from the northern hills; or those called generally Jebel Mardin, and the dress of these was nearly that of the Bedouin Arabs, the chief garments being a long and ample shirt, and an outer goombaz or caftan, of coarse white cotton cloth. The girdle of the waist was of thick leather, tightly buckled on. On the head, instead of the kaffeah, was worn a small red tarboosh, bound round by a thin blue cotton handkerchief. They wore also a white cloak of coarse and open serge, which, being thrown over their head and shoulders, sheltered them from the sun in the heat of the day, and served for a sufficient covering at night, in a climate where we had yet found no dews, and where the atmosphere after sunset was mild and agreeable in the extreme. Their arms were merely a sword and shield. The sword was slung by a belt, depending from the broad sennar, or girdle, with its edge downwards, in the European fashion, and not with the curve of the blade turned upwards, after the manner of the Arabs and Turks. The shield was formed of a semi-globular piece of brass, with carved devices in the centre; and this surrounded by a broad fringe of black silk, which waved in the air, the outer part being made of a close basket-work of coloured reeds, and the whole forming a handsome appendage to the wearer.

As these koords walked beside our caravan, singing and driving their cattle before them, with their shields slung over their shoulders, their loose robes and light cloaks blown out by the storm, and thus trudging along, with their naked and brawny legs covered about the ankle only with sandals of thongs, they formed an interesting group; and in the hands of a skilful artist would have furnished an admirable subject for a picture of costume.

Chapter IX. Contains the entry into, and stay at Mardin.—Mr. Buckingham does not enter Mardin immediately, but turns aside to the east of the town to visit the Syrian patriarch, at his convent.

On our arrival at the convent, my letter procured me a favourable reception from the patriarch, who was a handsome and polite young man, and had been advanced unusually early to the dignity he enjoyed, as he was but little beyond thirty years of age. Our evening was passed in a large party, consisting chiefly of pilgrims belonging to Mardin, who had returned from Jerusalem, and had come from Aleppo in their own caravan. The supper served to them consisted of the choicest dishes; and not less than twenty jars of arrack were drank by about as many persons,—all of them, too, before the meal, as a stimulant, and not a single cup after it. The party was continued until a late hour, and our enjoyment was then terminated by the delicious luxury of clean linen and a clean bed.

These convents appear to be very singular institutions—the priests, who inhabit this one, which is called Deer Zafferany, consist of three orders—the patriarch, six matrans, and twelve catzees; the catzees are permitted to marry, and they and their wives and children all live in the convent together.

The population of Mardin is about twenty thousand. Two-thirds are Mahommedans, and the remainder Jews and Christians. Mardin is built chiefly on the side of a lofty hill, and the houses rise in ranges above each other, like the seats of a Roman theatre.

Near Mardin the caravan remains so long, that Mr. Buckingham, disgusted with the delay, determines upon leaving it; and on going to Diarbekr to find, if he could, Tartars or government messengers, under whose protection he might proceed at a more rapid rate. Diarbekr

is the seat of government, and the chief central town in the passage from Constantinople to Bagdad.

Chapter X. Journey from Mardin to Diarbekr.—This journey is considered particularly dangerous—the robberies are constant, and the inhabitants by the way notorious thieves. In the character of guide and protector, Mr. Buckingham hired, as his companion, a man named Hassein, one of the most notorious robbers among the koord horsemen. Hassein's habitation was on the road—here they alighted at sun-set, and Mr. Buckingham was taken to visit his chief. In the true spirit of the country, says Mr. Buckingham, the aga first exacted an arbitrary contribution, as a tribute to his local authority, and then entertained me with the liberality of a friend of long standing. By sun-set next day the travellers saw the Tigris—the next morning the travellers cross the river, and arrive at Diarbekr.

The aspect of Diarbekr, at this first view, is that of a walled and fortified city, seated on a commanding eminence, appearing to be strongly defended by its position as well as its works without, and splendid, and wearing an air of great stateliness and opulence, in its mosques and towers within. The country amid which it is seated, is every where fertile and productive. Lofty mountains in the distance, while looking eastwards toward Koordistan, give an outline of great grandeur; in that direction, gardens and bridges, and pleasant summer-houses, seen nearer at hand, add softer beauties to the scene; while the passage of the Tigris, at the foot of the hill on which the town is seated, offers a combination of picturesque beauty, agricultural wealth, domestic convenience, and rural enjoyment.

After passing the Tigris a second time, we went up a steep road on the side of the hill, having gardens below us on our right, and extensive cemeteries, in more abrupt valleys, on our left, till we approached the gate called, by the Turks, Mardin Kaupusee, and by the Arabs, Bab el Mardin, from its being the gate leading to and from that town.

Chapters XI. and XII. contain a description of Diarbekr and a the journey back to Mardin, Dara, and Nisibis.—Diarbekr is a very considerable town, and the population is estimated at fifty thousand at least. There are upwards of twenty baths in the town, and about fifteen khans or caravanserais.

The Khan Hassan Pasha is particularly fine, and superior to any of those at Orfah. In its lower court, the corn-market is usually held. Its magazines, within the piazza, which runs around this, are generally filled with goods. In the upper galleries are carried on several trades and manufactures. The rooms around form the lodgings of the travellers who halt here; and above all is an upper story, with apartments for the harems or families of those who may sojourn here, with kitchens, fire-places, and other domestic conveniences.

Diarbekr seems to be in the enjoyment of considerable wealth and some little commerce.

The bazars are not so regularly laid out, or so well covered in, as in the large towns of Turkey generally. They are narrow, often crooked, and mostly roofed over with wood. They are, however, well supplied with goods of all descriptions that are in request here, and during the regular hours of business, are thronged with people. The manufactures of the town are chiefly silk and cotton stuffs, similar to those made at Damascus; printed muslin shawls and handkerchiefs, morocco leather in skins of all colours, smith's work in hardware, and pipes for smoking made of the jasmin branch, covered with muslin and embroidered with gold and silver thread. There are thought to be no less than fifteen hundred looms employed in weaving of stuffs; about five hundred printers of cotton, who perform their labours in the Khan Hassan Pasha, after the same manner as before described at Orfah; three hundred manufacturers of leather in the skin, besides those who work it into shoes, sadlery, and other branches of its consumption; a hundred smiths; and a hundred and fifty makers of ornamented pipe-stems only, besides those who make the clay balls, amber mouth-pieces, &c.

The cloths consumed here are obtained from Europe, through Aleppo, as well as most of the glass ware, which is German; and fine muslins, Cashmere-shawls, spices, and drugs, come to them from India, through Bagdad, but most of the articles of domestic necessity can be procured in the place from its own resources, as every species of fruit and provisions are abundant and cheap, and the common manufactures of the town are sufficient to supply the wants of the great mass of the population.

The present governor of the Pashalick and city of Diarbekr, whose name is Kullendar Pasha, has the dignity of three tails, and is therefore immediately dependent on the Sublime Porte only, without acknowledging any intermediate chief. His force within the city is said to consist of about a thousand soldiers, of whom more than half are Turkish cavalry, and the remainder Turkish and Albanian foot. In the remote part of his territory, however, there are always petty chiefs, both among the Turks and the Koords, who, in case of need, do him military service with their followers, on condition of certain privileges and exceptions granted them in return. Even among the people here, in the heart of the Turkish empire, where despotism is so familiar to all, the government of Kullendar Pasha is thought to be severe; though, judging from external appearances, there are few towns in which there seem to be more of personal liberty, competence, and comfort among all classes of people.

Mr. Buckingham was disappointed in finding here any government messenger, and determined upon returning. His guide, however, had been seized for a debt; Mr. B. himself and his horse were likewise detained on the complaint of his guide's creditor, and it was with difficulty that he got out of the town. He set off on his dangerous journey without a guide, and appears to have galloped away until his journey was ended by his arrival at Mardin. Here he found that the caravan had departed. In his endeavours to overtake it, Mr. B. is himself overtaken by two Tatars, on their way from Constantinople to Bagdad.

At Nisibeen Mr. Buckingham and his companions found the caravan employed as usual in resisting the exorbitant demands of a chief in extorting tribute, and in paying some mitigated sum. Nisibis was anciently one of the most important places in Mesopotamia; it is now fallen into great decline, it contains scarcely more than three hundred families of Arabs and Koords; in 1173 it contained no less than a thousand Jews—now there are none.

Chapter XIII. describes the journey from Nisibeen across the plain of Sinjar. No sooner had the caravan encamped at the end of the first day's journey, than a body of fifty horsemen, "all mounted on beautiful animals, and armed with long lances," poured down upon it. "There were among this party two little boys, not more than ten years old, who rode with as much firmness and ease, and wielded their lances, and discharged their pistols with as much dexterity as any of the rest, and had, if possible, more boldness in their behaviour to strangers." These were followers of the most powerful chief between Orfah and Mousul, who is said to have under his orders twenty thousand horse. They did not leave the encampment till they received 125*l.* in coin, and had pilfered every thing to which they took a fancy. Over the remaining part of the plain the caravan adopted the expedient of hiring an escort from the sheikh of a tribe near the place of their encampment. The guards kept the members of the caravan awake all night by their incessant shouts; sometimes their alarm was well founded, and nothing but a general muster and display of their force kept off the assailants.

Chapter XIV. carries the traveller from the plain of Sinjar, by Romoila to Mousul—During this journey the caravan was afflicted with a dreadful drought. Its arrival at water gives rise to a most

animated scene, which is very well described, both by Mr. Buckingham and by the artist who has drawn the spirited vignette which heads the chapter.

It was near midnight when we reached a marshy ground, in which a clear stream was flowing along, through beds of tall and thick rushes, but so hidden by these, that the noise of its flow was heard long before the stream itself could be seen. From the length of the march, and the exhausting heat of the atmosphere, even at night, the horses were exceedingly thirsty. Their impatient restlessness, evinced by their tramping, neighing, and eager impatience to rush all to one particular point, gave us, indeed, the first indications of our approach to water, which was perceptible to their stronger scent long before it was even heard by us. On reaching the brink of this stream, for which purpose we had been forcibly turned aside, by the ungovernable fury of the animals, to the southward of our route, the banks were found to be so high above the surface of the water, that the horses could not reach it to drink. Some, more impatient than the rest, plunged themselves and their riders at once into the current, and, after being led swimming to a less elevated part of the bank, over which they could mount, were extricated with considerable difficulty; while two of the horses of the caravan, who were more heavily laden than the others, by carrying the baggage as well as the persons of their riders, were drowned. The stream was narrow, but deep, and had a soft muddy bottom, in which another of the horses became so fastly stuck, that he was suffocated in a few minutes. The camels marched patiently along the edge of the bank, as well as those persons of the caravan who were provided with skins and other vessels containing small supplies of water; but the horses could not, by all the power of their riders, be kept from the stream, any more than the crowd of thirsty pilgrims, who, many of them having no small vessels to dip up the water from the brook, followed the example of the impatient horses, and plunged at once into the current. For myself, I experienced more difficulty than I can well describe, in keeping my own horse from breaking down the loose earth of the bank on which he stood, and plunging in with the others; it being as much as all my strength of arm could accomplish to keep him back from the brink, while he tramped, and snorted, and neighed, and reared himself erect on his hinder legs, to express the intensity of his suffering from thirst. An Indian fakir, who was of the hadjee's party, being near me at this moment of my difficulty, and when I was deliberating in my mind whether I should not risk less in throwing myself off my horse and letting him follow the bent of his desires, as I began to despair of mastering him much longer, took from me my tin drinking cup, which was a kind of circular and shallow basin, capable of holding only about a pint; this having two small holes in the sides for the purpose of slinging it over the shoulder on the march, longer pieces of cord were fastened to the short ones before affixed to it, and having now dismounted, by letting go the bridle, and sliding back over the haunches of the horse while he was in one of his erect positions from rearing, we succeeded in coaxing him into a momentary tranquillity by the caresses and tender expressions which all Arab horses understand so well; and with this shallow bason, thus slung in cords, we drew up from the stream as much as the vessel would hold, and in as quick succession as practicable. But even when full, the cup would hardly contain sufficient to moisten the horse's mouth; and as, at some times, it came up only half full, and at others was entirely emptied by the impatience of the horse knocking it out of the giver's hand, we let it down and drew it up, I am certain, more than a hundred times, till our arms were tired; and even then we had but barely satisfied our own thirst, and done nothing, comparatively, to allay that of the poor animal, whose sufferings, in common with nearly all the others of the caravan, were really painful to witness. This scene, which, amidst the obscurity of the night, the cries of the animals, the shouting and quarrelling of the people, and the indistinct and perhaps exaggerated apprehensions of danger, from a totally unexpected cause, had assumed an almost awful character, lasted for upwards of an hour; and so intense was the first impulse of self-preservation, to allay the burning rage of thirst, that, during all this time, the Yezedis were entirely forgotten, and as absent from our thoughts as if they had never once been even heard of.

At length, on the 5th July, Mr. Buckingham arrived at Mousul, which may be considered the end of his dangers, if not of his toils. He was received with great honour, as an English traveller, by the pacha, who appointed two of his silver-sticks to show him the town.

Chapter XV. is a description of Mousul.—It is a considerable place,

and possesses baths, bazaars, and coffee-houses, the great public buildings of the east, in great number and splendour. It is supposed, by Gibbon, to have been the western suburb of Ninus, the city which succeeded Nineveh. The ruins of Nineveh lie along the eastern and opposite bank of the Tigris. The present population of Mousul is about one hundred thousand.

Mr. Buckingham had pushed on to the town before the arrival of a the caravan. When it entered Mousul, its final destination, he was witness of the demonstrations of affection and respect with which his old friend, the hadjee, was received by his towns' and kinsmen.

In the evening, the caravan which I accompanied from Aleppo, made its entry into Mousul, and so great was the consideration enjoyed here by the Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhman, that a crowd of his friends and dependants went out beyond the walls of the city to greet his arrival, and to bring him into his own house, amid their acclamations of welcome. As we met these on our return from an excursion round the town, I dispensed with the further attendance of the pasha's cawasses, and joined the party who were going to the Hadjee's house.

On our reaching this, we were all received with great respect by the servants and slaves in waiting; but the Hadjee and his nephew were almost worshipped by them; having their knees embraced, and the hems of their garments kissed by the crowds who pressed around them as they entered the court of their dwelling.

The house itself, which was now quite new, was esteemed to be inferior to none in the city, excepting the residence of the Pasha, and, indeed, its interior decorations were as costly as those of any private abode that I had seen in the East, excepting only those of the rich Jews of Damascus. This house had been begun by the Hadjee just before his setting out on his pilgrimage, and, during the two years of his absence, it had been completed by the confidential slave or chief steward of his household. While the host and his nephew retired to receive the welcome of the females of the family, all the strangers were shewn over the dwelling, and every thing was found to be in the most perfect order for the lord's reception. The Hadjee and his nephew soon returned to us, both dressed in garments of white, all perfectly new, and prepared during their absence, to clothe them on the day of their return.

Chapter XVI. is entitled, Visit to the Ruins of Nineveh, and Journey from Mousul to the river Lycus. The Tigris is crossed by a bridge of boats.

Descending through the town to the river, we crossed it, over a bridge of boats, which was just one hundred and fifty horse paces in length. The boats were badly constructed, and not being fastened together in the most secure manner, the whole bridge was set in motion by the least agitation of the water. They were moored head and stern by iron chains, and were sharp at each end. The rate of the current in mid-channel seemed at present not to exceed two miles an hour; but it was said by all, that this was the slowest rate at which it ran, and that it sometimes possessed three times its present rapidity. The water was nowhere deeper than from three to four fathoms, and it was of a yellow muddy colour throughout; though it soon became clear by being suffered to rest, and was at all seasons fine and sweet to the taste.

The remains of Nineveh, the "exceeding great city of three days' journey" in length, seem to be nothing more than a few mounds and scattered ruins, extending along the banks of the river.

Nineveh is said to have been surrounded by walls that were a hundred feet in height, and of a sufficient breadth for three chariots to pass along it together abreast, as well as to have been defended by fifteen hundred towers along these walls, which were each of them two hundred feet high. If the walls of Babylon, however, which were comparatively of so much more modern erection, are thought to have left no trace remaining, those of Nineveh may well have totally disappeared.

From the height on which we stood, extending our view to a considerable distance in every direction, we could not certainly perceive any marked delineation of one great outline; but mounds and smaller heaps of ruins were scattered widely over the plain, sufficient to prove that the site of the original city occupied a vast extent, notwithstand-

ing that some of the latest visitors to this place have thought that the remains were confined to the few mounds of the centre only.

From Mousul Mr. Buckingham rode post with the Tatars. They crossed the celebrated plain where the fatal battle of Gaugamela was fought, between Alexander and Darius. The Lycus was crossed on rafts, sustained in the water by inflated skins.—[See Xenophon *Anab.* b. i. p. 60, in Spelman.]

Chapter XVII. describes the course from Ain Koura, by the ancient Arbela, to Kerkook. The couriers whom Mr. Buckingham accompanied, are noisy riotous people, who give themselves great airs, and treat the poor people who are compelled by the government order to serve them, with the utmost insolence, and frequently violence. This is a description of the behaviour of one of Mr. Buckingham's companions at Ain Koura:—

While fresh horses were saddling, the Tartars and myself sat down to a breakfast of roasted fowls, cream, honey, and sweatmeats; while a man stood at each of our elbows with a bottle of strong arrack, and a cup to supply us at our pleasure. It is difficult to describe how much these villagers, who were all Syrian Christians, seemed to stand in awe of the Turkish letter-carriers, on whom they waited. There stood around us not less than forty persons, some bearing full and others empty dishes; some having water-pots and basons ready for washing—one holding the soap and another the towel—the humbler ones among them being content to have the boots of the riders ready for them when they rose from the carpet; and all, indeed, seeming anxious to make themselves in some way or other subservient to the pleasure of these lordly tyrants.

Large doses of arrack were swallowed, both by Jonas and Ali, though the former seemed to pride himself on his pre-eminence in this, as well as in all other respects; and, even at this early hour of the morning, he emptied two full bottles for his share. I was myself obliged to drink, almost to intoxication, though a much less quantity than that swallowed by them would have disabled me from proceeding; but the haughty Turk honoured me with his permission to drink in his presence, and this was granted as a favour, which it would have been an affront of the highest kind to refuse.

We had no sooner descended into the court, than the effects of these exhilarating draughts began to manifest themselves pretty unequivocally. Jonas found fault with the horse that had been saddled for him, and insisted on its being the worst of the stud, though it was an enviably fine creature, and worth any three of the others put together. Ali, not to be behind his comrade, had all the baggage-horses loaded afresh, and changed his own saddle to two or three different horses in succession, until he condemned them all as the worst group of animals that God had ever assembled together since the brute creation were first named by Adam.

The poor Syrians bore these vexations with so much patience, that they might be said literally to have fulfilled the injunction, "If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also." The very want of some resistance to this treatment was, however, a cause of fresh vexation to the Tartars; since they inferred from it, that their tyranny had not been felt as an annoyance; so that, handling their whips, one of them exclaimed, "What! you will not be angry, then. By God, but we will make ye so!" and laid about him with the fury of a maniac. Ali contented himself with the use of the whip only, saying, that as they were bullocks, and mules, and asses, and brute beasts, this was the only punishment fit for them; but Jonas, having received some indignity from a young lad, who spit in his face, and ran off faster than the other could pursue him, drew his yatagan, and chased those near him with this naked dagger in his hand, till they flew in every direction; and he, at last, in the rage of disappointment, threw it with all his force amidst a group of three or four who were near him, and shivered its ivory handle by the fall into twenty pieces. The only regret that he expressed was, that the blade had not buried itself in some of their hearts, instead of the weapon thus falling uselessly on the ground. After such conduct, none of the people could be prevailed on to approach us, though at least a hundred villagers stood aloof-gazing at these two enraged Turks, and flying at the least symptom of pursuit. We were, therefore, obliged to finish the saddling of our own horses, and

to mount, and leave the leaders of the baggage-horses to follow us when their fears had subsided.

Chapter XVIII. takes us to Kerkook, by Kiffree, to Kara Tuppe, or the Black Hill.—From Mousal to Bagdad the route lays pretty nearly parallel with the Tigris in its descent. On reaching the town of Kiffree, Mr. Buckingham and one of the couriers were deserted by the principal and noisiest of the Tatars, who went off before the others had risen, with the only horse that could be procured.

While waiting at Kiffree for some means of conveyance, another Tatar arrived, accompanied by two Europeans, one of them the most extraordinary of travellers that ever set out in search of adventures.

Over our afternoon pipes, and while the Turks beside us were sleeping away the heat of the day, I began to learn more of my companions, who had thus suddenly come upon us, and who now very agreeably relieved the tedium of our detention. Both of them were Italians; the eldest, named Padre Camilla di Jesu, was a friar of the Carmelite order, who had been many years resident at Bagdad, and was now returning to Rome, by way of Constantinople; the other was a young man who had gone originally from Italy to Constantinople, where he had resided some time with his father, a merchant of that city. Having heard, from some of the distant traders with whom his father corresponded, of the fame of Damascus, he solicited permission to make a journey to that city, and it was granted to him, under the hope of his being able to transact some useful business there, at the same time that he gratified his curiosity. The most singular part of the history of this young man's travels was, however, that he went from Constantinople to Alexandria in Egypt, believing that to be the straightest and shortest road to Damascus; and, after landing there, he went up to Cairo by the Nile, under the impression that that city was also in the direct road to the place of his destination. When he had at length reached Damascus, by this circuitous route, having gone from Cairo to Jerusalem by the desert of Suez, one would have thought that the recollection of this error would have taught him to make more careful inquiries regarding the relative positions of places he might have to visit in future. But it appears he never did discover that he had not come by the nearest way, believing always, on the contrary, that his voyage to Alexandria by sea, and his journey from Cairo to Damascus by land, had been in nearly a straight line. It was thus, that when he was about to leave Damascus, on his return to Constantinople, having heard of great caravans going from the former place to Bagdad every year, and being aware of others coming also from Bagdad to Constantinople in about the same period of time, he conceived that these caravans must be the same; and concluding from this that Bagdad lay in his direct road home, he had actually journeyed from Damascus to that place over the Syrian Desert, in the hottest season of the year, without ever once asking, during the whole forty days of his route, in which direction Constantinople lay!

The whole of this was narrated to me with such an apparent unconsciousness of its absurdity, that, incredulous as I was at first, as to such ignorance being possible, I was at length compelled to believe it really to have happened as described, especially when I heard this young man affirm his conviction, that the distance from Constantinople to Bagdad, by the way of Cairo and Damascus, could not be less than fifty thousand miles; while that between Bagdad and Constantinople, by the way he was now returning, could not exceed five hundred; adding that, for his part, he could not conceive why the longer route was ever taken, since it was as disagreeable as it was distant; but, at the same time, shrewdly suggesting that there might be reasons for this course, known only to him from whom no secrets are hid.

Chapter XIX. from Kara Tuppe takes Mr. Buckingham to the storied city of Bagdad. The remaining part of the journey is effected by the assistance of a merchant, returning to Bagdad. Mr. Buckingham is sometimes accommodated with a horse, and sometimes with a laden mule; and the latter animal causes him several awkward overthrows, and doleful adventures. The final one is, that being left behind by the party, he arrives at the gate of Bagdad alone, where he is stopped, and subjected to very grievous humiliations.

Being arrested at the gate by the public officers stationed there to guard against the entrance or exit of contraband commodities, I was made to dismount, for the purpose of their examining the lading of my mule ; but having said that neither the animal nor the goods belonged to me, I was detained until the owner of the beast should come to answer for himself. This was the Hadjee Habeeb, who I had reason to believe had pushed in among the earliest of the crowd, probably himself carrying contraband articles, and thus forcing their entrance. My belief that he had preceded me was not admitted, however, as a sufficient reason for my being suffered to proceed ; neither would the officers at the gate examine the lading in my presence, as I had admitted it was not my own, nor would they suffer me to abandon the animal to the care of another, and go my way.

I continued to wait, therefore, very humbly at the gate of this great city, sitting cross-legged on the dusty ground, and holding the halter of my mule, who continued to be too refractory and ungovernable to the last to be left quietly to himself ; and had lighted my pipe, to lessen the tedium of this detention ; when a Turkish soldier impudently snatched it from me, and extinguished it, asking me, at the same time, how I dared be guilty of such a breach of decorum just as the Pasha was about to pass.

Presently, this distinguished personage entered, preceded by a troop of his Georgian mamlouk guards, all gaily dressed, and mounted on fine and well-furnished horses. A troop of foot soldiers followed, all of them having English muskets, and many of them English military coats, which they purchase with the other worn-out garments of the British resident's guards ; but their head-dress was a huge fur cap, of a semi-globular form and savage appearance, and their whole deportment exhibited the total absence of discipline or uniformity. A few drums and reed-pipes were the only instruments of music, and the sounds of these were far from dignified or agreeable.

Nothing, however, could surpass the awe which the passing-by of the Pasha seemed to inspire in all who witnessed it, though this is no doubt a frequent occurrence. There were two large coffee-houses near the gate, the benches of which were filled with hundreds of spectators ; yet not a pipe was lighted, not a cup of coffee served, and not a word spoken, during this awful moment. Every one rose, and either made an inclination of the body, or lifted his hands to his lips, his forehead, and his heart, in token of respect. The Pasha, though he seemed scarcely to turn his head or his eyes from a straight-forward view, nevertheless returned these salutations with great grace, and every thing was conducted with the utmost gravity and decorum.

At the close of this procession, Dr. Hine and Mr. Bellino, the physician and secretary of the British resident at Bagdad, passed close by me, on horseback, as I sat smothered in the very dust of their horses' hoofs ; but though I knew them at the moment to be the persons they were, from their dresses, and from hearing them converse in English as they passed, and though I felt the humiliation to which I was reduced as extremely galling, yet I forbore to make myself known to them under such circumstances and in such a crowd.

When the cavalcade had entirely passed by, and every one returned again to the care of his own concerns, I pressed hard to be released from the unreasonable and hopeless bondage in which I was thus held ; but entreaty procured me only abuse, and the satisfaction of being thought an idle vagabond who wished to abandon the property of the man on whose beast I rode, with a view, no doubt, to escape from paying him for its hire. Altercations, hard words, and, at last, on my part also, threats and abuse, succeeded, however, in effecting what I believe gentler terms would never have done ; till, at length, being able to bear with it no longer, I drew my pistol from my girdle, and daring any one at the peril of his life to molest me, I led off my mule in triumph, amid the execrations of the guards, for my insolence, but cheered by the shouts and applause of the rabble, for my defiance of a class on whom they look with the hatred of an oppressed race towards their tyrants.

I took the animal to the Konauk Tartar Agasi, or head-quarters of the couriers, where, on representing myself to be an Englishman, (of which the guards at the gate knew nothing,) I was treated with great respect, and suffered to leave the beast, to be delivered to its owner, without any further care of mine. As I waited here until the Tartar Jonas, who had deserted us on the road, was sent for—coffee, pipes, and sherbert were served to me, and I was entertained with the most extravagant praises, which these men bestowed on the character of the English generally, and of their illustrious representative at Bagdad in particular.

This is, in fact, the term of Mr. Buckingham's adventures, and here we shall take our leave of him. There are several subsequent

chapters, describing the city of Bagdad, already tolerably well known to us, but principally occupied with the search after, and dissertations on, the ruins of Babylon. This portion has rather an antiquarian and historical interest, than that of an ordinary book of travels. It is, however, elaborate and ingenious; and though we forbear either to make any extracts from, or analysis of it, we recommend it, as well as the whole volume, to the perusal of the reader.

SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

WE believe that if a large number of persons in this country were to reflect, and speak their minds as to the object which they hated most, that object would be—Knowledge. Of all projects, there are none which in general meet with such earnest and hearty opposition, as projects for the improvement of education. The notion out of which this feeling arises is not an unnatural one. Every body supposes himself the possessor of a certain quantity of this commodity; and even if he does not intend to sell it, he does not like the notion of its being depreciated by a glut. Next to the calamity which Rothschild would suffer by being deprived of his wealth, would be that of seeing every Jew on the Exchange as rich as himself. This enmity breaks out under a variety of absurd pretexts. Sometimes the notion is promulgated, that people, by being educated, will become unfit for ordinary and laborious occupations; that men may indeed continue to till the ground, in spite of being able to read—(so they read the same book continually over and over)—but that writing is exceedingly dangerous—ciphering utter ruin to industry—and the idea that a man can drive a coach or wheel a barrow, who knows that the sun does not move round the earth, as chimerical as it would appear in some parts of Scotland and Ireland, that a man could possibly wait at table with a clean pair of stockings and a combed head; or that a gentleman who wore a cocked hat, and carried a gold-headed cane, should condescend to follow his mistress at a respectful distance. At other times, it is suggested that religion and morality must be necessarily injured by knowledge—which, on the supposition that religion and morality had no foundation in truth and usefulness, would, perhaps, be the case. At other times, it is shrewdly hinted, that knowledge is not something else, that it does not feed a starving people; which is undoubtedly true—as it also is, that broiled blanket would ill supply the place of a mutton chop, and that a gridiron would be a sorry bed for a weary traveller.

The peculiarities of our academical institutions probably favour this hatred of knowledge. In our universities, those things which should be the rewards of perseverance, are all consequent upon two or three years of exertion in early youth, (bestowed on a branch of knowledge which, to the greater number of those who are obliged to pursue it, is irksome,) after which every inducement is held out to rest and indolence. Like race horses, after a short heat, they are well groomed, well fed, and lodged in a warm stall, except that the academical race horses are never destined to run again. People who have been industrious and are lazy, who have earned something and are living upon their old stock,—gen-

tle men who have retired upon a competence of learning, are peculiarly hostile to any impulse which may lead society to an extravagance of knowledge, with which their slender means will not allow them to compete. In the universities of other countries, where the profits of professors depend on their reputation, and where the professors and students make up the university, there is continual inducement to make, or seem to make, progress; but, in England, it matters absolutely nothing to the fellows, and very little to the tutors, of a college, whether they are heard of out of its walls; and what the professors most wish, is, not to be heard of at all,—not even in their lecture rooms.

The opposition offered in Parliament to the establishment of an university in London—the outcry and animosity which the project has raised elsewhere, are indications of this spirit. The ostensible objection to it, that it was not to teach theology, was a mere pretext, unless, indeed, any system of theology could have been taught, which would have kept away all students, in which case, no doubt, the university would have been deemed harmless, and even respectable.

We hope the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge may survive the animosity which will, no doubt, be excited against it; that is to say, if it seems likely to do any good. Many months will not certainly pass away before it is discovered to be a plan for jacobinizing, infidelizing, and radicalizing the people.

The object of the society is, the periodical publication and circulation of cheap and elementary treatises, under the direction, and with the sanction of a superintending committee, which is to take care that the little works sent forth, in the name of the society, are really likely to answer the purposes of instruction. Of course, in a work of this kind, every thing depends on the execution of it; but if it be performed in a manner which names on the committee of the society give us a right to anticipate, it will be one of the most useful services ever rendered to the country. We are deplorably ill supplied (in proportion to other branches of our literature) with elementary books; and the ordinary reading of the people, as compared with what it should be, is but trashy. The circulating library and reading-club system, valuable as it is capable of being made, has the disadvantage in its present practice of presenting the people merely with literary novelties. A very worthy man, Mr. George Dyer, wrote a treatise, in order to answer the question, “Why there are so few excellent poets?” and by a laborious process of reasoning, arrived at a conclusion similar to that of Dogberry, “an two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind;” that, therefore, the poets who excelled all but a few, could not themselves be many. We may conclude, in like manner, without offence, that all books are not the *best* books, and that people who are supplied indiscriminately with novelties, must read much not very well worth reading. It is more easy, in many country towns, to get any new work, however trashy, than many of the classics of English literature; and difficult, above all things, for a man who wishes, without well-educated associates, to instruct himself in any science, to know how to get at the best elementary works, for unless he is in utter darkness, he is misled by the false lights of puffs and advertisements. We have sometimes had occasion to see the

vain attempts which a soul thirsting after it has, under these circumstances, made in vain to get a draught of that flood of knowledge, with which some would have us believe the land is inundated. A society of this kind will, therefore, be of inestimable use, supposing it to do its work well, and supposing knowledge to be of use, supposing that it is not for the benefit of civil society to keep the members of it as near as possible to the condition of brutes.

The prospectus says, that—

“As numerous societies already exist for the dissemination of religious instruction, and as it is the object of this society to aid the progress of those branches of general knowledge which can be diffused among all classes of the community, no treatise published with the sanction of the committee *shall contain any matter of controversial divinity*, or interfere with the principles of revealed religion.”

This, no doubt, will be the point about which the enemies of knowledge will rally. Here we have evidently a plan of instruction from which religion is excluded! The only purpose of the authors, therefore, must be to destroy religion, and by destroying religion, to aim a blow at the church establishment. It would, therefore, be highly expedient to urge the society to give a proof of the purity of its intentions, by providing, that none of its tracts shall be sold to any one who does not, at the same time, purchase the catechism of the Church of England.

It may not be fair to criticise the list put forth by the society, “*of some among the subjects which the plan of its work embraces*,” and which is redundant under some heads, as it is defective under others. For instance, we have “*Structure of plants, functions of plants, diseases of plants, geography of plants, and arrangement of plants*,” all as the subjects of separate treatises, while there is no notice of the structure, functions,* or diseases of man, who is as important a part of the creation as a cabbage. The list should not have had the show of arrangement, or should not have been thus slovenly. We only notice the defects, however, to point out a danger to which the society is exposed, and of which we think we see here some indications. Being necessarily aided, for the most part, by dilettanti and volunteer contributors, who, in their nature, are, even beyond their paid brethren, restive and crotchety, there will be a great difficulty in keeping the rogues in order. Some will be much disposed to subdivide and prose to a painful extent. Let them be looked to.

The society has already put forth “an introductory Discourse on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Scientific Pursuits.” It is, we believe, from the pen of Mr. Brougham; and is, for the attractive simplicity of the style and the choice of the subjects, and its adaptation to the end in view—viz. the excitement of curiosity and attention in slightly informed minds—a most perfect production. We shall give a few extracts, though in doing so we deprive it of a part of its beauty—the natural and easy connexion of the subjects.

“It may easily be demonstrated, that there is an advantage in learning, both for the usefulness and the pleasure of it. There is

* Unless the heads, mechanical anatomy and chemical functions of animals embrace these subjects.

something positively agreeable to all men, to all at least whose nature is not most grovelling and base, in gaining knowledge for its own sake. When you see any thing for the first time, you at once derive some gratification from the sight being new; your attention is awakened, and you desire to know more about it. If it is a piece of workmanship, as an instrument, a machine of any kind, you wish to know how it is made; how it works, and what use it is of. If it is an animal, you desire to know where it comes from; how it lives; what are its dispositions, and, generally, its nature and habits. This desire is felt, too, without at all considering that the machine or the animal may ever be of the least use to yourself practically; for, in all probability, you may never see them again. But you feel a curiosity to learn all about them, because they are new and unknown to you. You accordingly make inquiries; you feel a gratification in getting answers to your questions, that is, in receiving information, and in knowing more,—in being better informed than you were before. If you ever happen again to see the same instrument or animal, you find it agreeable to recollect having seen it before, and to think that you know something about it. If you see another instrument or animal, in some respects like, but differing in other particulars, you find it pleasing to compare them together, and to note in what they agree, and in what they differ. Now, all this kind of gratification is of a pure and disinterested nature, and has no reference to any of the common purposes of life; yet it is a pleasure—an enjoyment. You are nothing the richer for it; you do not gratify your palate or any other bodily appetite; and yet it is so pleasing that you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it, and would forego some bodily enjoyment for its sake. The pleasure derived from science is exactly of the like nature, or, rather, it is the very same. For what has just been referred to is in fact science, which in its most comprehensive sense only means *knowledge*, and in its ordinary sense means *knowledge reduced to a system*; that is, arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied.”—p. 6.

The following is an example of the manner in which a dry subject can be rendered popular and pleasing by a man of genius.

“The two great branches of the *Mathematics*, or the two mathematical sciences, are *Arithmetic*, the science of number, from the Greek word signifying *number*, and *Geometry*, the science of figure, from the Greek words signifying *measure of the earth*,—land-measuring having first turned men’s attention to it.

“When I say that 2 and 2 make 4, I state an arithmetical proposition, very simple indeed, but connected with many others of a more difficult and complicated kind. Thus, it is another proposition, somewhat less simple, but still very obvious, that 5 multiplied by 10, and divided by 2, is equal to, or makes the same number with 100 divided by 4—both results being equal to 25. So, to find how many farthings there are in 1000*l.*, and how many minutes in a year, are questions of arithmetic which we learn to work by being taught the principles of the science one after another, or, as they are commonly called, the *rules* of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Arithmetic may be said to be the most simple, though among the most useful of

the sciences ; but it teaches only the properties of particular and known numbers, and it only enables us to add, subtract, multiply, and divide those numbers. But suppose we wish to add, subtract, multiply, or divide numbers which we have not yet ascertained, and in all respects to deal with them as if they were known, for the purpose of arriving at certain conclusions respecting them, and among other things, of discovering what they are ; or, suppose we would examine properties belonging to all numbers ; this must be performed by a peculiar kind of arithmetic, called *universal* arithmetic, or *Algebra*.* The common arithmetic, you will presently perceive, carries the seeds of this most important science in its bosom. Thus, suppose we inquire what is the number which multiplied by 5 makes 10 ? this is found if we divide 10 by 5—it is 2 ; but suppose that, before finding this number 2, and before knowing what it is, we would add it, whatever it may turn out, to some other number ; this can only be done by putting some mark, such as a letter of the alphabet, to stand for the unknown number, and adding that letter as if it were a known number. Thus, suppose we want to find two numbers, which, added together, make 9, and multiplied by one another make 20. There are many which, added together, make 9 ; as 1 and 8 ; 2 and 7 ; 3 and 6 ; and so on. We have, therefore, occasion to use the second condition, that multiplied by one another they should make 20, and to work upon this condition before we have discovered the particular numbers. We must, therefore, suppose the numbers to be found, and put letters for them, and by reasoning upon those letters, according to both the two conditions of adding and multiplying, we find what they must each of them be in numbers, in order to fulfil or answer the conditions. Algebra teaches the rules for conducting this reasoning, and obtaining this result successfully ; and by means of it we are enabled to find out numbers which are unknown, and of which we only know that they stand in certain relations to known numbers, or to one another. The instance now taken is an easy one ; and you could, by considering the question a little, answer it readily enough ; that is, by trying different numbers, and seeing which suited the conditions ; for you plainly see that 5 and 4 are the two numbers sought ; but you see this by no certain or general rule, applicable to all cases, and therefore you never could work more difficult questions in the same way ; and even questions of a moderate degree of difficulty would take an endless number of trials or guesses to answer. Thus, if a ship, say a smuggler, is sailing at the rate of 8 miles an hour, and a revenue cutter, sailing at the rate of 10 miles an hour, describes her 18 miles off, and gives chase, and you want to know in what time the smuggler will be overtaken, and how many miles she will have sailed before being overtaken ; this, which is one of the simplest questions in algebra, would take you a long time, almost as long as the chase, to come at by mere trial and guessing (the chase would be 9 hours, and the smuggler would sail 72 miles) : and questions only a little more difficult than this never could be answered by any number of guesses ; yet questions infinitely more difficult can easily be solved by the rules of

* Algebra, from the Arabic words signifying the *reduction of fractions* ; the Arabs having brought the knowledge of it into Europe.

algebra. In like manner, by arithmetic you can tell the properties of particular numbers ; as, for instance, that the number 348 is divided by 3 exactly, so as to leave nothing over : but algebra teaches us that it is only one of an infinite variety of numbers, all divisible by 3, and any one of which you can tell the moment you see it ; for they all have the remarkable property, that if you add together the figures they consist of, the sum total is divisible by 3. You can easily perceive this in any one case, as in the number mentioned, for 3 added to 4 and that to 8 make 15, which is plainly divisible by 3 ; and if you divide 348 by 3, you find the quotient to be 116, and nothing over. But this does not at all prove that any other number, the sum of whose figures is divisible by 3, will itself also be found divisible by 3, as 741 ; for you must actually perform the division here, and in every other case, before you can know that it leaves nothing over. Algebra, on the contrary, both enables you to discover such general properties, and to prove them in all their generality.*

“ By means of this science, and its various applications, the most extraordinary calculations may be performed. We shall give, as an example, the method of *Logarithms*, which proceeds upon this principle. Take a set of numbers going on by equal differences ; that is to say, the third being as much greater than the second, as the second is greater than the first : thus, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and so on, in which the common difference is 1 ; then take another set of numbers, such that each is equal to twice or three times the one before it, or any number of times the one before it ; thus, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128 ; write this second set of numbers under the first, or side by side, so that the numbers shall stand opposite to one another thus :

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
2	4	8	16	32	64	128

you will find, that if you add together any two of the upper or first set, and go to the number opposite their sum, in the lower or second set, you will have in this last set the number arising from multiplying together the numbers of the lower set corresponding to the number added together. Thus, add 2 to 4, you have 6 in the upper set, opposite to which in the lower set is 64, and multiplying the numbers 4 and 16 opposite to 2 and 4, the product is 64. In like manner, if you subtract the upper numbers, and look for the lower numbers opposite to their difference, you obtain the quotient of the lower numbers opposite the number subtracted. Thus, take 4 from 6 and 2 remains, opposite to which you have in the lower line 4 ; and if you divide 64, the number opposite to 6, by 16, the number opposite to 4, the quotient is 4. The upper set are called the *logarithms* of the lower set, which are called *natural numbers* : and tables may, with a little trouble, be constructed, giving the logarithms of all numbers from 1 to 10,000

* Another class of numbers divisible by 3 is discovered in like manner by algebra. Every number of 3 places, the figures (or digits) composing which are in arithmetical progression, (or rise above each other by equal differences,) is divisible by 3 : as, 123, 789, 357, 159, and so on. The same is true of numbers of any amount of places, provided they are composed of 3, 6, 9, &c. numbers rising above each other by equal differences, as 289, 299, 309, or 148, 214, 280, 346, or 307142085345648276198756, which number of 24 places is divisible by 3, being composed of 6 numbers in a series whose common difference is 1137.

and more ; so that, instead of multiplying or dividing one number by another, you have only to add or subtract their logarithms, and then you at once find the product or the quotient in the tables. These are made applicable to numbers far higher than any actually in them, by a very simple process ; so that you may at once perceive the prodigious saving of time and labour which is thus made. If you had, for instance, to multiply 7,543,283 by itself, and that product again by the original number, you would have to multiply a number of seven places of figures by an equally large number, and then a number of 14 places of figures by one of seven places, till at last you had a product of 21 places of figures—a very tedious operation ; but working by logarithms, you would only have to take three times the logarithm of the original number, and that gives the logarithm of the last product of 21 places of figures, without any further multiplication. So much for the time and trouble saved, which is still greater in questions of divisions ; but by means of logarithms many questions can be worked, and of the most important kind, which no time or labour would otherwise enable us to solve.”—P. 10.

Some of the physical facts mentioned in the next passage, with which we mean to conclude, are, we believe, questioned by modern inquirers ; and there are even sceptics who doubt whether Sir Everard Home's fame rests on a solid foundation. But as the object is not to convey precise information as to the latest advances of science, but to give an idea of the kind of objects which science brings to view, the merit of the passage is not on that account the less.

“ It may be recollected, that when the air is exhausted or sucked out of any vessel, there is no longer the force necessary to resist the pressure of the air on the outside ; and the sides of the vessel are therefore pressed inwards with violence : a flat glass would thus be broken, unless it were very thick ; a round one, having the strength of an arch, would resist better ; but any soft substance, as leather or skin, would be crushed or squeezed together at once. If the air was only sucked out slowly, the squeezing would be gradual, or, if it were only half sucked out, the skin would only be partly squeezed together. This is the very process by which *Bees* reach the fine dust and juices of hollow flowers, like the honeysuckle, and some kinds of long fox-glove, which are too narrow for them to enter. They fill up the mouth of the flower with their bodies, and suck out the air, or at least a large part of it ; this makes the soft sides of the flower close, and squeezes the dust and juice towards the insect as well as a hand could do, if applied to the outside.

“ We may remember this pressure or weight of the atmosphere as shown by the barometer, the sucking-pump, and the air-pump. Its weight is near 15 pounds on every square inch, so that if we could entirely squeeze out the air between our two hands, they would cling together with a force equal to the pressure of double this weight, because the air would press upon both hands ; and if we could contrive to suck or squeeze out the air between one hand and the wall, the hand would stick fast to the wall, being pressed on it with the weight of above two hundred weight, that is, near 15 pounds on every square inch of the hand. Now, by a late most curious discovery of Sir

Everard Home, the distinguished anatomist, it is found that this is the very process by which *Flies* and other insects of a similar description are enabled to walk up perpendicular surfaces, however smooth, as the sides of walls and panes of glass in windows, and to walk as easily along the ceiling of a room with their bodies downwards and their feet over head. Their feet, when examined by a microscope, are found to have flat skins or flaps, like the feet of web-footed animals, as ducks and geese; and they have towards the back part or heel, but inside the skin or flap, two very small toes, so connected with the flap as to draw it close down upon the glass or wall the fly walks on, and to squeeze out the air completely, so that there is a vacuum made between the foot and the glass or wall. The consequence of this is, that the air presses the foot on the wall with a very considerable force compared to the weight of the fly; for if its feet are to its body in the same proportion as ours are to our bodies, since we could support by a single hand on the ceiling of the room (provided it made a vacuum) more than our whole weight, namely, a weight of fifteen stone, the fly can easily move on four feet in the same manner by help of the vacuum made under its feet. It has likewise been found that some of the larger sea animals are by the same construction, only upon a greater scale, enabled to climb the perpendicular and smooth surfaces of the ice hills among which they live. Some kinds of lizard have the same power of climbing, and of creeping with their bodies downwards along the ceiling of a room; and the means by which they are enabled to do so are the same. In the large feet of these animals, the contrivance is easily observed, of the two toes or tightners, by which the skin of the foot is pinned down, and the air excluded in the act of walking or climbing; but it is the very same, only upon a larger scale, with the mechanism of a fly's or a butterfly's foot; and both operations, the climbing of the sea-horse on the ice, and the creeping of the fly on the window or the ceiling, are performed exactly by the same power, the weight of the atmosphere, which causes the quicksilver to stand in the weather-glass, the wind to whistle through a key-hole, and the piston to descend in a steam-engine.

* * * * *

“ The lightness of inflammable gas is well known. When bladders, of any size, are filled with it, they rise upwards, and float in the air. Now, it is a most curious fact, that the fine dust, by means of which plants are impregnated one by the other, is composed of very small globules, filled with this gas—in a word, of small air balloons. These globules thus float from the male plant through the air, and striking against the females, are detained by a glue prepared on purpose to stop them, which no sooner moistens the globules than they explode, and their substance remains, the gas flying off which enabled them to float. A provision of a very simple kind is also made to prevent the male and female blossoms of the same plant from breeding together, this being found to hurt the breed of vegetables, just as breeding in and in does the breed of animals. It is contrived that the dust shall be shed by the male blossom before the female is ready to be affected by it, so that the impregnation must be performed by the dust of some other plant, and in this way the breed be crossed. The light gas

with which the globules are filled is most essential to this operation, as it conveys them to great distances. A plantation of yew trees has been known in this way, to impregnate another several hundred yards off.”—p. 33.

One thing should have been perhaps more clearly brought to view in this excellent treatise, viz. that it is not intended as an introductory discourse to the moral and intellectual sciences, for which there is to be a separate introduction. We hope the society will not shrink from the parts of its task which regards the branches of knowledge, from any desire to please those who, do what it will, so it do good, will hate it. The *obscurantists* will, at all events, bestow their animosity on the society; we hope the society, in its turn, will not shrink from meriting it.

SERVIAN POPULAR POETRY.*

MR. BOWRING, in speaking of a stanza of one of his translations, says, that “ I shall be accused of *decorating* this;” and to show the injustice of such a charge, he forthwith quotes the original, which commences thus:

Ako bi te u pjesma pjevala
Pjisma ide od usta do usta
&c. &c.

This we imagine is a tolerably safe appeal. We honestly confess that, for all we know of the matter, *ako bi te u pjesma* may be all a hoax. The Servian language and Servian literature are things that may be said to have been almost wholly unheard of here, until the appearance of a late article in the *Westminster Review*, and a still later one in the *Quarterly*, entitled *Servian Minstrelsy*. “The Popular Poetry of the Servians” at length reveals its character in the most agreeable manner. We think this the most valuable and the most delightful of the anthologies, which the industry and the talent of Mr. Bowring has imported into his native language.

Before we go farther, we will however answer a question, which it is not improbable may be asked in some of the remoter districts of the country, where the “Use of the Globes” is less actively taught than at Hackney and in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis. The Servians—the Servians—who are the Servians? If a geographer were to run over in the vulgar ear of an untutored Englishman, the names of Bulgaria, Croatia, Servia, Bosnia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, we are not placing the general knowledge of our reading public too low, in saying, that but very indistinct notions of their position or history would occur to his mind. The Illyrian provinces are, and have been always, the obscurest part of Europe. The countries whose names we have mentioned may be generally designated as Slavonian—the four last more particularly as Servian. They are said to have planted themselves along the Sava and the Danube, down to the Black Sea, about the middle of the seventh century. Their earlier history is scarcely known, and the subsequent portion is not the most luminous

* *Servian Popular Poetry*, translated by John Bowring. London. 12mo. Baldwin & Co.

part of European annals. The Servians in the first instance appear to have been alternately subject to, and at war with, the Greeks; their contests with Hungary were likewise frequently occurring; but the fall of Constantinople, their country became the scene of the perpetual struggles between the Turks and the Hungarians. It was of course oppressed with every species of misery; the territory became at length almost wholly Turkish, and multitudes of the inhabitants emigrated to Hungary, or joined the Austrian armies. During the last century it was shuffled backwards and forwards between the Austrians and the Porte, according to the cession of treaties, and after the way of sovereigns with people. At length, about the beginning of this century, Servia was made a province subject to Austria, and is now governed by a *knes*, or prince, whose name is Milosh Obrenowich.

There are besides four provinces, or governments, containing about a million of Servians, subjected to Turkish authority.

As respects the history and character of the language called Servian, we cannot do better than give Mr. Bowring's own sketch of it, from an introduction prefixed to his translation.

The various idioms of the Slavonian language may, without exception, be traced up to one single stem, the old or church Slavonic. From this one source, two great streams flow forth; the northern, comprehending the Bohemian, Polish, and Russian; and the southern, composed of the Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Servian tongues. The latter branches were much less extensively employed than the former. About a million and a half of men speak the Hungarian; not more than half a million the Bulgarian, which in Macedonia has been superseded by the Romaic, the Albanian, and the Turkish: while the Servian idiom, the most cultivated, the most interesting, and the most widely spread of all the southern Slavonian dialects, is the language of about five millions, of whom about two millions are Mahomedans.*

The vicinity of Greece and Italy modified and mellowed the language of Servia, which is, in fact, the Russian hellenized, deprived of its harshness and consonant terminations, and softened down into a perfect instrument for poetry and music.† Of the descendants from the ancient Slavonic, it is more closely allied to the Russian and Windish idioms, than to the Bohemian or Polish. Vuk Karadjich divides it into three distinct dialects, the *Herzegovinian*, or that spoken in Bosnia, Montenegro, Dalmatia, and Croatia; the *Sirmian*, which is used in Sirmia and Slavonia; and the *Resavian*. No doubt the Servian language has been considerably influenced by the Turkish, but though it has been enriched by oriental words, it has not adopted an oriental construction. Schaffarik, in describing the different Slavonic tongues, says, fancifully but truly, that "Servian song resembles the tune of the violin; Old Slavonic, that of the organ; Polish, that of the guitar. The Old Slavonic in its psalms, sounds like the loud rush of the mountain stream; the Polish, like the bubbling and sparkling of a fountain; and the Servian like the quiet murmuring of a streamlet in the valley."

The stores of Servian literature are neither rich nor ancient. The first Servian literary record is the *Radoslov* of Daniel, Bishop of Servia, which is a chronicle of the reigns of the four Servian kings, his contemporaries (from 1272 to 1336). Two or three other books of a similar kind exist, as well as some legislative enactments. No work, however, of much interest occurs, till the end of the seventeenth century; when George Brankovich, the last of the Servian *despots*, wrote a history of Servia, bringing it down to the time of Leopold I. This history was written in confinement at Eger, in Bohemia, where he was kept a state-prisoner by the Austrians after they had deposed him.

* Grimm's Introduction to Vuk's Servian Grammar, p. x.

† Adelung, who has only given a fragment of the Servian language in his *Mithridates*, calls the Servian and Bosnian dialects "the clearest and purest of all the Illyrian tongues."

Latterly, the labours of several individuals have adorned their native literature, and no one more so than Karadjich Vuk, who has set himself to collect the traditional poetry of the Servian minstrels.

The collection of popular songs, *Narodne srpske pjesme*, from which most of those which occupy this volume are taken, was made by Vuk, and committed to paper either from early recollection, or from the repetition of Servian minstrels. These, he informs us, and his statement is corroborated by every intelligent traveller, form a very small portion of the treasure of song which exists unrecorded among the peasantry. How so much of beautiful anonymous poetry should have been created in so perfect a form, is a subject well worthy of inquiry. Among a people who look to music and song as a source of enjoyment, the habit of improvisation grows up imperceptibly, and engages all the fertilities of imagination in its exercise. The thought which first finds vent in a poetical form, if worth preservation, is polished and perfected as it passes from lip to lip, till it receives the stamp of popular approval, and becomes as it were a national possession. There is no text-book, no authentic record, to which it can be referred, whose authority should interfere with its improvement. The poetry of a people is a common inheritance, which one generation transfers sanctioned and amended to another. Political adversity, too, strengthens the attachment of a nation to the records of its ancient prosperous days. The harps may be hung on the willows for a while, during the storm and the struggle, but when the tumult is over, they will be strung again to repeat the old songs, and recal the time gone by.

The historical ballads, which are in lines composed of five trochees, are always sung with the accompaniment of the *Gusle*. At the end of every verse, the singer drops his voice, and mutters a short cadence. The emphatic passages are chanted in a louder tone. "I cannot describe," says Wessely, "the pathos with which these songs are sometimes sung. I have witnessed crowds surrounding a blind old singer, and every cheek was wet with tears—it was not the music, it was the words which affected them." As this simple instrument, the gusle, is never used but to accompany the poetry of the Servians, and as it is difficult to find a Servian who does not play upon it, the universality of their popular ballads may be well imagined.

Mr. Bowring's translations are chiefly in the measure of the originals. Rhyme is seldom used by the Servians, and it is not adopted by the translator in many instances. Mr. Bowring's felicity in the difficult art of translating poetry is well known to all lovers of it. Together with a knowledge of the different dialects of Europe almost marvellous, he possesses a ready tact in seizing the tone and character of his subject. His poetical sympathies are so warm and prompt, that it would be impossible to place him in the midst of any class of ideas or feelings where he would not almost instantaneously adapt himself to the hue and colour of the imaginative circumstances about him. His command over the stubborn materials of his own language is very considerable, which more especially qualifies him for the task he has voluntarily chosen of throwing his translations into the measures of the original. Of the fidelity of his Servian versions we are wholly unable to judge; internal evidence would lead us to suppose that it was close.

The contents of this volume are divided by the author into two parts—historical, traditional, and religious ballads; and lyrics, songs, and occasional poems. They may more shortly be classed as 1. metrical romances; and 2. songs. The subjects of the first are various; sometimes the story narrates an historical fact—sometimes a fabulous or superstitious invention—and sometimes an incident of society, or an example of love, revenge, or violence. The Songs are the most curious and the most beautiful of the two divisions. The delicacy, elegance, and fancy of many of them are not to be excelled by the lyrical poetry of any country. And they are, moreover, remarkable for their affectionate and amiable turn of thought. The course of true love in Servia seems on the whole to run smooth; there

are, it is true, partings and piques, and little starts of jealousy, but in general the songs celebrate the feminine charms, or the manly beauties of the beloved; the pure delights of intimacy, and the blessings of affection. The love is not only the love of lovers, usually the sole subject of song, but the loves of brothers, and sisters, and mothers; in short, nothing can be more remarkable than the purity of these compositions, their amiable simplicity, and their agreeable fancies. It is time however to show what each class is by example.

The first piece which occurs is the "Abduction of the Beautiful Iconia." The manners displayed in this poem betoken a truly Homeric age. Theodore of Stalach is drinking wine in his castle. His aged mother is attending upon him, and as she fills him a goblet, asks him this very pertinent question—

"Son of mine! thou Theodore of Stalach!
Tell me, wherefore hast thou not espous'd thee?
Thou art in thy youthful days of beauty;
In thy dwelling now thine aged mother
Fain would see thy children play around her."

He answers, that the girls he had chosen his mother never approved, and that those she had selected for him were false. The subject, however, was in his mind, and the question wonderfully apropos, as may be learnt from what follows.

"But, as yesterday, at hour of sunset,
I was wandering near Resava's river,
Lo! I glanced on thirty lovely maidens,
On its banks their yarn and linen bleaching:
'Midst them was the beauteous Iconia,
Fairest daughter of the Prince Milutin,
He the princely sovereign of Resava.
She, indeed, would be a bride to cherish;
She, indeed, were worthy of thy friendship:
But that maiden is betroth'd already;
She is promised unto George Irène—
To Irene, for Sredoï, his kinsman.
But I'll win that maiden—I will win her,
Or will perish in the deed, my mother!"

The prudent mother of course persuades her son from so rash an attempt. He is not to be said "Nay."

But the hero car'd not for his mother:
Loud he called to Döbrivi, his servant—
"Döbrivi! come hither, trusty servant!
Bring my brown steed forth, and make him ready—
Make him ready with the silver saddle;
Rein him with the gold-embroidered bridle."

When his steed was prepared, he galloped to the spot where he had seen the thirty maidens before, and where he now found them again. He attempts a *ruse d'amour*, and succeeds in attracting her attention. The kindness of the simple girl is well contrasted with the wiliness of the warrior.

Then the hero feign'd a sudden sickness;
Ask'd for help; and sped he courteous greeting—
"God above be with thee, lovely maiden!"
And the loveliest to his words made answer,
"And with thee be bliss, thou stranger-warrior!"
"Lovely maiden! for the love of heaven,
Wilt thou give one cup of cooling water?"

For a fiery fever glows within me ;
 From my steed I dare not *rise*, fair maiden !
 For my steed, he hath a trick of evil—
 Twice he will not let his rider mount him.”
 Warm and earnest was the maiden's pity,
 And, with gentle voice, she thus address'd him :
 “ Nay ! not so—not so, thou unknown warrior !
 Harsh and heavy is Resava's water ;
 Harsh and heavy e'en for healthful warriors ;
 How much worse for fever-sickening tired ones !
 Wait, and I a cup of wine will bring thee.”

The maiden “swiftly tripped” into her dwelling, and returned with the wine cup. The warrior seized his opportunity, drew her on to his horse, and strapped her to his saddle behind him, like a sheep, and sprung off with his innocent burthen.

Out he stretch'd his hand ; but not the wine cup,
 But the maiden's hand, he seized, and flung her,
 Flung her on his chesnut steed behind him ;
 Thrice he girt her with his leathern girdle,
 And the fourth time with his sword-belt bound her ;
 And he bore her to his own white dwelling.

The rape of Helen was a regular Gretna-green affair, compared with the cunning and violence of the “abduction of the fair Iconia.”

The next ballad is a story of jealousy—a wife cannot bear to witness the love of her husband for his sister. In order to alienate him from her, she kills his favourite courser, and charges her sister-in-law with it. The brother gives credit to his sister's denial. Again she kills his falcon, and puts the blame on his sister. But he again gives credit to his sister's denial. At last she kills her own child with the knife which her husband had given to his sister.

When the youthful bride of Paul discover'd
 This, she slunk at evening,—evening's meal-time,
 Stole the golden knife, and with it murder'd,
 Murder'd her poor infant in the cradle !
 And when morning's dawning brought the morning,
 She aroused her husband by her screaming
 Shrieking woe ; she tore her cheeks, exclaiming :
 “ Evil is the love thou bear'st thy sister,
 And thy gifts to her are worse than wasted ;
 She has stabb'd our infant in the cradle !
 Will thine incredulity now doubt me ?
 Lo ! the knife is in thy sister's girdle.”

Up sprang Paul, like one possess'd of madness ;
 To the upper floor he hasten'd wildly ;
 There his sister on her mats was sleeping,
 And the golden knife beneath her pillow.
 Swift he seized the golden knife,—and drew it—
 Drew it, panting, from its silver scabbard ;—
 It was damp with blood—'twas red and gory !

When the noble Paul saw this, he seized her,—
 Seized her by her own white hand, and cursed her :
 “ Let the curse of God be on thee, sister !
 Thou didst murder, too, my favourite courser ;
 Thou didst murder, too, my noble falcon ?
 But thou should'st have spar'd the helpless baby.”

Higher yet his sister swore, and louder—
 “ 'Twas not I, upon my life, my brother ;
 On my life, and on thy life, I swear it !
 But if thou wilt disregard my swearing,

Take me to the open fields—the desert ;
 Bind thy sister to the tails of horses ;
 Let four horses tear my limbs asunder.”
 But the brother trusted not his sister :
 Furiously he seized her white hand—bore her
 To the distant fields—the open desert ;—
 To the tails of four fierce steeds he bound her,
 And he drove them forth across the desert ;—
 But, where'er a drop of blood fell from her,
 There a flower sprung up,—a fragrant flow'et ;
 Where her body fell when dead and mangled,
 There a church arose from out the desert.

Poetical justice, however, awaits the jealous Jelitza—she falls into a grievous sickness—

'Midst her bones the matted dog-grass sprouted,
 And amidst it rested angry serpents
 Which, though hidden, drank her eyelights brightness.

She at length requests, as a relief, the punishment which had been inflicted upon her unfortunate sister-in-law.

Wheresoe'er a drop of blood fell from her,
 There sprang up the rankest thorns and nettles.
 Where her body fell, when dead, the waters
 Rush'd and form'd a lake both still and stagnant.
 O'er the lake there swam a small black courser :
 By his side a golden cradle floated :
 On the cradle sat a young grey falcon :
 In the cradle, slumbering, lay an infant :
 On its throat the white hand of its mother :
 And that hand a golden knife was holding.

The “ Brothers,” is a little romance, also of the tragical kind, but of a more amiable cast. Predrag and Nenad were the sons of a happy mother, who

Nurtur'd them through years of dearth and sorrow,
 Ever toiling at her restless spindle.

As soon as Predrag could ride, and brandish his weapon, he left his home, and joined the robbers in the mountains. The younger Nenad knew nothing of his brother's fate, but, it appears, followed his example, as soon as he could run, and ride, and strike.

Three long years he dwelt among the bandits ;
 He was full of *wisdom and discretion*,
 And in every fray him fortune favoured.

At length a huge longing to see his mother seized Nenad, now become captain of his band—he proposes a division of booty, at which he refuses his share, and gallops to his “ aged mother.” At meal-time he takes the liberty of putting rather a singular question to the ancient dame :—

Cordial was the greeting, great the gladness ;
 Hospitality made cheerful welcome :
 And, while seated at the feast together,
 Nenad whispered to his aged mother :
 “ Mother mine ! thou venerable woman !
 If it be no shame before the people,
 If it be no sin in God's high presence,
 I will ask one question, O my mother !
 Tell me why thou gav'st me not a brother ?
 Tell me why I had no little sister ?
 When we each received our treasure-portion,

Each in earnest and in eager language
By his brother swore, or by his sister ;
I could only swear by my good weapon,
By myself, and by the steed I mounted."

Then his mother laugh'd, and laughing answer'd,
" Thou, my son, dost talk a little wildly ;
For, indeed, a brother have I given thee ,
Long before thy birth Predrag had being :
Only yesterday the sad news reach'd me,
That he is become a highway robber,
In the verdant forest Garevitza,
Where he is the leader of the bandits."

As soon as Nenad heard this, he prepared a dress of green, to make himself look like a tree, and immediately sets off to find his brother, in the forest of Garevitza. He encounters the banditti, and routs a troop of thirty of them. Predrag, their captain, comes to their assistance, and shoots his unfortunate brother through the heart with an arrow. As he is shot—

Like a falcon springs Nenad, loud screaming.
Loudly scream'd he to his starting courser :
" Woe ! woe ! woe ! thou hero of the forest !
Brother ! brother ! woe ! the Lord will smite thee !
Thy right hand shall be struck dead with palsy ;
That right hand which sped the arrow forward !
Thy right eye shall leap forth from thy forehead !
That right eye which saw my heart blood sprinkled !
Let the impassioned longings for a brother
Trouble thee as they a brother troubled !
O'er the weary world, a lone one, wandering,
Now has stumbled on his own perdition !"

When Predrag had heard these words unwonted,
Lo ! he sprung up from the pine, inquiring,
" Who art thou, and who thy fathers, hero ?"
Then the wounded youth thus feebly answer'd :
" Ask'st thou who I am, and who my fathers ?
Wilt thou own me ? wilt thou claim my kindred ?
I am young Nenad—a hapless hero !
I had once one venerable mother,
And one brother, too, Predrag—one brother :
He my elder and my only brother,
Whom to seek through all the world I wander
Forth, to still my soul's impassion'd longings ;
But to-day 'tis ended—and I perish !"

When Predrag thus heard his brother's language,
Misery-stricken pull'd he forth the arrow ;
Bent him o'er the young and wounded hero,
Took him from his horse, and gently seated
Nenad on the grass :—" And is it, brother !
Is it thou, indeed ?—Thine elder brother,
Thy Predrag, am I :—but sure not mortal
Are thy wounds :—O let me tear asunder—
Let me tear thy shirt—and let me bind them !
Let me bind thy wounds—O let me heal them !"

It is in vain—Nenad dies ; and Predrag plunges a dagger in his own bosom,

And sank down in death beside his brother.

A translation of the ballad of Ajkuna's marriage, has already been given in the Quarterly Review. It is an interesting story of an elopement, admirably well told ; and in its circumstances closely resembles

the ballad of "Young Lochinvar." Both the translation of the Review, and that of Mr. Bowring, are in the metre of the original; but by the aid of poetical embellishment, and some adaptation, the translation in the Review is more likely to attract the attention of the mere English reader. In this ballad of Ajkuna's marriage, as well as in the one which follows, the "Illness of Prince Mujo," the Turkish and Servian manners are blended in a way which tells the event that had taken place as plainly as history.

The "finding of the head of Lazar," is one of the many Servian ballads that allude to the last conflict on the plain of Kossova, which completed the subjugation of the Servians, under the Turkish yoke. The Servian *Krall* or *Despot* Lazar, was taken prisoner, and put to death in the camp of sultan Amurath. Many miracles were wrought on his body, according to the superstition of his country. This "finding of the head" records one of them:—A caravan halts on the plain of Kossova; a party of the travellers seeing something shine on the fountain, drew it out—it is the holy head of the Servian monarch. They threw it on the turf, quenched their thirst, sate themselves round it, and "looked about them," when, lo! the holy head is seen making off across the plain, and marches on until it joins the "untainted body." In the morning, all the dignitaries assemble, to ask the corpse where it chooses to be buried. Lazar selects "his beauteous Ravanitza," a convent he had himself founded.

They had quenched their thirst, and all were seated—
Seated round the head, and look'd about them.
On the verdant turf it lies no longer,
O'er the field the head is slowly moving—
Holy head seeks out the holy body;
Joins it, where that body lay untainted.

When the dawning of the morn had broken,
To the aged priests the youths reported—
To the aged priests, the wond'rous story.
Lo! a crowd of priests are hastening thither—
Crowds of ancient priests—above three hundred,
And twelve high and dignified archbishops,
And four patriarchs, the most exalted:
Him of Pechki, and the Tzarigrader
Of Jerusalem, and Vassiljenski.
All were habited in priestly vestments;
Camilanks their holy heads enshrouded:
In their hands they held old sacred writings—
And they pour'd their fervent prayers to heaven,
And perform'd their holiest solemn vigils
Through three days, and through three nights of darkness
Nor for rest they stopp'd, nor for refreshment,
Nor for sleep, nor any interruption:
And they asked the holy dead, unceasing,
Where his grave should be—his corpse be buried;
In Opovo, or in Krushedoli,
Or in Jassak, or in Beshenovi,
Or Racovatz, or in Shisatovatz,
Or in Jivski, or in Kurejdini,
Or in distant Macedonia rather.
But Lazar will choose no foreign cloister;
He will lie among his own lov'd kindred.
In his own, his beauteous Ravanitza,
On the mountain forest, broad Kushaja,
In the convent he himself erected;

In his days of life and youthful glory,
He erected for his soul's salvation ;
With his bread and with his gold he raised it ;
Not with tears nor wealth from poor men wrested.

The ballad of Hassan Aga's wife's lament, is one of great pathos and beauty. Hassan's wife neglects him, when he is sorely wounded; in his wrath he threatens to repudiate her. The haughty dame takes him at his word—she is fetched home by her brother; and her hand being sought by many, she is compelled, by him, to marry one of her suitors. As the bridal procession passes the habitation of her former husband, she beseeches to be permitted to see her children. She had prepared little presents for each, even to the poor baby in the cradle

For the time to come, a little garment.

Hassan is present, with a breaking heart. He calls his children from the caresses of their mother, and tells them, in her presence, that her heart is of iron. Her children leave her, looking at her with changed looks—and as they leave her,

On the ground she fell, all pale and trembling,
Till her spirit burst her heavy bosom
At the glances of her orphan children.

HASSAN AGA'S WIFE'S LAMENT.

What's so white upon yon verdant forest?
Is it snow, or is it swans assembled?
Were it snow, it surely had been melted;
Were it swans, long since they had departed.
Lo! it is not swans, it is not snow there:
'Tis the tent of Aga, Hassan Aga;
He is lying there severely wounded,
And his mother seeks him, and his sister;
But for very shame his wife is absent.

When the misery of his wounds was soften'd,
Hassan thus his faithful wife commanded:
"In my house thou shalt abide no longer—
Thou shalt dwell no more among my kindred."
When his wife had heard this gloomy language,
Stiff she stood, and full of bitter sorrow.

When the horses, stamping, shook the portal,
Fled the faithful wife of Hassan Aga—
Fain would throw her from the castle window.
Anxious two beloved daughters follow'd,
Crying after her in tearful anguish—
"These are not our father Hassan's coursers;
'Tis our uncle Pinterovich coming."

Then approached the wife of Hassan Aga—
Threw her arms, in misery, round her brother—
"See the sorrow, brother, of thy sister:
He would tear me from my helpless children."

He was silent—but from out his pocket,
Safely wrapp'd in silk of deepest scarlet,
Letters of divorce he drew, and bid her
Seek again her mother's ancient dwelling—
Free to win and free to wed another.

When she saw the letter of divorcement,
Kisses on her young boy's forehead, kisses
On her girls' red cheek she press'd—the nursing—
For there was a nursing in the cradle—

Could she tear her, wretched, from her infant?
But her brother seized her hand, and led her—

Led her swiftly to the agile courser ;
And he hastened with the sorrowing woman
To the ancient dwelling of her fathers.

Short the time was—not seven days had glided—
Short indeed the time—and many a noble
Had our lady—though in widow's garments—
Had our lady asked in holy marriage.

And the noblest was Imoski's Cadi ;
And our lady, weeping, prayed her brother :
“ I exhort thee, on thy life exhort thee,
Give me not, oh, give me not in marriage !
For the sight of my poor orphan'd children
Sure would break the spirit of thy sister !”

Little car'd her brother for her sorrows ;
He had sworn she should espouse the Cadi.
But his sister pray'd him thus unceasing ;
“ Send at least one letter, O my brother !
With this language to Imoski's Cadi :
‘ Friendly greetings speeds the youthful woman ;
But entreats thee, by these words entreats thee,
When the *Suates** shall conduct thee hither,
Thou a long and flowing veil wilt bring me,
That, in passing Hassan's lonely dwelling,
I may hide me from my hapless orphans.’ ”

Hardly had the Cadi read the letter,
Than he gather'd his *Suates* together,
Arm'd himself, and hasten'd t'wards the lady,
Home to bring her as his bridal treasure.

Happily he reach'd the princely dwelling,
Happily were all returning homeward,
When toward Hassan's house they were approaching,
Her two daughters saw her from the window,
Her two sons rush'd on her from the portal :
And they cried, “ Come hither ! O come hither !
Take thy night's repast with thine own children !”

Sorrowfully Hassan's consort heard them ;
To the *Surisvat* she thus address'd her :
“ Let the *Suates* stay, and let the horses
Tarry here at this beloved portal,
While I make a present to the children.”

As they stopped at the beloved portal,
Presents gave she unto all the children.
To the boys, boots all with gold embroider'd ;
To the girls, long and resplendent dresses ;
And to the poor baby in the cradle,
For the time to come, a little garment.

Near them sat their father, Hassan Aga,
And he call'd in sorrow to his children :
“ Come to me, poor children ! to your father ;
For your mother's breast is turn'd to iron,
Closed against you, harden'd 'gainst all pity.”

When these words were heard by Hassan's consort,
On the ground she fell all pale and trembling,
Till her spirit burst her heavy bosom
At the glances of her orphan children.

Of these ballads we can only speak of one more : it is, the “ Building of Skadra,” a curious specimen of superstition. The mythology of the Servians seems to be nearly a-kin to our notions of fairies.

* Conductors of the marriage festival.

There is a little all-powerful and very capricious body, called the *Vila* by the Servians. She appears in a great number of shapes, and seems to haunt the woods like a cuckoo. Whatever she commands must, however, be obeyed; there is no resisting her will; her power seems to be as indefinite as her motives and motions are uncertain and wayward. Three brothers, King Vukashin, the Voivode Uglesha, and the youngest Goiko, determine on rebuilding the fortress of Skadra (or Scutari). The *Vila*, unfortunately, demands a sacrifice; and, until a suitable one is found, she destroys every night the labours of the day. The *Vila* first demands that Vukashin shall find two persons, named *Stojan* and *Stojana*—a command we do not comprehend. When this is found impossible, she requires that the young wife of one of the brothers shall be built up in the walls of the tower, which—is to be settled by chance:—she who first brings food for the workmen in the morning is to be the one immured. The three brothers take an oath not to divulge the commands of the *Vila* to their wives, but to leave the determination of the event to accident. The two elder brothers violate their oaths; the third keeps his, and his young wife falls the victim. She visits the builders at noontide, to carry their meal. The rest of the story is thus told.—

Then arose the youthful wife of Goiko,
Gave them the repast, and bade them forward.
Call'd around her all the serving maidens;
When they reach'd Bojana's flowing river,
They were seen by Mrljavchevich Goiko,
On his youthful wife, heart-rent, he threw him;
Flung his strong right arm around her body;
Kiss'd a thousand times her snowy forehead:
Darning tears stream'd swiftly from his eyelids,
As he spoke, in melancholy language:

"O my wife, my own! my full heart's-sorrow!
Didst thou never dream that thou must perish?
Why hast thou our little one abandoned?
Who will bathe our little one, thou absent?
Who will hark the breast to feed the nursing?"
More, and more, and more, he fain would utter;
But the king allow'd it not. Vukashin,
By her white hand seizes her, and summons
Master Rado,—he the master-builder;
And he summons his three hundred workmen.

But the young-espoused one smiles, and deems it
All a laughing jest,—no fear o'ercame her.
Gathering round her, the three hundred workmen
Pile the stones and pile the beams about her.
They have now immured her to the girdle.

Higher rose the walls and beams, and higher;
Then the wretch first saw the fate prepared,
And she shriek'd aloud in her despairing;
In her woe implored her husband's brothers.

"Can ye think of God?—have ye no pity?
Can ye thus immure me, young and healthful?"
But in vain, in vain were her entreaties;
And her brothers left her thus imploring.

Shame and fear succeeded then to censure,
And she piteously invoked her husband.

"Can it, can it be, my lord and husband,
That so young, thou, reckless, would'st immure me?"

part of European annals. The Servians in the first instance appear to have been alternately subject to, and at war with, the Greeks; their contests with Hungary were likewise frequently occurring; but the fall of Constantinople, their country became the scene of the perpetual struggles between the Turks and the Hungarians. It was of course oppressed with every species of misery; the territory became at length almost wholly Turkish, and multitudes of the inhabitants emigrated to Hungary, or joined the Austrian armies. During the last century it was shuffled backwards and forwards between the Austrians and the Porte, according to the cession of treaties, and after the way of sovereigns with people. At length, about the beginning of this century, Servia was made a province subject to Austria, and is now governed by a *knes*, or prince, whose name is Milosh Obrenowich.

There are besides four provinces, or governments, containing about a million of Servians, subjected to Turkish authority.

As respects the history and character of the language called Servian, we cannot do better than give Mr. Bowring's own sketch of it, from an introduction prefixed to his translation.

The various idioms of the Slavonian language may, without exception, be traced up to one single stem, the old or church Slavonic. From this one source, two great streams flow forth; the northern, comprehending the Bohemian, Polish, and Russian; and the southern, composed of the Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Servian tongues. The latter branches were much less extensively employed than the former. About a million and a half of men speak the Hungarian; not more than half a million the Bulgarian, which in Macedonia has been superseded by the Romaic, the Albanian, and the Turkish: while the Servian idiom, the most cultivated, the most interesting, and the most widely spread of all the southern Slavonian dialects, is the language of about five millions, of whom about two millions are Mahomedans.*

The vicinity of Greece and Italy modified and mellowed the language of Servia, which is, in fact, the Russian hellenized, deprived of its harshness and consonant terminations, and softened down into a perfect instrument for poetry and music.† Of the descendants from the ancient Slavonic, it is more closely allied to the Russian and Windish idioms, than to the Bohemian or Polish. Vuk Karadjich divides it into three distinct dialects, the *Herzegovinian*, or that spoken in Bosnia, Montenegro, Dalmatia, and Croatia; the *Sirmian*, which is used in Sirmia and Slavonia; and the *Resavian*. No doubt the Servian language has been considerably influenced by the Turkish, but though it has been enriched by oriental words, it has not adopted an oriental construction. Schaffarik, in describing the different Slavonic tongues, says, fancifully but truly, that "Servian song resembles the tune of the violin; Old Slavonic, that of the organ; Polish, that of the guitar. The Old Slavonic in its psalms, sounds like the loud rush of the mountain stream; the Polish, like the bubbling and sparkling of a fountain; and the Servian like the quiet murmuring of a streamlet in the valley."

The stores of Servian literature are neither rich nor ancient. The first Servian literary record is the *Rodoslov* of Daniel, Bishop of Servia, which is a chronicle of the reigns of the four Servian kings, his contemporaries (from 1272 to 1336). Two or three other books of a similar kind exist, as well as some legislative enactments. No work, however, of much interest occurs, till the end of the seventeenth century; when George Brankovich, the last of the Servian *despots*, wrote a history of Servia, bringing it down to the time of Leopold I. This history was written in confinement at Eger, in Bohemia, where he was kept a state-prisoner by the Austrians after they had deposed him.

* Grimm's Introduction to Vuk's Servian Grammar, p. x.

† Adelung, who has only given a fragment of the Servian language in his *Mithridates*, calls the Servian and Bosnian dialects "the clearest and purest of all the Illyrian tongues."

Latterly, the labours of several individuals have adorned their native literature, and no one more so than Karadjich Vuk, who has set himself to collect the traditional poetry of the Servian minstrels.

The collection of popular songs, *Narodne srpske pjesme*, from which most of those which occupy this volume are taken, was made by Vuk, and committed to paper either from early recollection, or from the repetition of Servian mistrels. These, he informs us, and his statement is corroborated by every intelligent traveller, form a very small portion of the treasure of song which exists unrecorded among the peasantry. How so much of beautiful anonymous poetry should have been created in so perfect a form, is a subject well worthy of inquiry. Among a people who look to music and song as a source of enjoyment, the habit of improvisation grows up imperceptibly, and engages all the fertilities of imagination in its exercise. The thought which first finds vent in a poetical form, if worth preservation, is polished and perfected as it passes from lip to lip, till it receives the stamp of popular approval, and becomes as it were a national possession. There is no text-book, no authentic record, to which it can be referred, whose authority should interfere with its improvement. The poetry of a people is a common inheritance, which one generation transfers sanctioned and amended to another. Political adversity, too, strengthens the attachment of a nation to the records of its ancient prosperous days. The harps may be hung on the willows for a while, during the storm and the struggle, but when the tumult is over, they will be strung again to repeat the old songs, and recal the time gone by.

The historical ballads, which are in lines composed of five trochees, are always sung with the accompaniment of the *Gusle*. At the end of every verse, the singer drops his voice, and mutters a short cadence. The emphatic passages are chanted in a louder tone. "I cannot describe," says Wessely, "the pathos with which these songs are sometimes sung. I have witnessed crowds surrounding a blind old singer, and every cheek was wet with tears—it was not the music, it was the words which affected them." As this simple instrument, the *gusle*, is never used but to accompany the poetry of the Servians, and as it is difficult to find a Servian who does not play upon it, the universality of their popular ballads may be well imagined.

Mr. Bowring's translations are chiefly in the measure of the originals. Rhyme is seldom used by the Servians, and it is not adopted by the translator in many instances. Mr. Bowring's felicity in the difficult art of translating poetry is well known to all lovers of it. Together with a knowledge of the different dialects of Europe almost marvellous, he possesses a ready tact in seizing the tone and character of his subject. His poetical sympathies are so warm and prompt, that it would be impossible to place him in the midst of any class of ideas or feelings where he would not almost instantaneously adapt himself to the hue and colour of the imaginative circumstances about him. His command over the stubborn materials of his own language is very considerable, which more especially qualifies him for the task he has voluntarily chosen of throwing his translations into the measures of the original. Of the fidelity of his Servian versions we are wholly unable to judge; internal evidence would lead us to suppose that it was close.

The contents of this volume are divided by the author into two parts—historical, traditional, and religious ballads; and lyrics, songs, and occasional poems. They may more shortly be classed as 1. metrical romances; and 2. songs. The subjects of the first are various; sometimes the story narrates an historical fact—sometimes a fabulous or superstitious invention—and sometimes an incident of society, or an example of love, revenge, or violence. The Songs are the most curious and the most beautiful of the two divisions. The delicacy, elegance, and fancy of many of them are not to be excelled by the lyrical poetry of any country. And they are, moreover, remarkable for their affectionate and amiable turn of thought. The course of true love in Servia seems on the whole to run smooth; there

A youthful beauty pours the wine,
 And each will pledge a cup to her ;
 And each of charms that seem divine,
 Would *fain become* a worshiper.

"Nay! heroes, nay!" the virgin cried,
 "My service—not my love—I give :
 For one alone—for none beside :
 For one alone I love and live."

Servian Popular Poetry.

The translation in the Quarterly is as follows :

O lovely was the sight I saw
 By moonlight o'er the still Danan,
 When heroes lay on tented ground,
 And golden wine went round and round.

A beautiful and gentle maid
 From hand to hand the cup conveyed,
 And ever as she poured the wine
 She heard the whispered prayer, "Be mine!"

"Ah noble lords!" the damsel said,
 "Take lowly service, gladly paid ;
 But know the heart of love is frozen
 For all but one, the dear, the chosen."

Quarterly Review, p. 80, No. 69.

Mr. Bowring's translation bears marks on the face of it of greater closeness, and it is moreover more natural and forcible in its expressions. The idea in the two last lines in the Quarterly is frittered away by introducing the metaphorical expression "frozen;" but then, the "Be mine" at the end of the second stanza is better than the "would fain become a worshiper" of Mr. Bowring's translation. And then again the phrases of "ev'ning wastes," "'tis sweet to see," and "seem divine," are blemishes which so facile a pen as the translator's should not have left.

The gentleness and tenderness of many of these little breathings of love, would certainly do honour to more civilized people, and give a very pleasant idea of the girls of Servia. Of these qualities, the few lines termed "Anxiety" are an example.

ANXIETY.

I fain would sing—but will be silent now,
 For pain is sitting on my lover's brow ;
 And he would hear me—and, though silent, deem
 I pleased myself, but little thought of him,
 While of nought else I think ; to him I give
 My spirit—and for him alone I live :
 Bear him within my heart, as mothers bear
 The last and youngest object of their care.

These specimens will probably be sufficient to create a desire for the perusal of more—we shall, in some measure, satisfy this longing by adding, at the end of these remarks, a few more of the pieces which we like the best, or think the most curious, and then refer the reader to the volume itself, for an abundant supply of similar flowers.

FROZEN HEART.

Thick fell the snow upon St. George's day ;
 The little birds all left their cloudy bed ;
 The maiden wander'd bare-foot on her way ;
 Her brother bore her sandals, and he said :

For a fiery fever glows within me ;
 From my steed I dare not rise, fair maiden !
 For my steed, he hath a trick of evil—
 'Twice he will not let his rider mount him."
 Warm and earnest was the maiden's pity,
 And, with gentle voice, she thus address'd him :
 " Nay ! not so—not so, thou unknown warrior !
 Harsh and heavy is Resava's water ;
 Harsh and heavy e'en for healthful warriors ;
 How much worse for fever-sicken'd tired ones !
 Wait, and I a cup of wine will bring thee."

The maiden "swiftly tripped" into her dwelling, and returned with the wine cup. The warrior seized his opportunity, drew her on to his horse, and strapped her to his saddle behind him, like a sheep, and sprung off with his innocent burthen.

Out he stretch'd his hand ; but not the wine cup,
 But the maiden's hand, he seized, and flung her,
 Flung her on his chesnut steed behind him ;
 Thrice he girt her with his leathern girdle,
 And the fourth time with his sword-belt bound her ;
 And he bore her to his own white dwelling.

The rape of Helen was a regular Gretna-green affair, compared with the cunning and violence of the "abduction of the fair Iconia."

The next ballad is a story of jealousy—a wife cannot bear to witness the love of her husband for his sister. In order to alienate him from her, she kills his favourite courser, and charges her sister-in-law with it. The brother gives credit to his sister's denial. Again she kills his falcon, and puts the blame on his sister. But he again gives credit to his sister's denial. At last she kills her own child with the knife which her husband had given to his sister.

When the youthful bride of Paul discover'd
 This, she slunk at evening,—evening's meal-time,
 Stole the golden knife, and with it murder'd,
 Murder'd her poor infant in the cradle !
 And when morning's dawning brought the morning,
 She aroused her husband by her screaming
 Shrieking woe ; she tore her cheeks, exclaiming
 " Evil is the love thou bear'st thy sister,
 And thy gifts to her are worse than wasted ;
 She has stabb'd our infant in the cradle !
 Will thine incredulity now doubt me ?
 Lo ! the knife is in thy sister's girdle."

Up sprang Paul, like one possess'd of madness ;
 To the upper floor he hasten'd wildly ;
 There his sister on her mats was sleeping,
 And the golden knife beneath her pillow.
 Swift he seized the golden knife,—and drew it—
 Drew it, panting, from its silver scabbard ;—
 It was damp with blood—'twas red and gory !

When the noble Paul saw this, he seized her,—
 Seized her by her own white hand, and cursed her :
 " Let the curse of God be on thee, sister !
 Thou didst murder, too, my favourite courser ;
 Thou didst murder, too, my noble falcon !
 But thou should'st have spar'd the helpless baby."

Higher yet his sister swore, and louder—
 " 'Twas not I, upon my life, my brother ;
 On my life, and on thy life, I swear it !
 But if thou wilt disregard my swearing,

Then should he weak, or thirsty be,
 O he might stoop to drink of me !
 Or baring there his bosom, lave
 That bosom in my rippling wave.
 O what a bliss, if I could bear
 The cooling power of quiet there !

HARVEST SONG.

Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens ! and see
 Who the kissers and kiss'd of the reapers shall be.
 Take hold of your reeds, till the secret be told,
 If the old shall kiss young, and the young shall kiss old.
 Take hold of your reeds, youths and maidens ! and see
 What fortune and chance to the drawers decree :
 And if any refuse, may God smite them—may they
 Be cursed by Paraskev, the saint of to-day !
 Now loosen your hands—now loosen, and see
 Who the kissers and kiss'd of the reapers shall be.*

THE YOUNG SHEPHERDS.

The sheep, beneath old Buda's wall,
 Their wonted quiet rest enjoy ;
 But ah ! rude stony fragments fall,
 And many a silk-wool'd sheep destroy ;
 Two youthful shepherds perish there,
 The golden George, and Mark the fair.

For Mark, O many a friend grew sad,
 And father, mother wept for him :
 George—father, friend, nor mother had,
 For him no tender eye grew dim :
 Save one, a maiden far away,
 She wept—and thus I heard her say :

“ My golden George—and shall a song,
 A song of grief be sung for thee—
 'Twould go from lip to lip—ere long
 By careless lips profaned to be ;
 Unhallow'd thoughts might soon defame
 The purity of woman's name.

Or shall I take thy picture fair,
 And fix that picture in my sleeve ?
 Ah ! time will soon the vestment tear,
 And not a shade, nor fragment leave :
 I'll give not him I love so well
 To what is so corruptible.

I'll write thy name within a book ;
 That book will pass from hand to hand,
 And many an eager eye will look,
 But ah ! how few will understand !
 And who their holiest thoughts can shroud
 From the cold insults of the crowd ?

Several writers in Germany have of late been actively gathering the remains of Servian literature. Their collections are already becoming voluminous ; and the gleanings which Mr. Bowring has made, are probably not a tithe of what remains behind. We trust that the

* This song is sung at the close of the harvest, when all the reapers are gathered together. Half as many reeds as the number of persons present are bound, that no one can distinguish the two ends which belong to the same reed. Each man takes one end of the reeds on one side, each of the women takes one end at the other : the withes that bind the reeds are severed, and the couples that hold the same reed kiss one another.

reception of this volume will be such as to induce him to continue his labours, and to supply us, in due time, with a supplemental volume.

There is prefixed to the volume, a copy of verses addressed to Dr. Vuk Karadjich, by the translator. Mr. Bowring, though we suppose he never saw the poor crippled *literatus* of Hungary, yet this poem speaks to him in the language of friendship, and almost of affection. Through the whole of Mr. Bowring's writings, this warm and generous sympathy with foreign and distant individuals, whose tie to him is solely that of kindred labours, is highly characteristic. The same facile and generous sympathy, not only with persons, but with their feelings, their habits, and their language, renders Mr. Bowring not only one of the most amiable men, but one of the ablest and readiest transfusers of the spirit of national poetry.

MAGAZINIANA.

CAFFER DRIVING.—A Dutchman never seems in a hurry ; he carries his mutton, dried beef, and bread, with his blanket, in a large chest, on which he sits to drive, and with his pipe jogs on contentedly, now and then calling out "Trae, traë." His little Hottentot leader joins him, if there are other waggons before him, and only gets down to lead them down the hill ; or, if they gallop off, as soon as he gets hold of the reins which are attached to the two first oxen, he leads them zig zag, or throws mud or dust at them, crying out in a sharp shrill tone till they stop. His whip measures thirty-five feet, which he seldom uses, but when he does, it is with effect, cutting with ease even the foremost of the span ; it is then laid along the top of the waggon. He has besides a smaller one, which he calls his good doctor ; it is made of the skin of the buffalo, or the hippopotamus ; this is applied at a short pull, and whether it is owing to the whip or the nature of the animal, they are wonderfully tractable, and although one hundred might be let out to graze together, that never before met, they are never known to fight.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

HOW TO DISPOSE OF AN OLD POPE.—I heard here more freely uttered the same kind of complaints, which the Romans made secretly of his Holiness ; they complain with reason that the Holy Father will neither get well nor die, which is very unchristian-like behaviour ; as he cannot strip off his papacy, and is only kept for a show, and is not fit to be shown, they should dispose of him like an old pointer, and send him off early some morning to the tan-pits, with a rope and a shilling.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

TEMPTATION.—The river Neve separates us from the French, whom I see every morning at parade, from the window of my garret. Our sentries and theirs can talk to each other with perfect ease ; no kind of molestation being offered on either side. They come down to water their horses, and their women to wash the linen of the regiments, and we do the same. The French soldiers often endeavour to entice our fellows to desert, by sticking a piece of beef on the point of a bayonet, or by holding out a canteen, accompanying their action with "I sang, come here ! here is ver good rosbif ; here is ver good brandy."—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

THE SPRING BUCK OF SOUTH AFRICA.—We saw several hearte-beasts, one of the largest species of deer, with very handsome horns ; and the pride of the plain, the spring buck : the latter, which are extremely timid, are about the size of the common deer, and of the same colour, with a white stripe on each side, and a black stripe along the back, which they have the power of closing and expanding. They take their name from the amazing springs which they make over paths, rocks, or any thing that obstructs their way ; and it is done in a singularly graceful manner, the head bowed, the legs hanging, and the body curved, so that the animal appears as if suspended in the air ; the fleetest greyhound only, can overtake them. It is very amusing to see their contemptuous treatment of all other pursuers ; they allow them to come near, then give a bound and a snort, and trot off to a little distance, when they expand the hair on their backs, and appear quite white. They are very destructive to the corn, and are seen on farms in numerous herds.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

PORTUGUESE DANCES.—The two dances of greatest note are, as you probably know, the fandango and the bolera. In the former, the immobility of the Spanish features is truly ridiculous, while the movements themselves convey a meaning which appeals too strongly to the senses, to allow of its being mistaken. Such a dance one may fancy among the voluptuous Ionians; but the rigid sons of Sparta would have condemned the figurantes to the black-hole of Aristomenes. The fandango is introduced in better society, with a little more decency; but from a specimen which I saw at Valladolid, its luxuriance will still bear pruning. The bolera is more boisterous in its lewdness, and may be characterized as a piece of four acts, in the progress of which, the passion it represents gains an increasing intensity, until, in the last, it becomes the ode of Sappho, in pantomime.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

MISREPRESENTATIONS OF TRAVELLERS.—It is strange what erroneous ideas of things one gets; it appears to me, that the first person who writes a book, does not visit the country which he describes, and that others follow his book, not their own eyes. I had always read that Florence was a cheerful place, and was surprised to find that the Old Bailey and Newgate-street must be the favourite haunts of dimpled mirth, and that laughter might be found holding both his sides in Warwick-lane, rather than in the gloomy Tuscan capital. At Rome I expected to feel like a worm crawling about a skull; that it would be impossible to turn the corner of a street, or to look out of a window, without bursting into tears; but I found that the city upon seven hills, and upwards, has much of the bright, smart aspect of Bath and Cheltenham. I suppose, by reflecting upon the theme, that Romulus and Remus, and St. Gregory the Great, and many others who used to reside here, are dead, the mind may be attuned to sorrow; but when left to itself, I do not think that the aspect of the place alone would make it sad. There are ruins in plenty to be sure, but they are white and handsome, and not of a mournful countenance. I shall, in future, distrust all books of travels; and if I find either Vesuvius, or the sea, at Naples, I shall wonder by what strange accident describers have for once guessed right.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

THE LADIES OF VALLADOLID.—The ladies were so agreeable, that I saw much less of the city and its buildings than I otherwise should have done. In the evening I accompanied them to a tertulia, which was attended by all the fashion of the place. I really think there is less of art in the composition of Spanish women than of any other people whatsoever. They neither paint nor patch, nor have those periodical moultings of feathers, which fashion elsewhere prescribes; but they all dress nearly alike, and in the same way at all seasons; so that Señora Maria is only to be distinguished from Señora Mariana by a countenance more melancholy, by black eyes swimming in a more maiden whiteness, or by a figure (which is ever graceful) of a somewhat larger or smaller mould. The fasquina, or black silk petticoat, is generally bordered at the bottom with black beads, and so disposed into an open kind of net-work, as to afford the curious eye a casual felicity of admiring the most beautiful ankles in the world. Their stockings are of white silk, and they are never without a mantela (an ample veil of white lace) which is gracefully flung over their head and shoulders when they go abroad, and at other times adopted as a shawl. Small pieces of lead are attached, I understand, to the bottom of the fasquinas, which accounts for the Ionian elegance of its foldings and fall. Amidst the many changes that Spain has undergone, the women alone seem to be unchanged. Lattices, and jealousies, and duennas, and indeed all that used to give love-making such a romantic air in this beyond that of any other country, have long since disappeared; but the passion itself still constitutes the existence of Spanish women. It is not, however, that intriguing kind of love, which we hear of in France, where a lady changes her love as easily and as often as her gloves; but rather devotion to one object, which renders them the greatest tyrants in the world, and makes them exact more adoration than was ever offered up at any idol's shrine.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

VALUE OF TIME AT ROME.—Rome is one great court of chancery, not for expence, but for delay; no one can comprehend that at a few hours, a few days, a few weeks, or a few months, can make any difference; they speak with equal patience of what will happen in an hour, the next year, the next generation, or the next century. When a man of sense is well off, he is unhappily apt to let well alone; I presume, therefore, that the Romans are very comfortable; or that they are, and have been, for a long time so much the reverse, that they are sunk in listlessness and hopeless despondency.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

A LION HUNT.—Mr. S. had chased in the direction of the mimosas, trenching on the ground which our comrades were to take. He was getting closer to his object, and was about to dismount a second time, when his eyes glanced on the long wished for game,—an enormous lion! He was walking majestically slow,—but when Mr. S. gave the tallyho to us, he couched, and seemed inclined to wait, but soon afterwards cantered off to the mimosas.

In a few seconds we were all up, at least our division.—The first object was to prevent him from climbing the mountain, we therefore rode through the mimosas about three hundred yards from where he had entered, and got between him and the heights. Diederik Muller and Mr. S. with their servants and led horses, then rode round the little grove, whilst we were stationed where we first entered. The grove was hardly five hundred yards in length, and twenty in breadth, consequently we could by this arrangement command the whole of it.

The other part of our division having rode round the grove, came up opposite to us, but at a distance, and as we saw them dismount we did the same. Our situation was not very enviable; we had but one large gun, but Mr. Rennie, who carried it, was perfectly collected. We were talking to each other rather in a whisper, when Mr. Rennie very coolly said, "Listen, the gentleman is grumbling."—The sound was so very like distant thunder, that we doubted it, but at the same moment I caught a glimpse of the lion walking away not a hundred and fifty yards from us, and he must have been previously still nearer to us than we had calculated. I gave the alarm, which was echoed to our friends, who in an instant mounted and rode up to the lower end, calling upon us to advance. We were moving down to gain a position on a little height, when a gun was fired, followed by four more. This convinced us our other division had joined.

We thought there would have been an end to our sport before it had well begun; but on the contrary, the shots were fired not only to prevent him leaving the copse, but to prove their guns, for a miss fire is frequently of consequence. The last shot had the effect of turning him, and we now had a full view of him returning to the centre, whisking his tail about, and treading among the smaller bushes as if they had been grass, reminding us most forcibly of the paintings we had seen of this majestic animal.

The last shot however had convinced us that our position was not safe, for the ball passed very near us. We called to inform the party of this, and they resolved on another plan of attack. They desired us to station two Hottentots on a hill above our position, and we were to join them. We crossed again through the bush, and it was then determined that we were all to dismount, and tie our horses together, and then to advance on foot.

This is the usual plan, and it is done to secure any person from galloping off by his horse taking fright or otherwise, which would induce the lion to pursue, and thus one or other might be sacrificed.

We had hardly begun to tie our horses, when the Hottentots stationed on the hill, cried out that the lion was running off at the lower end, where he had attempted to escape before. We were on horseback in a second, but the lion had got a-head; we had him however in full view, as there was nothing to intercept it. Off he scampered.—The Tambookies who had just come up, and mixed among us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking,—we hallooing,—the lion still in full view, making for a small copse, about a mile distant,—and the number and variety of the antelopes on our left, scouring off in different directions, formed one of the most animated spectacles the annals of sporting could produce.

Diederik and Mr. S. being on very spirited horses, were the foremost, and we wondered to see them pass on in a direction different from the copse where we had seen the lion take covert. Christian gave us the signal to dismount, when we were, as well as could be judged, about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up. And now the die was cast,—there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. Diederik and Mr. S. had now turned their horses, for, as we afterwards learned, they had been run off with, in consequence of their bridles having broken. The plan was to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, fearing they should become unruly at the sight of him.

All these preparations occupied but a few seconds, and they were not completed,—when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again:—but no,—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for former flight, he had made up

his mind in turn to attack us. To the growl succeeded a roar, and in the same instant we saw him bearing down upon us, his eye-balls glistening with rage. We were unprepared; his motion was so rapid no one could take aim,—and he furiously darted at one of our horses, whilst we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprung forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed, and on it fortunately stood C. Muller and Mr. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we saw the monster at this little distance, resolving as it were on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them aiming, and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give a mortal blow, or the consequences might perhaps be fatal to some one of the party.—A second seemed a minute.—At length Christian fired;—the under-jaw of the lion dropped,—blood gushed from his mouth, and he turned round with a view to escape.—Mr. Rennie then shot him through the spine, and he fell.

At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore feet,—his mouth bleeding, his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us;—but his hind legs denied him assistance;—he dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period to his existence by shooting him through the brain.—He was a noble animal—measuring nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail.

Diederik and Mr. S. at this crisis rejoined us, and eagerly enquired if all were safe. They had seen the lion bear down upon us, and they thought it impossible but that one of us must have suffered. The anxiety now was to learn whose horse had been the victim, and it was soon announced that it was a highly valued one of poor Diederik's. The lion's teeth had pierced quite through the lower part of the thigh; it was lame, and Diederik thinking it irrecoverably so, determined on shooting it, declaring that no *schelm* beast should kill his horse.—We all however interfered, and it was at length arranged with two Tambookies, that if they would lead him to their kraal, they should have a goat for their trouble. The Tambookies had some beads given them for skinning the lion,—which they readily accomplished with their assa-gais; my trophy was the under jaw and teeth. The elements now seemed determined to crown the whole with a *feu de joie*, for in a few minute we had just over us, a tremendous peal of thunder!—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

GREAT BREECHES.—Amongst the many anecdotes related of this great work, one is, that Pius IV. was displeased that so many of the figures were naked, not because he was so ignorant of antique simplicity as to be offended himself by a display of nudity; but he feared, lest the Protestants should make use of what, to a gross mind, would seem to be immodesty of the picture, as an argument against the Romish religion; he mentioned the affair to Michael Angelo, who wisely thought that the Catholic faith was in no danger from an objection of such flagrant vulgarity and ignorance, and refused to alter his work. The more cautious Pope afterwards directed Daniel d'Volterra to clothe the naked; he covered up every thing that the reformers could have taken hold of, and got for his pains the nick-name of *il braghettone*, great breeches, or the breeches-maker. From the number of figures, and the great surface to be covered, it would appear no inconsiderable contract, even to one of our army tailors.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—One of the Hottentots placed himself at the entrance of the tent, and sung several Caffer songs, accompanied by a curious stringed instrument, called a *gorrah*; he applied his breath to the strings, and produced some wild and pleasing notes; then occasionally recited some words, which the beor interpreted as a call for the chiefs of the different Caffer tribes to assemble at particular places, either for war or hunting.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

HOLY HEADS.—There is a neat cathedral, well hung, as usual, with pictures relating to miracles. One of these is pre-eminent in absurdity, being the representation of two decapitated saints, whose heads appear floating in a little boat, on a most tempestuous sea. The story is, that suffering martyrdom by the axe, their heads were thrown into the sea, and sinking to the bottom, a stone took compassion on them, and being changed into a boat, brought them safe into this friendly port. I need scarcely say, that this parody of the heathen stones of Orpheus and Arion is religiously believed by most of the inhabitants, and that a great fast is kept every year in commemoration of the event.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

FRESCO PAINTING.—I visited the villa Massimi, where some Germans are engaged painting in fresco three small rooms, with stories from Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto; each poet is to be confined to his room. The Germans go back to the old style of Pietro Prugeno, and others who preceded Raphael, under an ingenious notion and theory, that in order to paint like him, it is necessary to begin where he did, and to imitate those masters whom he imitated: that in all the arts there is a rising, a secondary splendour, and a setting: to attain the meridian glory it is not expedient to imitate it, for it leads on, as has ever been the case, to the evening only; that it is advisable to commence with the morning to study that, and so to take, at least, the chance of a bright sun at twelve o'clock, or of a decidedly bad day. There is some talent in these works; but the colours are muddy, as if mixed contrary to the neat handed practice of nature, with dirty water. I here saw clearly the mode of executing frescos, for the work was in progress; they are painted in the fresh plaster, as the name implies; but the whole surface of the wall is not covered at one time, as I had ignorantly supposed; a small piece only is laid, as much as the artist can cover whilst it is moist, some more plaster is then added, either contiguous to the former, or on any part of the wall that is more convenient; and thus by degrees the whole is covered: the joinings of the different portions are distinctly visible, turning in wavy lines, like coasts and rivers on a map; but the painter generally contrives that they should fall in shaded parts, and wherever they will be least visible, and interfere least with the effect of the picture. The design, or drawing upon strong paper, called from that substance the cartoon, is placed against the wall, and the outlines are traced through it with the leg of a pair of compasses, or some such instrument, which pressing hard upon the paper, marks the soft plaster behind it; I have always found, on nearly inspecting a fresco, that the outline was engraven on the wall.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

A JONAS CRAB.—During the evening, whilst we were occupied at the wooding-place, a party of natives were observed running towards us along the beach on the south side without the port, apparently returning from a hunting excursion, for the woods on the south side of the bay had been on fire for the last two days. As they approached, they retired behind the beach among the trees, and, upon their reaching the opposite side of the entrance, crept upon their hands and knees behind the bushes, where they remained, as they thought, concealed until the evening. A little before dark they were observed to creep out and range themselves upon the beach, as if meditating upon their plans for the night, but by this time it was so dark that we could not see what they afterwards did; in order to deter them from approaching us, a musket was fired over their heads, and if this had the desired effect, it was a happy circumstance for them, for an immense shark was caught in the middle of the night, which, from the extraordinary capacity of its mouth and maw, could have swallowed one of them with the greatest ease. On opening the animal, we fully expected to discover the limbs of some of the natives, who we assured ourselves had crossed over to our side the water; but we only found a crab, that had been so recently swallowed, that some of our people made no hesitation in eating it for their supper.—*King's Australia.*

DR. BARRY'S EXPERIMENTS IN CASES OF POISON.—At the very time we are writing, Dr. Barry, of Paris, is engaged in a series of experiments, the application of which promises to be immediate, and of high importance. Having been led by some former experiments to conjecture, that absorption cannot take place in a vacuum, he performed the following experiment, in order to ascertain the fact. He carefully removed the hair from the outer part of a dog's thigh, so as to expose the skin. He then caused a venomous serpent to inflict in immediate succession on this portion of the dog's thigh, two bites. As soon as the wounds were made, he applied a cupping-glass over the part bitten, and retained it there nearly an hour. At the end of that period, the dog rose from the table, and walked with tolerable ease: he continued in perfect health, and not the slightest injury from the bites supervened. A pigeon was bitten by the same serpent about an hour after it had twice bitten the dog: nothing was done to counteract the effects of the wound: the pigeon expired in agony and convulsions, twenty minutes after its infliction. If further experiments confirm the obvious inference suggested by this, there is discovered an easy and certain remedy for the bite of poisonous and rabid animals. Hydrophobia, that horribly, and hitherto incurable disease, will no longer hold in its appalling and destructive course. To put an effectual stop to this frightful malady, it will be necessary only to apply a cupping-glass over the wounded part.—*Parliamentary Review for 1825.*

A CONVENTUAL KITCHEN AT AMARANTHE.—Previously to quitting the kitchen, where such substantial preparations were going forward as fully asserted the claim of its hospitable inmates to the title of *bons vivans*. Through the centre of the kitchen flowed a stream of water, grated at both ends, in which some fine carp were enjoying themselves, during the short time they had to live. The cooks were all friars of subordinate degree, and the effect of seeing these unshod sons of St. Domingo go through the manual exercise of the culinary art, was irresistibly comic. As I mounted my horse, the waiting friar above mentioned stood at the portal, and softly ejaculated, “*Pel’ amor de Deos.*” The hint was necessary, as I should never have presumed to insult the dignity of the order, by depositing my mite with one of the meanest of its sons. I slipped a dollar into the friars’s hand, received a flood of benedictions, and rode forwards.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

A ROMAN PREACHER.—At physical existences, even at the Colosseum, one casts a glance, or takes one’s good look, and can no more; but moral existences attract and detain the attention. My regards were soon drawn away from the stone walls, which, however wonderful, are but stone walls, and addressed to a crowd collected by the preaching of a capuchin. I joined in the throng, and listened to his discourse. He spoke most fluently, without pause or stop, and gave a strangely acute accent to the last syllable of every word; the stuff he uttered was not so bad as might have been expected. He was not in a pulpit, but on a stage, like a mountebank’s, upon which he walked backwards and forwards in the manner of a wild beast in its cage at Exeter ‘Change; nor did he resemble one of these creatures less in aspect than in his action. A man kept clinking a box of halfpence all the time, as an instrumental accompaniment to the preacher’s vocal performance; it was also meant as a gentle hint to the pocket; but the faithful thought it less earthly to be contrite than generous—less painful to grunt than to give; the ghostly father got more groans than halfpence. When the discourse was concluded they knelt down to pray, the monk said a prayer, and the people repeated it after him; they then got up and walked in procession to the several stations, singing and making the same loud and doleful noise that is heard in England in the vicinity of a meeting-house, where the methodists, or other serious persons within are in full operation. A large wooden cross is planted in the middle of the arena; from time to time, women walked up to it and kissed it with a rapturous fervour; I felt curious to know how far the cross was to be envied, supposing it to be sensible of their caresses; I therefore approached it; and of the many ladies who kissed it, I cannot say that any one was fit to kiss any thing but wood; nevertheless the old ladies may be very lovely—I speak only of the impressions they made upon me.—*Hogg’s Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

HONEY-HUNTING.—At the end of a path we discovered a rude but very ingenious scaffolding made by the Hottentots to obtain honey from the hive. The rock overhung its base so much that very great labour and skill were required, and risk incurred, in fixing and tying with strips of bark, the poles and branches of trees. Their reward may literally be said to be sweet. The manner of finding it is very singular, as related to us by one of our party, who had accompanied a Hottentot in search of some. The Hottentot went to a place that he thought likely to contain the hives, and immediately whistled with a sort of call that the honey bird or *indicator* is accustomed to, when the little feathered attendant made its appearance, chirping loudly and hovering about them; it then flew forward, still chirping and watching to see if they followed. It tried twice to lead them across a *kloof*, flying back and again forward to entice them to follow; they, however, not liking to go that way, and the Hottentot continuing to whistle the call, the bird at length flew back, and led another way, still watching and chirping to them to follow him, which they now did, and very soon it hovered over a place in the rock, where, on searching, they found a hive full of honey; the bird immediately perched in a bush over them, and waited patiently till they had taken the honey, when it flew down, and took possession of the nest, and eat what was left for it. The honey-bird is rather larger than a sparrow, with brown feathers. The quantity of honey taken every year is immense, and its flavour is very delicious. The bees seldom or never sting if they are not hurt. The Hottentot is very particular in his manner of leaving the honey for the bird, as he says that it will then remember him, and lead him another time in preference to any other person. When the bird has eaten the honey, the young bees are carefully closed up with stones to prevent the *ratel** from taking them out, and as there are always a quantity of flowers, the bees never want nourishment.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

* A kind of badger.

MILITARY THEATRICALS.—I spent a pleasant day or two with Captain —, whose brigade is quartered at Gallegos, a few leagues on the Portuguese side of Ciudad Rodrigo. A large barn in this village has been converted into a temporary theatre, and the company has had the honour, during the winter, of exhibiting a number of pieces to “overflowing and brilliant houses.” Captain — is their chief man, stage-manager, and actor of first parts. A few weeks ago he appeared in “Zanga.” Lord Wellington and his staff were present. On the next day his Lordship took the field with his—fox-hounds, and in the ardour of the chase, Captain — was thrown from his horse into a river. Lord Wellington witnessed the catastrophe, and asked who it was, “It’s only Zanga washing his face, my lord,” said Colonel —, who was riding by.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

A GERMAN LITERARY CHARACTER.—Hoffmann could not do without society, without excitement, and now not well without exclusive admiration. His old friends he had not forsaken, for he seldom, and with difficulty, got intimate with a stranger; but their quiet life could not content him: it was clear that the enjoyment he sought was only to be found among gay laughter-loving toppers, as a guest at their table, or still better, as their sovereign in the wine-house. “The order of his life, from 1816, downwards,” says his Biographer, “was this:—On Mondays and Thursdays he passed his forenoon at his post in the Kammergericht; on other days at home, in working; the afternoons he regularly spent in sleep, to which, in summer, perhaps he added walking: the evenings and nights were devoted to the tavern. Even when out in company, while the other guests went home, he retired to the tavern to await the morning, before which time it was next to impossible to bring him home.” Strangers who came to Berlin went to see him in the tavern; the tavern was his study, and his pulpit, and his throne; here his wit flashed and flamed like an Aurora Borealis, and the table was for ever in a roar; and thus, amid tobacco-smoke, and over coarse earthly liquor, was Hoffmann wasting faculties which might have seasoned the nectar of the gods.

Poor Hoffmann was on the highway to ruin; and the only wonder is, that with such fatal speed, he did not reach the goal even more balefully and sooner. His official duties were, to the last, punctually and irreproachably performed. He wrote more abundantly than ever; no magazine editor was contented without his contributions; the *Nachtstücke* (Night-pieces) were published in 1817; two years afterwards, Klein Zaches, regarded (it would seem falsely) as a local satire; and at last, between 1819 and 1821, appeared in four successive volumes, the *Serapionsbrüder*, containing most of his smaller tales, collected from various fugitive publications, and combined together by dialogues of the Serapion-brethren, a little club of friends, which for some time met weekly in Hoffmann’s house. The *Prinzessin Brambilla*, (1821) is properly another Fantasy-piece: The *Lebensaussichten des Kater Murr* (Tom-cat Murr’s Philosophy of Life), published in 1820 and 1821, was meant by the author as his master-work; but the third volume is wanting; and the wild anarchy, musical and moral, said to reign in the first two, may for ever remain unreconciled.

Meanwhile, Hoffmann’s tavern orgies continued unabated, and his health at last sank under them. In 1819, he had suffered a renewed attack of gout; from which, however, he had recovered by a journey to the Silesian baths. On his forty-fifth birth-day, the 24th of January, 1822, he saw his best and oldest friends, including Hitzig and Hippel, assembled round his table; but he himself was sick: no longer hurrying to and fro in hospitable assiduity, as was his custom, but confined to his chair, and drinking bath water, while his guests were enjoying wine. It was his death that lay upon him, and a mournful lingering death. The disease was a *tubercularis*; limb by limb, from his feet upwards, for five months, his body stiffened and died. Hoffmann bore his sufferings with inconceivable gaiety; so long as his hands had power, he kept writing; afterwards, he dictated to an amanuensis; and four of his tales, the last, *Der Feind* (The Enemy,) discontinued only some few days before his death, were composed in this melancholy season. He would not believe that he was dying, and he longed for life with inexpressible desire. On the evening of the 24th of June, his whole body to the neck had become stiff and powerless; no longer feeling pain, he said to his doctor, “I shall soon be through it now.”—“Yes,” said the doctor, “you will soon be through it.” Next morning he was evidently dying; yet about eleven o’clock he awoke from his stupor, cried that he was well, and would go on with dictating the *Feind* that night; at the same time calling on his wife to read him the passage where he had stopt. She spoke to him in kind dissuasion; he was silent; he motioned to be turned towards the wall; and scarcely had this been done, when the fatal sound was heard in his throat, and in a few minutes Hoffmann was no more.—*Carlisle’s Specimens of German Romance.*

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.		Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.		Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton	100	142		Albion.....	500	50	35
Birmingham	17 10	268		Alliance.....	100	10	9
Coventry	100	1150		Ditto Marine	100	5	4 15
Ellesmere and Chester.....	133	100		Atlas.....	50	5	8 5
Grand Junction	100	292		Globe	100	100	144
Huddersfield	57	19		Guardian.....	100	10	19
Kennet and Avon	40	25 10		Hope	50	5	4 15
Lancaster	47	37		Imperial	500	50	91
Leeds and Liverpool.....	100	390		Ditto Life	100	10	7 10
Oxford	100	670		Law Life.....	100	10	10
Regent's	40	35		London	25	12 10	19 10
Rochdale.....	85	89		Protector	20	2	1 5
Stafford and Worcester	140	750		Rock	20	2	3 17 6
Trent and Mersey	100	1850		Royal Exchange	100		246
Warwick and Birmingham.....	100	268					
Worcester ditto	78	45 10					
DOCKS.				MINES.			
Commercial.....	100	71		Anglo-Mexican.....	100	80	40
East India	100	83 10		Bolanos.....	400	325	345
London.....	100	83		Brazilian	100	20	27
St. Catherine's.....	100	36 10		Columbian	100	20	17
West India	100	198		Mexican	100	21	8
				Real Del Monte	400	400	475
				United Mexican.....	40	30	17
WATER WORKS.				MISCELLANEOUS.			
East London	100	120		Australian Agricultural Comp.....	100	8	15 10
Grand Junction	50	67		British Iron Ditto.....	100	37 10	11
Kent	100	28 10		Canada Agricultural Ditto ..	100	10	7
South London	100	90		General Steam Navigation ..	100	13	4 10
West Middlesex	60	67		Irish Provincial Bank.....	100	25	20
				Van Diemen's Land Ditto ..	100	2 10	2 10
GAS COMPANIES.				Reversionary Interest Society	100	65	54
City of London	100	90	155	Thames Tunnel Company ..	50	32	32
Ditto, New	100	50	90	Waterloo Bridge.....	100		5
Phoenix	50	31	27	Vauxhall Bridge.....	100		20
Imperial.....	50	44					
United General	50	20	12 10				
Westminster	50	55 10					

ROBERT W. MOORE, *Broker*,
5, Bank Chambers, Lothbury.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Book-collector's Manual, or a Guide to the knowledge of upwards of 20,000 rare, curious, and useful Books, either printed in, or relating to, Great Britain and Ireland, from the Invention of Printing to the present time.

In the press and shortly will be published, the Subaltern's Log Book, during two Voyages to India and eighteen Years' Observation on Land and Water, with Reminiscences and Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters.

A Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. William Dealtry, Rector of Clapham.

In the press, the Life, Voyages, and Adventures of Naufragus: being a faithful Narrative of the Author's real Life.

In the press, Chronicles of London Bridge. By an Antiquary. With Engravings.

Nearly ready, the third and fourth Parts of Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western Side of India." By Captain R. M. Grindlay.

In the press, the Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism: exhibiting an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Circuits in its connexion, the names of the Preachers who have travelled in them, and the yearly order of their succession, from the establishment of Methodism to the present time; accompanied by interesting plates of Autographs, &c., and numerous pleasing memorials connected with the Origin and Progress of Metho-

